



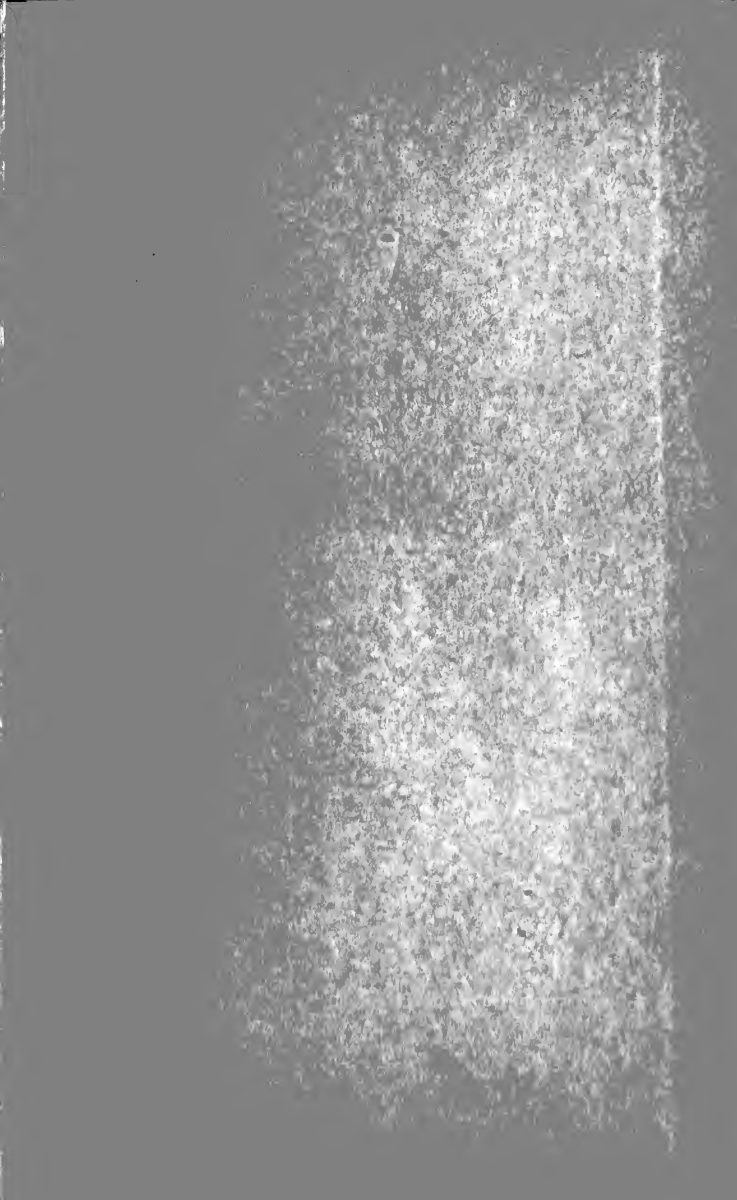


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Evangelical congregational church,

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Hymn Book

of the

United Evangelical Church

*"I will be glad and rejoice in thee ; I will sing praise to
thy name, O thou Most High." Psalm ix. 2.*

HARRISBURG, PA.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

S. L. WIEST, Publisher.

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PREFACE.

The first General Conference of the United Evangelical Church, in session at Naperville, Ill., in December, 1894, authorized the publication of an English Hymn and Tune Book for the use of the Church, and appointed Rev. H. B. Hartzler, D.D., of Northfield, Mass., Bishop W. M. Stanford, A.M., D.D., of Harrisburg, Pa., Rev. J. D. Woodring, A.M., of Allentown, Pa., Rev. Uriah F. Swengel, A.M., of Baltimore, Md., and Prof. Otis L. Jacobs, A.M., of York, Pa., as members of a committee to prepare such a work for the press. Bishop Stanford was chosen as Chairman, and U. F. Swengel as Secretary of the Committee.

In the prosecution of their work the Committee proceeded first to make a careful selection of the choicest old standard hymns and tunes of the Church universal which have become familiar and dear to Christian hearts by long use and sacred associations. To these were then added a variety of the most desirable of later productions, including Chants and a number of unclassified hymns and tunes. The body of the standard Hymnal was now regarded as complete and adequate for all requirements of the regular public worship of the Church. But it still remained to provide more fully for the various special and social meetings and the protracted revival services of a Church so preeminently evangelistic as the United Evangelical. For this purpose the committee made a collection of the best and most effective of the so-called "Gospel Songs" that could be obtained, as well as a large variety of select Choruses, old and new. Special attention is called to this department of the Hymnal a new feature in a work of this kind, adapted to et a popular demand and provide for a growing need.

In the compilation of the Hymnal the Committee exercised great care and made all possible efforts to ascertain what hymns and tunes were copyrighted and, in every case so ascertained, to secure permission to use them. Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made of special and highly esteemed favors granted by Prof. D. B. Towner, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, Prof. E. S. Lorenz, Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Prof. T. C. O'Kane, Dr. J. E. Rankin, Prof. J. H. Kurzenknabe, Mr. W. L. Thompson and Mrs. A. J. Gordon.

Special mention should be made of the services of Prof. Jacobs, who performed the work of Musical Editor, prepared the manuscript for the press, arranged the Indexes of Composers, Authors, Tunes, and First Lines of Hymns, and shared with Dr. Hartzler the task of reading the proofs of the hymns. The Index of Topics was prepared by Rev. J. G. Boughter, and the Index of Scriptural Texts by Rev. E. Crumbling.

Having now completed their assigned work, performed gratuitously, at cost of much time and labor, and under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, the Committee confidently commend this new Hymnal to the Church as the best song collection in existence for the use of the congregations of the United Evangelical people. It is believed that the combination in one volume of the classified standard Church hymns and tunes, some of the best of the Gospel hymns, with Chants, and the revival battle-hymn Choruses so widely used, will meet a want in the Church that no other book can so well supply. In this confidence the book is prayerfully committed to the Church and the providence of God, with the desire and hope that it may serve its high purpose in the assemblies of the saints below until they, in nobler, sweeter songs, shall sing Christ's power to save,

When these poor, lisping, stammering tongues,
Lie silent in the grave.

June 1, 1897.

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HYMNAL.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

2

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

3

L. M.

To GOD,—the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
All honor, glory, praise be given,
By every tongue on earth, in heaven :
As 'twas, is now, and still shall be
In every age, eternally.

DOXOLOGIES.

4

C. M.

TO FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. *Tate & Brady.*

5

C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath ;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.
Rev. Isaac Watts.

6

S. M.

TO GOD the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be. *Rev. John Wesley.*

7

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

O GOD, for ever blest,
To Thee all praise be given ;
Thy Name Triune confessed
By all in earth and heaven ;
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so forevermore.
Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth.

DOXOLOGIES.

8

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

To GOD—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One,
 All praise be given !
 Crown Him in every song ;
 To Him your hearts belong ;
 Let all His praise prolong—
 On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield.

9

7, 7, 7, 7.

SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as His love ;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

10

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

PRAISE the name of God Most High,
 Praise Him, all below the sky,
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

11

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
 Angels waiting on His word,
 Saints that walk with Him in white,
 Pilgrims walking in His light :
 Glory to the Eternal One,

DOXOLOGIES.

Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

Rev. Alexander R. Thompson.

12

8, 7, 8, 7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise ;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

13

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One ;
Hallelujah !
God, the Lord is God alone.

14

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne ;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

Rev. William Goode.

15

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

GREAT God of earth and heaven !
To thee our songs we raise ;
To thee be glory given
And everlasting praise :

DOXOLOGIES.

We joyfully confess Thee,
Eternal Triune God !
We magnify, we bless Thee,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

16

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

TO THEE be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings !
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings :
We'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

Rev. Thomas Haweis.

17

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

PRAISE the God of all creation ;
Praise the Father's boundless love :
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above :
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live :
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give. *Josiah Conder.*

18

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

TO FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below ;
From Whom all creatures draw their breath,
By Whom redemption blessed the earth,
From Whom all comforts flow.

DOXOLOGIES.

19

IO, IO, II, II.

THY glory, O Lord, we joyfully sing ;
Thy name be adored, Thou merciful King !
We bless Thee, Jehovah, the great One in
Three,
Who wast, and Who art, and Who ever
shalt be.

20

L. M.

TO FATHER Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

21

Gloria Patri.

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 : Amen.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

1 *O Worship the Lord.* P. M.

0 WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Glory to the Father abounding in mercy!
Be joyful, all ye people, and magnify Jehovah.

CHO.—O glory hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

O come before His presence and glorify his name.

2 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

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.

Glory to the Spirit, the holy Revealer!
We praise Him with the Father, and with the Son, our Saviour.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

2 *Evening Praise.* 7, 7, 7, 7, 4.

DAY is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

CHO.—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee.
O Lord Most High!

2 Lord of Life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace;
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

4 When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end. *Mary A. Lathbury.*

3 *Worship in God's House.* 7, 7, 7, 7, 4.

TO THY temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Thee upon the mercy-seat,
The mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Tune our lips, unloose our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness,
Our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes,
He intercedes.

4 While Thy Word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove,
Our fear remove.

5 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
And at evening let us say,
We have walked with God to-day,
With God to-day.

James Montgomery.

4 *Lord, Bless What We Have Done.* L. M.

DEAR Lord, once more the note of praise
With grateful hearts to Thee we raise ;
We bring our work to Thee and pray ;
O bless what we have done to-day.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 Thine all-sufficient grace impart
To every true disciple's heart ;
O draw them closer to Thy side,
That faith and love may still abide.
- 3 Dear Jesus, lead and keep the youth,
And sanctify them through Thy truth ;
The children draw to seek Thy face,
And fold them in Thy warm embrace.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, as we part,
With light and life to every heart ;
And lead us by Thy hand of love
To our eternal home above.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

5

My All in All.

L. M.

BEFORE Thy face, my God, I fall,
And claim Thee now, my All in All ;
My soul, with expectation sweet,
Lies faint and trembling at Thy feet.

- 2 My warrant in Thy Word I seek,—
I seek, I find, I hear Thee speak ;
Thy voice my bounding spirit thrills,
And all my heart with rapture fills.
- 3 The blood of Jesus speaks my peace ;
I know such love can never cease ;
I rest on Him, and need no more
Than Christ, my Lord, forevermore.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

6 *Fading, Still Fading.* P. M.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is
shining,

Father in heaven! the day is declining,
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the
night;

From the fall of the shade till the morning-
bells chime

Shield me from danger, save me from crime.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord.

2 Father in heaven! O hear when we call—
Hear for Christ's sake, Who is Saviour
of all;

Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might,
In doubting and darkness Thy love be our
light,

Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night
taper burns,

Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord. —Anon.

7 *Sweet Hour of Prayer.* L. M.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
- 6 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. *Charlotte Elliott.*

8

Blest Hour.

L. M.

- B**LEST 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 God Himself draws nigh
Well-pleased His people's voice to hear ;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 3 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.

Rev. Thomas Raffles.

9

Vesper Praise.

L. M.

A GAIN, 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 release
Here find the rest of God's Own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

- 3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

10 *Thanksgiving for Infinite Love.* 11, 10, 11, 11

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh ; His presence we have :
The great congregation His triumph shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne !
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son :
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might.
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.
Rev Charles Wesley.

11

10, 10, 11, 11.

- 0** WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy
space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to
the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and
Friend. *Sir Robert Grant.*

12

Closing Hymn. 10, 10, 10, 10.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord, our parting hymn of
praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
cease;

Then lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
way;

With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
day:

Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,

That in this house have called upon Thy
name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night;

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-
flict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton.

13 *Now God Be with Us.* II, 5.

NOW God be with us, for the night is clos-
ing :

The light and darkness are of His disposing ;
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we
yield us,

For He will shield us.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us ;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master,
o'er us ;

In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

- 3 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But Thee, O Father ! Who Thine Own hast
made us ;

But Thy dear presence will not leave them
lonely

Who seek Thee only.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 4 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given ;
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven ;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. *Bohemian Brethren.*

14 *Grateful Praise.* 7, 7, D.

GRACIOUS Lord, to Thee we raise
One more note of grateful praise,
One sweet song from every heart,
One more prayer before we part.
O Thou everlasting King,
Now accept the praise we bring ;
Hear our prayer, and let us be
One in heart and one in Thee.

2 Holy Spirit, while we pray,
Let Thy word take root to-day ;
Plant it deep in fruitful soil,
Let no foes the harvest spoil.
Now to every waiting heart,
Thine abundant life impart ;
Give to all, with rich increase,
Fruits of love and joy and peace.

3 Jesus, now once more we call,
Let Thy blessing on us fall ;
Guide us in Thy righteous ways ;
Keep us by Thy mighty grace.
Thine, O Lord, through endless days,
Be the glory, might and praise,
Throned among the heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost !

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

15

“*Closing Hour.*”

S. M.

LORD, at this closing hour,
 Establish every heart
 Upon Thy word of truth and power;
 To keep us when we part.

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

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

4 To God, the only wise,
 In every age adored,
 Let glory from the Church arise
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord !

E. T. Fitch.

16

Silent Memories.

8, 7.

SILENTLY the shades of evening
 Gather round my lowly door ;
 Silently they bring before me
 Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
 Though the world be oft forgot !
 O the shrouded and the lonely,
 In our hearts they perish not !

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,—
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy memories cluster
Like the stars, when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

17 *Come, Thou Almighty King.* 6, 4.

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

- 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,

PRAAYER AND PRAISE.

And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

- 4 To Thee, great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore ;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

18 *The Fount of Every Blessing.* 8, 7, D.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount ! I'm fixed upon it ;
Mount of Thy redeeming love !

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I've come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be ;
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson.

19 *Praise the Lord!* 8, 7, D.

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

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name. —*Anon*

20 *Praise the Creator.* 8, 7, D.

PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise to Thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love Divine.

- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
Then, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett.

21 *Lord, Dismiss Us.* 8, 7, 4.

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

O refresh us,
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.

Rev. John Fawcett.

22 *In Thy Name, O Lord.* 8, 7, 4.

IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;

PRAAYER AND PRAISE.

Speak, and let Thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear Thy Word with Godly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore ;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before :
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

23

God of My Salvation. 8, 7, 4.

0 THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin ;
Moved by Thy Divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee ;
Where shall I Thy praise begin ?

- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour ;
He hath brought salvation near ;
Manifests His pardoning favor ;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song—
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!
Rev. Thomas Olivers.

24

Seeking God's Help.

7, 7.

- LORD, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine Own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy Word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Heal the sick, the captive free :
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond.

25

Encouragements to Pray.

7, 7.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.

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 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton.

26

Praise Forever.

L. M. 6 L.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 He loves His saints—He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns ;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage :
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

27

“Likeness to Thee.”

6, 4.

SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me ;
Nor should I ought withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee ;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

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.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps.

28 *The Eternal Love of God.* 6, 8.

0 FOR a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing!
To this Divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad
The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at Thy right hand,

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

And pay their homage there ;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound Thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery ;
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, Thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, Thy changeless love, O Lord.

J. Young.

29

Love's Lesson.

7, 7.

SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move ;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

4 Love in loving finds employ ;
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

30

His Loving Kindness.

L. M.

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

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
And saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, O how great !

3 Through numerous hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, O how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, O how good !

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

31

At Jesus' Feet.

L. M.

- 0 THAT I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
And view the form I love so well,
And all His tender words repeat.
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.
- 4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

Rev. Andrew Reed.

32

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

6, 4.

N EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer,—
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps up to 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 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. *Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.*

33 *More Love to Thee, O Christ.* 6, 4.

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!

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 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!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, Ab.

34 *Sabbath Peace.* 7, 7.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
 Of the holy Sabbath day,
 Gently as life's setting sun,
 When the Christian's course is run.

PRAAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

35

The Source of Wisdom.

L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To Him Who gave thee power to sing ;
Praise Him Who is all praise above,
The Source of wisdom and of love.

- 2 How vast His knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars He numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak His wisdom all-Divine.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 4 But in redemption—O what grace!
Its wonders—O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

Rev. John Needham.

36 *Jesus Does All Things Well.* L. M.

NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds His glorious power confess;
His wisdom all His works express;
But O His love, what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 I spurned His grace—I broke His laws,
But yet He undertook my cause,
To save me though I did rebel:
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 At last my soul has known His love,
What mercy has He made me prove!
Mercy which doth all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 So when I pass the vale of death,
And in His arms resign my breath,
Then, then, my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

37

Join to Praise Him.

L. M.

JOIN all who love the Saviour's name
To sing His everlasting fame ;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him forever to rejoice.

2 With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my soul delights to talk ;
On Him I cast my every care ;
Like Him one day I shall appear.

3 Take Him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress ;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in everything employ.

4 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To Him your highest praise belongs ;
Bless Him Who does your heaven prepare,
And Whom you'll praise forever there.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

38

The Mercy-Seat.

L. M.

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.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 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.

Rev. Hugh Stowell.

39

Prayer.

L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 4 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.

William Cowper.

40

Evening Hymn.

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine Own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

- 4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

- 5 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.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

41

Remember Me.

C. M.

0 THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear and remember me.

4 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, Remember me.

5 And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

Rev. Thomas Haweis.

42

Come, Happy Souls.

C. M.

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

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thus all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace ;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

43

The Quiet Hour.

C. M.

- I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him Whom I adore.
- 3 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

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

Phæbe H. Brown.

44 *The Dear Redeemer's Praise.* C. M.

0 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 through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus,—the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
 New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
 The humble poor believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

45

Lift up Your Hearts.

C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end.
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for His sake count all things loss,
On earthly things look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to prove,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

46

The Glories of Our King.

C. M.

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 Behold your king, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all-Divine;

- And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 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.
- 4 O for the day, that glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate His praise! *Anne Steele.*

47

Prayer.

C. M.

- P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod—
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

James Montgomery.

48 *Now, Gracious Lord.* C. M.

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

Rev. John Newton.

49

Thankfulness.

C. M.

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

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

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God!
 How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

50

Talk with Me, Lord.

C. M.

TALK with me, Lord; Thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth I rove;
 Speak to my heart, and let it feel
 The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, I forget
 All time, and toil, and care;
 Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If Thou, my God, art here.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face :
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee only speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

51 *The Eye That Never Sleeps.* C. M.

- T**HERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

Rev. James C. Wallace.

52

Thy Will Be Done.

C. M.

HOW sweet, to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One ;
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, Thy will be done !

- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill ;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 O let that Will which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
- 4 O teach my heart the blessed way,
To imitate Thy Son !
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen.

53 *God's Word the Seed We Sow.* C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
 Like seed upon the ground ;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy,
 But let it yield a hundred-fold
 The fruits of peace and joy.

3 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
 To raise us to Thy throne,
 Return to Thee, and sadly tell
 That we reject Thy Son.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quickening grace bestow,
 That all whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

Rev. John Carwood.

54 *Jesus Died for Me.* C. M.

TO OUR Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song :
 O may His love—immortal flame—
 Tune every heart and tongue.

2 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to Thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 The Saviour died for me.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 3 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele.

55 *The Lord's Prayer.* C. M.

OUR Father, God, Who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name ;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

- 2 Give us this day our daily bread ;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

- 3 Into temptation lead us not ;
From evil set us free ;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power,
And glory, ever be. *Adoniram Judson.*

56 *Confession, Contrition and Faith.* C. M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share
 Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

Rev. Joseph Dacre Carlyle.

57 *The Saviour's Matchless Worth.* 8, 8.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour hine ;
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
 In notes almost Divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath Divine ;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
 My soul shall ever shine,

3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne.
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 4 Soon the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then with my Saviour, Brother Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

58 *The Praise of Jesus.* 8, 8, 6, 8.

JESUS, Thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim ;
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune Thy people's heart.

- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own ;
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.
- 3 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim ;
Jesus, Thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.
- 4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth Thy love ;

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

59 *With Joy we Lift Our Eyes.* S. M.

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.

Thomas Jervis.

60 *Stand Up, and Bless the Lord.* S. M.

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

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame,
From his Own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery.

61

Redeeming Grace.

S. M.

FATHER, in Whom we live,
In Whom we are and move,
All glory, power and praise receive,
For thy creating love.

2 O Thou incarnate Word,
Let all Thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power..

- 4 The grace on man bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God !
Salvation to the Lamb !

Rev. Charles Wesley.

62

Looking to Jesus.

S. M.

JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim ;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4. We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

- 5 Present we know Thou art,
But, O Thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 6 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

63

Awake and Sing.

S. M.

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

- 2 Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For 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 each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond

64

The Pure in Heart.

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God ;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord Who left the heavens,
 Our life and peace to bring,
 To dwell in lowliness with men,
 Their Pattern and their King,—

3 He to the lowly soul
 Doth still Himself impart ;
 And for His dwelling and His throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek ;
 May ours this blessing be :
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for Thee.

Rev. John Keble.

65

Abide With Me. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

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 ?

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

2 Lonely seems the vale of shadow ;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms ;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;
Tarry with me through 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 !

Mrs. Caroline L. Smith.

66 *Holy, Holy, Holy.* 11, 12, 12, 10.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our songs shall
rise to Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity !

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee!
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
fore Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness
hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see ;
Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside
Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord, God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in
earth and sky and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty ;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber.

67

Like a Little Child.

7, 7.

QUIET Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a little child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Fears to stir a step alone :—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Rev. John Newton.

68

The Throne of Grace.

S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love ;
That we may serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith ;
Conform my will to Thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If Thou these blessings give,
And Thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in Thee.

Rev. John Newton.

69

All in All.

MY God, My life, my love !
To Thee, to Thee I call ;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou Art all in all.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis Paradise when Thou art here ;
If Thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in Thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
- 4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Thou art the Sea of Love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The Circle where my passions move,
And Center of my soul.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

70

Abounding Grace.

S. M.

FATHER ! I own Thy voice,
I seek Thy loving face ;
The fountain of my sweetest joys
Is Thine abounding grace.

- 2 Saviour ! I cling to Thee,
Thou Victor in the strife ;
Thy blood-paid ransom set me free,
My peace, my Hope, my Life.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 3 Father! behold Thy child ;
 Guide me, and guard from ill ;
 In dangers thick, through deserts wild,
 Be my Protector still.
- 4 Saviour! gird me with power
 For Thee the cross to bear ;
 Victorious in temptations hour,
 Safe from the secret snare.
- 5 Ancient of days! to Thee
 By love celestial drawn,
 My soul Thy majesty shall see,
 And greet its glory's dawn.

Rev. Samuel Wilcott.

71

Lead Me.

8, 7, D.

- L**EAD me, O my Father, lead me,
 All along this desert way ;
 And with heavenly manna feed me,
 As I journey day by day.
 Let Thy glorious presence lighten
 All the darkness of the way,
 Till this earthly life shall brighten
 Into endless perfect day.
- 2 Thou art rich in grace and blessing ;
 All the stores of heaven are Thine ;
 And in Thee all good possessing,
 I rejoice that Thou art mine.
 Though my pilgrim way be dreary,
 And my journey hard and long,
 Thou canst make it bright and cheery,
 And all jubilant with song.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 3 Keep my heart from sad repining,
With the joy that is in Thee ;
And, amid the darkness shining,
Let me still Thy presence see.
So my life shall tell the story
Of Thy faithful loving care,
Till I see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy heavenly kingdom share.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

72

Holy, Holy, Holy. 8, 7, D.

ROUND the Lord, in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim

Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;

Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing ;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High.
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

- 3 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored :
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy! blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

Bishop Richard Mant.

73

Jehovah Reigns!

L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns! His throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

74

God is Good.

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

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun, He makes our day ;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

75

The Praises of Jehovah. L. M.

- SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest ;
Above the heavens His power is known,
Through all the earth His goodness shown.
 - 3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky ;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust ;
In Him the poor may safely trust.
- 5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

76

Universal Praise.

L. M.

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

- 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.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring ;
In songs of praise Divinely sing :
The great salvation loud proclaim :
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song :
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

77 *Praise the Universal King.* L. M.

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

78 *The Heavenly Orbs Praising God.* L. M.

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

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

GOD THE FATHER.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine.

Joseph Addison.

79

The Love of God.

C. M.

- THOU grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O love of God, most free !
- 2 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Still are we held in Thine embrace,
O love of God, most strong !
- 3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,

GOD THE FATHER.

Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O love of God, most kind !

4 But not alone Thy care we claim
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O love of God, within !

5 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O love of God, to Thee !

Eliza Scudder.

80

God our Refuge.

C. M.

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home !

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

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

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

GOD THE FATHER.

- 5 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our Eternal Home!

Rev. Isaac Watts.

81

The Father's Love.

- 0 HOW I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 2 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 3 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 4 Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

82

God is Love.

8, 7.

- GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

GOD THE FATHER.

- 2 Chance 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.

Sir John Bowring.

83 *The Breath of God's Love.* 8, 7.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

GOD THE FATHER.

- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

84

Blessings Received.

8, 7.

0 MY soul, bless thou Jehovah,
All within me, bless His name ;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim.

2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all Who heals ;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed ;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

Anon.

85

God's Power.

C. M.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of Thy almighty power.

GOD THE FATHER.

- 2 The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee an anthem raise.
- 3 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth Thy holy name?
- 4 All nature's debt is small to mine,
Nature shall cease to be ;
Thou gavest—proof of love Divine—
Immortal life to me. *Mrs. Amelia Opie.*

86

God's Goodness.

C. M.

- LET every tongue Thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all !
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 Thou knowest the pains Thy servants feel ;
Thou hear'st Thy children's cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 3 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 4 My lips shall dwell upon Thy praise,
And spread Thy name abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God, *Rev. Isaac Watts.*

87

Our God.

8, 8, 6.

THOU God of power, Thou God of love,
 T Whose glory fills the realms above,
 Whose praises angels sing,
 And veil their faces while they cry,
 Thrice holy, to their God Most High,
 Thrice holy, to their King.

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
 And bless the Saviour's precious name,
 Through Whom this grace is given:
 He bore the curse to sinners due,
 He forms their ruined souls anew,
 And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides Thy glory rend,
 And here in saving power descend,
 And fix Thy blest abode;
 Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
 And let each waiting spirit feel
 The presence of our God.

John Walker.

88

Father of Glory!

C. M.

FATHER of glory! to Thy name
 F Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
 And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
 Who makes Thine anger cease;
 Our lives He ransomed with His own,
 And died to make our peace.

GOD THE FATHER.

- 3 To Thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to Thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

89 *The Wonderful God.* C. M.

MY God, how wonderful Thou art !
Thy majesty how bright !
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light !

- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored !

- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

90 *Joy to the World.* C. M.

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

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

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

- 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

91 *The Promised Saviour.* C. M.

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

92 *The Prince of Peace.* C. M.

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

Rev. John Morison.

93

The Birth of Jesus.

II, 10.

- B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine
aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shin-
ing ;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the
stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining ;
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings Divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine?

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor. *Bishop Reginald Heber.*

94 *The Morning Has Come.* II, 10.

- D**AUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy sadness :
Wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more ;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness ;
Rise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier
far ;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge
that pursued them ;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war !
- 3 Daughter of Zion ! the Power that hath
saved thee,
Praised with the harp and the timbrel
should be :
Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee ;
Darkness is vanquished, and Zion is
free ! *Anon.*

IT came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch the harps of gold ;
 "Peace on earth, good will to men,
 From heaven's all gracious King."
 The world in solemn stillness lay,
 To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled,
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world :
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow ;
 Look now, for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing ;
 O rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold ;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears.

96 *The Heavenly Choir.* C. M. D.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches forth
Her silver-mantled plains ;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-spring from on high :
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 Glory to God ! the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills !
Glory to God ! the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring :
"Peace on the earth ; good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Rev. Edmund H. Sears.

97 *Glad Tidings of Great Joy.* C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

98

All Praise to Thee.

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord!
 A Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
 Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
 While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

2 Thou comest in the darksome night
 To make us children of the light,
 To make us, in the realms Divine,
 Like Thine Own angels round Thee shine.

3 All this for us Thy love hath done;
 By this to Thee our love is won;
 For this we tune our cheerful lays,
 And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther.

99

The Star of Bethlehem.

L. M.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
 W The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark.
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering
 bark.

3 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

- 4 It was my Guide, my Light, my All ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Henry Kirke White.

100 *Glory in the Highest.* 8, 7, D.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Lo! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy :
Glory in the highest, glory ;
Glory be to God Most High !

- 2 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth His glory sing !
Glad receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

- 3 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
Till in heaven you sing before Him.
Glory be to God Most High !
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Carwood.

101

Jesus' Tenderness.

C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
It melts with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears ;
And, in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

102 *The Saviour's Endless Charms.* C. M.

THE Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys Divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my All.

Anne Steele.

103 *The Way, the Truth, the Life.* C. M.

- T**HOU art the Way : to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform 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.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

- 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.

Bishop George W. Doane.

104

The Dear Redeemer.

C. M.

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

- 2 O let me ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to me speak ;
In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And Thy salvation seek.

- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay ;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

- s When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all Thy favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

Rev. John Cennick.

105

Coronation Hymn.

