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RELIGIOUS SONGSTER

BEING A CHOICE

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS: SUITABLE TO BE USED AT MISSIONARY, TEMPERANCE AND ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS, AS WELL AS AT SOCIAL PRAYER AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS, ETC., ETC.

COMPILED BY

SEVERAL MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

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Presented by
C. Harrison
J. B. [unclear]

**WM. SCHOULER, (successor to L. Huntress,
PRINTER, LOWELL.**

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little book of hymns, differs from all others of the kind, in many respects. 1. Many of the hymns have never before been published in a permanent form; and many others are now, and have been for a long time, out of print. 2. Those hymns which are seldom sung on account of their *length*, have been divided; and in this way, it is hoped, their total loss will be prevented. 3. Appropriate *titles* have been given to each hymn. 4. The arranging of the several kinds of hymns under different heads, it is believed, will be found peculiarly advantageous, especially on *anniversary* occasions. One half of our Missionary, Anti-Slavery and Temperance meetings lose a great share of their *interest*, for the want of *appropriate* hymns to be sung on the occasions. A *remedy* for this evil may be found in the RELIGIOUS SONG-STER. Here are some of the *best* hymns for these occasions which can anywhere be found: hymns rich in *poetry*, *philanthropy* and sound *divinity*; hymns which the more they are sung, the better they will be liked. 5. While many of the hymns are adapted to and designed for *public* Missionary and other meetings, anniversaries, &c., a large portion of them cannot fail greatly to aid the *private* devotions of all true Christians. It is hoped, therefore, that while this little volume of *spiritual songs* is, with confidence, presented to the public, it will meet with a cordial reception, and help to promote the present and eternal interests of the church and the world.

THE COMPILERS.



A COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

HYMN 1.—C. M.

Coronation of Christ.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Extol the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him—Lord of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him—Lord of all.
- 4 Crown Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, LORD did call;

The God incarnate—man divine,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

- 5 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.

SECOND PART.

- 1 YE Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him—Lord of all.
- 2 Babes, men and sires, who know His love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown Him—Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him—Lord of all.
- 4 Oh, that with yonder shining throng,
We at His feet may fall!
And join the everlasting song,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

HYMN 2.—C. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free;

Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll
All round from sea to sea!
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the jubilee.

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians *all* agree
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the jubilee.

5 Jesus is on His mercy seat,
Before Him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth His praise repeat,
This is the jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come
Unto the Saviour free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the jubilee.

HYMN 3.—P. M.

The Sabbath.

1 HOLY Sabbath! day of rest!
Happy day which God has blest;
Purest day of all the seven,
To man in Paradise was given.
Holy Sabbath! day of love!
Emblem of the "rest" above;
Haste we on to that abode—
City of the living God.

2 Holy Sabbath! day divine!
Brightest glories on thee shine;
Angels shout to hail thy dawn,
Holy, happy, blissful morn.
Holy Sabbath! day serene!
Sainted millions hast thou seen
Marching to the house of God,
Trusting in atoning blood.

3 Holy Sabbath! thou shalt cease
Passing in the round of years!
Time must *close* and be *no more*
On this dark, terrestrial shore!
Yet in the holy, heavenly land,
Where roses fresh forever stand,
Saints of God with angels prove
A Sabbath of unbounded love.

HYMN 4.—L. M.

The Unknown World.

- 1 HARK! my gay friends, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul!
'Tis gone, that's all *we* know—not where,
Or *how* the unbodied soul doth fare.
- 2 In that mysterious world none knows,
But God alone, to whom it goes!—
To whom departed souls return,
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.
- 3 Oh, by what glimmering light we view
The unknown world we're hast'ning to!
God has locked up the mystic page,
And curtained darkness round the stage.
- 4 We talk of heaven—we talk of hell!
But what they mean, no tongue can tell!
Heaven is the place where angels are,
And hell the chaos of despair.
- 5 But what these awful words imply,
None of us know until we die!
Whether we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

HYMN 5.—L. M.

"The Mercy Seat."

- 1 FROM every storm of wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm and sure retreat,
 'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads ;—
 A place than all beside more sweet,
 It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,—
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sundered far—by faith they meet
 Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah ! whither should 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 angel's wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more ;
 The Lord comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

HYMN 6.—L. M.

Divine Benedictions.

1 BLEST are the *humble* souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the *men* of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;

The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all our woes.

- 3 Blest are the *meek* who stand afar
From noise and passion, rage and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the *souls* that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness!
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

HYMN 7.—P. M.

The Crucifixion.

- 1 I LOVE the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrows trod,
And bore my sins, a dreadful load,
Up Calvary's gloomy mountain.
There on the cross he mournful hung,
The sport of many an impious tongue,
While pains extreme his nature wrung,
And flowed life's crimson fountain.
- 2 The sun would not behold the scene,
But round him threw night's sable screen,
Nature was rob'd in mourning mien,
And sigh'd when Jesus suffer'd;
But O! his persecutors stood,
That cruel, viperous, hellish brood,
Unmoved to see his gushing blood;
And scoffing insults offer'd.

- 3 Oh! why did not his anger burn?
 And floods of vengeance on them turn?
 Amazing! see his bowels yearn
 In soft compassion o'er them!
 No fury kindles in his eyes,—
 They glow with love, and when he dies,
 "Father, forgive," the suff'rer cries,
 And makes excuses for them.

PAUSE.

- 4 Oh! was there ever such distress,
 Or such amazing proof as this
 Of mercy, love, and tenderness,
 That our Redeemer's given?
 Not one of all the hosts above,
 Could comprehend his matchless love,
 Which did within his bosom move,
 And brought him down from heaven
- 5 How ardent ought my love to be,
 For him who's done so much for me;
 My constant service, faithful, free,
 And all my powers employing.
 I ought my cross with pleasure bear,
 And place my all of glorying there;
 In his reproach most gladly share,
 In tribulations joying.
- 6 And never shall it be conceal'd,
 He hath in me his love reveal'd,
 Of all my sins a pardon seal'd,
 I feel his blessed favor.

In him I do and will rejoice;
 I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
 Until the theme my tongue employs
 In heaven above forever.

HYMN 8.—P. M.

Christ in the Garden.

1 WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to
 rest,
 The last beam of day-light shone dim in the
 west,
 O'er fields, by the moonlight, my wandering
 feet
 Sought in quiet meditation, some lonely re-
 treat.

2 While passing a garden, I paused for to
 hear
 A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was
 there;
 The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
 While in agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
 He spoke of the torments the sinner must
 bear;

His life as a ransom, he offer'd to give,
 That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

4 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
 What man of compassion this stranger might
 be!

I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the
night ;
His locks by pale moon-beams were glist'ning
bright ;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to Heaven were
raised,
While angels in wonder stood round him
amazed.

PAUSE.

6 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his
prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood,
and tears !
I wept to behold him !—I ask'd him his name,
He answered,—“ 'Tis JESUS ! from Heaven
I came !

7 I am thy Redeemer ! For thee I must die :
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by !
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me ;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.”

8 I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his woe ;
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow !
The cause of his sorrows, to hear him repeat,
Afflicted my heart,—and I fell at his feet.

9 I trembl'd with horror ; and loudly did cry,
“ Lord ! save a poor sinner ! O save or I die !”

He smil'd when he saw me ; and said to me,

“Live,

Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive!”

10 How sweet was that moment he bade me
rejoice!

His smile, O how pleasant! How cheering his
voice!

I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted Salvation! and Glory to God!

11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above ;
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love!
I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears
Of that loving Stranger, who banished my
fears!

12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel descending—the trumpet shall
sound ;

My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

HYMN 9.—L. M.

Zion's Captivity.

1 WHEN we our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we strung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,

With silent strings neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.

3 There they that led us captive, said,
"Come sing us one of Zion's Songs,"
And of our grief derision made,
Nor Jacob's God redress'd our wrongs.

4 How can we sing on Babel's shore,
Where songs profane offend the ear?
Where strangers idol gods adore,
And hated images appear?

5 If I forget Jerusalem,
Altho' she now in ruin lies,
Let ev'ry object cease to charm,
And cleave my tongue, and close my eyes.

6 O! could I see the house of God,
Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains,
Once more my brethren's blest abode,
There would I dwell, while life remains.

HYMN 10.—C. M.

The Christian's Home.

1 OH! land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come?
That I shall lay this armour by,
And dwell with Christ at Home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome;

This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my Home.

- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for shelter to His breast,
And He'd conduct me Home.
- 4 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view'd the garping tomb;
Altho' I fear'd death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh'd for Home.
- 5 I would at once have left the place
Where foes and fury roam;
But ah, my passport was unseal'd,
I could not yet go Home.
- 6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave the unhallow'd ground;
And dwell with CHRIST at HOME.