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

LIFE AND CHARACTER.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

106 *The Sweet Name of Jesus.* C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name ! the Rock on which I build ;
My Shield and Hiding-place ;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

My never-failing Treasure filled
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Rev. John Newton.

107

The Riches of Jesus.

C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear ;
It turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head.
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace :
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

- 5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name !
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb !

Rev. Charles Wesley.

108

The Suffering Saviour. C. M.

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

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

109

The Crucified Saviour. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree;
 How vast the love that Him inclined,
 To bleed and die for thee!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

- 2 Hark, how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
Receive my soul, He cries ;
See where He bows His sacred head ;
He bows His head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine,
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine ?

Rev. Samuel Wesley.

110

The Reigning Jesus.

C. M.

- JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die ;
And now He reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.
- 2 Weak though we are, He still is near
To lead, console, defend ;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.
- 3 From His high throne in bliss He deigns
Our every prayer to heed ;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.
- 4 And from His love's exhaustless spring.
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing,
O'er which we travel home.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 5 O Jesus, there is none like Thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

Baptist W. Noel.

111

The Wondrous Cross.

C. M.

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

112

The Holy Cross.

C. M.

- LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below.
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And, in the mystery of Thy death,
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How.

113

The Agonizing Saviour.

C. M.

- I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look :
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair :
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
- 4 A second look He gave, which said,
I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid :
I die that thou mayest live.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 5 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon, too.

Rev. John Newton.

114 *The Atoning Christ.* L. M.

'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 the disciple that 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, Who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is born the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Rev. William B. Tappan.

115 *He Died that We Might Live.* L. M.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour, every mournful word
Bespeaks Thy soul's deep agony.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, Thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These Thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled His face,
Unutterable pangs were Thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.
- 5 Lord! on Thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

Rev. John W. Cunningham.

116

'Tis Finished.

L. M.

- 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died;
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run;
The battle fought; the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished! all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished; let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

117 *The Friend of Sinners Dies.* L. M. D.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground;
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him Who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb:
In vain the tomb forbids him rise:
Cherub legions guard Him home,
And shout Him, Welcome to the skies!

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, Live forever, wondrous King!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
Rev. Isaac Watts.

118

It is Finished.

8, 7.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
“It is finished!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
“It is finished!”
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God has promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe:
“It is finished!”
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Rev. Jonathan Evans.

119

Dark Gethsemane.

7, 7.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's Own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes.
Saviour teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery.

120

O Sacred Head.

7, 6.

O SACRED head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown ;
O sacred head, what glory,
With bliss till now was Thine !
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain :
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain ;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever ;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me ;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free :
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

121 *The Glorious Cross of Christ.* 8, 7.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gather round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 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.

Sir John Bowring.

122 *The Victorious Christ.* 6, 6, 4.

RISE, glorious Conqueror rise,
 Into Thy native skies;
 Assume Thy right;
 And where in many a fold,
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through the gates of gold,
 And reign in light.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train.
Praises all heaven inspire ;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain.
- 3 Enter, incarnate God !
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow !
Wider yon portals throw !
Saviour triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown !
- 4 Lion of Judah, hail !
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age.
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim For Thine Own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage. *Matthew Bridges.*

123 *The Lord is Risen Indeed!* S. M.

- THE Lord is risen indeed !
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw Him living, too.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed !
Then Justice asks no more ;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

RESURRECTION AND EXALTATION.

3 The Lord is risen indeed !
Then is His work performed ;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4 The Lord is risen indeed !
Attending angels, hear !
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Rev. Thomas W. Kelly.

124 *The Matchless Name of Jesus.* 6, 8.

JJOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

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

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Has shed His blood and died ;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside :
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

125

The Worthy Lamb.

C. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

126

The Crowned Jesus.

C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords ;
He reigns o'er earth and heaven :

RESURRECTION AND EXALTATION.

- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of His love.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

127

Jesus Our King.

C. M.

- 0 JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found !
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire !
- 4 May every tongue confess Thy name ;
May all Thy love adore ;

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

- 5 Thee may our hearts forever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

128 *The Great Redeemer Lives.* L. M.

HE lives ! the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of His blood.

- 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 black despairing thoughts !
Above our fear, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
On Him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

Anne Steele.

129 *The Lord Remember Us.* C. M.

THE Lord of life with glory crowned,
 On heaven's exalted throne,
 Forgets not those, for whom on earth
 He heaved His dying groan.

2 His greatness now no tongue of man
 Or seraph bright can tell ;
 Yet still the chief of all His joys,
 That souls are saved from hell.

3 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
 Your grateful praise to give ;
 Sing loud hosannas to His name,
 With Whom you too shall live.

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw.

130 *Crown Him.* 8, 7, 4, 7.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
 See the Man of Sorrows now ;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow :
 Crown Him, crown Him !
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him ;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him
 While the vault of heaven 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,

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

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 ;
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings and Load of lords.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

131 *The Lord is Risen.* 8, 7, 4, 7.

COME, ye saints, behold and wonder ;
See the place where Jesus lay :
He has burst His bands asunder ;
He has borne our sins away ;
Joyful tidings !
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

- 2 Jesus triumphs ; sing ye praises ;
By His death He overcame :
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame :
Sing ye praises !
Praises to the Victor's name.

- 3 Jesus triumphs ; countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King ;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing :
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

132

The Risen Lord Ascends. 7, 7.

ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
 See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
 Now to glory see Him rise
 In long triumph through the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high.

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide ;
 Mighty conqueror ! through them ride ;
 King of glory ! mount Thy throne,
 Boundless empire is Thine own.

Rev. Thomas Scott.

133

Christ is Risen To-day. 7, 7.

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

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

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

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

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

Rev. Charles Wesley.

134 *Jesus on the Throne.* 8, 7, D.

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

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

Rev. John Bakewell.

135 *Christ Arise.* 7, 7.

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

COMING AGAIN.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till Thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

136 *Christ Will Come Again.* 8, 7, 7.

CHRIST is coming ! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase ;
Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign ;
Christ is coming !
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—

Soon they shall Thy glory see ;
Christ is coming !
Haste the joyous jubilee,

- 4 With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue ;
Christ is coming !
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Rev. John R. Macduff.

137 *He Comes With Clouds.* 8, 7, 4.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for guilty sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !

God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !

COMING AGAIN.

- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected.
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer Thine Own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, and quickly come;
The new heaven and earth to inherit
Take Thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans and bids Thee come.
- 6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal Throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine Own:
O come quickly;
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.
Rev. Charles Wesley. Rev. Martin Madan.

138

Day of Judgment.

L. M.

- THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

- 3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Sir Walter Scott.

139 *Day of Life and Light.* 8, 7.

LO, the day of Christ's appearing,
 Day of life and day of light,
 Day when death itself shall perish,
 Day which ne'er shall set in night.

- 2 See the King desired for ages,
 By the just expected long,
 Long implored, at length He hasteth,
 Cometh with salvation strong.

- 3 O how past all utterance happy,
 Sweet and joyful it will be
 When they who, unseen, have loved Him,
 Jesus face to face shall see!

- 4 Blessed then, earth's patient mourners,
 Who for Christ have toiled and died,
 Driven by the world's rough pressure
 In those mansions to abide!

- 5 What will be the bliss and rapture,
 None can dream and none can tell,
 There to reign among the angels,
 In that heavenly home to dwell.

Mrs. E. Charles, tr.

140 *A Prayer for the Holy Spirit.* 7, 7.

HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

141 *The Holy Spirit's Grace.* 7,7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove ;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God :
Wash me in His precious blood.

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

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Let me never from Thee stray ;
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy Divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker.

142 *Light, Power and Joy.* F, 7.

HOLY GHOST ! with light Divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost ! with power Divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

- 3 Holy Ghost ! with joy Divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Rev. Andrew Reed.

143 *Holy Spirit Come.* 7, 7.

HOLY SPIRIT ! gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state ;
Fix Thy everlasting home
In the hearts Thou didst create.

- 2 Now Thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move :
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Take the things of Christ, and show
What our Lord for us hath done ;
May we God the Father know
Through His well-beloved Son.

Rev. William Hammond.

144 *Holy Spirit, Prepare My Heart.* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God ;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blest abode.

- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire ?
O kindle now the sacred flame ;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see ;
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

John Stewart.

145 *The Apostolic Promise.* L. M.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given ;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

- 2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—
The purchase of our dying Lord ;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 If every one that asks may find,—
If still thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.
- 4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest Divine.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

146 *The Grace of the Spirit.* L. M.

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

- 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 burning sin;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

147 *Inviting the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God Most High!
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!
- 3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Rev. Edward Caswall, Tr.

148 *The Holy Ghost is Come.* S. M.

THE Holy Ghost is come;
We feel His presence here;
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

2 This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,
'Tis heaven descending from above
To fill this favored hour.

3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light securely shines,
And every heart, Divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4 No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray;
O let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

Anon.

149

In His Name.

S. M.

WE meet now in Thy name,
 We plead Thy promise, Lord,
 Thy presence with us, Lord, we claim
 According to Thy word.

2 Breathe on each waiting soul,
 And may we all receive
 The Holy Ghost,, in us to dwell,
 Our hearts ne'er more to leave.

3 Fill us with peace and joy,
 Thou, who for us wast slain ;
 We'll others tell and others bring
 To meet Thee here again.

Anon.

150

The Holy Ghost is Here.

S. M.

THE Holy Ghost is here,
 Where saints in prayer agree ;
 As Jesus' parting gift, He's near
 Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is He,
 To be by prayer brought nigh ;
 But here in present majesty,
 As in His courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
 An ever welcome guest,
 He reigns with absolute control,
 As monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are His shrine,
 And He, the indwelling Lord ;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

All hail, Thou Comforter Divine,
Be evermore adored.

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

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

151 *Praise to the Trinitys* S. M.

I BLESS the Christ of God ;
I rest on love Divine ;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

- 2 I praise the God of peace ;
I trust His truth and might ;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

- 3 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives ;
I love because He loveth me ;
I live because He lives.

- 4 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away ;
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

152 *Come, Holy Spirit, Come.* S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Convince us of our 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 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Rev. Joseph Hart.

153 *The Pentecostal Baptism.* S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
- 5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our Guide ;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery

154 *Inspiration of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

- COME Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life and fire of love.
- 2 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight :
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
That through the ages all along,
This theme may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Bishop John Cosin, tr. Rabanus Maurus.

155 *The Faithful Guide.* 7, 7, D.

HOLY SPIRIT, faithful Guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side ;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land ;
 Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice
 Whispering-softly Wanderer come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

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 !

M. M. Wells.

156 *Welcome Holy Spirit.* C. M.

O HOLY GHOST, I welcome Thee,
 With all my heart of love,
 For Thou art come with gifts for me
 From my dear Lord above.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Come in, blest Spirit, and reveal
My absent Lord in me ;
Come, testify of Him, and seal
His word of truth to me.
- 3 Bring some love tokens, fresh and sweet,
From His Own hand to me,
While onward still, with eager feet,
I haste His face to see.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

157

The Comforter.

C. M.

O HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,
How is Thy love despised,
While the heart longs for sympathy
And friends are idolized.

- 2 Great are Thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is Thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

Anon.

158

The Heavenly Dove.

C. M.

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 earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

159 *The Spirit Invited to Dwell.* C. M.

- S**PIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power ;
O come, great Spirit, come.
- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame.
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

- 5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace ;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.

Rev. Andrew Reed

160 *Holy Ghost, Our Hearts Inspire.* C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key ;
Unseal the Sacred Book.

- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

161 *Spirit of Faith, Come Down.* S. M. D.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
That He who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the vail away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in His blood;
And cry with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of His name.
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

162 *Worship of the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

I WORSHIP Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee:
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for Thy company.

2 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
I grieved Thee long, alas! Thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

3 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee ;
Thy patient love, at what a cost,
At last it conquered me !

4 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee ;
With Thee each day is pentecost,
Each night nativity.

Rev. W. F. Warren.

163 *Revelations of the Gospel.* L. M.

GOD in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known ;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace and learn His name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy Word ;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by His holy precepts live.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

164 *The Light of the Word.* L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written Word.

- 2 The hopes that holy Word supplies,
Its truths Divine, and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to Thee.

- 3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky ;

- 4 But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

Sir Robert Grant.

165 *Charms of the Gospel.* C. M.

THE Gospel! O what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound ;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy Divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 The Almighty Former of the skies
 Stoops to our vile abode
 While angels view with wondering eyes,
 And hail the incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love Divine!
 Of bliss a bounteous store!
 Redeemer, let me call Thee mine,—
 Thy fullness I implore.
- 5 On Thee alone my hope relies;
 Beneath Thy cross I fall;
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

166 *The Glory of the Word.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
 What endless glory shines!
 Forever be Thy name adored
 For these celestial lines!

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy Sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

167

The Book Divine.

C. M.

HOW precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

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 It 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, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett.

168

The Perfect Law.

C. M.

THY Law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

The statutes of thy realm are right,
And Thy commandments pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes ;
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes ;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,—
The thoughts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my Strength and Righteousness,
With Thee acceptance find.

James Montgomery.

169 *The Spirit and the Word.* C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper.

170

The Counselor.

C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

- 2 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

- 3 Our numerous gifts are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied ;
Naught we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this Book denied.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

171 *The Word the Guide for the Young.* C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy Word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 3 Thy precepts make us truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy Law, my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

172 *Choosing the Word.* C. M.

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

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

- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies. *Rev. Isaac Watts.*

173 *Holy Bible, Book Divine.* 7, 7, D.

HOLY Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure thou art mine ;
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet ;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

- 2 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith

THE LORD'S DAY.

Man can triumph over death.
Mine, to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton, Sr.

174

Day of Rest.

7, 6, D.

- 0 DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.
- 2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

175

The Lord's Day.

C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

176

The Best Day.

C. M.

BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
 The first and best of days ;
 The toiler's rest, the saint's delight,
 A day of joy and praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise ;
And made thee heavenly and Divine,
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

Rev. John Mason.

177

The Sweetest Day.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

SALVATION NEEDED.

178 *Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.* S. M.

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

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, within the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss. *Rev. Isaac Watts.*

179 *An Earnest Admonition.* C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent, thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defense;
His time, there's none can tell:

SALVATION NEEDED.

He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the Gospel calls, to-day;
Sinner, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

Joseph Hart.

180

Coming to Jesus.

7, 7.

JESUS! full of truth and love,
I Thy kindest call obey;
Faithful let Thy mercies prove;
Take my load of guilt away.

2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of myself and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

3 Lo, I come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now my groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

181

Where Rest is Found.

S. M.

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

SALVATION NEEDED.

- 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 ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 3 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

182

Forgiveness Implored.

S. M

- T**HOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before Thy feet I fall,
And for Thy mercy cry.
- 2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done ;
Bid a repenting sinner live,
Through Thine incarnate Son.
 - 3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies ;
To Thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

- 4 The burden which I feel,
Thou canst alone remove ;
Do Thou display Thy pardoning grace,
And Thine unbounded love.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

183 *All Things Are Ready.* L. M.

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

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

- 3 Ready the Spirit of His love,
The stony heart to melt and move,
To apply, and witness with His blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

- 4 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready, with Their shining host ;
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead 's alive ! the lost is found!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

184 *Let the Saviour Come In.* L. M.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates ;
Behold, the King of glory waits ;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

SALVATION PROVIDED.

2 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

3 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin ;
Eternal praise, my God, be Thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

Rev. Georg Weissel, tr. Catherine Winkworth.

185 *An Appeal to Sinners.* L. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you the Saviour suffered pain ;
For you He shed His precious blood ;
And shall He bleed for you in vain?

2 Sinners, His life for you He paid ;
Your basest crimes in anguish bore ;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might go and sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come at last to heaven ;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sins shall be forgiven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

186 *Christ Came Not to Condemn.* L. M.

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.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 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 sins, 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

187 *The Pitying Eyes of Christ.* C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay ;
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and, O amazing love !
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He sped ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

Rev. Isaac Watts

188 *The Immensity of God's Grace.* C. M.

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
 My loving God to praise?
 The length and breadth and height to prove
 And depth of sovereign grace?

- 2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfined;
 From age to age it never ends;
 It reaches all mankind.
- 3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
 Wide as infinity:
 So wide it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.
- 4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
 But, far above the skies,
 Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see Thy mercies rise.
- 5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
 What angel tongue can tell?
 O may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

189 *A Secure Refuge.* C. M.

THERE is a safe and secret place
 Beneath the wings Divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
 O be that refuge mine!

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 The least and feeblest there abide,
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
They rest secure in God.
- 2 The angels watch them on their way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 They feed in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth Divine,
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine !
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

190

Rest in Jesus.

C. M.

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me for rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live !

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 5 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.
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

191

Salvation's River.

C. M.

- 0 WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will (O gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace :
 Come, then, and prove its virtues, too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

192

Sinners Hear.

C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
 His mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you by His sacred Word
 From sin's destructive way.

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live, devoid of peace ;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.

- 3 All those who turn to God shall live,
 Through His abounding grace :
 His mercy will the guilt forgive
 Of those who seek His face.

- 4 Bow to the sceptre of His word,
 Renouncing every sin ;
 Submit to Him, your sovereign Lord,
 And learn His will Divine.

Rev. John Fawcett.

193

The Fountain of Blood.

C. M.

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

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. *William Cowper.*

194

The Joyful Sound.

C. M.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound ;
What pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace Divine,
To see the heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,

WARNING AND INVITATION.

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

- 4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

195

Amazing Grace.

C. M.

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

- 2 '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 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

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

- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

Rev. John Newton.

196 *Hail the Suffering Christ.* 8, 7, D.

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

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou has full atonement made.
 All Thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

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

Rev. John Bakewell.

197 *The Blood That Saves.* S. M.

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

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

198 *The Chorus of Grace.* S. M.

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

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

199

Christ Alone Can Save.

S. M.

- N**OT what these hands have done
 Can save this guilty soul ;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne
 Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do
 Can give me peace with God ;
 Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
 Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
 Can ease this weight of sin ;
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
 Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
 Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 And set my spirit free.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

200

The Glory of Grace.

L. M.

- N**ATURE with open volume stands
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
 And every labor of His hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
 His brightest form of glory shines ;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
 In precious blood and crimson lines.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Its noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 3 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.
- Rev. Isaac Watts.*

201 *The Stranger at the Door.* L. M.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes:

3 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg.

202 *The Invitation to the Thirsty.* L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
 'Tis God invites the fallen race ;
 Mercy and free salvation buy ;
 Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come !
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
 And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise ;
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

Rev. John Wesley.

203 *The Real Soul Food.* L. M.

WHY seek ye that which is not bread,
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;
 Ye spend you little all in vain.

2 Hearken to Me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food ;
 The sweetness of My mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.

3 I bid you all my goodness prove,
 My promises for all are free ;
 Come, taste the manna of My love,
 And let your souls delight in Me.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 4 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believably receive ;
Quickened your souls, by faith Divine,
An everlasting life shall live.

Rev. John Wesley.

204 *Rest For the Weary.* L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load—
O come and bow before your God ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Anne Steele.

205 *Invitation to the Weary.* L. M.

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 his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 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 at Thy will.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

206 *The Night is Coming.* L. M.

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

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

- 3 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter prayer ;
No Saviour call you to the skies.

- 4 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear ;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

- 5 Now God invites : how blest the day !
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Rev. Timothy Dwight.

207

The Inward Voice.

L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul ;
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice ;
 It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
 Regard in time the warning kind ;
 That call thou mayest not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

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

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

Mrs. Ann B. Hyde.

208

Return, O Wanderer.

C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
 And seek Thy Father's face ;
 Those new desires, which in Thee burn,
 Were kindled by His grace.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, now return ;
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, now return ;
Thy Saviour bids thee live :
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn,
How freely He'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, now return ;
And wipe the fallen tear :
Thy Father calls ; no longer mourn ;
'Tis love invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, now return ;
Regain thy long-sought rest :
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to His breast.

Rev. William B. Collyer.

209

The Gospel Feast.

C. M.

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

- 2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,

WARNING AND INVITATION.

And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

- 4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die!
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

210 *Amazing Sight.* C. M.

AMAZING sight, the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in His hands
To satisfy the poor.

2 Behold, He saith, I bleed and die
To bring you to My rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 Will you despise My bleeding love
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With Me forever dwell? *Henry Alline.*

211 *To the Contrite Sinner.* C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps He may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps He may admit my plea,
Perhaps He'll 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 forever die. *Edmund Jones.*

212 *Life Found at the Cross.* C. M.

WOULDST thou eternal life obtain?
Now to the cross repair ;
There stand and gaze and weep and pray
Where Jesus breathes His life away ;
Eternal life is there.

- 2 Go ; there from every streaming wound,
Flows rich atoning blood ;

WARNING AND INVITATION.

That blood can cleanse thy deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.

- 3 Go; at that cross thy heart, subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life, from Christ, to thee
A vital stream shall flow.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

213

Hasten Sinner.

7, 7.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

- 2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.

- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Rev. Thomas Scott.

214 *Return and Come to God.* S. M.

RETURN and come to God ;
 Cast all your sins away ;
 Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
 Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come ;
 For Jesus bled and died,
 That none who ask in humble faith
 Should ever be denied.

3 Say not ye will not come ;
 'Tis God vouchsafes to call ;
 And fearful will their end be found,
 On whom His wrath shall fall.

4 Come then, whoever will,
 Come while 'tis called to-day ;
 Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
 Repent, believe, obey.

Bishop George W. Doane.

215 *All Things Are Ready.* S. M.

ALL things are ready, come ;
 Come to the supper spread ;
 Come, rich and poor; come old and young,
 Come, and be richly fed.

2 All things are ready, come ;
 The door is open wide ;
 O feast upon the love of God,
 For Christ, His Son, has died.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 3 All things are ready, come ;
To-morrow may not be ;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

Rev. Albert Midlane.

216 *To-day the Saviour Calls.* 6, 4.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls :
Ye wanderers, come ;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls :
O listen 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 ;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

217 *An Appeal to Sinners.* 8, 7, 4.

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

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 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 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way ;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay :
 Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

Jonathan Allen

218

Come, Ye Sinners.

8, 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power ;
 He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,

SALVATION

Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Come, ye weary, heaven-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;

Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 4 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

- 5 Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:

Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Rev. Joseph Hart.

219

Come to Jesus.

8, 7, 4.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown ;
Look to Jesus ;
Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it ;
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in desert dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies ;
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise.

Rev. Joseph Swain.

220 *Why Will You Die?* 7, 7, D.

- S**INNERS, turn ; why will you die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ;
God, Who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands ;
Asks the work of His Own hands ;
Why, you thankless creatures, why
Will you cross His love and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will you die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ;
Christ, Who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live.

SALVATION

Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, you ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight His grace, and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn ; why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why ;
He Who all your lives hath strove,
Wooded you to embrace His love :
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

Rev. Charles Wesley.

221

Salvation For You.

11, 11.

- 0 TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so
nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you
home.
- 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to re-
ceive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not
come?
'Tis you He bids welcome ; He bids you
come home.
- 3 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying
away ;

REALIZED.

Come, wretched and starving—come just
as you be,

While streams of salvation are flowing so
free.

Josiah Hopkins.

222

The Dearest Spot.

P. M.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain ;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain ;
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven ;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean,
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror ;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death ;
Immortal Jesus, hear me.
Then, quick as thought, I felt Him mine—
My Saviour stood before me ;
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted, Glory ! Glory !

4 O sacred hour ! O hallowed spot !
Where love Divine first found me ;

SALVATION

Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee :
And as from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

Rev. William Hunter.

223 *Sinner, Come and Welcome.* 7, 7.

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 pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored ;
To Thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be 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 spirit to convey

REALIZED.

To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Rev. Thomas Haweis.

224 *Joy of Christian Experience.* 6, 6 9.

- 0** HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2** That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor Divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's 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.

SALVATION

- 5 On the wings of His love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

225

A Blessed Life.

8, 7, D.

- M**Y life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?
- 2 What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though 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?

REALIZED.

- 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 ?

Rev. Robert Lowry.

226 *The Friendship of Jesus.* 8, 7, D.

I'VE found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
He loved me ere I knew Him ;

He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him ;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.

2 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !
He bled, He died to save me ;

And not alone the gift of life,
But His Own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver :

My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.

3 I've found a Friend ; O such a Friend !

All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.

SALVATION

Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.

Rev. James G. Small.

227 *Show Pity, Lord.* L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive!

Let a repentant sinner live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

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

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

4 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

228 *God Be Merciful to Me.* L. M

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me.

REPENTANCE.

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His cross my only plea ;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But Thou dost all my anguish see ;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 No alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee ;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven.

229

A Broken Heart.

L. M.

- A** BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns that 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 ;

SALVATION

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

- 4 O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.
Rev. Isaac Watts.

230

God Calling.

L. M

- G**OD calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul, in slumber lie ?
- 2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay ?
He calls me still ; can I delay ?
- 3 God calling yet ! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock ?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve ?
- 4 God calling yet ! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait, but He does not forsake ;
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !
- 5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
My heart I yield without delay :
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part ;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.
Gerhard Tersteegen, tr.

REPENTANCE.

231 *The Sinner's Sad Condition.* C. M.

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

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
 Sounds from the Sacred Word:
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a pardoning Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord:
 O help my unbelief.

4 Weak, helpless, guilty, as I am,
 Into Thine arms I fall;
 Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
 My Saviour, and my All.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

232 *Lord Remember Me.* C. M.

JESUS, Thou art the Sinner's Friend;
 As such I look to Thee;
 Now in the fullness 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 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
 But Thy salvation's free;

SALVATION

Then in Thine all-abounding gracē,
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 4 And when I close my eyes in death,
When earthly help shall flee
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham.

233 *A Penitent's Prayer.* C. M.

O THOU Whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :

- 2 See, Lord before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
Hast Thou not said, Return ?

- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy Divine. *Anne Steele.*

234 *The Mercy Seat.* C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer.
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

REPENTANCE.

- 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 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near Thy side,
 I may fierce accuser face,
 And tell him Thou hast died.
- 4 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead Thy gracious name.

Rev. John Newton.

235 *A Poor Sinner's Prayer.* S. M.

- A**ND wilt Thou yet be found,
 And may I still draw near ?
 Then listen to the plaintive sound
 Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, Thine aid afford,
 If still the same Thou art ;
 To Thee I look, to Thee, my Lord !
 Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
 The strugglings of my will,
 The foes that interrupt my rest,
 The agonies I feel.
- 4 O my offended Lord,
 Restore my inward peace ;
 I know Thou canst ; pronounce the word,
 And bid the tempest cease.

SALVATION

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

Rev. Charles Wesley.

236

Depth of Mercy.

7, 7.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace ;
 Long provoked Him to His face ;
 Would not hearken to His calls ;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Yet for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands ;
 God is love, I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

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

Rev. Charles Wesley.

237

Saviour Look With Pitying Eye. 7, 7.

BY Thy birth, and by Thy tears ;
 By Thy human griefs and fears ;
 By Thy conflict in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

REPENTANCE.

- 2 By the tenderest that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
 By the bitter tears that flowed
 Over Salem's lost abode,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.
- 3 By Thy lonely hour of prayer ;
 By the fearful conflict there ;
 By Thy cross and dying cries ;
 By Thy one great sacrifice,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.
- 4 By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
 By Thy power the lost to save ;
 By Thy high, majestic throne ;
 By the empire all Thine Own,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

Sir Robert Grant.

238 *Crying to Jesus For Help.* 7, 7.

- J**ESUS, Lamb of God, for me
 Thou, the Lord of life, didst die ;
 Whither—whither, but to Thee,
 Can a trembling sinner fly ?
 Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
 Save, O save my sinking soul !
- 2 All my soul, by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there ;
 By Thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair ;

SALVATION

Lord, Thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

- 3 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest ;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast :
Thine—forever Thine—I am !
Glory to Thee, bleeding Lamb !

Rev. Ray Palmer.

239

Confession of Sins.

8, 7.

PITYING Saviour, look with blessing
On a poor and pleading soul ;
Hear me now my guilt confessing ;
Let Thy healing make me whole.

- 2 Far from wisdom's ways I wandered,
And my soul of peace bereaved,
Precious gifts have basely squandered,
And Thy goodness deeply grieved.

- 3 All my evil course lamenting,
Sinful thought and word and deed,
Humbled, contrite, and repenting,
For Thy mercy now I plead.

- 4 Hear the voice of my contrition ;
Let Thy love my sorrows heal ;
Grant my sins complete remission ;
Full Thy blessed peace reveal.

Rev. Samuel Walcott.

REPENTANCE.

240 *Take Me, O My Father.* 8, 7.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me ;
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son ;
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make
 me,
 Let Thy will in me done.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod ;
 Weary come I now, and praying,
 Take me to Thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin ;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine ;
 Freely, life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree :
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to Thee.

6 Father, take me ; all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast ;
 In Thy love forever living,
 I must be forever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

241

Just as I Am.

L. M.

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, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 With fears within, and foes 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.

Miss Charlotte Elliott.

242 *The Blessings Faith Brings.* L. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares ;
 Its aid, in every duty, brings,
 And softens all my cares.

FAITH.

- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give :
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

Rev. Daniel Turner.

243 *Reaching After God.* C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee ;
No other help I know ;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did Thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath ;
What pain, what labor, to secure,
My soul from endless death !

Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O let me now receive that gift ;
My soul without it dies,

SALVATION

- 4 Surely Thou canst not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live ;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

244 *The Sweetness of His Grace.* C. M.

- S**WEET to reflect how grace Divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid.
- 2 Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.
- 5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

245

The Effects of Faith.

C. M.

0 JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
 While at Thy cross I kneel,
 Gaze at Thy wounded, fainting head,
 And all Thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
 This heart so hard before ;
 I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
 And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
 And I a sinner stand :
 What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
 And from each pierced hand !

4 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
 Was shed, dear Lord, for me :
 For me, for all, O grace Divine,
 Who look by faith on Thee.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

246

A Strong Faith Desired.

C. M.

0 FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by many a foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe ;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain
 Will lean upon its God ;

SALVATION

- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile ;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. William H. Bathurst.

247 *Completeness in Christ.* L. M.

MY soul complete in Jesus stands ;
It fears no more the law's demands ;
The love of God abides within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

- 2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives ;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives ;
Receives the grace His death secured ;
And pleads the anguish He endured.

FAITH.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries, 'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, Who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In Whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale.

248 *The Beauty of the Christian.* L. M.

JESUS, Thy blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved, through these, I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe, Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf

249

Following Jesus.

L. M. D.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
 He Whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say ;
 Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5. Lo, glad I come ; and Thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am ;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say, Behold the way of God.

Rev. John Cennick.

O LORD, Thou art my Lord,
 My Portion and Delight ;
 All other lords I now reject,
 And cast them from my sight.

CHOR. : There's balm in Gilead,
 To make the wounded whole ;
 There's power enough in Jesus
 To heal a sin-sick soul.

2 Thy sovereign right I own,
 Thy glorious power confess ;
 Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
 While I adore Thy grace.

3 Too long my feet have strayed
 In sin's forbidden way ;
 But since Thou hast my soul reclaimed,
 To Thee my vows I'll pay.

4 My soul, to Jesus joined
 By faith and hope and love,
 Now seeks to dwell among Thy saints,
 And rest with them above.

5 Accept, O Lord, my heart,
 To Thee myself I give ;
 Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
 Or cause Thy saints to grieve.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

251

The Happy Day

L. M.

0 HAPPY day that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHOR.: 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 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him Who merits all my love:
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from Thy Lord depart:
 With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard 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.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

252 *Bless the Lord, My Soul.* S. M.

OH, BLESS the Lord, my soul!

Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are Divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,

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

4 He crowns thy life with love,

When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;

He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

253 *I Owe It All To Jesus.* C. M.

ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
 My death, was all my own ;
 All that I am, I owe to Thee,
 My gracious God alone.

2 The evil of my former state,
 Was mine and only mine ;
 The good in which I now rejoice,
 Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage, all was mine ;
 The light of life, in which I walk,
 The liberty, is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
 It taught me to believe ;
 Then, in believing, peace I found,
 And now I live—I live !

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth ;
 All that I hope to be
 When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

254 *How Happy Every Child.* C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows His sins forgiven !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven.

ADOPTION.

- 2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 5 O would He more of heaven bestow !
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To see the God we seek.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

255

God Our Father.

C. M.

MY Father, God ! how sweet the sound !
How tender and how dear !
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart ;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

SALVATION

- 3 Cheered by a signal so Divine,
Unwavering I believe ;
My spirit, "Abba, Father," cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

256 *Arise, My Soul, Arise.* 6, 6, 8.

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

- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
The dear anointed one :
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :

ADOPTION.

His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

- 5 To God I'm reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

257 *A Desire For Purity.* L. M.

O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains ; refine its dross ;
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee ;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

SALVATION

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

258 *Entirely the Lord's.* L. M.

- L**ORD I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood Divine ;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.
Rev. Samuel Davies.

259 *A Full Surrender.* L. M.

- O** LOVE, Thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift Thyself hast given.
My Portion Thou, my Treasure art,
My Life, and Happiness, and Heaven.
- 2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek **my** all in Thee.

SANCTIFICATION.

- 3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To Thee, my Lord, I here restore ;
Gladly I all for Thee resign ;
Give me Thyself, I ask no more.
Rev. Charles Wesley.

260 *The Pearl of Perfect Love.* L. M.

- O** JESUS, full of truth and grace !
O all-atoning Lamb of God !
I wait to see Thy glorious face ;
I seek redemption in Thy blood.
- 2 Thou art the Anchor of my hope ;
The faithful promise I receive ;
Surely Thy death shall raise me up,
For Thou hast died that I might live.
- 3 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move ;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.
Rev. Charles Wesley.

261 *Perfect Holiness.* L. M.

- G**OD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
pass,
Remains and stands forever sure.
- 2 That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth may see,
Hallow Thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

SALVATION

- 3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of Thy perfect love!
- Rev. Charles Wesley.*

262 *Thirsting For Heart Purity.* L. M.

- I** THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou givest the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

SANCTIFICATION.

- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
My Lord, my Love, the Crucified.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

263 *Living For Christ Alone.* C. M.

LET Him to Whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert ;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for His Own,
Who bought us with a price :
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

- 3 Jesus, Thine Own at last receive ;
Fulfill our hearts' desire ;
And let us to Thy glory live,
And in Thy cause expire !

Rev. Charles Wesley.

264 *A Prayer for Sanctification.* C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am.

- 2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.

SALVATION

- 3 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!
- 4 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 5 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

265

Give Me Thyself.

C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone,
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Give me Thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyself to me!

3 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where Thou art, is heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

266 *A Solemn Consecration.* C. M.

COME, let us use the grace Divine,
 And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
 His name to glorify ;
 And promise, in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make,
 Be ever kept in mind ;
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast His words behind.

4 We never will throw off His fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow ;
 And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
 Come down, and meet us now.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

267 *A Heart Like Christ's.* C. M.

FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that always feels Thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

SALVATION

- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

268 *Wash Me in Thy Blood.* C. M

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me all Thine Own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone ;—
My hands, my head, my heart.

SANCTIFICATION.

- 4 The cleansing of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve :
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

269 *Yielding All to Christ.* S. M.

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

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.

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

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

5 My Life, my Portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

270

The Soul's Need.

S. M.

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
 On Thee I cast my care ;
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hearest my prayer.

2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;

3 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly.

5 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care ;
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

271

Living For Christ.

S. M.

JESUS, I live to Thee,
 The Loveliest and Best ;
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 In Thy blest love I rest.

SANCTIFICATION.

- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come ;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best ;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.
- Rev. Henry Harbaugh.*

272

Consecration.

7, 7.

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

- 2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
- 3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in endless praise.

SALVATION

Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine Own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Miss Frances R. Havergal.

273 *Love of and Love to Christ.* 7, 7.

JESUS, full of love Divine,
I am Thine and Thou art mine ;
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.

2 More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame ;
All my heart to Thee aspires,
Yearns with infinite desires.

3 Every thought, design, and word,
Burn with love to Thee, my Lord ;
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to Thee combined.

4 Ever since I saw Thy face,
Proved Thy plenitude of grace,
Chose Thee as the better part,
Love has filled and fired my heart.

SANCTIFICATION.

5 Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine ;
 Jesus, all I have is Thine :
 Never shall the altar-fire,
 Kindled on my heart, expire.

6 Love my darkness shall illumine,
 Love shall all my sins consume ;
 Sweetly then I die to prove
 An eternity of love. *Benjamin Gough.*

274 *Praise For Full Salvation.* 10, 11.

ALL praise to the Lamb ! accepted I am,
 Through faith in the Saviour's adorable
 name ;

In Him I confide ; His blood is applied ;
 For me He hath suffered, for me He hath
 died.

2 Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my skies,
 Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine
 eyes ;

In Him I am blest, I lean on His breast,
 And lo ! in His wounds I continue to rest.
Rev. Charles Wesley

275 *Welcome, Dear Redeemer.* 8, 7, 4.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine :

Lord, I make a full surrender,

Every power and thought be Thine ;
 Thine entirely, through eternal ages Thine,
 Thine entirely, through eternal ages Thine.

SALVATION.

- 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear ;
Or in vain attempt possessions,
When they find the Lord is near ;
Shout, O Zion,
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here.

Rev. William Mason.

276

Full Salvation.

8, 7, 4.

FULL salvation ! full salvation !
Lo, the fountain opened wide !
Streams through every land and nation,
From the Saviour's wounded side :
Full salvation !
Streams an endless crimson tide.

- 2 O'er the page of condemnation
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of deep carnation
Whiter than the driven snow :
Full salvation !
O the rapturous bliss to know.
- 3 Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within ;
Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
Now, and every instant, clean :
Full salvation !
Full salvation from all sin !
- 4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo, the Spirit seeks His shrine !
God and man in oneness blending—

SANCTIFICATION.

O what fellowship is mine !
Full salvation !
Raised in Christ to life Divine.

- 5 Care and doubting, sin and sorrow,
Fear and shame, are mine no more ;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before :
Full salvation !
Full and free for evermore ! *F. Bottome.*

277 *Divine Love.* 8, 7, D.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
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, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away our love of sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

- 5 Come, almighty to deliver
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

SALVATION

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

- 4 Finish then, thy new creation ;
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee ;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

278 *I Know I Love Him.* L. M.

- I** KNOW I love my Saviour now,
 As once I knew I loved Him not:
 His hand of love has sealed my vow,
 And fixed my new and blissful lot.
- 2 My faith has found a resting-place,
 Whereon my weary soul can lie ;
 And peace, and joy, and boundless grace
 Enfold me like a summer sky.
- 3 The storms may come, the sunshine go,
 My Friend will still be true and strong ;
 His hand will wipe the tears that flow,
 And bear my trembling soul along.
- 4 I know I love Him, feel Him mine ;
 He rules my soul with gentle sway ;
 He guides me still in light Divine,
 And bids me wait His crowning day.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

279

I'm Not Ashamed.

C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

280

An Humble Heart.

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven;
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope to heaven.

Asahel Nettleton.

281 *Knowledge of Sins Forgiven.* S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell;
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
 That He for us hath died,
 We all His unknown peace receive,
 And feel His blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburdened of its load,
 And swells, unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

282 *Blessed Confidence.* S. M.

I HEAR the words of love,
 I gaze upon the blood,
 I see the mighty sacrifice,
 And I have peace with God.

2 The clouds may go and come,
 And storms may sweep my sky;
 This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
 The cross is ever nigh.

ASSURANCE.

- 3 I change ; He changes not,
 The Christ can never die ;
 His love, not mine, the resting-place,
 His truth, not mine, the tie.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

283

Resting on Jesus.

S. M.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White, in His blood most precious,
 Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 All fullness dwells in Him ;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,—
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy Child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing, with saints, His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

284 *In God Is Soul Rest.* C. M.

I WOULD commune with Thee, my God ;
E'en to Thy seat I come ;

I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I see the storm in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand
No storms nor clouds can rise.

4 O this is life, O this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so ;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know. *Unknown.*

285 *Secure Happiness.* C. M.

MY God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home ;—

ASSURANCE.

- 3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what Thou dost,
 I wait the light above.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

286 *As Thy Days So Thy Strength.* 7, 7.

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

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

3 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
 With Thy promise, full and free,
 Ever faithful, ever sure :
 As thy days thy strength shall be.

William F. Lloyd.

287 *Strength in Weakness.* L. M.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 Strength shall be equal to thy day ;
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
 All suffering, if my Lord be there ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While He my sinking head sustains.

- 3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's Own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

288 *Believing Against Fears.* L. M. D.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of His face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

- 2 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin, is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that He died for me.

- 3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus my Lord and God I claim;
Jesus, my Strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus name;
To me He soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

289

My Soul Be Calm.

S. M.

BE tranquil, O my soul,
 Be quiet, every fear,
 Thy Father hath complete control,
 And He is ever near.

2 Ne'er of thy lot complain,
 Whatever may befall;
 Sickness, or care, or want, or pain,
 'Tis well-appointed all.

3 O then, my soul, be still,
 Await heaven's high decree;
 Seek but thy gracious Father's will,
 It shall be well with thee.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

290

Firmness.

S. M.

FIRM and unmoved are they
 That rest their souls on God;
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
 Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
 The City's sacred ground,
 So God, and His almighty love,
 Embrace His saints around.

Rev. Isaac Watts

291

Come to Me.

L. M.

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.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
O 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 ;
Heavenward 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.

Charlotte Elliott.

292

A Clear Title.

C. M.

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

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

293 *Our Guide and Friend.* C. M.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
 O lead us gently on,
 Until life's trial time shall end,
 And heavenly peace be won.

- 2 We know not what the path may be
 As yet by us untrod ;
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father, and our God.

- 3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time ;
 Deliverance shall arise :

- 4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
 O teach us to endure
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
 That make the spirit pure.

- 5 Christ by no flowery pathway came ;
 And we, His followers here,
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
 In hope, and love, and fear.

Rev. William J. Irons,

294 *Refuge of My Soul.* C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call Thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

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

Anne Steele.

295 *Leaning on Christ.* C. M.

LORD; it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

TRIAL AND CONFLICT.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
 That I may long obey ;
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To end my toilsome day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before ;
 He that unto God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by His door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.

Rev. Richard Baxter.

296

Rock of Ages.

7, 7.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me !
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure ;
 Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

297 *Jesus, Lover of My Soul.* 7, 7, D.

- J**ESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O 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.

TRIAL AND CONFLICT.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find.
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False, and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

298 *A Soldier of the Cross.* C. M.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to 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?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord :
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev Isaac Watts.

299 *Firm Amidst Trial.* C. M.

- G**OD of Thine Israel's faithful three,
Who braved the tyrant's ire,
Who nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked, unhurt, in fire :
- 2 O breathe their faith into my breast
In every trying hour ;
And stand, O Son of man, confessed
In all Thy saving power !
- 3 While Thou, almighty Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear ;
Both sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near.

- 4 Though earth and hell their warfare wage ;
 I mark their vain design,
 And calmly smile to see them rage
 Against a child of Thine.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

300 *Lead Me to the Rock.* S. M.

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

2 O, lead me to the Rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of Thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
 Forever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the Tower of my defence,
 The Refuge where I hide.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

301 *My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.* S. M.

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

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

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 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
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath.

302

Hold Fast.

S. M.

- M**Y soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown ;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill ;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is Divine,
Thy feet with victory shod ;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Rev. Leonard Swain.

303 *The Christian's Armor.* S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight ;
 My simple upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought ;
 My whole of sin remove ;
 Let all my works in Thee be wrought ;
 Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in Thee ;
 And let my knowing zeal be joined
 With perfect charity.

4 O may I love like Thee ;
 In all Thy footsteps tread ;
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing Thou hast made.

5 O may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove ;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

304 *His Strength.* S. M. D.

SOLDIERS of Christ arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

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

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, Come!
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Rev Charles Wesley.

305

Submission.

S. M. D.

IT is Thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from Thee:
I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.
I would not murmur, Lord:
Before Thee I am dumb:
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To Thee for help I come.

TRIAL AND CONFLICT.

- 2 My God, Thy name is Love ;
A Father's hand is Thine ;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry. Thy will be mine !
I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe ;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.
- 3 Jesus for me hath died ;
Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.
Here my poor heart can rest ;
My God, it cleaves to Thee :
Thy will is love ; Thine end is blest ;
All work for good to me.

Rev. James G. Deck.

306 *Lend, Kindly Light.* 10, 4, 10.

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on ;
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for
me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but
now

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

- 3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure
it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till

The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

- 4 Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,

Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike
faith,

Home to my God,

To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

Bishop J. H. Newman.

307 *Thy Way, Not Mine.* 6, 6, D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!

Lead me by Thine Own hand ;

Choose out the path for me.

I dare not choose my lot ;

I would not, if I might ;

Choose Thou for me, my God,

So shall I walk aright.

- 2 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine ; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine but Thine the choice,
 In things both great and small ;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All.

Rev. Hortius Bonar.

308

As Thou Wilt.

6, 6, D.

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 O may Thy will be mine ;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine Own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
All shall be well for me ;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Thus to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, tr.

309

Gently Lead Us.

8, 7, D.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the changes yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

- 2 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.
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on Thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest,

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

310

He is Faithful.

8, 7.

NEVER can the word be broken,
 Long ago Jehovah vowed,
 When He set His friendly token
 On the dark and murky cloud.

2 In the stormy gloom of sorrows,
 In the darkest days of woe,
 In the fear of sad to-morrows;
 We shall see His shining bow.

3 After grief shall come the gladness;
 Joy and pleasure after pain;
 Tearless rapture after sadness;
 Blessed sunshine after rain.

4 Still His rainbow is the token
 Of a grace that must prevail;
 Of a promise never broken,
 And a love that cannot fail.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

311

Strong Salvation.

7, 6, D.

GOD is my strong Salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My Light, my Help, is near:
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?

- 2 Place on the Lord reliance ;
 My soul with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate ;
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

312

Our Battlefield.

7, 7, D.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One who loves us to the end.
 Forward, then, with courage go ;
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls, Come home !

- 2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us anawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part ;
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saint's 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 ;

SUFFERING AND DISCIPLINE.

Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child your Father calls, Come home !

Rev. Joseph Swain.

313 *Peace With Suffering.* C. M.

WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God !
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast ;—
- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee ;—
- 4 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee. *Anon.*

314 *Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.* 8, 7, D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my All shalt be.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Perish every fond ambition ;
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition ;
God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the word despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends forsake 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.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me ;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 4 Take, 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.
Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's Own hand shall guide thee there.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

315 *A Cross For Every One.* C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No; there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
 Who once went 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.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
 O resurrection day!
 Ye angels from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd.

316 *Fear Not.* S. M.

FEAR not, poor weary one,
 But struggle bravely yet;
 Toil on until thy task is done,
 Until thy sun is set.

2 Though many are thy cares,
 And many are thy fears,
 The loving Christ thy burden shares,
 And wipes away thy tears.

3 No distant Christ is He,
 And one that doth not know ;
 But watches close and constantly
 The path which thou dost go.

4 'Tis when thy heart is tried,
 'Tis in thine hour of grief,
 He standeth ever at thy side,
 And ever brings relief.

Rev. Thomas C. Upham.

317

Sewet Content.

L. M.

IF life in sorrow must be spent,
 So be it ; I am well content ;
 And meekly wait my last remove,
 Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
 In life, in death, Thy perfect will ;
 No succor 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.

Madame Jeanne Guyon.

318

The One to Lean On.

L. M.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain ;

SUFFERING AND DISCIPLINE.

He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do :
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant.

319

Looking to Jesus.

C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away ;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

320

In God's Hands.

C. M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in Thy hand ;
My chief enjoyments come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

- 2 O Lord, shouldst Thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.

- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In Thee, and Thee alone.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

321

Shake Off Thy Fears.

L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

EXHORTATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate :
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

322 *Encouragement to Sufferers.* L. M.

DEEM not that they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power, Who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night :
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Let not the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, He goes to die.

- 5 For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay,
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

323 “*I Will Comfort You.*” L. M.

IN God let all His saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice ;
Thus saith His Word, so kind and true,
I, even I, will comfort you.

- 2 Sweet words ! O let us bless His name,
And joyful all His praise proclaim ;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
I, even I, will comfort you:

- 3 Do sore afflictions on you prey,
And pungent sorrows day by day?
Look to this word, 'twill bear you through,
I, even I, will comfort you.

- 4 If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm you souls with fear ;
Let this sweet word your faith renew,
I, even I, will comfort you.

- 5 And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ,
God is my comfort and my joy.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

324

Sow Thy Seed.

S. M.

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 Thou knowest not which shall thrive,—
 The late or early sown ;
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
 When and wherever strown :

3 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain :
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garnerers in the sky.

5 Then when the glorious end,
 The day of God, is come,
 The angel reapers shall descend
 And shout the Harvest-home !

James Montgomery.

325

Give to the Winds Thy Fears. S. M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 What though thou rulest not !
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 4 Leave to His sovereign sway,
To choose and to command ;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way ;
How wise, how strong His hand !
- Rev. Paulus Gerhardt.*

326 *Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.* S. M.

- H**OW 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 all nature 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 sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day ;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.
- Rev. Philip Doddridge.*

327 *Walk in the Light.* C. M.

WALK in the light: so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In Whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light: thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God Himself is Light.

Bernard Barton.

328 *God Is All in All.* C. M.

GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope;
 My help forever near:
 Thine arm of mercy holds me up
 When sinking in despair.

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

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

329

Looking Up.

8, 8, 6.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear
And by His side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

Rev. Charles Wesley

330

The Call of Jesus.

8, 7.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild, restless sea;
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, Christian, follow Me!

- 2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
 Of the vain world's golden store;
 From each idol that would keep us,—
 Saying, Christian, love Me more!
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—
 Christian, love Me more than these!
- 4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

331

Weeping—Reaping.

7, 7.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above,

- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will thus be given,
 Through 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.
- 4 Lo ! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear ;
 Look again ; the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest-time is near.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

332

Looking to Jesus. II, II.

- 0 EYES that are weary, and hearts that are
 sore !
 Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more !
 The light of His countenance shineth so
 bright,
 That here, as in heaven, there need be no
 night.
- 2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot
 fear ;
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near ;
 I know that His presence my safeguard
 will be,
 For, Why are you troubled? He saith unto
 me.
- 3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me
 round ;
 They bear me away in His presence to be ;
 I see Him still nearer, Whom always I see,

EXHORTATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

- 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty
and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to
face ;
Shall know how His love went before me
each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

Unknown.

333 *How Firm a Foundation.* II, II.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,

Is laid for your faith, in His excellent
Word !

What more can He say, than to you He
hath said,—

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
mayed ;

For I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid ;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;

For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,

And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never—forsake.
George Keith.

334 *Come, Ye Disconsolate.* II, 10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
 your anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
 heal.

EXHORTATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

- 2 Joy of the comfortless, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore and Dr. Hastings.

335 *Comfort For Tempted.* 8, 7, 4.

- 0 MY soul what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in His dear name.
- 2 What, though Satan's strong temptations
Sorely vex thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin ;
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

Rev. John Fawcett.

336 *The Lord's My Shepherd.* C. M.

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want :
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His Own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous.

337

Adoring Christ.

L. M. D.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace ;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought ;
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name ?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought !
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Rev. Henry Collins.

338

Jesus Our Pattern.

L. M.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word ;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

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

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.
- 3 Be Thou my Pattern ; let me bear
More of Thy gracious image here,
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

339 *Living the Gospel.* L. M.

- SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all Divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God ;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on His Word.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

340 *Spiritual Liberty.* S. M.

- 0 COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin !

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATION.

- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and Word,
Well-pleasing in Thy sight.
- 4 I ask no higher state ;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

341

All Like Jesus.

S. M.

JESUS, my Truth, my way,
My sure, unerring Light ;
On Thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which Thou wilt guide aright.

- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art ;
O never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart.
- 3 Never will I remove
Out of Thy hands my cause,
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy cross.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 4 O make me all like Thee
Before I hence remove ;
Settle, confirm, establish me,
And build me up in love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

342

The Blessed Law.

S. M.

THAT blessed law of Thine,
Jesus, to me impart ;
The Spirit's law of life Divine,
O write it in my heart.

- 2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,—
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

- 3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity ;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee.

- 4 Soul of my soul remain !
Who didst for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

343

The Principle Within.

C. M.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin ;
A pain to feel it near.

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATION.

- 2 I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And queneh the kindling fire.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 4 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

344 *Soul Thirst For God.* C. M.

- A**S pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God—the living God,—
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine !
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God ; Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change thy sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, was nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy Saviour and thy King.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

345 *Becoming Christ-like.* C. M.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.
- 3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done.
- 4 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

Rev. John H. Gurney.

346

Blessed Fountain.

7, 1.

- B**LESSED fountain, full of grace!
 Grace for sinners, grace for me;
 To this source alone I trace
 What I am, and hope to be;
- 2 What I am, as one redeemed,
 Saved and rescued by the Lord;
 Hating what I once esteemed;
 Loving what I once abhorred:
- 3 What I hope to be ere long
 When I take my place above;
 When I join the heavenly throng;
 When I see the God of love.
- 4 Then I hope like Him to be,
 Who redeemed His saints from sin;
 Whom I now obscurely see
 Through a veil that stands between.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

347

One With Christ.

7, 7.

- P**RINCE of Peace, control my will;
 Bid this struggling heart be still;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
 Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
 May Thy will and mine be one:
 Chase these doubtings from my heart;
 Now Thy perfect peace impart.

- 3 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall ;
 Thou my Life, my God, my All ;
 Let Thy happy servant be
 One for evermore with Thee.

Mary S. B. Shindler.

348 *A Calm and Thankful Heart.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

- 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 through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

349 *Adieu, Old World.* 7, 6, 7.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good ;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with His blood :
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 All thy pomp, thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATION.

2 Other knowledge I disdain ;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The atoning Victim died :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in His grace to grow,
Ever in His faith abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree ;
Only of His love I speak,
Who freely died for me ;
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing will I seek beside :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

350

O Love Divine.

8, 8, 6.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart :
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

351

Tell Me No More.

8, 8, 6.

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before ;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel His animating grace,
And I desire no more.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares ;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
That sure, unerring Word ;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
Communing with my Lord.

Susannah Harrison.

352

A Charge to Keep.

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have :
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

353

Arise, Ye Saints.

S. M.

- A**RISE, ye saints, arise !
The Lord our Leader is ;
The foe before His banner flies,
And victory is His.
- 2 We follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour and our King ;
We follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day,
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 Then, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more ;
And ever with our Leader rest
On yonder peaceful shore.
- 5 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light ;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

354 *Make Haste, O Man.* S. M.

MAKE haste, O man, to live.
 For thou so soon must die,
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
 How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
 Whatever must be done ;
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
 Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
 Fling ease and self away ;
 This is no time for thee to sleep ;
 Up, watch, and work, and pray.

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
 Thy time is almost o'er ;
 O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
 The Judge is at the door.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

355 *Living For Jesus.* L. M.

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.

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.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

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 dying love, His saving power.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

356

Go, Labor On.

L. M.

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

2 Go, labor on ; 'tis not for naught ;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises,—what are men ?

3 Go, labor on ; enough while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come !

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

357 *Take Up Thy Cross.* L. M.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
 If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,
 And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
 And calmly every danger brave ;
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 And lead to victory o'er the grave.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
 Nor think till death to lay it down ;
 For only he who bears the cross
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Rev. Charles W. Everest.

358 *Awake, My Soul.* C. M.

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
 Holds 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 aspiring eye ;
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
 Have I my race begun ;
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

359 *Despise Not Small Things.* C. M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power ;
 There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
 That waits its natal hour.

- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
 And call it back to life ;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
 How vast its power may be,
 Nor what results infolded dwell
 Within it silently.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

- 4 Work on ; despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon.

360 *Who Will Work To-day?* 8, 7.

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?

- 2 Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free ;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
Here am I ; send me, send me.

- 3 Let none hear you idly saying,
There is nothing I can do,
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.

- 4 Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be ;
Answer quickly, when he calleth,
Here am I ; send me, send me.

Rev. Daniel Marsh.

361 *Do What You Can.* 8, 7, D

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet ;
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high;
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
While the fields are white to harvest,
And the Master calls for you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

Ellen H. Gates.

362 *Lay Your Treasures High.* 8, 7, D.

LAY your treasures higher, safer,
 Than the golden stores of men,
 Lest the coming days of trouble
 Sweep them from your keeping then ;
 Send aloft each blessed moment
 In some noble use to God ;
 Make the world to feel your presence
 Ere you sleep beneath the sod.

2 Ere the busy hands are idle,
 Ere the beating heart is still,
 Bring some treasures to the Master,
 And your vows of love fulfill ;
 Fill your days with loving service ;
 Seek the prize of things above ;
 So shall you be, now and ever,
 Rich in fruits of faith and love.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

363 *Stand Up For Jesus.* 7, 6, D.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory
 His army He shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

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.

Rev. George Duffield, Jr.

364 *O When Shall I See Jesus. 7, 6, D.*

0 WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with Him above,
And drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's voice I hear ;
He gives me all my orders,
And tells me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life He'll give.
And all His valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

- 3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu :
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on your heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the war is ended,
You'll reign with Him above.

J. Leland.

365 *Onward, Christian Soldiers.* 6, 5.

- O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.
- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's Own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.

366

All For Jesus.

8, 7.

CHRIST is all to him that trusteth,
Jesus Christ the Crucified ;
Then to Him my all belongeth
And my soul is satisfied.

REF.—All and always all for Jesus
In Whom my soul is satisfied ;
All and always all for Jesus ;
For Jesus Crucified.

“ALWAYS AND ALL FOR JESUS.”

- 2 Friends and joys and earthly pleasure
Yield to Him the highest place ;
Timely bliss and worldly treasure
Fade when I behold His face.
- 3 Gloom disperses at His presence ;
Darkness flees before His light ;
Doubt dispels at His appearing ;
Where He is there is no night.
- 4 Tell me not of worldly honor,
Ask me not its ways to walk ;
Jesus shares with me His glory,
With Him I delight to talk.
- 5 Tempt me not from Him to wander,
Christ to me is all in all ;
More than all is my Redeemer,—
Raptured at His feet I fall.