HYMN 11.—L. M.

The Sinner's Hiding Place.

- 1 HAIL, heavenly love, which first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace!
Which gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;

Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapp'd in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4 But lo! the eternal council ran,
Almighty Love, arrest the man!
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

5 Eternal justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy to my soul appear'd;
She led me on a pleasing pace
To Jesus Christ my hiding place.

7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
This fury would not daunt my face,
For JESUS is my hiding place.

8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 12.—C. M.

Something always new.

- 1 SINCE Man by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks Creation through,
And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
In trying something new.
- 2 The new possess'd, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue ;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.
- 3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru ;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.
- 4 But when we feel the Saviour's power,
All good in him we view,
The soul forsakes its vain pursuit
Nor seeks for something new.
- 5 The joys a dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review ;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new,

HYMN 13.—P. M.

Solemn Reflections.

- 1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid like the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole ;

Time, like a tide, its moment keeps,
Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly:
Unthinking man! remember this,
Thou 'midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call!
Thine earthly house must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast, extensive blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 Eternal bliss—eternal wo
Hangs on this inch of time below—
On this precarious breath:
The God of Nature only knows
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.

PAUSE.

5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot!
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months may roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

- 6 But shall my soul be then extinct,
Or *cease* to LIVE, or *cease* to THINK?
It cannot, cannot be ;
Thou, my immortal, cannot die :
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free ?
- 7 Will mercy then its arms extend ?
Will Jesus be my guardian friend,
And heaven my dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear
To drag me down to dark despair,
Beyond the reach of grace ?
- 8 A heaven or hell, as these alone,
Beyond this mortal life are known,
There is no middle state ;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be *too late*.
- 9 Oh, do not pass this life in dreams,
Vast is the charge, whate'er it seems
To poor, unthinking men :
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience tell me plainly now
What it will tell me then.
- 10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose that better way,
Which leads to joys on high ;
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to *live*
Such as I dare not *die*.

HYMN 14.—L. M.

The Parting Hand.

- 1 My Christian friends, in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
- 2 Your company's sweet, your union's dear,
Your words delightful to my ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.
- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away
When we have met to sing and pray ;
How loth we've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 Oh, could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my fainting mind !
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.
- 5 Then, since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while ;
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, " Our Father's will be done."

PAUSE.

- 6 Dear fellow youth, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on—you'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.

- 7 How oft I've seen your falling tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
- 8 Ye mourning souls, in sore surprise
Jesus will hearken to your cries ;
O trust his grace, in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 9 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll all be strong ;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
- 10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see ;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
- 11 O glorious day ! O blessed hope !
My soul leaps forward at the thought !
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

HYMN 15.—P. M.

The Bower of Prayer.

- 1 To leave my dear friends, and with neigh-
bors to part,
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
Like the thoughts of absenting myself for one
day

From that blest retreat where I've chosen to
pray.

2 Sweet bower where the pine and the pop-
lar have spread,

And wove with their branches a roof o'er my
head,

How oft I have knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in
prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of the lov'd nightin-
gale,

Which dwelt in my bower I observ'd as my
"Bell,"

To call me to *duty* while birds in the air,
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by
the pine,—

The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine,
Yet sweeter, O sweeter! superlative were,
The joys there I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deign'd there to
meet,

And fill'd with his presence my humble re-
treat;—

Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness
there,

Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

6 Dear Bower!—I must leave you, and bid
you adieu,

And pay my devotions in parts that are new ;
Well knowing my Saviour resides every where
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

7 And when from my home at a distance I'm
gone,
I'll make my dear Jesus the close of my song ;
I'll sing and rejoice tho' coarse be my fare,
And lead precious souls to my Saviour in
prayer.

HYMN 16.—L. M.

Devotion to God.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come my dear Jesus from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand ;
And in sweet murmurs by thy side,
Rivers of bliss forever glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace ;
Bring down a taste of love divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

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

HYMN 17.—L. M.

Address to Youth.

- 1 Now in the heat of youthful blood,
 Remember your Creator God:
 Behold the months come hast'ning on,
 When you shall say—"My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
 Down to the regions of the dead,
 With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
 The soul in agonies of pain
 Ascends to God;—not there to dwell,
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King!—I fear thy name;
 Teach me to know how frail I am;
 And when my soul must hence remove,
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 18.—C. M.

The Dying Hour.

- 1 STROOP down my tho'ts that us'd to rise,
Converse awhile with DEATH;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down;
His pulse are faint and few;
Then, speechless, with doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But oh! the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way!
- 4 Up to the courts, where angels dwell,
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In fathomless despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
My flesh awaits thy dread command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 19.—P. M.

The Way to Heaven.

- 1 CALL'D to a sense of duty,
I would obey the call,
And for the sake of Jesus,
I freely give up all :
My former vain enjoyments,
Of pleasure, pride and gain ;
That I in Jesus' kingdom
A mansion may obtain.
- 2 How often I have struggl'd,
To hold some foolish sin ;
Yet, to the heavenly kingdom,
I meant to enter in ;
But now I am persuaded
That nothing else will do,
But Jesus for my portion,
And holy joys pursue.
- 3 Let all the world's gay beauty
With Satan's flattering bait,
With all their pride and grandeur
Around my soul await ;
Yet far superior beauty
Through faith I see ahead ;
And I am bent upon it,
This holy way to tread.
- 4 Come, who will travel with me,
The way that leads to heaven ?
And follow none but Jesus,

The way which he has given :
And take his word for counsel,
His Spirit for a guide,
And make a full surrender
Of every thing beside.

5 Come on, my precious brethren,
And travel on with me :
We'll seek for heavenly treasure
Until we find the sea
Of sweet, unbounded riches,
Of life, and love, and peace :
Where beauty never withers,
And glories never cease.

6 What though the world reproach us,
And say we're mean or poor,
No matter what we suffer,
If we can reach the shore :
'Twill make the glory sweeter,
And raise the praises higher ;
And we shall be completer,
When purified by fire.

HYMN 20,—C. M.

Broken Ties.

1 THE broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remembered dream ;

Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

2 The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we lov'd,
Far from our arms, perchance, may roam,
To distant scenes remov'd ;
Or we have watch'd their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sigh'd to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

3 The friends, the lov'd ones of our youth,
They too are gone or chang'd,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darken'd and estranged ;
They meet us in a glitt'ring throng,
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

4 Oh, who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss,
Unclouded, yet remain ?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns beyond the skies ;
That hope unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's enduring ties.

5 Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,

To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above ;
And ev'ry pang which rends the breast,
And ev'ry joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a safer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

HYMN 21.—P. M.

Invitation.

- 1 COME all ye mourning souls,
Who seek rest in Jesus' love,
And place your whole affection
On things that are above ;
Come, let us join together,
And hand in hand go on,
Till we arrive in Canaan,
Where we no more shall mourn.
- 2 Behold how Satan rages,
Temptations do abound ;
And often persecution
Besets us all around ;
Our friends they do desert us,
And count us low and mean,
Because we love the name of the
Despised Nazarene.
- 3 To all created comfort
We freely bid farewell ;
By faith we see the mansion
Where we do hope to dwell ;

- Our Saviour doth invite us,
 He reaches out a crown,
 To comfort and protect us,
 The angels wait around.
- 4 A few more days in sorrow,
 And Christ will call us home,
 To walk the golden streets
 Of the new Jerusalem;
 Until that blessed hour
 Let's faithfully endure;
 The promises are faithful,
 The crown and kingdom sure.
- 5 Adieu! our old companions,
 We love your precious souls;
 O'er all your sinful courses,
 Our heart in secret mourns;
 Fain would we take you with us,
 But if you wont comply,
 We'll leave you all to Jesus—
 O, to His bosom fly!

HYMN 22.—P. M.

Glorious Treasure.

- 1 RELIGION is a glorious treasure
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
 It fills the mind with consolation,
 It lifts the heart to things above,
 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
 It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea,

'Tis mixed with goodness, meek, humble patience—

This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory!

This world with all its pomp and show—

Its vain delights and delusive pleasures—

I gladly leave them all below:

But grace and glory shall be my story,

While I in Jesus such beauties see;

While endless ages are onward rolling,

This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house shall be dissolved,

And mortal life will soon be o'er,—

All earthly cares and earthly sorrows

Shall pain my heart and eyes no more;

Yet "pure religion" remains forever,

And strengthened my glad heart shall be;

While endless ages are onward rolling,

This heavenly portion mine shall be.

HYMN 23.—P. M.

"Praise ye the Lord."

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! Ye mortals, raise

Your voices in triumphant songs,

Resound the high and lofty praise

Which mingling falls from seraph tongues,

And from the harp on every chord,

In thrilling numbers, praise the Lord.

2 Praise ye the Lord! That angel choir,
 Still circling round the throne above,
 Day without night, on golden lyre
 Recount the tale of dying love,
 Till myriad bands with one accord,
 In songs triumphant, praise the Lord.

3 Praise ye the Lord! That angel throng,
 Now beaming with effulgence bright,
 Which rolls the tide of sacred song,
 Throughout those fields of golden light—
 Bows at his feet—by heaven adored,
 And calls on earth to praise the Lord.

4 Earth answers with her thousand tongues,
 From hill, and dale, and mountain top,
 With offerings pure. She gladly comes
 And pours them from her incense cup,
 Till high as angel's wing, has soared
 The joyous anthem—Praise the Lord!

5 Praise ye the Lord! That gladd'ning song,
 Shall sweep o'er earth's extended plain,
 And heaven's high arch the notes prolong,
 Till echo faints beneath the strain;
 And seraphim, to silence awed,
 In hymns unuttered, praise the Lord.

HYMN 24.—P. M.

Gloom of Autumn.

1 HAIL ye sighing sons of sorrow,
 View with me th' autumnal gloom;

Learn from thence your fate to-morrow!

Dead, perhaps, laid in the tomb!

See all nature fading, dying,

Silent all things seem to mourn;

Life from vegetation flying,

Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

2 Oft autumnal tempests rising,

Make the lofty forests nod;

Scenes of nature how surprising!

Read in nature, nature's God.

See our God the great Creator,

Lives eternal in the sky,

While we mortals yield to nature,

Bloom awhile then fade and die.

3 What to me are autumn's treasures,

Since I know no earthly joy?

Long I've lost all youthful pleasures,

Time must youth and health destroy.

Pleasures once I fondly courted,

Shar'd each bliss that youth bestows;

But to see where then I sported,

Now embitters all my woes.

4 Age and sorrow since have blasted

Every youthful, pleasing dream,

Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,

O how short their glories seem!

As the annual frosts are cropping

Leaves and tendrils from the trees,

So my friends are yearly dropping,

Thro' old age and dire disease.

- 5 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
 Just to cheer my drooping mind ;
 But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
 Driven before the dreary wind.
 When a few more years are wasted,
 When a few more springs are o'er,
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,
 I shall live to die no more.
- 6 Fast my sun of life's declining,
 I must sleep in death's dark night ;
 But my hope, pure and refining,
 Rests in future life and light.
 Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,
 Christ will burst the silent tomb ;
 Then the saints shall upward flying,
 Rise into immortal bloom.

 HYMN 25.—L. M.

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
 One star alone of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host—from ev'ry gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark ;

The ocean yawn'd; and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vifals froze—
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 26.—P. M.

Fall of Babylon.

- 1 HAIL the day so long expected!
Hail the year of full release!
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen live in peace.
From the distant coasts of Zion,
The shrill trumpet loudly roars,—
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.
- 2 Hark! and hear the people crying,
See the city disappears;

Trade and traffic—all are dying,
 Lo! they sink to rise no more!
 Merchants who have bought her traffic,
 Crying from a distant shore,—
Babylon is fallen, &c.

3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
 What is this that comes to pass?
 Murmuring like some distant thunder;
 Crying, Oh! alas, alas!
 Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
 Priests and people, rich and poor,—
Babylon is fallen, &c.

4 Lo, the captives are returning,
 Up to Zion see them fly;
 While the heavenly host rejoices,
 Shout and echo thro' the sky;
 See the ancients of the city,
 Terrified at the uproar,—
Babylon is fallen, &c.

5 Tune your harps ye heavenly choir,
 Shout ye followers of the LAMB;
 See the city all on fire,
 Clap your hands and blow the flame.
 Now's the day of compensation,
 Hope of mercy now is o'er,—
Babylon is fallen, &c.

HYMN 27.—P. M.

Eternity.

1 O TURN ye ! O turn ye ! for *why* will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming nigh ?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says 'come,'
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away !
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as
 you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your soul to re-
 ceive,

O how can you question ?—submit and believe ;
 If *sin* is your burden, *why* will you not come ?
 'Tis *you* he bids welcome ; he bids you come
 home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your afflictions, or banish your pain ?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die ?
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on
 air ?

There's mercy in JESUS, enough and to spare ;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and
 free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour
 your heart,

And trusting in heaven, we never shall part ;
 O how can we leave you ? *why* will you not
 come ?

We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

HYMN 28.—P. M.

Eden of Love.

1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that a-
 wait me,

In yon blissful region, the haven of rest ;
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
 greet me,

And lead me in mansions prepared for the
 blest ;

Encircled with light, and with glory enshroud-
 ed,

My happiness perfect—my mind's eye un-
 clouded ;

I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasures unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden
 of Love.

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned ce-
 lestial,

Harmoniously join in the concert of praise ;
 The saints as they flock from the regions ter-
 restrial,

In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise ;
 Then songs to the LAMB shall re-echo thro'
 Heaven,

My soul shall respond to IMMANUEL be given,

All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of
 Love.

3 Then hail blessed state! Hail ye songsters
 in glory!

Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your blest choir in rehearsing the
 story,

“Salvation from sorrow, thro' Jesus' love:”
 Tho' prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prohibition,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from prob-
 ation,

My heart now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

HYMN 29.—P. M.

“Remember Lot's Wife.”

1 THE ways of RELIGION true pleasures afford,
 There's nothing can equal the joys of my Lord;
 Forsake all the world, and escape for your life,
 And look not behind you, “Remember Lot's
 wife.”

2 Ye carnal professors, who stand on your lees,
 Amid your vain pleasures, your profits and
 ease;
 God calls you—arise, and escape for your life,
 And look not behind you, “Remember Lot's
 wife.”

3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to
 stray,
 He'll tell you, "*No danger of falling away.*"
 He means to delude you, escape for your life,
 And look not behind you, "Remember Lot's
 wife."

4 How many poor souls has the tempter be-
 guiled!
 With specious temptations how many defiled!
 He means to deceive *you*, escape for your life,
 And look not behind you, "Remember Lot's
 wife."

5 But if you're determined the call to refuse,
 The way of destruction forever to choose,
 For hell you must give up the blessings of life,
 And *then*, if not *now*, you'll "Remember Lot's
 wife."

HYMN 30.—P. M.

Prayer.

1 WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
 prayer;
 It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
 Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
 Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
 Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
 prayer.

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest
we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart,
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments
are there,
O, how hurtfully pleasing, till hallowed by
prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's
arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
On looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers
to bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams through no me-
dium but this ;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer.

HYMN 31.—P. M.

Jehovah's Chariot.

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll
in fire,
When the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
His ire!
Lo, self-moving it drives on its path-way of
cloud,
And the heavens 'neath the burden of God-
head are bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around Him are
pour'd,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on their
Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are
there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victo-
ry wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have
all heard!
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel
are stirred
From the sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.
- 4 The Judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met;

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,
And the doom of Eternity hangs on His word.

HYMN 32.—8 & 7.

*Funeral Hymn.**

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful, in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number—
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

* Written on the death of a young lady, a member of the Mount Vernon School, Boston.

HYMN 33.—P. M.

Christian Perfection.

- 1 YE who know your sins forgiven,
 And are happy in the Lord,
 Have you read the gracious promise
 Which is left upon record :
 I will sprinkle you with water,
 I will cleanse you from all sin,
 Sanctify and make you holy,
 I will dwell and reign within.
- 2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you still may find,
 Freedom from unholy tempers—
 Freedom from the carnal mind.
 To procure your perfect freedom,
 Jesus suffered, groaned and died ;
 On the cross the healing fountain
 Gushed from his wounded side.
- 3 Oh, ye tender babes in Jesus !
 Hear your heavenly Father's will,
 Claim your portion, plead his promise,
 And he quickly will fulfil.
 Pray, and the refining fire
 Will come streaming from above ;
 Now believe and gain the blessing,
 Nothing less than perfect love.
- 4 If you have obtain'd this treasure,
 Search and you shall surely find
 All the Christian works and graces
 Planted, growing in your mind :

Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
 Perfect lowliness, and then
 Perfect hope and perfect meekness,
 Perfect love for God and man.

- 5 But be sure to gain the witness,
 Which abides both day and night;
 This your God has plainly promised,
 This is like a stream of light;
 While you keep this blessed witness,
 All is clear and calm within;
 God himself assures you by it,
 That your heart is cleansed from sin.