Rev. U. F. Swengel.

367 *Hail, My Comrades!* 8, 7.

HAIL, my comrades ! now the ensign
For our Captain raise ;
Hold aloft the Gospel Banner ;
Shout our Saviour's praise.

CHOR.—Always all, for Christ our Saviour,—
Let our motto ring ;
To Him honor, praise and power
We will ever bring.

- 2 Hearts and lives we give to Jesus,—
All to Him belongs ;
Let our voices fill the breezes
With triumphant songs.
- 3 Hands to labor, feet to follow,
Ears to hear His Word ;
Eyes to see the wondrous beauty
Of our risen Lord.
- 4 Time and talent, gold and silver,
Be to Jesus given ;
Thus in truest consecration
March we on to heaven.
- 5 Keystone Leagues in Christian compact,
True Endeavor band.
Pressing onward, upward ever,
To the better land. *Rev. U. F. Swengel.*

368

Loyal Leaguers.

P. M.

WE are Loyal Leaguers, All and always for
the King ;
For His gracious blessings, we His praises
now would sing ;
To His glorious service all our talents we
will bring,
And we'll help to win the world for God.

CHO.—All and always, always for the King,
All and always, always for the King,
To His glorious service all our talents we will
bring,
And we'll help to win the world for God.

“ALWAYS AND ALL FOR JESUS.”

- 2 We hear the cry of anguish, come and help
us ere we die!
To Christ's, Go and teach them, we would
answer, Here am I!
Our souls are stirred within us, and to help
them we will try,
And we'll help to win the world for God.
- 3 We're loyal to our Zion, blessings on her
we will pray,
Zion of our Fathers—take not, Lord, her
light away,
Keep her in Thy service, Lord, until the
crowning day,
When the world at last is won for God.
Rev. J. H. Keagle.

369

Burn, O Love.

C. M.

- 0 Light in darkness, Joy in grief;
O heaven begun on earth;
Jesus, my Lord, my Treasure, who
Can tell what Thou art worth?
- 2 O Jesus, Jesus, blessed Lord,
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.
- 3 Burn, burn, O love, within our hearts,—
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 4 O love of Jesus, blessed love,
So will it ever be ;
Time cannot hold Thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber.

370 *Saviour, We Are Thine.* S. M.

DEAR Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands ;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.

- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head ;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.

- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near Thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

371 *Happy in Jesus.* 8, 8, D.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
flowers,

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But, when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Rev. John Newton.

372

Jesus is Mine.

6, 4, 6.

FADE, fade each earthly joy;
 Jesus is mine.

Break every tender tie;
 Jesus is mine.

Dark is the wilderness;
 Earth has no resting place;
 Jesus alone can bless;
 Jesus is mine.

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.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

Welcome, O loved and blest;
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar.

373 *The Blessedness of Fellowship.* 11, 8.

O THOU, in Whose presence my soul
takes delight,
On Whom in affliction I call,
My Comfort by day, and my Song in the
night,
My Hope, my Salvation, my All!

2 O why should I wander, an alien from
Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3 Where dost Thou, at noontide, resort with
Thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I
weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

4 The joy of Thy presence, dear Shepherd,
restore;
I pant for the light of Thy face;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

An alien no longer, I'll wander no more,
But dwell in my Saviour's embrace,

- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-
joice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks; and eternity, filled with His
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Rev. Joseph Swain.

374

Always With Us.

8, 7.

ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love—
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.

- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear:
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Rev. Edwin H. Nevin.

375 *Healing in His Wings.* 7, 6.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings;
 It is the Lord, Who rises
 With healing in His wings.
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new.
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

William Cowper.

376 *My God, I Am Thine.* 11, 12.

MY God, I am Thine; what a comfort Di-
 vine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
 mine!
 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
 And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of
 His name.

- 2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous
 sound,
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise
 found.

My Redemer to know, to feel His blood
 flow,
 This is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.

- 3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
 That indeed is the fullness, but this is the
 taste;
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I re-
 move
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' Own
 love. *Rev. Charles Wesley.*

377 *Benevolence and Charity.* C. M.

THINK gently of the erring one;
 And let us not forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
 Child of the self same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones;
 We may lead them back,
 With holy words, and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet may'st be;
 Deal gently with the erring heart,
 As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

378 *Feeding the Hungry.* C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace,
 Thy bounties, how complete!
 How shall I count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost Thou exalted shine;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of Thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them, Thou mayest be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered;
 And in their accents of distress,
 My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
 I in the poor would see;
 O rather let me beg my bread
 Than hold it back from Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

379 *Sharing With Others.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace,
 All-powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of Thy love.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
 That generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
 In deep distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

380

Helping the Poor.

C. M.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let love's treasures still be spent,
 Like His, upon the poor.

- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
 In this wide world of ill;
 And that Thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
 Yet Thou has taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

Rev. William Crosswell.

381

True Benevolence.

L. M.

0 WHAT stupendous mercy shines
 Around the Majesty of heaven!
 Rebels He deigns to call His sons—
 Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace Divine,—
 The grace that blazes like the sun;
 Hold forth your fair though feeble light;
 Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
 Swift fly your gifts and charity;
 The hungry feed; the naked clothe;
 To pain and sickness, health apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
 And be her counsellor and stay;
 Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
 To useful, happy life his way.

5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
 Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
 Thus will you glorify your God,
 And thus the Christian name adorn.

Rcv. Thomas Gibbons.

382

Kind Deeds.

L. M.

0 ONE cup of healing oil and wine,
 One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
 Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,
 Than lifted eye or bended knee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 In true and inward faith we trace
The source of every outward grace ;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way ;
But, where these springs not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.
- Rev. William H. Drummond.*

383

Christ Our Pattern. L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were His works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives ;
Whom none can love, whom none can
thank,—
Creation's blot, creation's blank !
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons.

384

Lending to the Lord.

C. M.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
 And follows His command ;
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with liberal hand.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need,
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well-established mind ;
 His soul to God, his Refuge, flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace Divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

385

Love's Channels.

C. M.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing streams,
 To fit them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for us
 Will soon be parched and dried.

- 3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;
Such is the law of love.

Bishop Richard C. Trench.

386

Feeling For Others. C. M.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain ;

- 2 Whose breast expands with generous
warmth

A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unmasked relief.

- 3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give ;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

387

God Our Refuge.

L. M.

GOD is the Refuge of His saints
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be 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 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on His truth, and armed with power.
Rev. Isaac Watts.

388

Desire For God's House.

L. M.

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

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

THE CHURCH

- 3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
There they beheld Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 4 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.

Rev Isaac Watts.

389 *The Sure Foundation Stone.* C. M.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build ou heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore Thy name ;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain.
But on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'T is Thine Own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

390 *The Church's Durability.* C. M.

0 WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God;
Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
ing her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

391 *The Christian Temple.* C. M.

WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat.
The glory of all lands;

THE CHURCH

Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age,
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile hands alarm,
For God is her defense;
How weak, how powerless each arm,
Against Omnipotence!

Rev. Isaac Watts.

392 *Zion, City of Our God.* 8, 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?

2 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

Rev. John Newton

393

Happy Zion.

8, 7.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power Divine:
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine !

- 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.

*Rev. Thomas Kelly.*394 *I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.* S. M.

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.

THE CHURCH

- 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.

Rev. Timothy Dwight.

395 *That Flame of Living Fire.* L. M.

- 0** FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bade the souls to heaven aspire;
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is the spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him
Thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy Divine?

- 3 That Spirit which from age to age
 Proclaimed Thy love and taught Thy
 ways?
 Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
 And breathed in David's hallowed lays?
- 4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
 As when Elijah felt its power;
 When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
 Or Job endured the trying hour?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
 Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;
 And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
 On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.
Rev. William H. Bathurst.

396 *Prayer for a Revival.* L. M.

GREAT Lord of all Thy churches, hear
 Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
 Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise
 Like fragrant incense to the skies.

- 2 Revive Thy churches with Thy grace;
 Unite our souls, and grant us peace;
 Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
 With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 3 May young and old Thy Word receive;
 Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live;
 The wounded conscience healing find,
 And joy refresh each drooping mind.

THE CHURCH

- 4 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound with fruits of holiness;
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

Rev. William Kingsbury.

397 *Awake, Jerusalem, Awake!* L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!

No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and Thy strength put on.

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

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

- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, His Word embrace,
Nor bear His hallowed name in vain.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

398 *Prayer for an Awakening.* L. M.

O THOU, Who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.

REVIVAL.

- 2 O may one beam of Thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all Thy paths to tread.

Anon.

399 *Longing For First Love.* L. M.

- O** WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on Him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with Him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to Thee;
O cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in Thy smile.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

400 *Prayer for Restoration.* C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
 His praises tuned my tongue ;
 And when the evening shades prevailed,
 His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw His glory shine ;
 And when I read His holy Word,
 I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;
 O make my soul Thy care ;
 I know Thy mercy cannot fail ;
 Let me that mercy share.

Rev. John Newton.

401 *O For a Closer Walk.* C. M.

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

REVIVAL.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His Word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove; return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

402 *Visit Thy Plantation.* 8, 7, 4.

SSAVIOUR, 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.

THE CHURCH

- 2 Once, O Lord, Thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green ;
Then Thy Word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen.
- 3 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make us bloom again ;
O permit us not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's alluring snares.
- 5 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

Rev. John Newton.

403 *Heal My Backslidings.* S. M.

O JESUS, full of grace,
To Thee I make my moan ;
Let me again behold Thy face,
Call home Thy banished one.

- 2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backsliding heal,
And bid me sin no more.

REVIVAL.

3 Wilt Thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive, my stricken spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive.

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made Thee whole.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

404

Thy Work Revive.

S. M.

O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 O let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay;
And hearts of adamant shall break,
And rebels shall obey.

4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;
O listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our hopes on Thee rely.

Mrs. Phæbe H. Brown.

405

Revive Thy Work.

S. M.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy mighty arm make bare ;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead.
 And made Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord
 Disturb this sleep of death ;
 Quicken the smouldering embers now
 By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt Thy precious name ;
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 And give refreshing showers ;
 The glory shall be all Thine Own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Rev. Albert Midlane.

406

Welcome Into the Church. L. M.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
 O come in Jesus' precious name ;
 We welcome thee, with one accord,
 And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
 We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
 Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.

ADMISSION.

- 3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

James Montgomery.

407

Cordial Invitation.

L. M.

- B**RETHREN in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth : lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give;
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesus' name receive.
- 3 Jesus, attend; Thyself reveal;
Are we not met in Thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait and feel;
We wait to catch the spreading flame
- 4 Truly our fellowship below
With Thee and with the Father is;
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

THE CHURCH

- 5 Though but in part we know Thee here ;
We wait Thy coming from above ;
And we shall then behold Thee near
And be forever lost in love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

408 *Fellowship of the Church.* L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

- 2 May He, by Whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above ;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

Rev. John Newton.

409 *The Oneness of the Church.* C. M.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one,

ADMISSION.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

410

Heaven on Earth.

- H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all Thy ways, we find
Our heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
 - 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We, in the Kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

THE CHURCH

- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

411 *One in Life and Body.* C. M.

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

- 2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

- 3 In prayer, in efforts, tears and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

- 4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

412 *Prayer for Promised Blessing.* C. M.

SEE, Jesus, Thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give;
Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.

- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in Thy name are joined;

FELLOWSHIP IN CHRIST.

We wait, according to Thy Word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us Thou art assembled here,
But O Thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us Thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

413 *The Sons of Peace.* S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and homes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

414 *Meet Ne'er to Sever.* 6, 5, 6.

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?

THE CHURCH

Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no,—never.

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour,
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Our songs of praise shall close.
Never,—no, never. *Alaric A. Watts.*

415 *Christian Fellowship.* C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord

FELLOWSHIP IN CHRIST.

In one another's peace delight.
And so fulfill His word !

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir that heaven finds
His bosom glows with love.

Rev. Joseph Swain.

416

God is Love.

C. M.

- OUR God is love; and all His saints
His image bear below.
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by Thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

THE CHURCH

- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Rev. Thomas Cotterill.

417

The Threefold Cord.

C. M.

- JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear Thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into Thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.
- 4 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

418

Union In Christ.

C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by His grace,
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek His face.

2 He bids us build each other up ;
 And, gathered into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope,
 We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which He on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove ;
 The grace through every vessel flows
 In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
 And cordially agree,
 United all, through Jesus' name,
 In perfect harmony.

5 And if our fellowship below
 In Jesus be so sweet,
 What height of rapture shall we know,
 When round His throne we meet!

Rev. Charles Wesley.

419

Try Us, O God.

C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart ;
 What'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

THE CHURCH

- 2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up ;
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 And, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready Bride ;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

420 *The Sacred Tie That Binds.* L. M.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, accordant minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one !

- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What watchful love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;

FELLOWSHIP IN CHRIST.

Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

- 4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals His smiling face ;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Midst nature's drooping, sickening fire ;
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

421

Perfect In One.

L. M.

JESUS, from Whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of Thy Church below,
If now Thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill Thine Own request.

- 2 The few that truly call Thee Lord,
And wait Thy sanctifying word,
And Thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all Thy mind express,
Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses,
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach and love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

422 *Blest Be The Tie That Binds.* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent 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.

Rev. John Fawcett.

423 *Like a Shepherd Lead Us.* 8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine ; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way ;

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear Thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor ;
Early let us do Thy will ;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

424 *Hosannas Singing.* 8, 7, 4.

CHILDREN, loud hosannas singing,
Hymned Thy praise in olden time,
Judah's ancient temple filling
With the melody sublime ;
Infant voices,
Joined to swell the holy chime.

2 Though no more the incarnate Saviour
We beheld in latter days ;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise ;
Still in glory
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem,
All Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with Thy glorious name ;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Mrs. H. B. Steele.

425

Youthful Praise.

8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, at Thy footstool bending,
We, a youthful band, appear ;
May our grateful songs ascending,
Reach and please Thy gracious ear ;
Thus to praise Thee,
Make and keep our hearts sincere.

- 2 No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from Thee ;
Gentle is Thy invitation,
Suffer them to come to me.
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each Thy kingdom see.

- 3 Take us, then, Thou kind Protector,
Keep us by Thy watchful care ;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In Thy arms of mercy bear ;
Guide to glory,
We shall dwell in safety there.

Anon.

426

Guide Us, Saviour.

8, 7, 4.

GOD has said, Forever blessed
Those who seek Me in their youth ;
They shall find the path of wisdom,

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

And the narrow way of truth :
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our Strength, for we are weakness ;
Be our Wisdom and our Guide ;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side :
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in Thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky :
Gently passing
To the happy land on high. *Anon.*

427 *Delightful Work.* C. M.

DELIGHTFUL work ! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim ;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, In wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

THE CHURCH

- 4 Almighty God, Thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honors of Thy name be spread,
And all the glory Thine.

Joseph Straphan.

428 *The Children's Song.* C. M.

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to Whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

- 2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

- 3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

- 4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

James Montgomery.

429 *The Saviour For the Young.* C. M.

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 The Lord of all the worlds on high
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays His radiant glories by,
 Your welfare to pursue.
- 3 The soul that longs to see His face
 Is sure His love to gain ;
 And those who early seek His grace
 Shall never seek in vain.
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compared with Thee?
 What beauty should command my love.
 Like that in Christ I see?

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

430 *By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.* C. M.

- B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill
 How fair the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away :
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.

THE CHURCH

- 5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine ;
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine Own.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

431

Remember.

C. M,

REMEMBER thy Creator now
In these thy youthful days ;
He will accept thy earliest vow ;
He loves thine earliest praise.

- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek Him while He is near ;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be ;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee. *Unknown.*

432 *Around the Throne of God.* C. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one arrayed,
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love ;
 How came those children there ?
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin ;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name ;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb.

Mrs. Anne H. Shephard.

433 *The Lambs of His Fold.* 11, 8, 9.

- I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to
 His fold,
 I should like to have been with Him then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on
 my head,
 That His arms had been thrown around
 me,
 That I might have seen His kind look when
 He said,
 Let the little ones come unto me.

THE CHURCH

- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.
- 4 O a beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”
Mrs. Jemima Luke.

434 *The Gentle Shepherd.* 8, 7.

- S**AVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All 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.
Rev. Wm. A. Muehlenberg.

435 *Hosanna to His Name.* 7, 6, D.

- W**HEN His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to His name :

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender.
They too shall be the Lord's.

Rev. John King

436 *Shepherd of Tender Youth.* 6, 6, 4

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
Welcome Thy name to sing;
To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:

THE CHURCH

Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightiest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy enduring Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria.

437

Just As I Am.

L. M.

JUST as I am, Thine Own to be,
Friend of the young, Who lovest me:
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

THE MINISTRY.

- 2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
 With all my heart I come.
- 3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,—
 Therefore to Thee I come.
- 4 Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness and Thee,
 Lord of my life, I come.
- 5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
 For my whole life, I come.
- 6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
 O Master, Lord, I come.

Marianne Farningham.

438

Zion's Watchmen.

C. M.

- LET Zion's watchmen now awake
And take the alarm they give,
Now let them from the mouth of God,
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
 The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.

THE CHURCH

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must forever live .
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 Lord, let Thy servants, as they preach,
Thy great salvation see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

439 *Messengers of God.* C. M.

- G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God ;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.
- 2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death !
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path !
- 3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power Divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.
- 4 He Who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains ;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Mountains shall sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause ;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before His cross.

Rev. Thomas B. Morrell.

440

Let It Swiftly Run.

C. M.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
 And let it swiftly run;
 And let the priests themselves believe,
 And put salvation on.

2 Let all Thy chosen servants shine,
 Illustrious as the sun,
 And bright with borrowed rays Divine,
 Their glorious circuit run.

3 As giants may they run their race,
 Exulting in their might;
 As burning luminaries chase
 The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Their healing wings display;
 And let their lustre still increase
 Unto the perfect day.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

441

Going In His Name.

L. M.

GO forth, ye heralds, in My name,
 Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
 The glorious jubilee proclaim
 Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
 And teach them where salvation lies;
 With care bind up the broken heart,
 And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
 But harmless as the peaceful dove;

THE CHURCH

And let your heavn-taught conduct show
Ye are commissioned from above.

- 4 Freely from Me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

Rev. John Logar.

442 *The Love of Christ Constrains.* L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, Thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

- 3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

- 4 My Life, my blood, I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill Thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done; Thy name adored.

- 5 Give me Thy strength, O God of power:
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through Thee.

Johann J. Winkler

443 *Prayer For Equipment.* L. M.

POUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
 Lord, Thine assembled servants bless
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe them with Thy righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple, where we stand
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
 The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness with meekness from above,
 To bear Thy people on our heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint ;
 By day and night strict guard to keep ;
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish Thy lambs and feed Thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
 In humble hope our charge resign ;
 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God, may they and we be Thine.

James Montgomery.

444 *The Great Command.* L. M.

'TWAS Jesus' last and great command,
 Go, preach my Word in every land,
 To all be my salvation shown ;
 To every creature make it known.

THE CHURCH

- 2 While thus employed, expect my grace,
Attending you from place to place ;
Where'er you meet expect Me there,
In church, or house, or open air.
- 3 Commissioned thus, we come abroad,
To preach the Gospel of our God ;
The love of God in Christ to tell,
The love that saves from sin and hell.
- 4 Jesus, our Lord, Thy word fulfill,
Thy Spirit's power be with us still ;
May all our souls Thy blessings share,
Accept our praise and hear our prayer.

445 *How Beauteous Are Their Feet.* S. M. *Anon.*

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here !
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

446 *Laboring in the Harvest Field.* 7, 6, D.

LORD of the living harvest
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain;
 Accept these hands to labor,
 These hearts to trust and love,
 And deign with them to hasten
 Thy Kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
 Send us, O Christ, to be
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee;
 We ask no other wages,
 When Thou shalt call us home,
 But to have shared the travail
 Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
 And fill our souls with light;
 Clothe us in spotless raiment,
 In linen clean and white;
 Beside Thy sacred altar
 Be with us, where we stand,
 To sanctify Thy people
 Through all this happy land.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

447 *Bringing His Sheaves.* S. M.

THE harvest dawn is near,
 The year delays not long;
 And he who sows with many a tear
 Shall reap with many a song.

THE CHURCH

- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves ;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

Rev. George Burgess.

448 *Let the Children Come.* C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd
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 glory came.

- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

449 *Baptized Into the Trinity.* C. M.

OLORD, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do Thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust ;

BAPTISM.

Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.

3 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God ;
Baptized in Thine, we own Thy claim
As ransomed by Thy blood.

4 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep his temple pure,
And make Thy grace our only boast,
And by Thy strength endure.

Mrs. M. B. Peters.

450 *Believe And Be Baptized.* C. M.

PROCLAIM, saith Christ, My wondrous
grace

To all the sons of men ;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in Thy Word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And, in the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And, when the awful message comes
To call their souls away,
May they be found prepared to live
In realms of endless day.

Rev. James Newton.

451 *Our Children Thou Dost Claim.* S. M.

OUR children Thou dost claim,
 O Lord, our God, as Thine;
 Ten thousand blessings to Thy name
 For goodness so Divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
 Thee let the sons adore;
 Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
 To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
 How plenteous is Thy grace,
 Which, in the promise of Thy love,
 Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still Thy care,
 Shall own their fathers' God;
 To latest times Thy blessings share,
 And sound Thy praise abroad.

Anon.

452 *Consecrating the Children.* C. M.

OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
 We now devote to Thee;
 Let them Thy covenant mercies share,
 And Thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
 From worldly snares, we pray;
 And let them to the end endure
 In every righteous way.

BAPTISM.

- 3 Help us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear ;
And then to heaven our souls receive,
And bring our children there.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth.

453 *Consecration In Baptism.* C. M.

WHILE in this sacred rite of Thine
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove Divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

- 2 All glory be to Him Whose life
For ours was freely given ;
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

- 3 To Thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers ;
Accept us in the rite Divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

454 *Given to God.* L. M.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found.

- 2 Remember still that they are Thine ;
That Thy dear sacred name they bear ;
Think that the seal of love Divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

THE CHURCH

- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be ;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way ;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.
- Mrs. Ann Bradley Hyde.*

455

In Remembrance.

C. M.

- THAT doleful night before His death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with His dying breath
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember Thee.
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me He died, for me !
- 3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings ;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for Thee,
To sing Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me !

Rev. Joseph Hart.

456

Surprising Grace.

C. M.

LORD, at Thy table I behold
The wonders of Thy grace;
But most of all amazed that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I, who am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God!

I, who have crucified Thy Son,
And trampled on His blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
In praise join all your powers;
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

457

O Matchless Grace.

C. M.

O LOVE Divine! O matchless grace!
Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth so full, so free, in rays
Of purest living Light.

2 O wondrous death! O precious blood!
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

THE CHURCH

- 3 O covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed !
All the rich gifts of Gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed.
- 4 Jesus, we bow our souls to Thee,
Our Life, our Hope, our All,
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,
Thy dying love recall.
- 5 O may Thy pure and perfect love
Be written on our minds ;
Nor earth, nor self, nor sin obscure
The ever-radiant lines.

Rev. Edward Turney.

458

Spiritual Food.

C. M.

- 0 GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love ;
The streams that through the desert flow ;
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on heavenly food ;
Our meat, the body of the Lord ;
Our drink, His precious blood.

Edward Osler.

459 *I Will Remember Thee.* C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
 A In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
 I must remember Thee ;

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

460

The King's Table.

C. M.

THE King of heaven His table spreads,
 And blessings crown the board ;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given,
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
 To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

461

The Great Price Paid.

S. M.

GLORY to God on high,
 Our peace is made with heaven ;
 The Son of God came down to die,
 That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruised for sin ;
 Remember this in eating bread,
 And that in drinking wine.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3 Approach His royal board,
In His rich garments clad ;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son ;
The Son, His flesh and blood ;
The Spirit seals ; and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

Rev. Joseph Hart.

462 *The Saviour's Dying Love.* L. M.

EAT, drink in memory of your Friend ;
Such was our Master's last request ;
Who all the pangs of death endured
That we might live forever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record Thy matchless grace,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends ;
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness, through these veils, to see.
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with Thee.

4 But, O what vast, transporting joy
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, joined with yon celestial train,
Our grateful souls Thy love admire.

Anon.

463

Grateful Love.

L. M.

0 JESUS, our exalted Lord,
 Dear name by heaven and earth adored,
 To Thee with heart and voice we raise
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 And while around this board we meet
 And humbly worship at Thy feet,
 O let our warm affections move
 In glad return of grateful love!

3 Let humble, penitential woe
 In tears of godly sorrow flow;
 And Thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

Anne Steele.

464

The Broken Bread.

L. M.

THE broken bread, the blessed cup,
 On which we now are called to sup,
 Without Thy help and grace Divine,
 Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2 But come, great Master of the feast,
 Impart Thy grace to every guest;
 Direct our views to Calvary,
 And help us to remember Thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be blest,
 Upon Thy bosom let us rest;
 And at Thy supper may we learn,
 Thy broken body to discern.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 O that our souls may now be fed
With Christ Himself, the living bread ;
That we the covenant may renew
And to our vows be rendered true !

Unknown

465

Till He Come.

7, 7, 7,

TILL He come,—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush, be every murmur dumb ;
It is only till He come.

- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press ;
Would we have our sorrow less ?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Pain us only till He come.

- 4 See, the feast of love is spread ;
Drink the wine, and break the bread ;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board ;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth

466

Communion.

7, 7, 7.

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,
 Fountain of redeeming grace,
 Let us now Thy fullness see
 While we here converse with Thee ;
 Harken to our ardent prayer,
 Let us all Thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord
 Meet around Thy table, Lord,
 Bid us feast with joy Divine,
 On the appointed bread and wine,—
 Emblems may they truly prove,
 Of our Saviour's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
 Yet we seek Thy heavenly smile ;
 Canst Thou all our sins forgive?
 Dost Thou bid us look and live?
 Lord, we wonder and adore,
 O for grace to love Thee more !

*Dr. Thomas Hastings.*467 *How Precious is the Name.* P. M.

HOW precious is the name,
 Brethren sing !
 How precious is the name
 Of Christ our Paschal Lamb,
 Who bore our guilt and shame
 On the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ ;
 He's my All ;

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest
Unless He's in my breast,
Reigning there.

3 His easy yoke I'll bear
With delight :
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And His cross I will not fear ;
His name I will declare
Evermore.

4 And when we all get home
We will sing ;
And when we all get home
Around our Father's throne,
And millions join the theme,
We'll sing on.

5 There friends shall meet again
Who have loved :
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more
Who have loved.

6 Then with all the happy throng
We'll rejoice :
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity
We'll rejoice.

Anon.

468 *Jesus Shall Reign.* L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His Word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

469 *The World is Christ's.* L. M.

ETERNAL Father, Thou hast said
That Christ all glory shall obtain ;
That He Who once a sufferer bled
Shall o'er the world a Conqueror reign.

2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King ;
Long ages have prepared Thy way ;
Now all abroad Thy banner fling ;
Set time's great battle in array.

MISSIONS.

- 3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
 The cross ! the cross ! the battle-call ;
 The old grim towers of darkness yield,
 And soon shall totter to their fall.
- 4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
 Where scattered wide the watchmen
 stand ;
 Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
 The joyous shouts from land to land.
- 5 O fill Thy Church with faith and power ;
 Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
 To groaning nations haste the hour
 Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

470 *Arm of the Lord, Awake.* L. M.

- A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake ;
 Put on Thy strength ; the nation's shake ;
 And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
 I am Jehovah, God alone ;
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
 Through every clime, to every name ;
 Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

William Shrubsole

471 *The Ripening Harvest.* L. M.

LORD of the harvest, bend Thine ear,
 For Zion's heritage appear ;
 O send forth laborers filled with zeal,
 Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
 The ripening harvest tinged with gold ;
 Wide fields are opening to our view ;
 The work is great, the laborers few.

3 Under the guidance of Thy hand
 May Zion's sons to every land
 Go forth, to bless the dying race,
 As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow
 The Saviour's dying love to show,
 And spread the gospel's joyful sound
 Far as the race of man is found.

Dr. Thomas Hastings

472 *Our God, Arise !* S. M.

OLD our God, arise ;
 The cause of truth maintain ;
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
 Nor let Thy glory cease ;
 Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

MISSIONS.

- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise ;
 Extend Thy healing wing ;
And o'er a dark and ruined world
 Let light and order spring.
- 4 O all ye nation's, rise ;
 To God, the Saviour, sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems ring. *Anon.*

473 *From Greenland's Mountains.* 7, 6, D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes,
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown
The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?

SPECIAL SERVICES

Salvation, O 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.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

474

Cast Thy Bread.

8, 7.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away ;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

- 2 Gast thy bread upon the waters ;
Wildly though the billows roll ;
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

- 3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
What thou flingest may be borne.

- 4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sowest with liberal hand.

Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.

475 *Hail, to the Lord's Anointed.* 7, 6, D.

HAIL, to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth;
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever,
 That name to us is love.

James Montgomery.

476 *The Light is Breaking.* 7, 6, D.

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 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 a Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 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.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

477 *The Day is Breaking.* 8, 7, D.

YES, we trust the day is breaking;
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By His Word in every land.

Mark His progress,
 Darkness flies at His command.

2 O'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
 To our hearts, to hear, each day,
 Joyful news from far arriving,
 How the Gospel wins its way,
 Those enlightening
 Who in depth and darkness lay.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let Thy people see Thy hand;
 Let the Gospel be victorious
 Through the world, in every land;
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

478 *Welcome News.* 8, 7, D.

ON the mountain top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.

Mourning captive,
 God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,

SPECIAL SERVICES

By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

479 *My Native Land, I Love Thee.* 8, 7.

YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

MISSIONS.

- 3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well,
 Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
 Lovely native land, farewell !
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 4 In the desert let me labor,
 On the mountain let me tell
 How He died, the blessed Saviour,
 To redeem a world from hell.
 Let me hasten
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
 Let the winds my canvas swell ;
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.
 Glad I leave thee,
 Native land, farewell ! farewell !

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

480

Go, Seek and Tell. 8, 7, 4.

- G**O and seek the lost and dying ;
 Preach the world's glad jubilee ,
 Like the herald angels, flying,
 Bear God's message o'er the sea ;
 Toil for Jesus,
 Till the blind His glory see.
- 2 Go and tell the blessed story
 Of the holy Lamb of God ;
 Show the poor His grace and glory ;

SPECIAL SERVICES

Lead the dying to His blood,
Ever crying,
O behold the Lamb of God!

- 3 May the peace of God attend you,
As you gather precious spoil;
May His arms of love defend you,
In the conflict and turmoil;
May His presence
Cheer you on the field of toil.
- 4 Fare you well! whate'er betide you,
Look to Jesus for His grace;
He will comfort, cheer, and guide you,
Till at last, in His embrace,
Safe forever,
You shall see Him face to face.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

481 *Christ For the World We Sing.* 6,6,4.

CHRISt for the world we sing ·
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

- 2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,

MISSIONS.

Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

- 3 Christ for the world we sing ;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord ;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

Rev. Samuel Walcott.

482

Honoring God.

8, 7.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.

- 2 While the heralds of salvation
His unbounded grace proclaim,
Let His friends in every station
Gladly join to spread His fame.
- 3 Be His kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know ;
Be my all to Him devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations !
Praise Him, all ye hosts above !
Shout with joyful acclamations.
His Divine, victorious love !

Rev. Benjamin Francis

483 *Watchman, Tell us of the Night.* 7, D.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are ;
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Traveler, yes ; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
 Higher yet that star ascends ;
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn ;
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight ;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn :
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home ;
 Traveler, lo ! the Prince of peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come.

Sir John Bowring.

484 *Soldiers of the Cross, Arise.* 7, 7, D.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
 Gird you with your armor bright ;
 Mighty are your enemies,
 Hard the battle ye must fight.

MISSIONS.

O'er a faithless, fallen world
 Raise your banner to the sky;
 Let it float there wide unfurled;
 Bear it onward; lift it high.

2 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
 Strangers to the living word,
 Let the Saviour's herald go,
 Let the voice of hope be heard.
 To the weary and the worn
 Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
 To the outcast and forlorn
 Speak of mercy and of peace.

3 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
 Comfort troubles; banish grief;
 In the might of God arrayed,
 Scatter sin and unbelief.
 Be the banner still unfurled,
 Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
 Till the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How.

485

Voices Calling.

8, 7, 4.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying;
 Where no light has broken through.
 Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
 Whom His soul in travail knew;
 Thousand voices,
 Call us o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken; none have taught them
 Of His love so deep and dear;

SPECIAL SERVICES

Of the precious price that bought them ;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to carth's remotest strand ;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo, the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore ;
Seaward far the islands brighten ;
Light of nations lead us o'er ;
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

486 *Our Country's Voice.* 7, 6, D.

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 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.

MISSIONS.

Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

Mrs. Maria F. Anderson.

487 *Zion's Glad Morning.* II, 10.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad
morning!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have
lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage return-
ing;

Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing,

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in
song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the
ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commo-
tion,

Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

488 *The God of Strength.* L. M

THE Lord, our God, alone is strong ;
 His hands build not for one brief day ;
 His wondrous works, through ages long,
 His wisdom and His power display.

2 His mountains lift their solemn forms,
 To watch in silence o'er the land ;
 The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
 Sleeps in the hollow of His hand.

3 Beyond the heavens He sits alone,
 The universe obeys His nod ;
 The lightning-rifts disclose His throne,
 And thunders voice the name of God.

4 Thou sovereign God, receive this gift
 Thy willing servants offer Thee :
 Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
 And let these halls Thy temple be.

5 And let those learn, who here shall meet,
 True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
 And science walks with humble feet
 To seek the God, Whom faith hath found.

Caleb T. Winchester.

489 *In His Name We Build.* L. M.

HERE in Thy name, eternal God,
 We build this earthly house for Thee ;
 O choose it for Thy fixed abode,
 And guard it long from error free.

CHURCH BUILDING.

- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 5 Thy glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone,
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In very bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery.

490

Building For God.

L. M

- AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He, from His radiant home,
Accept our temple for His Own?
- 2 These walls we to Thy honor raise,
Long may they echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of His train;
While power Divine His Word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.
Rev. Philip Doddridge.

491 *Building With Joy.* C. M.

- 0 GOD, though countless worlds of light
Thy power and glory show,
Though round Thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow,—
- 2 Yet, Lord, where'er Thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer;
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.
- 3 With grateful joy Thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to Thee;
Long may they sing Thy praises here,
And here Thy beauty see.
- 4 Here, Saviour, deign Thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace Divine distil.
- 5 Here may Thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart, now dead in sin,
A living temple rear. *J. D. Knowles.*

492 *Abide in This House.* C. M.

O THOU Whose Own vast temple stands,
 Built over earth and sea!
 Accept the walls that human hands
 Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
 Within these walls to abide,
 The peace that dwelleth without end
 Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
 Be taught the better way;
 And they who mourn, and they who fear,
 Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
 And pure devotion rise,
 While round these hallowed walls the storm
 Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant.

493 *Accept This House.* L. M.

A CCEPT this house, O gracious God,
 Which with our love this day we give,
 And let Thy glorious presence prove
 That with Thy people Thou dost live.

2 O may Thy children here receive
 The precious gifts Thy grace imparts;
 And here may every meeting be
 The gate of heaven to our hearts.

- 3 May here the feet of hopeful youth
 In wisdom's pleasant ways be led ;
 And aged saints while traveling home
 Be, by Thy heavenly manna, fed.
- 4 O may the weary here find rest ;
 The lonely friendless find a friend ;
 The mourner's sadness flee away,
 And sundered hearts in union blend.
- 5 We see Thy presence everywhere
 As we to-day the past review ;
 Thou sure wast with us in the old,
 O be Thou with us in the new.

Rev. W. H. Fouke.

494 *Come Into This Temple.* II, II.

WE rear not a temple like Judah's of old,
 Whose portals were marble, whose
 vaultings were gold ;
 No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,
 No monarch kneels praying to hallow the
 fane.

- 2 More simple and lowly the walls that we
 raise,
 And humbler the pomp of procession and
 praise,
 Where the heart is the altar whence incense
 shall roll,
 And Messiah the King who shall pray for
 the soul.

CHURCH BUILDING.

3 O Father, come in, but not in the cloud
Which filled the bright courts where Thy
 chosen ones bowed ;
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace,
Which beams on the soul and illumines the
 race.

4 O come in the power of Thy life-giving
 Word,
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and
 Lord ;
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent
 given.
And love fill the air with the fragrance of
 heaven.

5 The pomp of Moriah has long passed away,
And soon shall our frailer erection decay ;
But the souls that are builded in worship
 and love
Shall be temples to God, everlasting above.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.

495 *In Zion God is Known.* S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great ;
He makes His churches His abode ;
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 3 In Zion God is known,
A Refuge in distress ;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 4 In ever new distress
We'll to His house repair ;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

496 *We Go to Pray and Labor.* 7, 6, D.

WE praise Thee, gracious Father,
For Thine abounding grace,
Thy never-failing presence,
The sunshine of Thy face.
We praise Thee for Thy guidance—
In all our labors here,
Thy gracious inspiration
And all Thy heavenly cheer.

- 2 Now seal with Thine approval
What we have done for Thee,
And light the steps of duty
In ways we could not see.
O send us forth anointed,
As witnesses for Thee,
To preach Thy great salvation,
To set the captives free.
- 3 We go to pray, and labor,
And wait, another year,
Content, whate'er befall us,
If only Thou art near !

CONFERENCE.

We can not go without Thee ;
The way we cannot know ;
O let Thy mighty presence
Before Thy servants go !

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

497 *Meeting of God's Servants.* 7, 6, D.

ONCE more, O Lord, assembling
In Thy dear name we meet
As toilers in Thy vineyard,
To worship at Thy feet.
We come with joy and gladness,
With gratitude and praise,
Rejoicing in Thy goodness,
That crowns our fleeting days.

2 Thy mighty hand has brought us
In safety through the year,
Preserved our "feet from falling,"
And kept us in Thy fear.
Thy grace has been sufficient,
Thy promise never failed ;
And in the days of conflict
Through Thee we have prevailed !

3 Now, gracious Father, meet us,
And in our midst abide ;
In word and work direct us,
And over all preside.
Baptize us with Thy Spirit ;
Our hearts with love inflame ;
And all that is within us
Shall bless Thy holy name.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

498

Bear the Tidings. 8, 7, 4

MEN of God, go, take your stations ;
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth ,
 Go, proclaim among the nations,
 Joyful news of heavenly birth ;
 Bear the tidings,
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 What, though earth and hell united,
 Should oppose our Saviour's plan?
 Plead His cause, nor be affrighted :
 Fear ye not the face of man ;
 Vain their tumult ;
 Hurt His work they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will His Own defend ;
 Borne afar mid foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend ;
 And His presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

499

Sowing the Seed. L. M.

GREAT Husbandman, at Thy command,
 We sow Thy seed with liberal hand ;
 And, mindful of Thy heavenly call,
 Onward we go, forsaking all.

2 On, through the sad and weary years,
 We sow the precious seed with tears ;
 And stay our hearts in faith sublime,
 With prospects of the harvest time.

- 3 Not long shall we in sorrow go,
Not long endure earth's toil and woe ;
For He Who bids us sow and weep ;
Shall call us then in joy to reap.
- 4 Then shall each tearful sower come,
And bear his sheaves in triumph home ;
The voice long choked with grief shall sing,
Till heaven with shouts of triumph ring.
- 5 Thick on the hills of light shall stand
The gathered sheaves from every land,
While they that sow, and they that reap,
The Harvest-Home in glory keep.

H. L. Hastings.

500

Go Forth Again.

C. M.

- GO forth again, ye men of God,
Each to his field of toil ;
In Jesus' name, for His dear sake,
To gather precious spoil.
- 2 Go forth with fresh anointing, go
With newly-kindled zeal,
With joy and gladness, bearing still
The Spirit's holy seal.
- 3 Go forth to scatter precious seed,
To gather in the grain ;
In faith, and hope, and courage, go ;
Ye shall not toil in vain.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 4 Ye may not longer tarry here ;
For, O, the work is great ;
The fields are white, the reapers few,
And ripened harvests wait.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

501 . *With God is Salvation.* C. M.

THIS Thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

- 2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought !
How widely roll its waves !
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves !

- 3 The cause of temperance is Thina Own ;
Our plans and efforts bless ;
We trust, O Lord, in Thee alone
To crown them with success.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield.

502 *Look Not on the Wine.* L. M.

GREAT God, Whose hand out-pours the
rills,
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At Whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all Thy rain from heaven,—

TEMPERANCE.

- 2 Help us to heed Thy Word Divine,
And look not on the crimson wine;
To flee and fear the accursed thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.
- 3 Stay Thou, O Lord, the tide of death;
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath;
And speed, O speed on every shore
The day when strong drink slays no more.

Anon.

503 *Life From the Dead.* C. M.

LIFE from the dead, Almighty God,
'Tis Thine alone to give,
To lift the poor inebriate up,
And bid the helpless live.

- 2 Life from the dead! for those we plead
Fast bound in passion's chain,
That, from their iron fetters freed,
They wake to life again.
- 3 Life from the dead! quickened by Thee,
Be all their powers inclined
To temperance, truth, and piety,
And pleasures pure, refined.
- 4 And may they by Thy help abide,
The tempter's power withstand;
By grace restored and purified,
In Christ accepted stand.

Anon.

504 *Bondage and Death.* L. M.

BONDAGE and death the cup contains ;
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !
 Softer than silk are iron chains,
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

- 2 Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing,
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;
 What countless thousands tribute bring,
 For happier homes and brighter days !
- 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
 Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;
 The wife regains a husband freed !
 The orphan clasps a father found !
- 4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the
 blind
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.

Lucius M. Sargent.

505 *The Chains of Strong Drink.* L. M.

WHEN, doomed to death, the apostle lay,
 At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
 A light shone round him like the day,
 And from his limbs the fetters fell.

- 2 A messenger from God was there,
 To break his chain and bid him rise ;
 And lo ! the saint, as free as air,
 Walked forth beneath the open skies.

TEMPERANCE

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
 The victims of that deadly thirst
 Which drows the soul, and from the mind
 Blots the bright image stamped at first.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign
 To look on those with pitying eye
 Who struggle with that fatal chain,
 And send them succor from on high!

William Cullen Bryant.

506 *Look Not Upon the Ruby Wine.* L. M.

LOOK not upon the ruby wine,
 That sparkles with alluring light;
 Though bright its gleaming bubbles shine,
 It leads to sorrow, gloom and night.

2 The mirth shall end, the joy be past,
 And hushed the notes of those who sing;
 And then shall come to thee at last
 The serpent's bite, the adder's sting.

3 Then look not on the poisoned bowl,
 But from the path of danger flee;
 Lest thou shalt sink, a ruined soul,
 And angels shall lament for thee.

H. L. Hastings.

507 *Mourn For the Slain.* S. M.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light Divine
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

Seth Collins Brace.

508 *My Country, 'Tis of Thee.* 6, 6, 4.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my father's died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring !

- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,

NATIONAL.

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.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

509 *God Bless Our Native Land.* 6, 6, 4.

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 ;

SPECIAL SERVICES

Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State !

Rev. John S. Dwight.

510

Swell the Anthem.

7, 7.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to our 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 lo the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Rev. Nathan Strong.

511

Confession of National Sins. C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.

NATIONAL.

- 2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.
- 3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.
- 4 When dangers, like a mighty sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.
- 5 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer ;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney.

512 *Deliverance is from the Lord.* C. M.

- O** LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave ;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 3 But Thy right hand, Thy powerful arm;
Whose succor they implored ;
Thy providence protected them,
Who Thy great name adored.
- 4 As Thee their God our fathers owned,
So Thou art still our King ;
O therefore, as Thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring. *Tate & Brady.*

513 *Mourning Over National Sins.* C. M.

- SEE, gracious Lord, before Thy throne,
S Thy mourning people bend ;
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments, from Thy hand,
Thy dreadful powers display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
 - 3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By Thy redeeming grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy Word,
And humbly seek Thy face.
 - 4 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

Anne Steele,

514 *Thankfulness For Blessings.* 9, 8.

WE come with the cup of salvation,
 To call on the name of the Lord,
 And gratefully bring our oblation,
 With cheerful and loving accord.

REF.—We thank Thee, dear Father, we thank
 Thee,
 For blessings in basket and store,
 For peace and for safety we thank Thee;
 Thy mercy and love we adore.

2 We come with rejoicing and gladness,
 And break from the bondage of care,
 Forgetting the grief and the sadness,
 We often too willingly bear.

3 We join with the voice of the nation,
 That bends at Thine altars to pray;
 Our eyes have beheld Thy salvation
 In many a perilous day.

4 With mountain, and valley, and river,
 And fruitful domain we will raise
 Our hearts to the bountiful Giver,
 In ceaseless ascriptions of praise.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

515 *Give Peace Again.* L. M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
 Make wars throughout the world to cease;
 The wrath of sinful man restrain;
 Give peace, O God; give peace again.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told ;
Remember not our sin's dark stain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee O Lord ?
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word ?
None ever called on Thee in vain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
O bind us in that heavenly chain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.

516 *Continued Mercy Implored.* L. M.

GREAT God, beneath Whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie ;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall ;

- 2 We bow before Thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see, Thy greatness own ;
Yet, cherished by Thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our father's shown
Their children's children long shall own ;
To Thee, with grateful hearts shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

NATIONAL.

- 4 Led on by Thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread ;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 Great God, our Guardian, Guide, and
Friend !
O still Thy sheltering arm extend ;
Preserved by Thee for ages past,
For ages let Thy kindness last.

William Roscoe.

517

Thankfulness.

L. M.

- G**REAT God of nations, now to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer Thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
Here Thou our Fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise Thee, that the Gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 5 Great God, preserve us in Thy fear ;
In dangers still our Guardian be ;
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts here ;
Let all the people worship Thee.

A. A. Woodhull.

518 *Praising God For Mercies.* L. M.

TO Thee, O God, Whose guiding hand
Our fathers led across the sea,
And brought them to this favored land,
Where they might freely worship Thee.

- 2 To Thee, O God, Whose arm sustained
Their footsteps in their chosen land,
Where sickness lurked, and death assailed,
And foes beset on every hand,—

- 3 To Thee, O God, we lift our eyes,
To Thee our grateful voices raise,
And kneeling at Thy gracious throne,
Devoutly join in hymns of praise.

- 4 Our Fathers' God, incline Thine ear,
And listen to our heartfelt prayer ;
Surround us with Thy heavenly grace,
And guard us with Thy constant care.

- 5 Our fathers' God, in Thee we'll trust,
Sheltered by Thee from every harm ;
We'll follow where Thy hand shall guide,
And lean on Thy sustaining arm.

William T. Davis.

519 *Our Exiled Ancestors.* L. M.

0 GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand,
 Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;
 And when they trod the wintry strand,
 With prayer and psalm they worshiped
 Thee

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the
 prayer ;

Thy blessing came ; and still its power
 Shall onward through all ages bear
 The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
 The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
 Their children's children shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And Spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon.

520 *Our Country.* P. M.

0 UR country, unrivalled in beauty
 And splendor that cannot be told,
 How lovely thy hills and thy woodlands,
 Arrayed in a sunlight of gold.

The eagle, proud king of the mountain,
 Is soaring majestic and free ;

Thy rivers and lakes in their grandeur,
 Roll on to the arms of the sea.

SPECIAL SERVICES

- 2 Our country! the birth-place of freedom,
The land where our forefathers trod,
And sang in the aisles of the forest
Their hymns of thanksgiving to God.
Their bark they had moored in the harbor,
No more on the ocean to roam;
And there in the wilds of New England,
They founded a country and home.
- 3 Our country! with ardent devotion
In God may Thy children abide;
In Him be the strength of the nation,
His laws and His counsel our Guide.
Our banner! that time-honored banner
That floats o'er the ocean's bright foam—
God keep it unsullied forever—
Our standard, our union, our home.

Fanny Crosby.

521 *Jehovah is Marching Along.* P. M.

LET the nations awake to the signs of the
times;
A voice that is mighty and strong.
Like the thunder of waters, proclaims to
world,
Jehovah is marching along.

CHO.—Then wake let us stand with our face
to the right,
And tread 'neath our feet every wrong;
The kingdoms of darkness are trembling
with fear,
Jehovah is marching along.

NATIONAL.

- 2 Men of business, awake to the signs of the
times ;
Be true, and to others be just ;
Give your wealth to the Lord, for to Him
it belongs,
He lent it to you as a trust.
- 3 Let the women awake to the signs of the
times ;
God calls you ; the cross nobly bear ;
You can light up the heart with the pages
of life,
And triumph with God through your prayer.
- 4 Let the young men awake to the signs of
the times ;
God calls you because you are strong ;
You can work in the vineyard with ardor
and zeal
For Him Who is marching along.

Philip Philips.

522

Our Peaceful War.

C. M.

FOR God, and home, and every land,
We wage a peaceful war,
The cross, the banner of reforms,
Forever at the fore.

- 2 With Christ invincible we march,
Man's direst foes to slay ;
His Word the sword of victory ;
Our allies all who pray.

THE CHURCH

- 3 To save the holy land of home
We press our high crusade ;
Our leader, Judah's Lion-heart
On Whom our trust is stayed.
- 4 In step with Him we conquer lust
And appetite and fraud ;
Defeat, retreat, bring no despair,—
Our courage is in God.

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.

523

The Happy Home.

C. M.

- HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast ;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.
- 2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear ;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.
- 3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise ;
Where parents love the sacred Word,
And live but for the skies.
- 4 Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain ;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

Anon.

524 *The Christian Home.* C. M.

STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
 To Thee our prayers we send ;
 O God, from danger and from woe
 This dwelling-place defend.

2 Here let Thy peace, O Saviour, rest ;
 Here let Thy love abide ;
 Make us a blessing, make us blest,
 In all that may betide.

3 Let our petitions when we meet,
 And every secret prayer,
 Come up before Thy mercy-seat,
 And find acceptance there.

4 Teach us, in life, with faith and love
 To our dear Lord's commands ;
 And give us, in Thy time, above,
 A house not made with hands.

Rev. John Mason Neale.

525 *Praises For Mercies.* C. M.

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

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

THE CHURCH

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

526 *A Morning Hymn.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My prayer to reach Thine ear ;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My Help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near Thee in perfect peace ;
Help me to watch,—to watch and pray,—
To pray, and never cease. *Anon.*

527 *Morning Worship.* C. M.

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

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

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

528 *A Morning Prayer.* C. M.

LORD of my life, O may Thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend. *Anne Steele.*

529 *Shine On Our Souls.* C. M.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine ;
O let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

THE CHURCH

- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If 'Thou Thy love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let every week begin ;
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

530

Sun of My Soul.

-L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near ;
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble.

531 *An Evening Hymn.* L. M.

- G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine Own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

THE CHURCH

- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 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.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

532

Awake, My Soul.

L. M.

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 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

533 *Breathe an Evening Blessing.* 8, 7.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
 Ere repose our spirit's seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

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

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He Who, never weary,
 Watches where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

James Edmeston.

534 *Let Us Kneel And Pray.* S. M.

COME at the morning hour,
 Come, let us kneel and pray;
 Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
 To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
 Of Ages, rest and pray;
 Sweet is that shelter from the sun
 During the heat of day.

THE CHURCH

3 At evening, in thy home,
 Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
 With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
 O it is sweet to say
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
 With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery.

535

Remember.

S. M.

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

2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
 Till morning light appears.

J. Leland.

536

The Happy Pilgrim.

8, 8, 6.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
 How free from anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear!

PILGRIM SONGS.

- Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved in low design
From every creature-love ;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 Though I no foot of land possess,
Nor cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man ;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 5 I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end ;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast.

Rev. John Wesley.

537 *Come, We That Love the Lord.* S. M.

- C**OME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround His throne,
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 There we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in:
- 4 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Alt. by Rev. John Wesley.

538

Nearer My Home.

S. M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
 I'm nearer to my home today,
 Than e're I've been before.

REF —Nearer my home,
 Nearer my home,
 Nearer my heavenly home to-day,
 Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be ;
 Nearer the great white throne to-day ;
 Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life
 Where burdens are laid down ;
 Nearer to leave my heavy cross ;
 Nearer to gain my crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
 And winding through the night,
 There rolls the silent, unknown stream
 That leads at last to light.

5 Perhaps e'en now my feet
 Have almost gained the brink,
 And I am nearer home to-day,
 Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust ;
 Strengthen my arm of faith ;
 Stay near me when my way-worn feet
 Press through the stream of death.

Miss Phoebe Cary.

539 *The Unseen Mercies of God.* C. M.

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

2 O how can words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravished heart?
 But Thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
 To form themselves in prayer.

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

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently cleared my way;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be feared than they.

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

7 Through all eternity to Thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise. *Joseph Addison.*

540 *God Moves in a Mysterious Way.* C. M.

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

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy and will break
 In blessings on your head.

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

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

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His Own Interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

William Cowper.

THE CHURCH

541 *O May I Call Thee Mine.* C. M.

MY God, my Father, blissful name,
O may I call Thee mine.

May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so Divine.

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

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to Thine.

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

5 My God, my Father, be Thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

Anne Steele.

542 *The Heavenly Guard.* C. M.

WHICH of the monarchs of the earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 2 Myriads of bright, cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.
- 3 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide ;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.
- 4 Our lives those holy angels keep
From every hostile power ;
And, unconcerned, we sweetly sleep,
As Adam in his bower.
- 5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

543 *Through a Glass Darkly.* C. M.

THY way, O God, is in the sea ;
Thy path I cannot trace ;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thine unbounded grace,

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround ;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

THE CHURCH

- 3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love,
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know Thy will;
I bless Thee for the sight;
When will Thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett.

544 *Be Joyful in Your King.* C. M.

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 His hand Divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head -
While sorrow, sighing, and distress
Like shadows, all are fled.

- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue His footsteps still;
 And let the prospect cheer your eye
 While laboring up the hill.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

545 *At Eve It Shall Be Light.* C. M.

- W**E journey through a vale of tears,
 By many a cloud o'ercast;
 And worldly cares and worldly fears
 Go with us to the last.
- 2 Not to the last! Thy Word hath said,
 Could we but read aright,
 Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
 At eve it shall be light.
- 3 Tho' earthborn shadows now may shroud
 Thy thorny path awhile,
 God's blessed Word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.
- 4 Only believe, in living faith,
 His love and power Divine;
 And, ere thy sun shall set in death,
 His light shall round thee shine;
- 5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
 Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
 A pledge that storms shall cease.
- 6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
 By faith and not by sight,
 And thou shalt own His Word fulfilled,
 At eve it shall be light. *Bernard Barton.*

546 *Peace, Troubled Soul.* L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou needst not fear;
 Thy great Provider still is near;
 Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
 Be calm, and sink into His will.

2 The Lord, Who built the earth and sky,
 In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
 His promise all may freely claim:
 Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
 Let Him His righteousness impart;
 Then all things else He'll freely give;
 With Him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
 That seeks in God His only rest;
 May I that happy person be,
 In time and in eternity. *Samuel Ecking.*

547 *God's Eye Is On Us.* L. M.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
 Are framed upon Thy throne above,
 And every dark and bending line
 Meets in the centre of Thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals Thine arrangements view,
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 And the mysterious just and true.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 3 Thy flock, Thine Own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But, whilst they trust the guardian eye,
Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at Thy throne;
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my Guide alone.

Ambrose Serle.

548 *My God, Forget Me Not.* I. M.

- M**Y Father, I have loved Thy truth;
Thou wast my Guide in early youth
Thy hand in safety led me on
In wondrous ways I had not known.
- 2 I knew no want, and felt no fear,
With Thee my kind Provider near;
Strong was my hand, and brave my heart,
To do my work, and act my part.
- 3 But now the fire of youth is dead;
The snows of age are on my head;
Mine eyes are dim; and faint and slow
My feeble, faltering footsteps go.

THE CHURCH

4 The friends and days of youth are gone,
And I, alas! am left alone;
Mine is an aged pilgrim's lot;
O God, my God, forget me not!

5 I bow submissive to Thy will;
Thou art my God and Father still;
And now, when I am old and gray,
I rest on Thee, my Staff and Stay.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

549 *The Lord Is My Shepherd.* L. M.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

James Addison.

550 *Children of the Heavenly King.* 7, 7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey, let us sing ;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick.

551 *Nearer Home.* 8, 7, D.

O'ER the hills the sun is setting
 And the eve is drawing on ;
 Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
 For another day is gone ;
 Gone for aye, its race is over,
 Soon the darker shades will come ;
 Still 'tis sweet to know at even,
 We are one day nearer home.

THE CHURCH

CHO.—Nearer home, nearer home,
Nearer our eternal home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
We are one day nearer home.

2 One day nearer, sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant, native shore ;
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
I am one day nearer home.

3 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun,
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done ;
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert
Heart and sandal-sore we roam ;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

4 Nearer home, yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high ;
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky :
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome ;
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

W. J. Bostwick.

552

Abide With Me.

10, 10.

ABIDE with me ; Fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide ;

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass
away ;

Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?

Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can
be ?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with
me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness ;

Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes ;

Shine through the gloom and point me to
the skies ;

Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee :

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte.

553 *Prayer For Guidance.* 8, 7, 4.

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

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 Feed me with Thy heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my Sword, and Shield, and Banner,
Be my Robe of Righteousness :
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sovereign grace.

4 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.

Rev William Williams.

554 *My Faith Looks Up to Thee.* 6, 6, 4.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary;
 Saviour Divine.

Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me, from this day,
 Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire.
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide.
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

555

Saviour, Pilot Me.

7, 7,

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
 Over life's tempestuous sea;
 Unknown waves before me roll,
 Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
 Chart and compass come from thee:
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou say'st to them, Be still!
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
 May I hear Thee say to me,
 Fear not, I will pilot thee!

Rev. Edward Hopper.

556

Rise, Follow Thy Saviour. 10, 11.