PAUSE.

- 6 Be as holy and as happy
 And as useful here below,
 As it is your Father's pleasure,
 Jesus, only Jesus, know.
 Spread, oh spread the holy fire!
 Tell, oh tell what God has done,
 Till the nations are conformed
 To the image of his Son.
- 7 Witnesses might be produced
 Of this glorious work of love,
 Paul and James, and John and Peter,
 Long before they went above.
 Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands
 Have, and do, and will appear;
 Let me ask the solemn question,
 Has the Lord a witness here?

- 8 Wake up, brother, wake up, sister,
 Seek, oh seek this holy state!
 None but holy ones can enter
 Thro' the pure celestial gate:
 Can you bear the thought of losing
 All the joys that are above?
 No, my brother, no, my sister,
 God will perfect you in love.
- 9 May a mighty sound from heaven
 Suddenly come rushing down;
 Cloven tongues, like as of fire,
 May they set on all around.
 Oh, may every soul be fill'd
 With the Holy Ghost to-day!
 It is coming! it is coming!
 Oh, prepare, prepare the way!
-

HYMN 34.—P. M.

Ascension of Christ.

- 1 HAIL the day that saw him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
 Christ awhile to mortals given,
 Reascends his native heaven:
 There the pompous triumph waits;
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates;
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of glory in!"
- 2 Him, tho' highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;

Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls the world his own ;
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say,)
 Taken from our head to-day ;
 See thy faithful servant, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height—
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, sighing after home ;
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see—
 Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

HYMN 35.—P. M.

The Gospel Spreading.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears !

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower ;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour :
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers bring,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love ;
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above.
While sinners now confessing,
The Gospel call obey ;
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation !
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home,—
Stay not till all the holy,
Proclaim—“*The Lord is come !*”

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

HYMN 36.—P. M.

Bishop Heber's Hymn.

- 1 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 errors chain.
- 2 What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

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 ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 37.—P. M.

Missionaries' Farewell.

- 1 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 thee
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell ;
Happy home! indeed I love thee—
Can I, can I say farewell—
Can I leave thee
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bells ;

Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure—
 Can I say alas! farewell—
 Can I leave you
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from thee 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.

5 In the desert let me labor,
 On the mountain let me tell,
 How he died, the blessed Saviour,—
 He redeem'd a world from hell—
 Glad I leave thee—
 Native land, farewell, farewell.

HYMN 38.—P. M.

Advent of Christ.

[BY REV. S. O. WRIGHT.]

1 THE dews lay dark on Hermon,
 And soft on Zion's height,
 The glassy wave of Kedron
 Bore on the song of night,
 When Jew and Gentile stranger
 Beheld a light afar—
 For lo! at Bethlehem's manger
 Arose SALVATION'S STAR!

- 2 Its rays were brightly glowing
 O'er Judah's hills and plains,
 And Seraph's chorus flowing,
 Awoke inspiring strains ;
 Through lands of mighty story
 The song of angels ran,
 While thrill'd the harps of glory—
 " Good will and peace to man ! "
- 3 On Afric's silvery rivers,
 On Greenland's crest of snow,
 On broken bow and quivers,
 And idols bloody show,
 The morn of truth is breaking !
 Lo ! error turns her eye—
 Her throne beneath her shaking—
 And bids her minions fly !
- 4 Soon earth's loud praise ascending,
 Shall hush the notes of wo,
 And throne and kingdom blending,
 The love of Jesus know ;—
 And o'er each tribe and nation
 The cross of Christ shall wave,
 Repeating thro' creation—
 THE LORD HAS COME TO SAVE !

 HYMN 39.—P. M.

Address to Missionaries.

- 1 HAIL, ye heralds of salvation,
 Sent by God's Almighty Son !

Flying far to heathen nations
To proclaim what has been done,
For poor sinners,
By the holy Three in One.

2 Go and tell the wretched heathen,
Sleeping in their moral grave,
You are sent as lights to show them
Who hath died the world to save :
Happy tidings!
See the gospel's banner wave !

3 Fly away to dark Liberia,
Raise the gospel standard high !
Soon a mighty flood of glory
Will descend from yonder sky !
Free Salvation,
Jesus for the world did die !

4 He'll preserve while far you wander
Where the mighty Niger rolls ;
Tho' you're pilgrims there and strangers,
Toil to save immortal souls :
Blow your trumpets !
Say to all, "the Lamb behold !"

5 Follow Jesus Christ your Master ;
Think the strife will soon be o'er ;
Then in realms of brightest glory
You shall reign forever more :
Hallelujah !
View by faith the joyful hour !

- 6 In the realms of endless glory,
 Saints of God forever reign,
 Bearing palms of noble vict'ry,
 Free from sorrow, toil, and pain :
 Songs of glory,
 Through all heaven's high arches ring !
-

HYMN 40.—L. M.

Darkness of Palestine.

- 1 NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
 No guiding star the wise men see ;
 And heavy is oppression's yoke,
 Where first the gospel said, *Be free.*
- 2 And where the harps of angels bore,
 Heaven's message to the shepherd throng,
 Good will and peace are heard no more
 To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.
- 3 Send forth, send forth the glorious light
 That from eternal wo doth save ;
 And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
 Ere millions find a hopeless grave.
- 4 Behold the knee of childhood bends
 In prayer for that benighted land ;
 And with its Sabbath lesson blends
 Fond memory of the mission band.
- 5 With pitying zeal o'er ocean's wave,
 We reach, the helpless hand to take ;
 O, may we but one wanderer save !
 We ask it for a Saviour's sake.

HYMN 41.—P. M.

Our Western Heathen.

- 1 FROM o'er the Rocky mountains,
Where prairies wide are spread,
Where streams from forest fountains,
Flow west to ocean's bed:
See savage men descending
To Mississippi's vale,
Their eager eyes still bending
An eastern light to hail.
- 2 For they have heard a story,
Of God's most holy Book;
All full of light and glory,
On which their eyes may look;
And they like Eastern sages,
Who journey'd from afar,
Have travel'd weary stages,
To hail an eastern star!
- 3 "Have you that BOOK from HEAVEN,"
The western wise men say,
To us shall it be given,
"To guide us on our way?
We're wanderers, all our nation,
Deep lost in gloomy night;
O let us know salvation!
O give us heaven-born light!"
- 4 Yes, red men, here out-beaming,
God's Book shines strong and free;
And soon its radiance gleaming,
Your children's eyes shall see:—

And soon upon your mountains,
 Shall Gospel heralds stand!
 And soon shall Zion's fountains
 Stream gladness thro' your land.

HYMN 42.—P. M.

Free Grace.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
 When the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear
 Bursting on my 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 dainties stored;
 To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 Yet again a child confess'd;
 Never from his house to roam,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end,
 Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,

Safe your spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day ;
 Up to my eternal home,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

HYMN 43.—7 & 6.

The Jews.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou didst lead
 Thy flock the desert through,
 And from between the cherubim,
 Thy beaming mercy show.
 - 2 But now for ages they have been
 Far banished from thy sight,
 Wandering through all the earth, as those
 In whom is no delight.
 - 3 Yet is thy word of promise sure,
 That they shall be restored ;
 And with the Gentile church unite
 To love and serve the Lord.
 - 4 Our faith in expectation waits
 With ever-longing eyes ;
 O, bid the shadows flee away,—
 That glorious morning rise.
-

HYMN 44.—7s.

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.—

- Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
 Traveller! yes; it brings the day,—
 Promised day of Israel!
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.—
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.—
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
 Traveller! ages are its own;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.—
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
 Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God, is come!

 HYMN 45.

- 1 WAKE, isles of the south! your redemption
 is near;
 No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
 The strength of his chosen in love will appear,

And lights shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,

The zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease,

Shall waft the glad sound to your desolate shore,

Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

3 The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-spring the prophet in vision once saw ;

When the beams of Messiah will illumine each clime,

And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

4 On the regions that sit in the darkness of night,

The land of despair, to oblivion a prey,

The morning will open with healing and light ;

The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten to-day.

HYMN 46.—7s.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,

Kindled by a spark of grace !

Jesus' love the nations fires,

Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought ;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

2 When he first the work began,
Small and feeble was his day ;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way ;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love !

HYMN 47.—C. M.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;

“Up to the hill of God,” they say,
 “And to his courts we’ll go.”

- 3 The beams that shine on Zion’s hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Zion’s towers
 Shall all the world command.

HYMN 48.—8, 7, & 4.

- 1 ON the mountain’s top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive !
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 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 ;
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad :
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

HYMN 49.—S. M.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
 - 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage, go.
 - 3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame ;
Go, tell his matchless grace ;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.
 - 4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.
-

HYMN 50.—L. M.

- 1 LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light !
Behold the fields, already white ;
The glorious harvest now is come ;
See ransomed sinners flocking home.
- 2 Moved by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclined ;
Their former sins and follies mourn ;
They bow, and to their God return.

- 3 Improve the harvest, fleeing fast,
Ere yet the shining season's past;
When all the work of life shall end,
The last, the long, dark night descend.

HYMN 51.—7 & 6.

The Grave of Cox.

- 1 FROM Niger's dubious billow,
From Gambia's silver wave:
Where rests, on death's cold pillow,
The tenant of the grave;
We hear a voice of weeping,
Like low-toned lutes at night,
In plaintive echoes sweeping
Up Mesurado's height.
- 2 The palm-tree o'er him waving,
The grass above his head,
The stream his clay-couch laving,—
All, all proclaim him dead:
Dead! but alive in glory,
A conqueror at rest;
Embalmed in sacred story,
And crowned among the blest.
- 3 A martyr's grave encloses
His wearied frame at last,
Perfumed with heaven's sweet roses,
On his dear bosom cast;
And Afric's sons, deploring
Their champion laid low,

Like many waters roaring,
Unbosom all their woe.

4 The Moon's lone chain of mountains,
The plain where Carthage stood,
Jugurtha's ancient fountains,
And Teembo's palmy wood,
Are wild with notes of sorrow,
Above their sainted friend,
To whom there comes no morrow,
But glory without end.

HYMN 52.—8 & 7.

1 FAREWELL, mother! Jesus calls me
Far away from home and thee;
Earthly love no more enthalls me,
When a bleeding cross I see.
Farewell, mother! Do not pain me
By thine agonizing woe:
Those fond arms cannot detain me:
Dearest mother, I must go.

2 Farewell, father! O, how tender
Are the cords that bind me here!
Jesus! help me to surrender
All I love, without a tear.
No, my Saviour! Wert thou tearless,
Leaning o'er the buried dead?
At this hour, so sad and cheerless,
Shall not burning tears be shed?

- 3 Farewell, sister! Do not press me
 To thy young and throbbing heart:
 O, no longer now distress me!
 Sister, sister, we must part.
 Farewell, pale and silent brother!
 How I grieve to pain thee so!
 Father—mother—sister—brother—
Jesus calls—O, let me go!
-

HYMN 53.—8, 7, & 4.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
 All thy scenes, I love them well;
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 *Home!* thy joys are passing lovely;
 Joys no stranger heart can tell:
 Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee:
 Can I, can I say, *Farewell?*
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days, and Sabbath bell,—
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,—
 Can I say a last farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 4 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.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died—the blessed Saviour—
 To redeem a world from hell:
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
 Let the winds my canvass swell:
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell:
 Glad, I bid thee,
 Native land, *Farewell! Farewell!*

 HYMN 54.—L. M.

- 1 FROM Afric's burning, arid sands,
 And Asia's mild, resplendent sky,
 Let converts, from the heathen lands,
 As doves into their windows, fly.
- 2 With Europe may they join to bless
 The Saviour's name, his praise prolong,
 And islands of the southern seas
 Join with America the song.

HYMN 55.—L. M.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

 ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS.

HYMN 56.—P. M.

Sympathy for the Oppressed.

- 1 HARK! I hear the voice of anguish,
 In my own, my native land ;
 Brethren doom'd in chains to languish,
 Lift to heaven the fettered hand,
 And despairing,
 Death to end their grief demand.
- 2 Let us raise our supplication,
 For the scourg'd and suff'ring slave—
 All whose life is desolation—
 All whose hope is in the grave ;
 God of mercy,
 From thy Throne, O hear and save !
- 3 Those in bonds we would remember,
 Lord! our hands with theirs are bound ;
 With each helpless suffering member,
 Let our sympathies be found,
 Till our labors
 Spread the smile of freedom round.

- 4 Even now the word is spoken ;
 Tyrants' cruel power must cease—
 From the slave the chain be broken—
 Captives, hail the kind release :
 Then in splendor
 Christ shall reign, the Prince of peace.
-

HYMN 57.—L. M.

Parting Hymn.

- 1 COME, Christian brethren ! ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart,
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore ;
 And there released from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
-

HYMN 58.—L. M.

Convention.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand ;
 The voice that marshall'd every star,
 Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
 The truth for which the Martyrs bled ;
 Along the line—to either pole—
 The thunder of thy praise to roll.

- 3 First, bow our hearts beneath thy sway :
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—
Till all mankind shall be subdued.
- 4 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—and oh! impart
The single eye,—the faithful heart.
- 5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recal the wand'ring spirit home :
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

HYMN 59.—C. M.

The Mission of Christ.

- 1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour, promised long;
Let every heart a throne prepare,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its holy fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.
-

HYMN 60.—7s.

Song of Jubilee.

- 1 HARK!—the song of jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore !
- 2 See Jehovah's banners furled !
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks, 'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away !

- 4 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God omnipotent shall reign :
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

HYMN 61.—L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on :
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy great Captain Saviour'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.
- 3 What though thine inward lust rebel ?
 'T is but a struggling gasp for life ;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.
- 4 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.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in Almighty grace ;

While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 62.—7s.

For the Monthly Concert.

- 1 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 word will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;
Slavery with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from hate and malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful word will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet—
To betray us into sin,
As the foes we have within ;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;

Then the joyful word will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

HYMN 63.—C. M.

For the Monthly Concert.

- 1 “Break every yoke,” the Gospel cries,
 “And let the oppress’d go free;”
 Let every captive taste the joys
 Of peace and liberty.
 - 2 Lord, when shall man thy voice obey,
 And rend each iron chain,
 O when shall love its golden sway
 O’er all the earth maintain.
 - 3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 And melt the oppressor’s heart,
 Send sweet deliverance to the slave,
 And bid his woes depart.
 - 4 With freedom’s blessings crown his day—
 O’erflow his heart with love,
 Teach him that strait and narrow way,
 Which leads to rest above.
-

HYMN 64.—S. M.

Speaking the Truth in Love.

- 1 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,
 Saviour, that was in thee !
 And let my knowing zeal be joined
 With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and tempered zeal
 Let me enforce thy call ;
 And vindicate thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.
- 5 O may I love like thee !
 In all thy footsteps tread !
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing thou hast made.
- 6 O may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove !
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

 HYMN 65.—7s.
Lord Deliver.

- 1 LORD deliver ! thou canst save,
 Save from evil, Mighty God ;—
 Hear ! oh hear the kneeling slave ;—
 Break, oh break the oppressor's rod.

- 2 That captive's prayer—may it fill
All the earth, and all the sky ;
Every other voice be still,
While he pleads to God on high.
- 3 He whose ear is every where,
Who doth silent sorrow see,
He will hear the captive's prayer—
He can set the captive free.
- 4 From the tyranny within,
Save thy children, Lord, we pray ;
Chains of iron, chains of sin—
Let them all be cast away.
- 5 Love to man, and love to God,
These must all our weapons be ;
These can break the oppressor's rod,
These will set the captive free.

HYMN 66.—L. M.

Seventy-second Psalm of David.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold ! the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings :
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern gold:
And barbarous nations at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

HYMN 67.—P. M.

Prayer of the Martyr.

- 1 God of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved the tyrant's ire,

Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked unhurt in fire :

- 2 Breathe their faith into my breast ;
Arm me in this fiery hour ;
Stand, O Son of Man, confess
In all thy saving power !

HYMN 68.—P. M.

Prayer for the Monthly Concert.

- 1 FROM foes that would the land devour ;
From guilty pride, and lust of power ;
From wild sedition's lawless hour ;
From yoke of slavery ;
From blinded zeal by faction led ;
From giddy change by fancy bred ;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free !
- 2 Defend, oh God ! with guardian hand,
The laws and rulers of our land,
And grant our church thy grace to stand,
In faith and unity !
The Spirit's help of thee we crave,
That thou whose blood was shed to save,
May'st, at thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome thee !

HYMN 69.—7 & 6.

Fourth of July.

- 1 HEARD ye the mighty rushing ?
As a storm-waked sea it came ;
'T was a nation's deep rejoicing
For her proud and spotless name.
Land of my sleeping fathers !
O'er thee no chain is flung ;
Through all thy verdant valleys
The shout of joy is rung.
- 2 Wide o'er thy rolling rivers,
Thy fair and sunny plains,
And up thy woody mountains,
The soul of freedom reigns.
Land of my sleeping fathers !
O'er thee no chain is flung ?
Through all thy verdant valleys
The shout of joy is rung.
- 3 And is there then no shadow
To dim this hallowed mirth ?
And shall thy name, my country,
Be the watch-word o'er the earth ?
Are all the captives loosened ?
The fettered *slave* set free ?
Is his crushed spirit gladdened
On this gay jubilee ?
- 4 Say to the captive toiling
In freedom's proud abode,

“Cast off thy fetters, brother,
 Take back the *gift of God.*”
 Let not oppression linger
 Where starry banners wave ;
 Swell high the shout of freedom,
 Let it echo for the *slave.*

HYMN 70.—L. M.