0 TELL me no more of this world's vain
 store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is
 o'er;
 A country I've found where true joys
 abound,
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy
 ground.

PILGRIM SONGS.

- 2 The souls that believe in Paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive ;
 My soul, don't delay; He calls thee away;
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless that
 glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what He can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go
 after Him, go ;
 Lo, onward I move to a city above,
 None guesses how wondrous my journey
 will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell,
 and sin,
 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
 within :
 And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me be-
 hind :
 So this is the race I'm running through
 grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's
 face *J. Gambold.*

557 *Take Up Your Harps.* S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take :
 Loud to the praise of love Divine
 Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark Divine.
- 4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at His control;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

558 *The Flight of Time.* 7, 7, D.

WHILE with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days

Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon for our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless Thy Word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton.

559

Years Glide Away.

S. M.

OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away !
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day !

- 2 A dark and cloudy day,—
Clouded by grief and sin ;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

- 3 Lord, through another year,
If Thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

560

Come, Let Us Anew. P. M.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of
 love.

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 here.

3 O that each in the day of His coming may
 say,
 I have fought my way through ;
 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! *Rev. Charles Wesley.*

561

Praise God For Blessings. 7, 7.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days.
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky:
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
- 5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's withered shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;
- 7 Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone !

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

562 *God Giveth the Increase.* 7, 6, D.

WE plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered,
By God's almighty hand ;

TIMES AND SEASONS.

He sends the snow in Winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.

- 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him ;
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

- 3 We Thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food ;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius.

563

The Rolling Seasons.

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And the refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

Mrs. Alice Flowerdew.

564

Spring Time.

C. M.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

- 2 Hark, how the feathered warblers sing !
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song ;
And love and gratitude Divine
Attune my joyful song. *Anne Steele.*

565 *Traveling to the Grave.* C. M.

- T**HEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

566 *The Time to Serve the Lord.* L. M.

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

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

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

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
 In the cold grave to which we haste,
 But darkness, death and long despair
 Reign in eternal silence there.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

567 *The Vanity of Earthly Things.* L. M.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies !
 How transient every earthly bliss !
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this !

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
 The glory of a passing hour.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hopes of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

David E. Ford.

568 *Teach Us Our Frailty.* L. M.

- T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode ;
High was Thy throne, ere heaven was
made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man ;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; life's but a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

569 *The Swiftmess of Time.* S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea ;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and
cares,
And wealth and honor gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before Thy face.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

570 *Our Days Are Few.* S. M.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

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 storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
- 4 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our ways,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath-day,
- 5 'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
Rev. Horatius Bonar.

571 *Time is Winging us Away.* 7, 6, 7.

TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb;
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

- 2 Time is winging us away,
 To our eternal home;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb;
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above,
 Where no worldly griefs annoy,
 Secure in Jesus' love. *John Burton.*

572

Asleep in Jesus.

L. M.

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! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But there is still a blessed sleep
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay.

573

So Let Me Die.

L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
 When sinks a weary soul to rest:
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast:

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

574 *Why Should we Start and Fear.* L. M.

- W**HY should we start, and fear to die ?
What timorous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
 - 3 O would my Lord His servant meet,
My soul would stretch its wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as it passed.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 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.
Rev. Isaac Watts.

575 *The Christian's Peaceful End.* L. M.

- H**OW sweet the hour of closing day
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene.
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;
So peacefully he sinks to rest
When faith, endued from heaven with
power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's Own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

Rev. William Bathurst.

576 *The Rest of the Weary.* L. M.

THE grave is now a favored spot,
 To saints who sleep in Jesus blest ;
 For there the wicked trouble not,
 And there the weary are at rest.

- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms ;
 At rest as in a peaceful bed ;
 Secure from all the dreadful storms,
 Which round this sinful world are spread.
- 3 Thrice happy they who've gone before
 To that inheritance Divine ;
 They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
 But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
 Or in a gentle measure flow ;
 We hail them happy in the sky,
 And joyful wait our call to go.

Rev. Samuel Medley.

577 *The Mourners of the Tomb.* L. M.

UNVAIL Thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

- 2 No pain, no grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's Own dear Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed
the bed ;
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn ;
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust : a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

578 *It is Not Death to Die.* S. M.

- I**T is not death to die ;
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. George W. Bethune.

579 *Servant of God, Well Done.* S, M.

SERVANT of God, well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

- 2 The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell, but felt no fear.

- 3 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay,

- 4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

580 *Waiting For the Chariot.* S. M.

IN expectation sweet,
 We wait, and sing, and pray,
 Till Christ's triumphant car we meet,
 And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
 Death falls beneath His sword;
 The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
 And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, Awake!
 Ye dead, to judgment come!
 The pillars of creation shake,
 While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
 Who love the ways of peace;
 No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
 Or shade their perfect bliss.

Rev. Joseph Swain.

581 *The Hope of the Soul.* C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to world's on high.

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,—
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
- 4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

582 *Why Mourn and Fear?* C. M.

- W**HY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?
The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed.
- 4 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay;
There hopes unfading bloom.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

583

Rest Fair Spirit.

C. M.

CALM on the bosom of Thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now ;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;
But O a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

584

Lift Up Your Heads.

C. M.

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills ;
Ye gates of death, give way.

2 My soul is full of whispered song ;
My blindness is my sight ;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are full of life and light.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 The while my pulses fainter beat,
My faith doth so abound
I feel firm ground beneath my feet,—
The green, immortal ground.
- 4 That faith to me a courage gives
Low as the grave to go ;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
That I shall live I know.
- 5 The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord, my King.
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting ?

Miss Alice Cary

585 *Comfort at Death of a Child.* C. M.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us ;
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

- 2 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He Whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.
- 3 Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms ;
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 4 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

586 *Death of an Infant.* C. M.

WE lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day ;
We just began to view thy bloom ;
Now thou art called away.

- 2 Friendship and love have done their last,
And now can do no more ;
The bitterness of death is past,
And all thy sufferings o'er.

- 3 Thou minglest now in that bright throng
Around the eternal throne ;
And join'st the everlasting song
With those before thee gone. *Unknown.*

587 *Death Where is Thy Sting?* C. M. D.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake ;
When opening graves shall yield their
charge,
And dust to life awake ;
Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupt arise ;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal to the skies.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 4 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfilled ;
That death should yield its ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field ;
Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing,
O grave, where is thy victory ?
And where, O death, thy sting ?
- 3 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt ;
'Twas this that armed thy dart :
The law gave sin its strength, and force,
To pierce the sinner's heart.
But God, Whose name be ever blest
Disarms that foe we dread ;
And makes us conquerors, ween we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

Rev. William Cameron.

588 *I Would Not Live Always.* II, II.

- 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.
- 2 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the
tomb !
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the
skies.

- 3 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?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

Rev. William A. Muehlenberg.

589 *Support in the Last Hour.* S. M.

- W**HEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God, at Thy command,—
- 2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart,
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart,—
- 3 Thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 4 Lay thy supporting hand
 Beneath my sinking head ;
And with a ray of love Divine
 Illume my dying bed.
- 5 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
 May I resign my breath ;
And in His kind embraces lose
 The bitterness of death.

Rev. William B. Collyer.

590

Only Waiting.

8, 7, D.

- O**NLY waiting, till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the light of earth is faded
 From the hearts once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.
- 2 Only waiting, till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
For the summer-time is faded,
 And the Autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
 These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting, till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown.

Then, from out the gathered darkness
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
 By whose light my soul shall gladly
 Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Mace.

591 *The Days of Mourning Over.* 8, 7, D.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go!
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above;
 Shows the purchase of His merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;
 To His uttermost salvation,
 To His everlasting rest.
 For the joy He sets before thee
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory:
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Rev. Charles Wesley

592 *Forever With the Lord.* S. M. D

FOREVER with the Lord!
 So, Jesus, let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Absent from Thee I roam :
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, now near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of Thy gracious Word
E'en here to me fulfill.

3 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

James Montgomery.

593

Thy Will Be Done.

8, 7.

JESUS while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken ;
Though afflicted, not alone ;
Thou dost give, and Thou hast taken ;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne ;
With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."
- 4 By Thy hands the boon was given ;
Thou hast taken but Thine Own ;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Dr. Thomas Hastings.

594

Shed Not a Tear.

P. M.

- S**HED not a tear o'er your friend's early
bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone ;
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall
hear
When I am gone,—I am gone,
Weep not for me when you stand round
my grave ;
Think Who has died His beloved to save ;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall
have ;
When I am gone,—I am gone.
- 2 Plant ye a tree that may wave over me
When I am gone, when I am gone ;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see
When I am gone,—I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's
day ;

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray ;
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away ;—
When I am gone,—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my
bed

When I am gone, when I am gone ;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead
When I am gone,—I am gone.

Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all
care ;

Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may
share ;

Look ye on high and believe I am there ;
When I am gone,—I am gone. *Anon.*

595

Friends Depart.

6, 6, 8.

FRIEND after friend departs,—
Who has not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end ;

Were this frail world our only rest,

Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime

Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affection transient fire,

Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

- 3 There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happy sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night :
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
- James Montgomery.*

596 *Go to Thy Rest, Dear Child ! 6, 6, D.*

- G**O to thy rest, dear child !
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 Gentle, and meek, and mild,
 With blessings on thy head.
 Fresh roses in thy hand,
 Buds on thy pillow laid,
 Hasten from this blighting land,
 Where flowers so quickly fade.
- 2 Before thy heart could learn
 In waywardness to stray ;
 Before thy feet could turn
 The dark and downward way ;
 Ere sin could wound thy breast,
 Or sorrow wake the tear ;
 Rise to thy home of rest,
 In yon celestial sphere.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

597 *The Time Draws Nigh.* S. M.

SOON will the Judge descend,
 Soon shall the dead arise,
 And not a single soul escape
 His all discerning eyes.

2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day
 When earth and heaven before His face,
 Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
 What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
 His wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of His cross,
 And find salvation there.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

598 *Before the Judge.* S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear;

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.

JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION.

- 3 O, may we thus be found
Obedient to Thy Word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

599 *The Lord Will Come.* L. M.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

- 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

- 4 While sinners in despair shall call,
Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

600 *How Shall I Meet the Judge.* L. M.

WHEN a few swiftly fleeting years
Of mortal life are passed away,
I at the judgment must appear,
And face the terrors of that day.

JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION.

- 2 How shall I stand before that throne?
How meet the Judge Who died for me?
If here I shrink His name to own,
Then He will be ashamed of me.
- 3 Saviour Divine, Thy grace impart;
In me Thy mercy rich display;
So shall my pardoned, strengthened heart
Have boldness in the judgment day.

H. L. Hastings.

601 *Standing Before the Judge.* C. M.

SOON must I be to judgment brought
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say.

- 2 Then every secret of my heart
Shall surely be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then I ought to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

HEAVEN.

- 5 If now Thou standest at the door,
O let me feel Thee near ;
And make my peace with God, before
I at Thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley. Alt.

602 *Song of That Beautiful Land.* L. M.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
land,

The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glitter-
ing strand,

While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll ;

Where no storms ever beat on the glitter-
ing strand,

While the years of eternity roll.

- 2 O that home of the soul, in my visions and
dreams,

Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
||: Between the fair city and me. :||

Till I fancy, etc.

- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and
for me,

Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
||: And he holdeth our crowns in His
hands. :||

The King of, etc.

HEAVEN.

- 4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful
land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in
our hands,
||: To meet one another again.:||
With songs on, etc.
Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

603 *There is a Happy Land.* 6, 4, 7.

- T**HERE is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring
For evermore.
- 2 Come to this happy land;
Come, come away.
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest evermore.
- 3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

HEAVEN.

O then, to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

Anon.

604 *Heaven is Near.* C. M.

AS distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go hence, draw nigh,
So heaven, when friends have thither gone
Draws nearer from the sky.

2 And as those lands the dearer grow
When friends are long away,
So heaven itself, through loved ones there,
Grows dearer day by day.

3 Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very heart
Of those who see aright.

Carlos D. Stuart.

605 *Shall we Sing in Heaven?* P. M.

SHALL we sing in heaven forever—
Shall we sing? shall we sing?
Shall we sing in heaven forever,
In that happy land?
Yes, O, yes, in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love forever,
In that happy land.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Shall we know each other ever
In that land, in that land?
Shall we know each other ever
In that happy land?
Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river ;
Meet to sing and love forever
In that happy land.
- 3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land, in that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river ;
Meet to sing and love forever
In that happy land.
- 4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that land, in that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that happy land?
Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest forever,
Far beyond the rolling river ;
Meet to sing and love forever
In that happy land.
- 5 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land, in that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?

Yes, O yes, in that land, that happy land,
 We shall know our blessed Saviour,
 Far beyond the rolling river,
 Love and serve Him there for ever
 In that happy land. *Kate Cameron.*

606 *The Christian's Home in glory.* 8,7.

IN the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest ;
 There my Saviour's gone before me
 To fulfill my soul's request.

REF.—There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you ;
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand ;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn,
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn.

HEAVEN.

- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory ;
Shout your triumph as you go ;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

Rev. Samuel Y. Harmer.

607 *Jerusalem the Golden.* 7, 6, D.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 3 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

HEAVEN.

- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny.

608 *The Song of Welcome.* II, IO, 9.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no
more.

REF.—Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims, the pil-
grims of the night.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them sing-
ing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
 sea ;
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly
 stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps
 to Thee.
- 4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches
 keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
 above ;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of
 weeping,
 And life's long shadows breaks in cloud-
 less love. *Rev. Frederick W. Faber.*

609 *My Heavenly Home.* L. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair ;
 No pain, no death can enter there ;
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

REF.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
 I'm going home to die no more ;
 To die no more, to die no more,
 I'm going home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky ;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

HEAVEN.

- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam.
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail the earth ; let stars decline ;
And sun and moon refuse to shine ;
All nature sink and cease to be ;
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

Rev. William Hunter.

610

The Bright Land.

L. M.

- THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories 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.

HEAVEN.

- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene above ;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins.

611

Heaven.

C. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed ;
A balm for every wounded breast ;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays Divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. William B. Tappan.

612 *A House Not Made With Hands.* C. M.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal, and on high ;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall :
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
 Faith lives upon His Word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present Lord, with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

613 *The Safe Fold.* C. M.

THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
 And pastures ever green,
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
 Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
 In God's own light, it lies ;
 His smile its vast dimension fills
 With joy that never dies.

HEAVEN.

- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this.
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath ;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with Thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

Bishop John East.

614 *On Jordan's Stormy Banks.* C. M.

- 0**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow ;
There rock and hill and brook and vale
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;

HEAVEN.

- There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest ?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirit's ne'er shall tire ;
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.
- Rev. Samuel Stennett.*

615

The Saints' Abode.

C. M.

- GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

HEAVEN.

- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came ;
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His Own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

616 *A Land of Pure Delight.* C. M. D.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

HEAVEN.

- 3 O could we make our doubts remove,
The gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;
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.

Rev. Isaac Watts

617

My Happy Home.

C. M.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I Thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
No sin or sorrow know ;
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Soon shall my labors have an end,
 And I Thy joy shall see. *Anon.*

618 *The Cloudless Land.* C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of sight
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 Fair distant land, could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise
 And dwell on earth no more.

- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 Realms ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

- 4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above. *Anne Steele.*

619 *O Land of Rest.* C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell in peace at home.

HEAVEN.

- 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 When, by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home. *Anon.*

620

A Home Above.

S. M.

I HAVE a home above
From sin and sorrow free ;
A mansion, which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there ;
There'll be no sorrow there ;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode ;
From everlasting it was planned,—
My dwelling-place with God.

HEAVEN.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure ;
He passed through death's dark raging
flood,
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home,
Reserved for me in heaven.

Henry Bennett.

621 *Sing to Me of Heaven.* S. M.

COME sing to me of heaven
When I'm about to die ;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow
Which in each feature plays.

3 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given ;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

4 When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

Anon.

622 *No Night in Heaven.* S. M.

THERE is no night in heaven ;
 In that blest world above
 Work never can bring weariness.
 For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven ;
 For life is one glad day,
 And tears are of those former things
 Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven ;
 Behold that blessed throng,
 All holy in their spotless robes,
 All holy in their song.

4 There is no death in heaven ;
 For they who gain that shore
 Have won their immortality,
 And they can die no more.

Francis M. Knollis.

623 *The Armies of the Skies.* 7, 6, 8. D.

TEN thousand times ten thousand
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light.
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates
 And let the victors in.

HEAVEN.

- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
 Fill all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day for which creation
 And all its tribes were made ;
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid !
- 3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate. *Rev. Henry Alford.*

624 *Heaven is My Home.* 6, 4, 6.

I'M but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my Father-land,
 Heaven is my home.

- 2 What though the tempests rage,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home ;

HEAVEN.

And time's wild, wintry 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 love most and best ;
And there I, too, shall rest ;
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor.

625 *In the Sweet By and By.* P. M.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar ;
-For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore ;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

HEAVEN.

- 4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share ;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.
- 5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die ;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.
- S. F. Bennett.*

626

The Home Beyond.

P. M.

COME, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain ;
Come, view your home beyond the tide ;
Hear now the voices of your loved ones,
What they sing on the other side :
Some are singing of bright crowns of glory ;
Some of dear ones who stand near the
shore ;
For the fond heart must ever be clinging
To the faithful we love evermore.

CHO. —O the prospect ! it is so inviting,
And no danger I fear from the tide ;
Let me go to the home of the Christian ;
Let me stand robed in white by His side.

- 2 There endless springs of life are flowing ;
There are the fields of living green ;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the saints is seen.
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended ;

HEAVEN.

I shall join those who've passed on before ;
For my loved ones, O how I do miss them !
I must press on and meet them once more.

- 3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne ;
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
And He'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the river,
With the friends you have loved by your side?
Would you join in the song of the angels?
Then be ready to follow your Guide

J. W. Dadmun.

627 *Arrayed in White.* 7, 7, D.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Sufferers in His righteous cause ;
Followers of the Lamb of God.

- 2 Out of great distress they came ;
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow.

HEAVEN.

Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His Own,
God doth in His saints delight.

- 3 He Who on the throne doth reign
Them shall always richly feed;
With the tree of life sustain;
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
Fill up every soul with love.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

628 *The Land of Peace and Joy. 6,6, D.*

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where sorrows never come
Nor tears of sadness flow;
Where faith is lost to sight
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

HEAVEN.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side ;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His Own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.

629

Home, Sweet Home.

II, II.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints ;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace !

HEAVEN.

And thrice precious Jesus, Whose love
cannot cease !
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness
I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

3 I long from this body of clay to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion
with Thee ;
Though now my temptations like billows
may foam,
All, all may be peace, when I'm with Thee
at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my
day ;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy
grace ;
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
Thy face ;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy
throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of
home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to
shine ;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine ;

MISCELLANEOUS

And in Thy dear image arise from the
tomb,
With glorified millions, to praise Thee at
home. *Rev. David Denham.*

630

Beyond.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

REF.—Love, rest and home ! Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon ;

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

631

Holy! Holy! Holy!

HOLY! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sa-
bath!

Heaven and earth are full, full of Thy glory!
Heaven and earth are full, are full of Thy
glory ;

Glory be to Thee, Glory be to Thee,
Glory be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord Most
High.

CHANTS.

632 *Responses to the Commandments.*

I.

First part, after nine commandments.

LORD, have mercy upon us, and incline
our hearts to keep Thy law.

Second part, after tenth commandment.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these
Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

II.

First part.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our
hearts to keep Thy law.

Second part.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these
Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

III.

First part.

Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, and
incline our hearts to keep this law.

Second part.

Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, and
write all these Thy laws in our hearts,
Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

633 *Gloria in Excelsis.*

GLORY *be* to | God on | high || and on
earth | peace, good | will towards |
 men.

We praise Thee * we bless *Thee* we | wor-
 ship | Thee || we glorify Thee * we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King || *God* the |
 Father | Al= \equiv | mighty!

O Lord * the only-begotten *Son* | Jesus |
 Christ || O Lord God * Lamb of *God** |
 Son \cdot = || of the | Father,

That takest *away* the | sins \cdot of the | world ||
 have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest *away* the | sins \cdot of the |
 world || have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest *away* the | sins \cdot of the |
 world || *re* | ceive our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God
 the | Father || have mercy | upon | us.

For Thou *only* | art \cdot = | holy || *Thou* |
 only | art the | Lord.

Thou only, O *Christ* * with the | Holy |
 Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory \cdot
 of | God the | Father. || A | men.

634 *Benedic, Anima Mea.*

PRAISE the *Lord*, | O my | soul || and all
 that is *within* me | praise His | holy |
 Name.

Praise the *Lord*, | O my | soul || *and* for |
 get not | all His | benefits;

CHANTS.

Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth
all | thine in | firmi | ties;

Who saveth thy *life* | from de | struction ||
and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and |
loving | kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of His * *ye*
that ex | cel in | strength || ye that ful-
fill His commandment * and *hearken*
un | to the | voice · of His | Word.

O praise the *Lord*, all | ye His | hosts || ye
servants *of* | His that | do His | pleas-
ure.

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.
Amen.

635

Venite, Exultemus.

O COME, let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord ||
Let us heartily *rejoice* in the | strength
of | our sal | vation.

Let us come before His *presence* with |
thanks · = | giving || And show our-
selves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

For the *Lord* is a | great · = | God || And a
great | King a | bove all | gods.

In His hands are all the *corners* | of the |
earth || And the *strength* of the | hills
is | His · = | also.

The sea is *His* | and He | made it || And His
hands pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

O come, let us *worship* | and fall | down ||
And *kneel* be | fore the | Lord our |
Maker.

For *He* is the | Lord our | God || And we are
the people of His pasture * *and* the |
sheep · = | of His | hand.

O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of |
holiness || Let the whole *earth* | stand
in | awe of | Him.

† For He cometh * for He *cometh* to | judge
the earth || And with righteousness to
judge the *world* * and the | people |
with His | truth.

636

The Lord's Prayer.

0 UR father, Who art in *heaven*, | hallowed |
be Thy | name · || Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be *done* on | earth · as it |
isin | heaven ;

2 Give us *this* | day our | daily | bread ; ||
and forgive us our trespasses, as we
forgive | them that | trespass · a- |
gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, *but* de- |
liver | us from | evil ; || for Thine is
the kingdom, and the power, *and* the |
glory · for- | ever · A- | men.

637

My God, My Father.

MY God, my *Father*, | while I | stray
 Far from my *home*, on | life's rough |
 way,

O teach me from *my* | heart to | say,
Thy | will be | done !

2 Though dark my *path*, and | sad my | lot,
 Let me be *still*, and | murmur | not,
 And breathe the *prayer* Di- | vinely |
 taught,

Thy | will be | done !

3 What though in lonely | grief | I | sigh
 For friends beloved, no | longer | nigh !
 Submissive still *would* | I re- | ply,

Thy | will be | done !

4 Though Thou hast called *me* | to re- | sign
 What most I prized, *it* | ne'er was | mine :
 I have but yielded | what was | Thine ;

Thy | will be | done !

5 Let but my fainting | heart be | blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,
 My God, to *Thee* I | leave the | rest :

Thy | will be—done !

6 Renew my *will* from | day to | day :
 Blend it with *Thine*, and | take a- | way
 All that now makes *it* | hard to | say,

Thy | will be | done !

Charlotte Elliott.

638 *Te Deum Laudamus.*

First part.

- WE *praise* | Thee O | God || we *acknowl-*
 edge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the *earth* doth | worship | Thee ||
the | Father | ever | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all *angels* | cry a | loud || the
heavens, and | all the | powers there |
 in.
- 4 To Thee *cherubim* and | sera | phim ||
con | tinual | ly do | cry,
- 5 *Holy* | *Holy* | *Holy* || *Lord* | God of |
 Saba | oth ;
- 6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | majes |
 ty || *of* | Thy · = | glo · = | ry.
- 7 The glorious *company* | of · the a |
 postles || *praise* | = · = | = · = |
 Thee.
- 8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | prophets ||
praise | = · = | = · = | Thee.
- 9 The *noble* | army · of | martyrs || *praise*
 | = · = | = · = | Thee.
- 10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the |
 world || *doth* ac | knowl · = | edge ·
 = | Thee ;
- 11 *The* | Fa · = | ther || *of* an | infi · nite |
 majes | ty ;

CHANTS.

- 12 *Thine* a | dor · able | true || *and* | on · =
| ly · = | Son ;
- 13 *Also* the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com · =
| fort · = | er.
- 14 *Thou* | art the | King || *of* | Glory | O ·
= | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the *ever* | lasting | Son || *of* | = ·
the | Fa · = | ther.

Second part.

- 16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de |
liver | man || Thou didst humble Thy-
self to be | born · = | of a | Virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst *overcome* the | sharp-
ness · of | death || Thou didst open
the *kingdom* of | heaven · to | all be |
lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God ||
in the | glory | of the | Father.
- 19 We *believe* that | Thou shalt | come || *to* |
be · = | our · = | Judge.
- 20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | ser-
vants || whom Thou hast *redeemed* |
with Thy | precious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy |
saints || *in* | glory | ever | lasting.
- 22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless
Thine | herit | age.
- 23 *Gov* | = · ern | them || *and* | lift them |
up for | ever.

CHANTS.

First part.

- 24 *Day* | by · = | day || *we* | magni | fy · =
 | Thee
- 25 *And* we | worship · Thy | Name || *ever* |
 world with | out · = | end.
- 26 *Vouch* | safe O | Lord || to keep *us* this |
 day with | out · = | sin.
- 27 O *Lord* have | mercy · up | on us || *have* |
 mercy · up | on · = | us.
- 28 O Lord let Thy *mercy* | be up | on us ||
as our | trust · = | is in | Thee.
- 29 O Lord in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *let*
 me | never | be con | founded.

GOSPEL SONGS.

639 *Blessed Assurance.*

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory Divine!
Heirs of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in His love.

Fanny Crosby.

640 *The Sweet Love of God.*

THERE'S a very sweet song in the depths
of my soul,
And I'll sing it, dear Jesus, to Thee,

GOSPEL SONGS.

While my lips chant the praise which I
cannot control
For the love wherewith Thou hast loved
me.

CHO.—O Thy wonderful love is so precious
to me,
And Thy grace is so rich and so free.
That my lips fill with praise which I can-
not control,
For the love wherewith Thou hast loved
me.

2 I will sing of the peace in the depths of
my soul,
Such a peace as the world cannot know,
Through Thy grace I am sweetly and con-
sciously whole,
And my heart is washed white as the
snow.

3 I will sing of the joy in the depths of my
soul,
Of Thy wondrous forgiveness of sin,
Of the gladness that springs from Thy
love's sweet control,
And Thy presence and power within.

4 O Thy love is more sweet than the breath
of the flowers!
'Tis a foretaste and earnest of heaven,
And it fills with contentment and rapture
the hours
That to me Thou hast graciously given.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

641 *Blessed Be the Name.*

ALL praise to Him Who reigns above,
 In majesty supreme,
 Who gave His Son for man to die,
 That He might man redeem.

CHO.—Blessed be the name, blessed be the
 name,
 Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
 Blessed be the name of the Lord.

2 His name above all names shall stand,
 Exalted more and more,
 At God the Father's Own right hand,
 Where angel hosts adore.

3 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man
 Once ruined by the fall,
 Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
 For Thou hast died for all.

4 His name shall be the Counsellor,
 The mighty Prince of Peace,
 Of all earth's kingdoms Conqueror,
 Whose reign shall never cease.

5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
 Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King,
 And worship at His feet.

- 6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne
 His everlasting love.

W. H. Clark.

642 *The Mizpah Farewell Greeting.*

FROM these Pisgah heights returning,
 Every idle purpose spurning,
 With new zeal for service burning,
 Friend of friends, Thou, Jesus, art.
 True in word and deed and heart,
 Watch between us, as we part.

CHO.—Watch between us, Guide and screen
 us,

Watch between us as we part ;
 Watch between us, Guide and screen us,
 Watch between us as we part.

- 2 Life is on us, time is fleeting,
 We shall soon our Lord be meeting,
 Take and give the Mizpah greeting,
 Angels meet us on our way.
 As we separate to-day,
 Watch between us, Lord, we pray.

- 3 Go we east or west asunder,
 What the sky we may be under,
 Still we seek that world of wonder,
 Where God's ransomed people are,
 Where our home Thou dost prepare ;
 By Thy grace, O guide us there.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D.

643

Trust and Obey.

WHEN we walk with the Lord
 In the light of His Word,
 What a glory He sheds on our way!
 While we do His good will,
 He abides with us still,
 And with all who will trust and obey.

CHO.—Trust and obey,
 For there's no other way
 To be happy in Jesus
 But to trust and obey.

2 Not a shadow can rise,
 Not a cloud in the skies,
 But His smile quickly drives it away;
 Not a doubt nor a fear,
 Not a sigh nor a tear
 Can abide while we trust and obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
 Not a sorrow we share,
 But our toil He doth richly repay;
 Not a grief nor a loss,
 Not a frown nor a cross,
 But is blest if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of His love
 Until all on the altar we lay;
 For the favor He shows,
 And the joy He bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

- 5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at His feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do,
 Where He sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis.