Convention.

- 1 “AWAKE my people !” saith your God !
 Your brother’s blood the land profanes !
 Ye bend beneath the oppressor’s rod—
 He binds your spirits in his chains.
- 2 With breaking heart and tortured nerve,
 Your brother drains the accursed cup !
 Now in the name of him ye serve—
 The living God of hosts—come up !
- 3 While faith each fervent spirit fills,
 Arise ! with hope and triumph crowned !
 Shout freedom through your hundred hills
 Till banded hosts come surging round !
- 4 Our God ! we come at thy commands ;—
 Thy people offer willingly !
 No swords are in our peaceful hands,—
 From wrath and doubt our hearts are free.
- 5 Vowed to the cause of awful Truth,
 As erst our Pilgrim Fathers came,
 With maid and matron, age and youth,
 We throng round Freedom’s kindling flame.

HYMN 71.—C. M.

Emancipation.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on:
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'T is 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 My soul with all thy waken'd powers,
 Survey the immortal prize;
 Nor let the glittering toys of earth,
 Allure thy wandering eyes.

HYMN 72.—L. M.

Monthly Concert of Prayer for Emancipation.

- 1 OH, God of Freedom! bless this night,*
 The steadfast hearts that toil as one,

* The last Monday night of every month.

- Till thy sure law of truth and right,
Alike in heaven and earth be done.
- 2 A piercing voice of grief and wrong,
Goes upward from the groaning earth!
Oh true and holy Lord! how long?
In majesty and might come forth!
- 3 Yet, Lord, remembering mercy too,
Behold the oppressor in his sin;
Make all his actions just and true,
Renew his wayward heart within.
- 4 From thee let righteous purpose flow,
And find in every heart its home,
Till truth and judgment reign below,
And here, on earth, thy kingdom come.

HYMN 73.—L. M.

Prayer of the Liberator.

- 1 STEEL me to shame, reproach, disgrace;
Arm me with all thine armor now;
Set like a flint my steady face,
Harden to adamant my brow.
- 2 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
My high commission to perform,
Nor shrink the harshest truths to unfold,
But more than meet the gath'ring storm.
- 3 Adverse to earth's rebellious throng,
Still may I turn my fearless face;

Stand as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast thro' thy strength'ning grace.

4 Give me thy might, thou God of power,
Then, let or men or fiends assail,
Strong in thy strength, I'll stand, a tower,
Till light and liberty prevail.

HYMN 74.—L. M.

Prayer for the Slave.

1 O LET the prisoners' mournful sighs,
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free;
Call home, call home, thy banished ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer,
O Son of Righteousness arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

4 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

5 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suffering members mourn:

Answer our faith's effectual prayer ;
And break the yoke so meckly borne !

HYMN 75.—7 & 6.

Patriotism and Sympathy.

- 1 THINK of our country's glory,
All dimm'd with Afric's tears—
Her broad flag stain'd and gory,
With the hoarded guilt of years.
- 2 Think of the frantic mother, -
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild.
- 3 Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet shrieked, alas ! in vain,
When heart from heart is rending,
Ne'er to be joined again !
- 4 Shall we behold unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crush'd ?
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hush'd ?
- 5 Oh, no ! by every blessing,
That heaven to thee may lend—
Remember their oppression,
Forget not, sister, friend.

HYMN 76.—6 & 4.

Prayer for the Oppressed.

- 1 WITH thy pure dew and rains,
Wash out, O God, the stains
 From Afric's shore ;
And, while her palm-trees bud,
Let not her children's blood
With her broad Niger's flood
 Be mingled more !
- 2 Quench, righteous God, the thirst
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
 The thirst for gold !
Shall not thy thunders speak,
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
 Bound, bleeding, sold ?
- 3 Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on Freedom's plains,
 By Christians wrought !
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
 Christians have bought.
- 4 Cast down, great God, the fanes,
That, to unhallowed gains,
 Round us have risen—
Temples, whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er,

Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison!

- 5 Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image cast
Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

HYMN 77.—L. M.

Self-Reproof.

- 1 WHEN injured Afric's captive claim,
Loads the sad gale with startling moan,
The frown of deep indignant blame
Bend not on *Southern climes* alone.
- 2 Her toil, and chain, and scalding tear,
Our daily board with luxuries deck,
And to dark slavery's yoke severe,
Our Fathers helped to bow her neck.
- 3 If slumbering in the thoughtful breast,
Or justice or compassion dwell,
Call from their couch the hallowed guest,
The deed to prompt, the prayer to swell.
- 4 Oh, lift the hand, and Peace shall bear
Her olive where the palm tree grows,
And torrid Afric's desert share
The fragrance of salvation's rose.

- 5 But if with Pilate's stoic eye,
We calmly *wash* when blood is spilt;
Or deem a cold, unpitying sigh
Absolves us from the stain of guilt;
- 6 Or if, like Jacob's recreant train,
Who traffick'd in a brother's wo,
We hear the suppliant plead in vain,
Or mock his tears that wildly flow;
- 7 Will not the judgments of the skies,
Which threw a shield round Joseph sold,
Be roused by fetter'd Afric's cries,
And change to dross th' oppressor's gold!

HYMN 78.—L. M.

Duty of the Church.

- 1 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 Deliverer calls, Arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair.
Sion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy sinful heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
 Be purg'd from slavery's sinful stain,
 Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
 Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
 And lead the pompous triumph on;
 His glory shall bring up the rear,
 And perfect what his grace begun.

HYMN 79.—7 & 6.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Georgia's southern mountains—
 Potomac's either strand—
 Where Carolina's fountains
 Roll down their golden sand—
 From many a lovely river—
 From many a sunny plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though fair freedom's breezes
 Blow softly o'er our land,
 And each one as he pleases,
 May worship with his band;—
 And though with lavish kindness
 The gospel's gifts are strown,
 The negro in his blindness,
 Is left to grope alone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O Salvation,
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till all in every station
 Shall learn Messiah's name.

4 Ye masters, tell his story,
 And you, ye heralds, preach,
 And to the slave His glory,
 Let every Christian teach,—
 Till from our ransomed nature,
 The chains of bondage fall,
 And Jesus *only Master*
 Shall freely reign o'er all.

HYMN 80.—7s.

The American Female Slave.

1 DAUGHTERS of the Pilgrim Sires,
 Dwellers by their mould'ring graves,
 Watchers of their altar fires,
 Look upon your country's slaves!

2 Look! 't is woman's streaming eye,
 These are woman's fettered hands,
 That to you, so mournfully,
 Lift sad glance, and iron bands.

3 Scars are on her fettered limbs,
 Where the savage scourge hath been;

But the grief her eye that dims,
Flows from deeper wounds within.

4 For the children of her love,
For the brothers of her race,
Sisters, like vine branches wove,
In one early dwelling place—

5 For the parent forms that hung
Fondly o'er her infant sleep,
And for him to whom she clung,
With affection true and deep—

6 By her sad forsaken hearth,
'Tis for these she wildly grieves!
Now all scattered o'er the earth,
Like the wind-strewn autumn leaves!

HYMN 81.—C. M.

Compassion.

1 DAUGHTERS of pity, tune the lay;
To mourners joy belongs;
While he that wipes all tears away
Accepts our thankful songs.

2 No altars smoke, no offerings bleed,
No guiltless lives expire;
To help a brother in his need
Is all our rites require.

3 Our offering is a willing mind
To comfort the distressed;

In others' good our own to find,
In others' blessings blest.

- 4 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

HYMN 82.—P. M.

The last night of Slavery.

- 1 LET the floods clap their hands!
Let the mountains rejoice!
Let all the glad lands
Breathe a jubilant voice:

The sun that now sets on the waves of the sea.
Shall gild with his rising the land of the Free.

- 2 Let the islands be glad,
For their King in his might,
Who his glory hath clad
With a garment of light;

In the waters the beams of his chambers hath
laid,
And in the green waters his pathway hath
made.

- 3 No more shall the deep
Lend its awe-stricken waves,
In their caverns to steep
Its wild burden of slaves:

The Lord sitteth King ;—sitteth King on the
flood,
He heard, and hath answered the voice of
their blood.

4 Dispel the blue haze,
Golden fountain of morn !
With meridian blaze
The wide ocean adorn !

The sun-light has touched the glad waves of
the sea,
And day now illumines the land of the Free.

TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

HYMN 83.—L. M.

“Liquid Death,”—Ardent Spirits.

- 1 ON Java's rich and fertile ground,
A tree of deadly poison grew,
Which sent a noxious vapor round,
And man, and beast, and reptile slew.
- 2 A poison of a deadliest kind,
And more the object of our fear ;
Which kills the body and the mind,
Has spread its influence far and near.
- 3 This poison casts a deadly gloom,
O'er all our earthly sweets and joys ;
It sends its thousands to the tomb,
And every heavenly hope destroys.
- 4 It severs every social tie,
That binds us to our kindred here ;
And all the Christian graces die,
If once they come within its sphere.
- 5 Then let us shun the deadly bane,
Nor touch, nor taste, nor give, nor sell ;

For lo! the dead are in its train,—
It opens wide the gates of HELL.

HYMN 84.—P. M.

Dirge for those slain by Intemperance.

- 1 I stood amid the place of graves,
Where hillocks, thick as combing waves
Where clustered far around.
Death held dominion; here his reign
Was absolute o'er victims slain,
Imprisoned in the ground.
- 2 In sorrow's contemplative mood
I scann'd the mingled multitude,
Whose sepulchres were new.
One year ago they stood with men,
And length of days they reckoned then,
Who now were hid from view.
- 3 And yet from these—what fearful fall
Was theirs! none cared to lift the pall
That deep Oblivion spread.
For them no tears of fond regret,
Had midnight's pillow often wet,
Nor sigh call'd from the dead.
- 4 Here was the aged father laid,
And by his dust the sleeping maid;
The husband, wife, were here.
The manly youth, his parent's pride,
The bridegroom, and the peerless bride,
The foul worm's dainty cheer.

- 5 Here lay the poor man, and his niche,
Hard by, fill'd up the rotting rich,
 Regardless of his state :
Of station high, of low degree,
The abject slave, the haughty free,
 Corruption for their mate.
- 6 The orator of splendid name,
The chief, who taught the foe his fame,
 The giant, godlike mind.
The noble, generous and sincere,
Those prompt with pity's holy tear,
 The polished and refined.
- 7 *Whence came they?* From once happy homes,
From cottages, from lordly domes,
 From fireside bliss and care ;
From courts of justice, chambers trod
By senators, yea, angry God,
 From thy own house of prayer !
- 8 *Who slew them ?* Not night's pestilence,
That comes and goes, men knew not whence,
 Nor arrow at noonday ;
They fell not in the glorious field,
With right to nerve and Heaven to shield,
 When freedom call'd away.
- 9 They died not as the righteous die,
When angels pluming from the sky,
 With songs, unloose life's chain,
By curst *Intemperance* found they hell,
And ignominy pealed the knell
 Of Thirty Thousand Slain !

HYMN 85.—P. M.

For a Temperance Meeting.

- 1 A BEACON has been lighted,
Bright as the noon-day sun,
On worlds of *mind* benighted,
Its rays are pouring down:
Full many a shrine of error,
And many a deed of shame,
Dismayed, has sunk in terror,
Before the lighted flame.
- 2 Intemperance has foundered,
The demon gasps for breath,
His rapid march is downward,
To everlasting death,
Old age and youth united,
His works have prostrate hurl'd;
And soon himself affrighted,
Shall hurry from this world.
- 3 Bold TEMPERANCE untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart,
Beneath her blows expiring,
He dreads her well aim'd dart.
Her blows, we'll pray, 'God speed' them,
The darkness to dispel;
And how we fought for freedom,
Let future ages tell.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 86.—P. M.

The sinner under Conviction.

- 1 Poor mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation ;
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation.
Bright thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
While they are lost in God's account,
O'erwhelmed with grief and sorrow.
- 2 Ah, wo is me that I was born,
My soul's in grief and trouble ;
I seek for rest from night till morn,
Yet find my sorrows double,
Saith satan—"fatal is your state,
You once might have repented ;
But now you know it is too late,
So make yourself contented."
- 3 How can I live, so much distress,
Under this sore temptation ?
I fear my day of grace is past—
Lord hear my lamentation !

For I am weary of my life,
 I long to be forgiven—
 Come then, dear SAVIOUR of the world,
 And fit my soul for Heaven!

- 4 But who is He that looketh forth
 Just like the blooming morning?
 Fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun,
 'T is Christ my SUN now dawning!
 Jesus can clothe my naked soul—
 Jesus for me hath died,
 And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied!

— — —
 HYMN 87.—P. M.

Heaven in view.

- 1 WHEN for eternal worlds we stear,
 And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
 And faith in lively exercise,
 And distant hills of Canaan rise,
 The soul for joy then claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world adieu!
- 2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore,
 (The land-marks on the distant shore,)
 The trees of life—the pastures green—
 The golden streets—the crystal stream:
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world adieu!

- 3 As nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager, all her powers expand,
 With steady helm, and flowing sail,
 Her anchor drops within the veil!
 Once more for joy she claps her wings,
 And her *celestial* sonnet sings,
 On Canaan's shore!
-

HYMN 88.—C. M.

Christ and the Penitent Thief.

- 1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And bled, and groan'd, and died;—
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
 That languished at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confess'd;
 Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his prayer addressed.
- 3 Jesus, thou son and heir of heaven,
 Thou spotless lamb of God;
 I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
 And weltering in thy blood!
- 4 But quickly from these scenes of woe,
 In triumph thou shalt rise;
 Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
 And shine above the skies.
- 5 Amid the glories of that land,
 Dear Saviour think on me;

And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be.

- 6 His prayer the dying Saviour hears,
And instantly replies:
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.

HYMN 89.—P. M.

Decision of the Penitent.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.

I have called thee Abba Father,
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
Life wth trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me ;
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN 90.—P. M.

All is Well.

1 WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my
frame ?

Is it death ? Is it death ?

That soon will quench, will quench this vital
flame,

Is it death ? Is it death ?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see,

All is well. All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep
not for me.

All is well. All is well.

My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free.

All is well. All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes.
I soon shall mount the upper skies.

All is well. All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints
above.

All is well. All is well.

I will rehearse, rehearse the song of love.

All is well. All is well.

Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.

All is well. All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master
calls me.

All is well. All is well.

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory.

All is well. All is well.

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!

I can no longer stay with you.

My glittering crown appears in view.

All is well. All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! all hail, ye blood-washed
throng,

Saved by grace, saved by grace.

I've come to join, to join your rapturous song.

Saved by grace, saved by grace.

All, all is peace and joy divine,

All heaven and glory now are mine;

O, hallelujah to the lamb,

All is well. All is well.

HYMN 91.—P. M.

Triumph.

1 WHY should I be affrighted by pestilence
or war,

The fiercer be the tempest, the sooner it is o'er;

With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in

vain,

They only will convey me to yon Elysian

plain,

With glory in my soul.

2 This is a land of dangers, and foes do press
me hard,
But Jesus Christ hath promised that he will be
my guard ;
Then I shall not be tempted above what I can
bear,
When fighting's done, exalted, his kingdom
I shall share,
With glory in my soul.

3 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is
my hope ;
I'll try like holy Moses to gain the mountain
top :
There at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness
I'll die,
And then ascend to heaven and reign above
the sky,
With glory in my soul.

4 From him I have my orders, and while I do
obey,
I find his Holy Spirit illuminates my way ;
The way is so delightful, I wish to travel on,
Till I am called away to receive a starry crown,
With glory in my soul.

5 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do not
know ;
To him I'm so unfaithful, in what I have to do,
I grieve to see my failings, but he does all
forgive,

Which makes me love him more, and try by
faith to live,

With glory in my soul.

6 Though sinners do despise me, and laugh
at what I say,

I find a little number walks with me in the
way.

Come on my loving brethren, they laughed at
Jesus too ;

The land appears before us, and heaven in
our view,

With glory in our souls.

7 We soon shall gain fair Canaan, and on
that happy shore,

Beyond the reach of sorrow, we'll shout for-
evermore ;

There walk the golden pavements and blood-
washed garments wear,

And to increase our pleasure, our Jesus will
be there,

With glory in our souls.

8 Our songs shall ne'er be ended, when we
shall reach that shore,

For we shall have God's Spirit to praise him
evermore,

I long to see the time when immortal I shall
be,

And sing and shout his praises throughout
ETERNITY !

With glory in my soul.

HYMN 92.—7s.

Christ in Gethsemane.