644 *Wonderful Peace.*

FAR away in the depths of my spirit to-
 night,
 Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm ;
 In celestial strains it unceasingly falls
 O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

CHO.—Peace ! peace ! wonderful peace,
 Coming down from the Father above ;
 Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray,
 In fathomless billows of love.

2 What a treasure I have in this wonderful
 peace,
 Buried deep in the heart of my soul ;
 So secure that no power can mine it away,
 While the years of eternity roll.

3 I am resting to-night in this wonderful
 peace,
 Resting sweetly in Jesus' control ;
 For I'm kept from all danger by night and
 by day,
 And His glory is flooding my soul.

GOSPEL SONGS.

4 And methinks when I rise to that city of
 peace,
 Where the Author of peace I shall see,
 That one strain of the song which the ran-
 somed will sing,
 In that heavenly kingdom will be.

5 Ah! soul, are you here without comfort or
 rest,
 Marching down the rough pathway of
 time?
 Make Jesus your Friend ere the shadows
 grow dark,
 O accept of this peace so sublime.

Rev. W. D. Cornell, Alt.

645 *Little Mission Workers.*

WE are little soldiers, marching as to war,
 With a glorious banner leading on be-
 fore,
 And we follow Jesus, battling for the right
 Till the crown He gives us, and the robe
 of white.

2 Little deeds of service done by willing
 hands,
 Little mites and pennies sent by mission
 bands,
 These shall shine in splendor, and forever
 stand
 As a light for Jesus in the heathen land.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 3 Little babbling brooklets make the mighty
 deep ;
 Little gifts for missions make a wondrous
 heap ;
 Let us send the light wherever man is found,
 Scattering the sunshine all the world around.
- 4 O ye willing workers ! Jesus' little band,
 Pressing on together to the glory-land !
 Send abroad the tidings, bear the news
 along,
 Heralding salvation in triumphant song.
- 5 By and by we'll gather ripe and golden
 sheaves,
 Bring them in the garner, golden fruit, not
 leaves,
 And with countless nations, flocking home
 to God,
 Follow in the footsteps which our Master
 trod. *Enmet G. Coleman.*

646 *'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.*

TIS so sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just to take him at His word ;
 Just to rest upon His promise ;
 Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

CHO.—Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him !
 How I've proved Him o'er and o'er !
 Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus !
 O for grace to trust Him more.

- 2 O how sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just to trust His cleansing blood ;
 Just in simple faith to plunge me
 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
- 3 Yes, 'Tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just from sin and self to cease ;
 Just from Jesus simply taking
 Life and rest, and joy and peace.
- 4 I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
 Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend ;
 And I know that Thou art with me,
 Wilt be with me to the end.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

647 *Softly and Tenderly.*

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,
 Calling for you and for me,
 See on the portals He's waiting and watch-
 ing,
 Watching for you and for me.

CHO.—Come home, come home,
 Ye who are weary, come home ;
 Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
 Calling, O sinner, come home !

- 2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-
 ing,
 Pleading for you and for me ?
 Why should we linger and heed not His
 mercies,
 Mercies for you and for me ?

- 3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
 Passing from you and from me;
 Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
 Coming for you and for me.
- 4 O for the wonderful love he has promised,
 Promised for you and for me;
 Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,
 Pardon for you and for me.

Will L. Thompson.

648 *To Thee I Come.*

- JESUS, I come to Thee for light,
 Restore to me my blinded sight,
 And from my soul dispel the night,
 Jesus to Thee I come!
- 2 Jesus, I come, I cannot stay
 From Thee another precious day;
 I would Thy word at once obey,
 Jesus to Thee I come!
- 3 Jesus, I come just as I am,
 To Thee the holy, spotless Lamb;
 Thou wilt my troubled spirit calm!
 Jesus, to Thee I come.

649 *What a Gathering That Will Be.*

AT the sounding of the trumpet when the
 saints are gathered home,
 We will greet each other by the crystal
 sea,
 With the friends and all the loved ones
 there awaiting us to come,
 What a gathering of the faithful that
 will be.

CHO.—What a gathering, gathering,
 At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!
 What a gathering, gathering,
 What a gathering of the faithful that
 will be.

2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that
 time shall be no more,
 We shall gather, and the saved and ran-
 some see,
 Then to meet again together, on the bright
 celestial shore,
 What a gathering of the faithful that will
 be!

3 At the great and final judgment, when the
 hidden comes to light,
 When the Lord in all His glory we shall
 see,
 At the bidding of our Saviour, Come, ye
 blessed, to My right,

GOSPEL SONGS.

What a gathering of the faithful that will
be !

- 4 When the golden harps are sounding, and
the angel bands proclaim,
In triumphant strains the glorious jubilee,
Then to meet and join to sing the song of
Moses and the Lamb,
What a gathering of the faithful that will
be !

J. H. Kurzenknabe.

650

Follow All the Way.

I CAN hear my Saviour calling,
In the tenderest accents calling ;
On my ear thes words are falling,
'Take thy cross, and daily follow me.

CHO.—I will take my cross and follow,
My dear Saviour I will follow.
Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

2 Though the way be dark and dreary,
Though my feet be worn and weary,
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery,
As I follow, follow all the way.

3 Jesus, ever go before me,
Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me,
And when weak, by grace restore me
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 4 Through the valley safely lead me,
Heavenly manna daily feed me ;
Every hour, dear Lord, I need Thee
As I follow, follow all the way.
- 5 In Thy heart's affection hold me,
In Thy arms of love enfold me,
And with Thine Own grace uphold me
As I follow, follow all the way.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

651 *The Banner of the Cross.*

THERE'S a royal banner given for display
To the soldiers of the King ;
As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
While as ransomed ones we sing.

CHO.—Marching on ! marching on !
For Christ count everything but loss ;
And to crown Him King, toil and sing,
'Neath the banner of the cross.

2 Though the foe may rage and gather as the
flood,
Let the standard be displayed ;
And beneath its folds as soldiers of the
Lord,
For the truth be not dismayed !

3 Over land and sea, wherever man may
dwell,
Make the glorious tidings known ;

GOSPEL SONGS.

Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
While the Lord shall claim His Own!

- 4 When the glory dawns—'tis dawning very
near,
It is hastening day by day,—
Then before our King the foe shall disap-
pear,
And the cross the world shall sway.

El. Nathan.

652 *Christ Liveth in Me.*

AS lives the flower within the seed,
As in the cone the tree,
So praise the God of truth and grace,
His Spirit dwelleth in me.

CHO.—Christ liveth in me,
Christ liveth in me,
O what a salvation this,
That Christ liveth in me!

- 2 Once far from God and dead in sin,
No light my heart could see;
But in God's Word the light I found,
Now Christ liveth in me.

- 3 As rays of light from yonder sun
The flowers of earth set free,
So life and light and love came forth
From Christ living in me.

- 4 With longing all my heart is filled,
 That like Him I may be,
 As on the wondrous thought I dwell,
 That Christ liveth in me.

El. Nathan.

653 *Nearer the Cross.*

NEARER the cross! my heart can say,
 I am coming nearer,
 Nearer the cross from day to day,
 I am coming nearer;
 Nearer the cross where Jesus died,
 Nearer the fountain's crimson's tide,
 Nearer my Saviour's wounded side,
 I am coming nearer.

2 Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,
 I am coming nearer,
 Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
 I am coming nearer;
 Stronger in faith, more clear I see
 Jesus Who gave Himself for me;
 Nearer to Him I still would be;
 Still I'm coming nearer.

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
 I am coming nearer,
 Deeper the love my soul desires,
 I am coming nearer;
 Nearer the end of toil and care,
 Nearer the joy I long to share,
 Nearer the crown I soon shall wear:
 I am coming nearer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

654 *The Child of a King.*

MY Father is rich in houses and lands,
 He holdeth the wealth of the world in
 His hands!
 Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
 His coffers are full,—He has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,
 The child of a King!
 With Jesus, my Saviour,
 I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's Own Son, the Saviour of men,
 Once wondered on earth as the poorest of
 them ;
 But now He is reigning forever on high,
 And will give me a home in heaven by and
 by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth
 A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!
 But I've been adopted, my name's written
 down,—
 An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
 They're building a palace for me over
 there!
 Though exiled from home, yet still I may
 sing:
 All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell.

655

There is Joy in Heaven.

THERE is joy in heaven where the angels
 dwell,
 And the gladsome notes of rejoicing swell,
 When the tidings come from the world below,
 That a soul is saved from eternal woe.

CHO.—Beautiful song, beautiful song,
 Beautiful song, beautiful song of joy!
 Every harp is attuned unto the sound,
 And the angels rejoice that the lost is
 found;
 Beautiful song, beautiful song of joy.

2 There is joy in heaven when the lost is
 found
 And the golden streets with the news re-
 sound,
 Till the tide of song like an ocean rolls
 Unto Him Who died for the love of souls.

3 There is joy in heaven, that begins below,
 Where the tears of grief and repentance flow;
 And the saints of God with the angels share
 In the praise that rings like an anthem
 there. *Rev. H. B. Hartzler.*

656

Glory to His Name.

DOWN at the cross where my Saviour died,
 Down where for cleansing from sin I
 cried;
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 Glory to His name.

GOSPEL SONGS.

Cho.—Glory to His name,
Glory to His name.
There to my heart was the blood
applied ;
Glory to His name.

- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within ;
There at the cross where He took me in ;
Glory to His name.
- 3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in ;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name.
- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet ;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet ;
Plunge in to-day and be made complete,
Glory to His name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

657 *When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.*

WHEN the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal, bright
and fair ;
When the saved on earth shall gather, over
on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be
there.

GOSPEL SONGS.

CHO.—When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll
be there.

2 On that bright and cloudless morning when
the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share ;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their
home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be
there.

3 Let us labor for the Master from the dawn
till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and
care,
Then when all of life is over and our work
on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be
there.

J. M. Black.

658

Consecration.

MY body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

CHO.—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire ;
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name ;
I look for Thy salvation ;
Thy promise now I claim.
- 3 O let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.
- 4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

Mrs. Mary D. James.

659

Tell It To Jesus.

ARE you weary, are you heavy hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus ;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,
He is a Friend that's well known ;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

- 2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-
bidden?
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus ;
Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid-
den?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

GOSPEL SONGS.

3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?

Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus ;
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?

Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus ;
For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

J. D. Rankin, D. D.

660 *The Haven of Rest.*

MY soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin and distress,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make
me your choice ;"
And I entered the Haven of Rest.

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the Haven
of Rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more ;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild,
stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to His tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul ;
The Haven of Rest is my Lord.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 3 The song of my soul, since the Lord made
me whole,
Has been the old story so blest,
Of Jesus, Who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the Haven of Rest!
- 4 How precious the thought that we all may
recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest
can harm,—
Secure in the Haven of Rest!
- 5 O come to the Saviour, He patiently waits
To save by His power Divine;
Come, anchor your soul in the Haven of
Rest,
And say, My Beloved is mine.

H. L. Gilmour.

661

Enough for Me.

O LOVE surpassing knowledge!
O grace so full and free!
I know that Jesus saves me,
And that's enough for me!

REF.—And that's enough for me!
Of joy and peace for me!
I know that Jesus saves me,
And that's enough for me!

- 2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!

GOSPEL SONGS.

I have the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me !

- 3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary !
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me !

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

662 *Are You Washed in the Blood ?*

HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing
power ?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this
hour ?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb ?
Are your garments spotless ? Are they white
as snow ?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side ?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified ?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your
robes be white,

Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb ?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions
bright,

And be washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

- 4 Lay aside the garments that are stained
with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-
clean,
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

663 *The Comforter Has Come.*

- O spread the tidings round, wherever man is
found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes
abound ;
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the
joyful sound !
The Comforter has come !

CHO.—The Comforter has come, The Com-
forter has come !
The Holy Ghost from heaven, The Father's
promise given ;
O spread the tidings round, Wherever man
is found,—
The Comforter has come.

- 2 The long, long night is past, the morning
breaks at last ;
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of
the blast,
As o'er the golden hills the day advances
fast !
The Comforter has come !

3 Lo, the great King of kings, with healing
in His wings,
To every captive soul a full deliverance
brings;
And through the vacant cells the song of
triumph rings:
The Comforter has come!

4 O boundless love Divine! how shall this
tongue of mine
To wondering mortals tell the matchless
grace Divine—
That I, a child of hell, should in His image
shine?
The Comforter has come!

5 Sing till the echoes fly above the vaulted
sky,
And all the saints above to all below reply,
In strains of endless love, the song that
ne'er will die;
The Comforter has come?

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.

664 *I'll Live For Him.*

MY life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, Who died for me;
O may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God.

CHO.—I'll live for Him Who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him Who died for me,
My Saviour and my God!

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
 For Thou hast died that I might live;
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
 My Saviour and my God!
- 3 O Thou Who died on Calvary
 To save my soul and make me free,
 I consecrate my life to Thee,
 My Saviour and my God!

665 *The Prize is Set Before Us.*

THE prize is set before us—
 To win, our Lord implores us!
 The eye of God is o'er us, From on
 high,
 His loving tones are falling,
 While sin is dark, appalling;
 'Tis Jesus gently calling—He is nigh,

CHO.—By and by we shall meet Him,
 By and by we shall greet Him,
 And with Jesus reign in glory, By and
 by.
 By and by we shall meet Him,
 By and by we shall greet Him,
 And with Jesus reign in glory, By and
 by.

- 2 We follow where He leadeth—
 We pasture where He feedeth—
 We yield to Him Who pleadeth From
 on high,

GOSPEL SONGS.

For naught from Him can sever ;
Our hopes shall brighten ever :
And faith shall fail us never—He is
nigh.

- 3 Our home is bright above us ;
No trials there to move us,
But Christ our Lord to love us, Dwells
on high ;
We give our best endeavor ;
We praise His name forever ;
His precious words can never—Never
die *Dr. C. R. Backall.*

666 *Work for the Night is Coming.*

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

- 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 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.

Annic L. Walker.

667 *Paul and Silas.*

NIGHT had fallen on the city,
 And the streets at last were still,
 Where the noisy throng the day-long,
 Did the air with shoutings fill ;
 And the weary way-worn travelers
 Preaching Jesus through the land,
 Were in deepest dungeon darkness,
 At the magistrate's command.

- 2 Many stripes to them were given ;
 Many curses on them cast ;
 Many bolts and bars surround them,
 In the stocks their feet were fast.
 While the trusty Roman jailer,
 All securely slumbering on,
 Little dreamed the mighty wonder
 Of the morrow's early dawn.
- 3 Hark the sighing of the prisoners,
 Hear their moanings loud and long ;
 No, again, and louder, clearer,

GOSPEL SONGS.

'Tis the voice of prayer and song.
See, the prison walls are shaking,
And the door wide open stands ;
Lo, the earth, the earth is quaking,
Loosed are every prisoner's bands.

- 4 O there's not a cell so lonely,
But a song may echo there ;
O there's not a night so cheerless,
But there's potency in prayer.
Sing, O sing, thou weary pilgrim,
Song will bring thee heavenly peace ;
Pray, O pray, thou burdened prisoner,
God will give thee sweet release.

P. P. Bliss.

668 *Glory to God, Hallelujah !*

WE are never, never weary of the grand old
song ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !
We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith
more strong ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !

CHO.—O the children of the Lord have a
right to shout and sing,
For the way is growing bright, and our
souls are on the wing ;
We are going by and by to the palace of a
King !
Glory to God, hallelujah !

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 We are lost amid the rapture of redeeming
love ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !
We are rising on its pinions to the hills
above ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !
- 3 We are going to a palace that is built of
gold ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !
Where the King in all His splendor we
shall soon behold ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !
- 4 There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a
glad, new song ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !
There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with
the blood-washed throng ;
Glory to God, hallelujah !

Fanny J. Crosby.

669 *Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.*

THERE comes to my heart one sweet strain,
A glad and a joyous refrain,
I sing it again and again,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHO.—Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful gift from above,
O wonderful, wonderful peace,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

GOSPEL SONGS.

2 By Christ on the cross peace was made,
My debt by His death was all paid,
No other foundation is laid
For peace, the gift of God's love.

3 When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with this peace did abound,
In Him the rich blessing I found,
Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

4 In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close to His side,
There's nothing but peace doth betide,
Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

P. P. Bilhorn.

670 *Blessed Moments of Prayer.*

O BLESSFD moments, richly sweet,
That we have spent at Jesus' feet !
O heavenly seasons, sweetly fair,
The moments spent with Him in prayer.

CHO.—Our Jesus loves to hear us pray
And honor Him each day ;
He meets us at the place of prayer ;
How sweet is our communion there !

2 To mingle love, and prayer, and praise
To Him Who crowns with joy our days !
While grouped around the mercy seat,
O this is joy and bliss complete.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 3 If here we feel the heavenly thrill,
And heavenly joys our bosom's fill,
What greater joy can we have more,
When we have reached the heavenly shore.
- 4 That joy is sure to come at last,
When meetings here below are past,
A joy reserved by heavenly grace,
'Tis this—"And they shall see His face."
5. If we His face with joy would see,
His faithful servants we must be ;
Our zeal for Him must swiftly flow,
If we this bliss supreme would know.

Rev. Edwin L. Watts.

671 *Shall I Be Saved To-night?*

- JESUS is pleading with my poor soul,
Shall I be saved to-night?
If I believe, He will make me whole,
Shall I be saved to-night?
Tenderly, sadly I hear Him say,
How can you grieve me from day to day?
Shall I go on in the old, old way,
Or shall I be saved to-night?
- 2 Jesus was nailed to the cross for me,
Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so ungrateful be,
Shall I be saved to-night?
Now He will save me by grace Divine,
Now if I will I may call Him mine,
Can I the pleasures of earth resign,
O shall I be saved to-night?

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 3 Jesus is knocking at my poor heart,
Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spirit should now depart?
O shall I be saved to-night!
Over and over His voice I hear,
Sweetly it falls on my listening ear,
Shall I reject Him a Friend so dear,
O shall I be saved to-night?
- 4 What if that voice I should hear no more,
Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll open the bolted door,
Save me, O Lord, to-night!
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in,
Pity my sorrow, forgive my sin,
Now let Thy work in my soul begin,
For I will be saved to-night!

Fanny J. Crosby.

672 *What Have I Done.*

WHAT have I done to show my love,
For Jesus, for Jesus?
What have I done to show my love,
For Jesus my Lord?
If others labor in my place,
I cannot see my Father's face;
Have I been faithful, just and true,
Have I done all I ought to do?

CHO.—What have I done? what have I done?
What have I done for Jesus my Lord?

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 What have I done to show my love,
For Jesus, for Jesus?
What have I done to show my love,
For Jesus my Lord?
Have I been slow to take offence?
Have I been meek without pretence?
Have I His holy laws obeyed,
And for His loving Spirit prayed?
- 3 What have I done to show my love,
For Jesus, for Jesus?
What have I done to show my love,
For Jesus my Lord?
Have I been anxious to proclaim,
The glory of Emmanuel's name?
And has that bliss to me been given,
Of winning souls for God and heaven?
- 4 What have I done to show my love,
For Jesus, for Jesus?
What have I done to show my love,
For Jesus my Lord?
It may be little I can do,
But still in faith I will pursue,
And through my life my aim shall be,
To Work for Him Who died for me.

Josephine Pollard.

673 *One by one we'll all be Gathered Home.*

WE are traveling to a better land—
One by one we'll all be gathered home—
And we'll trust the Saviour's guiding hand:
One by one we'll all be gathered home.

- CHO.—Gathering, gathering,
 One by one we'll all be gathered home ;
 Gathering, gathering,
 One by one we'll all be gathered home.
- 2 We are drawing nearer every day—
 One by one we'll all be gathered home,—
 To that joy that fadeth not away :
 One by one we'll all be gathered home.
- 3 There we'll meet our loved ones gone be-
 fore—
 One by one we'll all be gathered home,—
 And we'll dwell with Jesus evermore :
 One by one we'll all be gathered home.
- 4 Come, my brother, join the happy throng—
 One by one we'll all be gathered home,—
 Singing now redemption's holy song :
 One by one we'll all be gathered home.

A. J. Showalter.

674 *Is Not This the Land of Beulah?*

I AM dwelling on the mountsin,
 Where golden sunlight gleams
 O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
 Far exceeds my fondest dreams ;
 Where the air is pure, ethereal,
 Laden with the breath of flowers,
 They are blooming by the fountain,
 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?
- 2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.
- 3 I am drinking at that fountain,
Where I ever would abide ;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied ;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.
- 4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear ;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the cross.
- 5 O the cross has wondrous glory !
Oft I've proved this to be true ;
When I'm in the way so narrow,

GOSPEL SONGS.

I can see a pathway through ;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers,
Take the cross, thou needest not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near. *Anon.*

675 *He is Calling.*

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.
He is calling, Come to me !
Lord, I gladly haste to Thee.

676 *Behold, What Love !*

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the sons of God !

CHO.—Behold, what manner of love !
What manner of love the Father hath be-
stowed upon us,
That we, that we should be called,
Should be called the sons of God.

2 No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh ;
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.

GOSPEL SONGS.

3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear ;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

M. S. S.

677 *God Be With You.*

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threatening wave before
 you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

678 *The Very Same Jesus.*

COME, sinners to the Living One,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when He raised the widow's son,
 The very same Jesus.

CHO.—The very same Jesus,
 The wonder working Jesus;
 O praise His name,
 He's just the same,
 The very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the Living Bread,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when the multitudes He fed,
 The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when he shed those loving tears,
 The very same Jesus

4 Come unto Him for clearer light,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when He gave the blind their sight,
 The very same Jesus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when He hushed the raging sea,
 The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
 He's just the same Jesus ;
 O blessed day for you and me !
 The very same Jesus.

L. H. Edmunds.

679 *There's a Great Day Coming.*

THERE'S a great day coming,
 A great day coming,
 There's a great day coming by and by,
 When the saints and the sinners shall be parted
 right and left ;
 Are you ready for that day to come ?

CHO.—Are you ready, Are you ready,
 Are you ready for the judgment day ?
 Are you ready, Are you ready,
 For the judgment day ?

2 There's a bright day coming,
 A bright day coming,
 There's a bright day coming by and by,
 But its brightness shall only come to those
 who love the Lord ;
 Are you ready for that day to come ?

3 There's a sad day coming,
 A sad day coming,
 There's a sad day coming by and by,

When the sinner shall hear his doom, "depart,
I know ye not;"
Are you ready for that day to come?

680 *Revive Us Again.*

WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son of
Thy love,
For Jesus Who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
Hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit
of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scat-
tered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was
slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed
every stain. *Wm. P. Mackay.*

681 *Move Forward.*

MOVE forward! valiant men and strong,
Ye who have prayed and labored long,
The time has come for you to rise,
For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.

CHO.—Move forward, move forward,
All along the line;
Move forward, move forward,
The light begins to shine.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 Move forward! each and every one,
The golden harvest is begun,
Ye reapers, come from glen and glade
And wield the sickle's glittering blade.
- 3 Move forward! reaping as you move!
Angels are watching from above!
Around are witnesses a host,
Arouse ye now and save the lost.
- 4 Move forward! day will die full soon,
How quickly evening follows noon,
Now is the time to work and pray—
Let glory crown the dying day.

G. W. Crofts.

682 *Sinner, Jesus Loves You.*

SINNER, Jesus loves you,
Story old and new;
Follow Him nor count the cost,
For dearly He loves you.

CHO.—Sinner, Jesus loves you well,
More than human tongue can tell;
All His holy counsels do,
For dearly He loves you.

- 2 Jesus, Friend of sinners,
In the garden knew
Agony and bloody sweat,
And all for love of you.

GOSPEL SONGS.

3 On the cross of Calvary
Your Redeemer view ;
Pierced hand and bleeding side
Were all for love of you.

4 Life He freely offered ;
More He could not do ;
Full atonement Jesus made,
And all for love of you,

5 At your heart He standeth,
Knocketh, pleadeth, too ;
Patiently He waiteth there,
And all for love of you.

J. Sills.

683 *He Came to Save Me.*

WHEN Jesus laid His crown aside,
He came to save me ;
When on the cross He bled and died,
He came to save me.

CHO.—I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
And grace is free,
I'm so glad, 'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
He came to save me.

2 In my poor heart He deigns to dwell,
He came to save me ;
O, praise His name, I know it well,
He came to save me.

- 3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
 He came to save me ;
 And trusting Him I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.
- 4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me ;
 To Him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me. *H. E. Blair.*

684

Christ Is All.

I entered once a home of care,
 For age and penury were there,
 Yet peace and joy withal ;
 I asked the lonely mother whence
 Her helpless widowhood's defence ;
 She told me, Christ was All.

CHO.—Christ is All, All in all,
 Yes, Christ is All in all ;
 Christ is All, All in all,
 Yes, Christ is All in all.

- 2 I stood beside a dying bed
 Where lay a child with aching head,
 Waiting for Jesus' call ;
 I marked his smile ; 'twas sweet as May ;
 And as his spirit passed away
 He whispered, Christ is all.
- 3 I saw the martyr at the stake ;
 The flames could not his courage shake,
 Nor death his soul appall ;

GOSPEL SONGS.

I asked him whence his strength was given,
He looked triumphantly to heaven
And answered, Christ is All.

4 I saw the gospel herald go
To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
To save from Satan's thrall ;
Not home nor life he counted dear,
'Midst want and perils owned no fear,
He felt that Christ is All.

5 Then come to Christ, O come to-day !
The Father, Son and Spirit say,
The Bride repeats the call ;
For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For Christ is All in all.

W. A. Williams

685 *Is My Name Written There?*

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold ;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold ;
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its page white and fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there ;

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me ;
For Thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."
- 3 O that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings
In pure garments of white ;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair ;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

686

I Must Tell Jesus.

- I MUST tell Jesus all of my trials ;
I cannot bear these burdens alone ;
In my distress He kindly will help me ;
He ever loves and cares for His Own.
- CHO.—I must tell Jesus ! I must tell Jesus !
I cannot bear my burdens alone ;
I must tell Jesus ! I must tell Jesus !
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.
- 2 I must tell Jesus all of my troubles ;
He is a kind, compassionate Friend ;
If I but ask Him, He will deliver,
Make of my troubles quickly an end.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 3 Tempted and tried I need a great Saviour,
One Who can help my burdens to bear ;
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus ;
He all my cares and sorrows will share.
- 4 O how the world to evil allures me !
O how my heart is tempted to sin !
I must tell Jesus, and He will help me
Over the world the victory to win.
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

687 *Hiding in the Rock.*

IN the Rock of Ages hiding,
I have found a sure retreat ;
In the Refuge now abiding,
I have found a joy complete.

CHO.—While the storm around me rages,
And the angry billows roar,
I am hiding in the Rock of Ages,
I am safe forever more.

2 In the Rock of Ages resting,
I enjoy a sweet repose,
Where the grace of God forever,
Like a mighty river flows.

3 In the Rock of Ages trusting,
I am kept in perfect peace ;
In the hope of glory waiting,
Till the toil of life shall cease.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

688

The Fair Watchword.

SEE how the hosts of Christ endeavor
 His name to spread ;
 Through Him we conquer now and ever ;
 By Him we're gently led.
 O'er many a rugged moor and mountain
 Onward we move.
 Quenching our thirst in Christ the fountain
 Of everlasting love.

CHO.—All for Jesus ! All for Jesus !
 Is our watchword fair ;
 Waft, waft our battle cry, ye breezes ;
 His name we will declare.

- 2 For God and every land we labor
 In His dear name,
 Seeing in every man a neighbor
 Whom for our Lord we claim.
 Work while 'tis day, the Master calleth,
 Night soon will come ;
 If at his post the servant falleth,
 His Lord will take him home.
- 3 Soon will the weary march be ended,
 Soon shall we rest ;
 With loved ones shall our songs be blended,
 With loved immortals blest.
 Transporting is the Christian's prospect,
 As night comes on ;
 We trust for strength in Christ's upholding,
 And thus our race we run.

Rev. U. F. Swengel.

689 *Shall We Find Them at the Portals?*

WILL they meet us, cheer and greet us,
 Those we loved, who've gone before?
 Shall we find them at the portals,
 Find our beautified immortals,
 When we reach that radiant shore?

CHO.—They will meet us, cheer and greet us,
 Those we've loved who've gone before?
 We shall find them at the portals,
 Find our beautified immortals,
 When we reach, when we reach that ra-
 dian shore.

2 Hearts are broken for some token
 That they live and love us yet;
 And we ask, Can those who've left us,
 Of love's look and tone bereft us,
 Though in heaven, can they forget?

3 And we often, as days soften,
 And comes out the evening star,
 Looking westward, sit and wonder
 Whether, when so far asunder,
 They still think how dear they are?

4 Past yon portals, our immortals,
 Those who walk with Him in white,
 Do they, mid their bliss, recall us,
 Know they what events befall us,
 Will our coming wake delight?

Rev. J. E. Rankin

69 *Standing on the Promises.*

STANDING on the promises of Christ my
King,

Through eternal ages let His praises ring ;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, Standing,
Standing on the promises of God my Sav-
iour ;

Standing, Standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear
assail ;

By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for
me ;

Standing in the liberty where Christ makes
free,

Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the
Lord,

Bound to Him eternally by love's strong
cord,

Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

- 5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
 Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
 Resting in my Saviour, as my All in all,
 Standing on the promises of God.

R. Kelso Carter.

691 *The Saviour is Coming.*

THE morning is dawning, behold,
 Away roll the shadows of night,
 The King is approaching in purple and gold,
 His countenance beaming with light.

CHO.—The Saviour is coming I know,
 The Saviour is coming I know,
 My lamp is aflame with the oil of His
 grace,
 And gladly, to meet Him I go.

2 O long have I waited to greet
 My Lord in the clouds of the sky!
 And now He is coming; the vision how
 sweet!
 My Jesus, my Saviour is nigh.

3 He cometh to take me away
 From sickness and suffering here,
 To mansions eternal more lovely than day
 That now in his glory appear.

4 Rejoicing I ever shall reign
 With Christ in His Kingdom above,
 And sing the glad triumphs of Him Who
 was slain
 Redeeming my soul in His love.

Rev. G. W. Crofts.

692

Lift Me Higher.

LIFT me higher! lift me higher!
 From these scenes of pain and night,
 Bear me up on angel's pinions
 To the world of spirits bright.

CHO.—Lift me higher, higher, higher,
 Till my spirit takes its flight
 Far beyond this world of darkness
 To the realms of endless light.

2 Let not earth's delusive pleasures
 Serve my highest joys to blight,
 I would range the fields of glory
 In celestial worlds of light.

3 Lift me higher! lift me higher!
 In afflictions darkest hour
 Let my faith surmount the trial
 In the strength of Jesus' power.

4 Lift me higher! lift me higher!
 Till by faith the land I see
 Where the ransomed from affliction,
 Grief and pain are ever free.

5 When death's shadows gather round me,
 Plume my spirit for its flight
 To the land that knows no sorrow,
 Neither pain nor death nor night.

S. V. R. Ford.

693

His Yoke is Easy.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I'll not want,
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green; He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

CHO.—His yoke is easy, His burden is light;
 I've found it so, I've found it so,
 He leadeth me, by day and by night,
 Where living waters flow.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 Ev'n for His Own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
 Shall surely follow me;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

694 *A Sinner Like Me.*

I WAS once far away from the Saviour,
 And as vile as a sinner could be,
 I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
 Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wondered on in the darkness,
 Not a ray of light could I see ;
 And the thought filled my heart with sad-
 ness,
 There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 And then, in that dark lonely hour,
 A voice sweetly whispered to me,
 Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
 To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo ! 'twas the Saviour
 That was speaking so kindly to me,
 I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
 Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
 And O what a joy came to me ;
 My heart was filled with His praises,
 For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me,
 And now unto others I'm telling
 How he saved a poor sinner like me.

- 7 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 I'll praise Him forever and ever
 For saving a sinner like me. *C. J. Butler.*

695 *The Voice of the Blood.*

MY heart was burdened long with sin's op-
 pressive load ;
 I knew not where to find relief
 Until I heard a voice which spake in ac-
 cents clear
 The Christ has borne thy sin and grief.

CHO.—The voice of the blood is speaking
 now to me,
 It tells me of a Saviour's love :
 My sins are washed away, my soul is
 free ;
 I have the witness from above.

2 I turned to see the Lamb which takes our
 guilt away ;
 I heard him bid me, Look and live :
 I looked, and lo, my soul was cleansed
 from every stain ;
 I could no longer droop and grieve.

3 The cross of Jesus Christ has borne the
 awful load,
 Too heavy for my weary soul ;
 My sins are washed away, I am forever free ;
 The blood has made me clean and whole.

Rev. U. F. Swengel.

696 *Angels Hovering Round.*

THERE are angels hovering round,
 There are angels hovering round,
 There are angels, angels hovering round.

2 They will carry the tidings home, etc.

3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

6 There's glory all around, etc.

697 *Lead Me, Saviour.*

SAVIOUR, lead me lest I stray;
 Gently lead me all the way;
 I am safe when by Thy side;
 I would in Thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,
 Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;
 Gently down the stream of time,
 Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

2 Thou the Refuge of my soul
 When life's stormy billows roll;
 I am safe when Thou art nigh;
 All my hopes on Thee rely.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 3 Saviour, lead me then at last,
When the storm of life is past,
To the land of endless day
Where all tears are wiped away.

Frank M. Davis.

698 *My Precious Bible.*

LIKE a star of the morning in its beauty,
Like a sun is the Bible to my soul;
Shining clear on the way of love and duty,
As I hasten on my journey to the goal.

CHO.—Holy Bible! My precious Bible!
Gift of God and lamp of life, my beautiful
Bible!

I will cling to the dear, old, Holy Bible,
As I hasten to the city of the King.

- 2 'Tis a light in the wilderness of sorrow,
And a lamp on the weary pilgrim way,
And it guides to the bright, eternal morrow,
Shining more and more unto the perfect
day.

- 3 'Tis the voice of a friend forever near me,
In the toil and the battle here below,
In the gloom of the valley it will cheer me,
Till the glory of His kingdom I shall know.

- 4 It shall stand in its beauty and its glory,
When the earth and the heavens pass away,
Ever telling the blessed, wondrous story,
Of the Loving Lamb, the only Living Way.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

699 *How They Sing Up Yonder.*

WHEN the sinner turns from sin.

How they sing up yonder!

Comes to Christ sweet peace to win,

How they sing up yonder!

Asks for cleansing in the blood,

Sings beneath the healing flood,

Rises, cleansed and owned of God,

How they sing up yonder!

2 When the wanderer seeks his home,

How they sing up yonder!

Just a servant to become,

How they sing up yonder!

Leaves the byways cold and bare,

Seeks again a Father's care,

All His wealth of love to share,

How they sing up yonder!

3 Brother, would you join the song,

In the home up yonder!

Sing while ages roll along,

In the home up yonder?

Then forsake the path so cold,

Fly to Jesus and His fold,

That your name may be enrolled,

In the home up yonder.

H. E. Jones.

700 *Cleansing Wave.*

0 NOW I see the cleansing wave!

The fountain deep and wide;

Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,

Points to His wounded side.

GOSPEL SONGS.

CHO.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and O it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified. *Mrs. Phæbe Palmer.*

701 *Trusting in the Promise.*

I HAVE found repose for my weary soul,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And a harbor safe when the billows roll,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
I will fear no foe in the deadly strife,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
I will bear my lot in the toil of life,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

REF.—Resting on His mighty arm forever,
Never from His loving heart to sever;
I will rest by grace in His strong embrace,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

2 I will sing my song as the days go by,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And rejoice in hope while I live or die,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

GOSPEL SONGS.

I can smile at grief and abide in pain,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
And the loss of all shall be highest gain,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

- 3 O the peace and joy of the life I live,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
O the strength and grace only God can
give,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
Whosoever will may be saved to-day,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour ;
And begin to walk in the holy way,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

702 *Sweeping Through the Gates.*

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the border of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO.—“Sweeping through the gates” to the
New Jerusalem,
“Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”
“Sweeping through the gates” to the
New Jerusalem,
“Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

5th-6th—Sweeping through the streets of the
New Jerusalem.

- 2 These, these are they who in their youthful
 days
 Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways,
 Proved the fullness of His grace,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
- 3 These, these are they who in affliction's
 woes,
 Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
 Such as from a pure heart flows,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
- 4 These, these are they who in the conflict
 dire,
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire,
 Jesus now says, Come up higher ;
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
- 5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
 Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er;
 Happy now and evermore,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
- 6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely Thine,
 Daily from sin be kept by power Divine,
 Then in heaven the saints we'll join,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

T. C. O'Kane.

703 *Will Jesus Find Us Watching?*

WHEN Jesus comes to reward His servants,
 Whether it be noon or night,
 Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
 With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

GOSPEL SONGS.

CHO.—O, 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?

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 condemn 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 midnight,
Will He find us watching there?

Fanny J. Crosby.

704 *Silent Night.*

SILENT night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent Night! Holy Night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!

GOSPEL SONGS.

Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Saviour is born.

- 3 Silent Night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant because from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

705 *The Blood is All My Plea.*

I KNEW that God in His Word had spoken,
The power of sin can all be broken,
The heart held captive, yet be free;
Lord, is this blessing not for me?

CHO.—||:The blood, the blood is all my plea,
Hallelujah! it cleanseth me.:||

- 2 Must I go on in sin and sorrow,
To-day in sunshine, clouds to-morrow?
First I'm sinning, then repenting,
Now I'm stubborn, then relenting.
- 3 With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord,
Is there not power in Jesus' blood
To make in me a perfect cure,
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
- 4 O yes, His love will take me in,
The blood will cleanse me from all sin,
Will wash away my guilty stains,
And cleanse till not one spot remains.

- 5 And there I stand this very hour,
Kept by Almighty keeping power ;
Temptations come, the blood's my plea,
The precious blood now cleanses me.

Rev. F. C. Baker.

706 *Give Me Thy Heart.*

TO thee, who from the narrow road,
In sinful ways so long hast trod,
How kindly speaks Thy Father, God,
“My son, give me thy heart.”

CHO.—My son, my son,
Give me thy heart,
O hear and heed thy Father's call,
And give to Him thy heart.

Last Verse—I hear, and heed my Father's call,
And give to Him my heart.

- 2 Ah, well that gentle voice I know,
For oft it called me long ago,
And now to thee it whispers low,
“My son, give me thy heart.”

- 3 “My son!” O word of mighty grace,
That children of our mortal race,
With sons of God may take their place,—
“My son, give me thy heart.”

- 4 How great that Father's love must be,
How fond His yearnings after thee,
That He should say so tenderly,
“My son, give me thy heart.”

- 5 How patient hath His Spirit been,
 To follow thee through all thy sin,
 And plead thy wayward soul to win,
 "My son, give me thy heart."
- 6 O God, my Father, I obey,
 I come, I come, to Thee to-day,
 "Here Lord, I give myself away,
 I give to Thee my heart."

Rev. J. H. Sammis.

707 *The Man of Galilee.*

- A** WONDROUS boon to man is given,
 A gift of priceless worth,
 God's only Son, the Prince of heaven,
 To save the lost of earth.
 In lowliness He lived and wrought
 Deeds wonderful to see ;
 And multitudes with longing sought
 The Man of Galilee.
- 2 He came to break the living bread
 To starving human kind ;
 To cleanse the leper, raise the dead,
 And heal the lame and blind ;
 He came to reign where sin controls,
 To set the captive free ;
 Spake "Peace !" to waves and "Peace !"
 to souls,
 The Man of Galilee.
- 3 He came to show the heart of God,
 To give the weary rest ;
 And paths of deepest sorrow trod,
 That sinners might be blest.

He loved you since the world began,
 He died to make you free ;
 To be your Saviour, rose again,
 The Christ of Galilee.

- 4 O will you take His love Divine?
 Choose now the better part,
 Let all His saving grace be thine,
 And give to Him thy heart.
 His great compassion longs to bless,—
 O hearken to His plea,
 Make Him Thy Strength and Righteous-
 ness,
 The Christ of Galilee. *C. E. Breck.*

708 *He Has Come.*

HE has come! He has come! My Re-
 deemer has come,
 He has taken my heart as His Own chosen
 home ;
 At last I have given the welcome He
 sought,
 He has come and His coming all gladness
 has brought.

CHO.—Joy! joy is mine, My Saviour Divine,
 Comes to abide with me, with me,
 Comes to abide, ever to abide,
 My own loving Saviour abideth with me.

- 2 He has come! He has come! My Love
 and my Lord,
 Every thought of my being is swayed by
 His word ;

He has come! and He rules in the realm
of my soul,
And His scepter is love, O blessed control!

3 He has come! He has come! O happiest
heart,
He has given His word that He will not
depart;
No trouble can enter, no evil can come
To the heart where the God of peace has
His home.

4 He has come to abide, and holy must be
The place where my Lord deigns to banquet
with me;
And this is my prayer, Lord, since Thou
art come,
Make meet for Thy presence my heart as
Thy home. *Mrs. J. H. Knowles.*

709 *My Jesus, I Love Thee.*

MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art
mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved
me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
tree;

GOSPEL SONGS.

- I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy
brow ;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in
death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest
me breath ;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on
my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright ;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my
brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my ^{Jesus}, 'tis now.
London Hymn Book.

710

He Lives.

- “I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :”
What comfort this sweet sentence gives,
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead with me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

4 He lives my kind, my faithful Friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end,
 He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing,
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

5 He lives, all glory to His name ;
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same :
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

Rev. Samuel Medley.

711 *I am Satisfied With Jesus.*

I AM satisfied with Jesus every day ;
 His redeeming blood has washed my sins
 O, in dark Gethsemane and on cruel Cal-
 vary,
 What amazing love He showed for such as
 me.

CHO.—I am satisfied, I am satisfied,
 Fully satisfied with Jesus every day,
 I am satisfied, I am satisfied,
 Fully satisfied with Jesus every day.

2 Sad and hopeless once I wondered all
 alone,
 Now He dwells with me and claims me as
 His Own,
 O, He makes my pathway bright, for He
 is Himself the Light,
 And His presence turns to day life's dark-
 est night.

- 3 Though the fiery darts of Satan may as-
sail,
O'er the shield of faith they never shall
prevail;
I have given Christ my all; I shall rise
whene'er I fall;
He will answer and deliver at my call.
- 4 To His mercy seat I hasten when op-
pressed,
For with Jesus there is perfect peace and
rest;
So I take to Him in prayer every anxious
weight of care,
And I leave it, yes, I leave it with Him
there.
- 5 I am looking unto Jesus every hour,
I am trusting in His faithfulness and power,
Underneath His watchful eye are the
flames that purify,
I shall understand their meaning by and by.

A. A. P.

712

Fill Me Now.

HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,
Come, O, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence;—
Come, O come and fill me now.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee,
Come, O, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest Divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

713 *Safe in Jesus.*

AT the feet of Jesus lying
Once I prayed in anguish sore;
Now His Own right hand sustains me,
With His strength I faint no more.

CHO.—Safe in Jesus now abiding,
I can smile at all my foes;
Safe in Jesus, safe in Jesus,
O how sweet is my repose.

2 On His loving breast reclining,
I shall fail and fall no more;
Lo, He whispers, I am with thee,
Till Thy days of toil are o'er.

- 3 With the natal conflict nearing,
 I am free from all alarm ;
 Lo, the Conqueror stands beside me ;
 He will keep my soul from harm.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

714

At the Cross.

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

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first
 saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled
 away,
 It was there by faith I received my
 sight,
 And now I am happy all the day.

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
 And shut his glories in,
 When 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.

715

My Jesus Knows.

HOW blest the thought that Jesus knows
 Each wind that round me rudely blows,
 Each tide of grief that o'er me flows,
 He knows, my Jesus knows.

CHO.—He knows, O yes, my Jesus knows,
 He knows, O yes, my Jesus knows,
 My hopes, my fears, my bitter woes,
 He knows, my Jesus knows.

2 The bitter cups that I must drain,
 The thoughts that rack my weary brain,
 The efforts that seem all in vain,
 He knows, my Jesus knows.

3 The cross that I must daily bear,
 The deep anxiety and care,
 The crown of thorns I too must wear,
 He knows, my Jesus knows.

4 The longings that pervade my breast,
 To reach my home and be at rest
 With Him I love, a welcome guest,
 He knows, my Jesus knows.

Rev. G. W. Crofts.

716 *Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.*

WHAT a fellowship, what a joy Divine,
 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
 What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

REF.—Leaning, leaning,
 Safe and secure from all alarms;
 Leaning, leaning,
 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

2 O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

O how bright the path grows from day to
 day,
 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

I have peace complete with my Lord so
 near,
 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

717

Key of C.

MY latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is nearly run;
 My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.

CHO.—O come, angel band,
 Come, and around me stand;
 O bear me away on your snowy wings
 To my immortal home.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dew's on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.
- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings ;
The holy ones, behold they come !
I hear the noise of wings !

Jefferson Hascall.

718

Keep Close to Jesus.

WHEN you start for the land of heavenly
rest,
Keep close to Jesus all the way ;
For He is the Guide, and He knows the
way best,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

CHO.—Keep close to Jesus, Keep close to
Jesus,
Keep close to Jesus all the way ;
By day or by night never turn from
the right,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

- 2 Never mind the storms or trials as you go,
Keep close to Jesus all the way ;
'Tis a comfort and joy His favor to know,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.
- 3 To be safe from the darts of the evil one,
Keep close to Jesus all the way ;
Take the shield of faith till the victory is won,
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

- 6 We shall reach our home in heaven by and
 by,
 Keep close to Jesus all the way ;
 Where to those we love we never say good-
 bye,
 Keep close to Jesus all the way.

John Lane.

719 *Safe Within the Vale.*

LAND ahead! its fruits are waving
 O'er the hills of fadeless green ;
 And the living waters laving
 Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

СНО.—Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
 When on that eternal shore ;
 Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
 I am safe within the vail.

2 Onward bark! the cape I'm rounding ;
 See, the blessed wave their hands ;
 Hear the harps of God resounding
 From the bright immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silvery bay ;
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.

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!

720

L. M.

- I'M glad that I was born to die ;
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly ;
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Away to the new Jerusalem.
- 2 I have some friends before me gone,
 And I'm resolved to follow on ;
 They're happy round my Father's throne ;
 They're looking out for me to come.
- 3 I hope to meet my brethren there
 Who used to join with me in prayer ;
 If you get there before I do,
 Look out for me, I'm coming too.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
 I hope to praise Him after death ;
 I hope to praise Him when I die.
 And shout salvation as I fly. *Anson. Ab.*

721 *Buildsng For Eternity.*

WE are building in sorrow or joy,
 A temple the world may not see,
 Which time cannot mar nor destroy,
 We build for eternity.

CHO.—We are building every day,
 A temple the world may not see,
 Building, building every day,
 Building for eternity.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 2 Every thought that we've ever had,
Its own little place has filled,
Every deed we have done good or bad,
Is a stone in the temple we build.
- 3 Every word that so lightly falls,
Giving some heart joy or pain,
Will shine in our temple walls,
Or ever its beauty stain.
- 4 Are you building for God alone,
Are you building in faith and love,
A temple the Father will own,
In the city of light above.

N. B. Sargent.

722 *Are You a Reaper?*

LIFT up your eyes to the fields that are
whitening,
Hark ! 'tis the voice of the Master our
Lord ;
See ! on each side there is work for the
reaper,
Sheaves that are golden shall be the re-
ward.

CHO.—Are you a reaper? Are you a reaper,
Gathering fruit unto life evermore?
Lift up your eyes for the harvest is ready;
Hasten, O hasten to gather your store.

- 2 Look on the fields how the harvest is wast-
ing,
Waiting for reapers to garner it in ;

GOSPEL SONGS.

He that is faithful, receiveth his wages ;
Joy everlasting the reaper shall win.

3 Souls that are ready to enter the kingdom
Wait for the glad invitation to-day ;
“Go ye and tell,” is the word of the Mas-
ter,
Servant of Jesus, O hear and obey.

4 Reap for His glory in fields that are near-
est,
Look all abroad, for the harvest is white ;
O'er the wide earth are the sheaves to be
garnered,
Hasten, O reaper, fast cometh the night.

Julia H. Johnston.

723 *Go, Work To-day.*

GO, work to-day ! the Lord commands !
Go, work to-day ! there's much to do !
Before you now the Master stands,
And speaks these thrilling words to you.

CHO.—Go, work to-day, go, work to-day,
The Master's voice now calls to you,
Redeem the time it glides away.
Work with eternity in view.

2 Go, work to-day ! break up the ground
And scatter far the gospel grain,
Go, make a harvest wave around,
And flowers adorn the desert plain.

GOSPEL SONGS.

- 3 Go, work to-day ! some soul to save
From everlasting death and woe,
Out through the dark devouring wave,
Where Christ doth guide the life-boat,
go !
- 4 Go, work to-day ! to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your lifeless clay.
To-day the crown of life is won,
Go, work to-day, go, work to-day.

Rev. G. W. Crofts.

CHORUSES.

NOTE.—The following collection of old and new choruses is inserted for especial use in Revival Meetings and the hymns to which reference is made in many cases have been selected to be sung therewith.

C. M.

Sing on, pray on, we're gaining ground,
Oh, glory hallelujah!
'The power of God is coming down,
Oh, glory hallelujah!

(See Hymn 5.)

I've given my heart to Jesus,
Happy am I! Happy am I!
I've given my heart to Jesus,
Happy am I to-day.

(See 75 and 76.)

We are passing away,
||:We are passing away:||
To the great judgment day.

(See 179 and 206.)

We will cross the river of Jordan,
Happy, Happy,
We will cross the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord.

CHORUSES.

Wrestle on, wrestle on,
You shall gain the victory;
Wrestle on, wrestle on,
You shall gain the day.
(See 227.)

There's only One, there's only One,
Can make us truly, truly blest ;
There's only One, there's only One,
Can give us perfect, perfect rest.
(See 185 and 128.)

I'm happy, I'm happy,
I'm on my way to Zion ;
I'm happy, I'm happy,
I'm on my journey home.

L. M.

Glory to God !
We're at the fountain drinking ;
Glory to God !
We're on our journey home.
(See 31 and 247.)

Oh the way is so delightful,
In the service of the Lord ;
Oh the way is so delightful,
Hallelujah !
(See 355)

I love the Lord, I know I do,
||:I love the Lord, I know I do:||
But best of all He loves me too,
(See 37.)

CHORUSES.

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan is my happy home,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

(See 610.)

O come and will you go,
Will you go, will you go ?
O come and will you go
Where pleasures never die ?

(See 205.)

Only believe and you shall be saved ;
||:Only believe and you shall be saved ;:||
And heaven is yours forever.

(See 183.)

“ I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,” etc.

(See 201 and 248.)

“ O Jesus is a rock in a weary land,” etc.

(See 323.)

“ He leadeth me,” etc.

(See 291.)

Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me ?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land.

(See 609 and 610.)

CHORUSES.

“They’re all taken away,
My sins are,” etc.

(See 251.)

We’ll work till Jesus comes,
||:We’ll work till Jesus comes,:||
And we’ll be gathered home.

(See 336 and 619.)

I’m a soldier for Jesus,
I’ve listed in the war,
And I’ll fight until I die.

(See 249 and 291.)

Save, O save ;
Save, blessed Saviour,
And send converting power down ;
Save, mighty Lord.

(See 227.)

O what a happy day when the Christians all
shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.

Glory hallelujah,
Praise Him, hallelujah,
Glory hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord.

(See 36.)

We’re going to Zion,
Glory hallelujah ;
We’re going home to the New Jerusalem,
Glory hallelujah.

(See 609.)

CHORUSES.

I want a blessing, Lord,
O send it down to me ;
O glory, O glory hallelujah.

(See 37.)

O you must be a lover of the Lord,
If you want to go to heaven when you die.

(See 224 and 267.)

Take me as I am,
O bring Thy free salvation, etc.

(See 241.)

This fountain cleanses from all sin, etc.

(See 262.)

||:There is rest for me
Among the people of God.:||

C. M.

Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me.
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

(See 108.)

Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be ;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

(See 108 and 232.)

CHORUSES.

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
And through His blood, His precious blood,
I am from sin set free.

(See 108, 190 and 246.)

He loves me, He loves me,
He loves me, this I know ;
He gave Himself to die for me
Because He loved me so.

(See 108 and 187.)

I can, I will, and I do believe,
||:I can, I will, and I do believe,:||
That Jesus died for me.

(See 243.)

||:I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, :||
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
||:Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, :||
Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
That flowed on Calvary.

(See 193.)

||:Look away ! Look away !
Look away to Calvary !:||

(See 208.)

Gather the harvest in,
Poor sinners are dying all around, etc.

(See 359.)

CHORUSES .

I want to go, I want to go,
I want to go there too ;
I want to go where Jesus is,
I want to go there too.

(See 616.)

—
Jesus died for you,
Jesus died for me ;
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind ;
Praise God, salvation's free.

—
We're kneeling at a mercy seat,
Where Jesus waits our souls to greet ;
We're kneeling at a mercy seat,
Where God will answer prayer.

(See 48.)

—
Pure robes, white robes,
In Jesus' blood made white ;
We all must wear to enter there,
In the palaces of light.

—
Where the pearly gates shall never, never close,
Where the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,
Where the ransomed ones in love repose,
Our glorious home shall be.

—
We will rest in the fair and happy land
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by
and by
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

(See 614 and 617.)

CHORUSES.

Oh, there is glory, glory Hallelujah!

Oh, there is glory, in my soul.

||:Religion is the best of all,:||

Religion is the best of all,

I feel it in my soul.

I want to go, I want to go,

I want to go there too:

I want to go where Jesus is,

I want to go there too.

(See 612 and 615.)

I am sinking out of self, out of self into Christ,

Sinking out of self into Christ,

I am sinking, sinking, sinking out of self,

Sinking out of self into Christ.

(See 401.)

Oh, the blood, the precious blood,

That Jesus shed for me!

Upon the cross, in crimson flood,

Just now by faith I see.

(See 193.)

Oh how I love Jesus,

||:Oh how I love Jesus,:||

Because He first loved me,

I'll never forget Thee,

I'll never forget Thee, Lord;

I'll never forget Thee,

Dear Lord remember me.

(See 106 and 107.)

CHORUSES.

||:We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.:||
(See 292 and 298.)

The blood of Jesus cleanseth me,
Cleanseth me, cleanseth me;
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me
As soon as I believe.
(See 108.)

I'd rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne.
(See 189.)

And when the war is over
We shall wear a crown,
In the New Jerusalem.
(See 298.)

We shall walk through the streets of the city,
With the loved ones gone on before;
We shall stand on the banks of the river,
We shall meet to part no more.
(See 551.)

O heaven, sweet heaven,
O heaven of the blest;
How I long to be there,
In its glories to share,
And to lean on Jesus' breast.
(See 619.)

CHORUSES.

“Saviour, wash me in the blood,” etc.

(See 93.)

“O glorious fountain, here will I stay,” etc.

(See 193.)

“My soul will overcome by the blood of the
Lamb,” etc.

(See 211.)

“Only trust Him,” etc.

(See 193.)

“O depth of mercy, can it be,” etc.

O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

(See 193.)

Look to Jesus, etc.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will, etc.

CHORUSES.

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms ;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
O there are ten thousand charms.

O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain and liveth again
To intercede for me.

(See 104 and 113.)

O the blood, the precious blood,
That Jesus shed for me ;
Upon the cross a crimson flood
Just now by faith I see.

(See 193.)

We love to sing around our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus ;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

S. M.

||:I'm glad salvation's free !:||
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free !

There'll be no parting sorrow there,
There'll be no parting there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no parting there.

CHORUSES.

Dear Jesus receive me,
No more will I grieve Thee,
Oh, blessed Redeemer,
Oh, save me at the cross!

(See 297.)

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

(See 537.)

||:I know He will answer my prayer;:||
His promise is sure, and I am secure,
I know He will answer my prayer.

(See 59 and 62.)

“I am coming, Lord, coming now,” etc.

O my heart make room for Jesus,
Open now and let Him in;
Let Him in, let Him in,
Open now and let Him in.

O 'tis glory, O 'tis, etc.

I am coming. Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUSES.

7, 6, 7, 6.

||: Good news goes to Canaan, :||
Good news goes to Canaan,
I'm on my way!
(See 364.)

||: There is sweet rest in heaven, :||
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

O, how lovely, how lovely,
How lovely is Jesus,
He is my Redeemer,
My Lord and my King.

||: "Jesus will help you, :||
Help you with grace," etc.

There's balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole;
There's power enough in Jesus
To heal a sin-sick soul.

7, 7, 7, 7.

God is love! I know, I fell:
Jesus lives and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still!

||: Yes, Jesus loves me, :||
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.
(See 297.)

CHORUSES.

“I am trusting, Lord, in Thee;
Blest Lamb of Calvary,” etc.

Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

(See 550.)

8, 7, 8, 7.

Lord, revive us, Lord revive us,
All our help must come from Thee!

(See 402.)

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
Oh! there are ten thousand charms.

(See 18.)

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come again.

(See 218.)

I love Jesus, hallelujah!
I love Jesus, yes I do,
||:I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles and loves me too.:||

||:Precious name, Oh how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy, etc.:||

CHORUSES.

Glory, glory ! Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !
Oh His cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

My soul is heaven-bound
Glory hallelujah ;
My soul is heaven-bound,
O praise ye the Lord.
(See 18.)

When the last trial's over
How happy we shall be ;
On the other side of Jordan
We'll shout the jubilee.
(See 309 and 314.)

Ye that labor and are heavy laden
Lean upon your Saviour's breast.
Ye that labor, etc.,
Come and He will give you rest.
(See 361.)

Unclassified Meters.

Hallelujah ! thine the glory,
Hallelujah, amen.
Hallelujah, thine the glory,
Revive us again,

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
||:Jesus loves me,:||
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

CHORUSES.

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe ;
Sin hath left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,
For a few days, for a few days ;
We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,
And then we're going home.

||:Oh, then to the rock let me fly,
To the rock that is higher than I.:||
(See 371.)

Yes Jesus is mighty to save
And all his salvation may know, etc.

Over there, over there,
Oh what must it be, etc.

||:I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.:||

I'm living in Canaan now,
I'm living in Canaan,
The blood applied, I am justified ;
I'm living in Canaan now.

O Lord, bless my soul
And I'll shout glory ;
And when I die convey me home,
And I'll shout glory.
(See 609.)

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