- 1 MANY woes had Christ endured,
 Many sore temptations met,
 Patient, and to pains inured!
 But the sorest trial yet,
 Was to be sustained in thee—
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!
- 2 Came at length the dreadful night!
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,
 Stood, and with collected might,
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
 See, my soul, the Saviour see—
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- 3 There my God bore all my guilt;
 This through grace, can be believed!
 But the torments which he felt,
 Are too vast to be conceived:
 None can penetrate through thee—
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.
- 4 All my sins against my God—
 All my sins against his laws—
 All my sins against his blood—
 All my sins against his cause,—
 Sins as boundless as the sea!
 Hide me, O Gethsemane.
- 5 Here's my claim, and here alone;
 None a Saviour more can need;
 Deeds of righteousness I've none;

Not a work that I can plead ;
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,
 Only in Gethsemane.

- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One Almighty God of love,
 Praised by all the heavenly host,
 In thy shining courts above—
 We poor sinners, gracious Three,
 Praise thee for Gethsemane.

HYMN 93.—P. M.

Longing for Immortality.

- 1 WHEN shall I see the day
 That ends my woes ;
 When shall I victory gain
 O'er all my foes ;
 When will the trumpet sound
 That calls the exile home—
 The grand, sabbatic year,
 When will it come ?
- 2 A crown of glory bright
 By faith I see,
 In yonder realms of light
 Prepared for me.
 O, may I faithful prove,
 And keep the prize in view ;
 And through the storms of life
 My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
 My steps attend;
 O keep me near thy side,
 Be thou my friend;
 Be thou my shield and sun,
 My Saviour and my guard;
 And when my work is done,
 My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see
 That happy day,
 When sorrow, sin and pain
 Shall flee away;
 When all the heavenly tribes
 Shall find their long sought home:
 The Jubilee of Heaven,
 When will it come?

HYMN 94.—11s.

I would not live alway.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way:

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

2 I would not live alway: thus fettered by
 sin;
 Temptation without and corruption within:

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears.

3 I would not live alway: no—welcome the
 tomb,
 Since Jesus has laid there I dread not its
 gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Then who would live alway, away from his
 God,—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains.
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 Where the 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.

HYMN 95.—P. M.

Encouragement to the Tempted.

1 TEMPTED, wounded, troubled spirit,
 Dost thou groan beneath thy load?

Fearing thou wilt not inherit
The blest kingdom of thy God!

- 2 View thy Saviour on the mountain,
In temptation's painful hour;
Though of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless power.
- 3 Do thy blooming prospects languish?
Say'st thou still, "I'm not thy child?"
View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
Famished in the gloomy wild.
- 4 Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.
- 5 Though through the seas of tribulation,
Jesus calls thee here to go,
He hath wrought thy great salvation
In far deeper seas of wo.
- 6 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood;
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suffering Son of God.
- 7 There the victim, groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his timid followers sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan.
- 8 On the chilly ground extended,
Lo, he takes the bitter cup!

- With Almighty vengeance blended,
Drinks its dreadful contents up!
- 9 Now the avenging sword pursues him,
Up to Calvary's rugged brow ;
There the wrath of God doth bruise him,
But my soul escapes the blow.
- 10 Glory, honor, power and blessing
Be unto the Father given ;
Sing his praises without ceasing,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
- 11 Glory be to Christ, the Saviour,
Who hath bought us with his blood ;
Glory to the blessed Spirit,
Glory to the mighty God.
-

HYMN 96.—C. M.

The Dying Saint.

- 1 JESUS, the visions of thy face,
Have overpowering charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then while you hear my heart-string break,
How sweet the minutes roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.
- 3 Death cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there ;

- Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.
- 4 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 5 There everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.
- 6 O could I make my fears remove,
These gloomy fears that rise,
And view the Canaan which I love,
With unobscured eyes.
- 7 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I could forget my breath,
And lose my life amid the charms,
Of so divine a death.
-

HYMN 97.—P. M.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given !
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a soft and downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,

A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When lost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
But all is calm in heaven,

4 Now faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

5 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.

HYMN 98.—C. P. M.

The Jubilee of Heaven.

1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear,
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
The expected day has come:
Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Return ye exiles home,

- 2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear,
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
To meet the bridegroom, lo! he comes,
And hails the festive year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road.
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.
- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try
Angelic joys to prove!
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and fly away,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 99.—P. M.

The glory of Emmanuel.

- 1 HAIL, God, the Father, heavenly light,
Hail, Christ, the Son, my soul's delight;
Blest Holy Ghost, come dwell with me,
Through time and in eternity.
Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
Who speak his glories as you rise;
Your silent language ne'er can tell
The glory of Emmanuel.

Tall mountains that becloud the skies,
And all the hills that round you rise,
While time endures ye ne'er can tell
The glory of Emmanuel.

- 2 Ye trembling seas, with dismal roar,
Whose billows roll from shore to shore,
Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell
The power of Christ, Emmanuel.
Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every land extend the song:
A guilty world redeemed from hell
By Christ, the Lord, Emmanuel.
Behold him leave his Father's throne;
Behold him bleeding, hear him groan!
Death's iron chains can ne'er excel
The strength of Christ, Emmanuel!
- 3 Behold him mount his honored seat,
And millions bowing at his feet;
He's conquered all the powers of hell;
Yes, glory to Emmanuel.
His fame shall sound from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul;
The gospel sound goes forth to tell
The glory of Emmanuel.
While I am singing of his fame,
My soul begins to feel the flame;
Though full of love, I ne'er can tell
The beauty of Emmanuel.
- 4 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And see the nations gathering round!

While angels shout, the saints shall tell
 The glory of Emmanuel.
 Then thousands thousands in the throng,
 Ten thousands thousands join the song,
 Our souls are saved by Christ from hell,
 Glory to God, Emmanuel.
 My soul transported with his charms,
 I long to dwell in Jesus' arms.
 My loving brethren all farewell ;
 I go to meet Emmanuel.

— — —
 HYMN 100.—P. M.

The Martial Hymn.

- 1 HARK, brethren, don't you hear the sound ?
 The martial trumpet now is blowing,
 Men in order listing round,
 And Soldiers to the standard flowing :
 Bounties offered, joy and peace,
 To every soldier this is given ;
 And when from toil and war we cease,
 A mansion bright, prepared in heaven.
- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,
 And felt the hand of dire oppression ;
 All their debts are freely paid,
 And they endowed with large possession ;
 All that's sick or blind or lame,
 Maladies are also healed,
 Outlawed rebels, when they come,
 Receive a pardon freely sealed.

- 3 The battle is not to the strong,
 The burden's on the Captain's shoulder ;
 None so aged, or so young,
 But he may list and be a soldier ;
 Those who cannot fight nor fly,
 Beneath his banner find protection,
 None who on his name rely,
 Shall be reduced to base subjection.
- 4 You need not fear, the cause is good ;
 Come, who will list and be a soldier ?
 In this cause the martyrs bled,
 And shouted victory in the fire ;
 In this way let's follow on,
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
 How through Christ we gained the crown,
 And fought our way thro' grace to glory.
- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
 Behold the army 's now in motion ;
 Some by faith behold the crown,
 And almost grasp their future portion.
 Shout the victory, sing aloud,
 Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

 HYMN 101.—6 & 5.

When shall we meet again.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again ?
 Meet ne'er to sever ?

- When will peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever?
 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 wreathe her chain,
 Round us forever;
 Our hearts will then repose—
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close—
 Never—no—never.

HYMN 102.—P. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 THIS morning most sweetly the gales are
all blowing,
Directly the breeze is from Mount Calvary ;
The sepulchre is open, the odors are flowing,
Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs, breathe gently
on me.
On this lovely morning the Saviour was rising,
The chains of mortality fully dispersing :
His sufferings are over, he's done agonizing—
This morning my Saviour will think upon me.
- 2 And now to the place that's appointed for
praying,
For worship that's social I'll quickly repair ;
In service so pleasing, there needs no delay-
ing ;
The stone is roll'd back and my Lord will
be there.
Rouse quickly, my soul, shake off my dull
slumbers,
In melody raise all your heavenly numbers ;
For Jesus is pleased, when recounting his
members,
He finds you like Mary thus early at prayer.
- 3 With faith in full actions, we meet at the
chapel ;
There humbly we ask for a power divine ;
Einmanuel puts all our souls in a rapture,

And graciously cause his glory to shine ;
 Our hearts are enlivened affections engaged,
 Devotion inspires us, and sinners amazed,
 Behold with what zeal Christian warfare is-
 waged

Against the fell monster and all his designs.

4 Then trusting in Jesus, our head and our
 leader,

We'll march on to glory without any fear ;
 Each Sabbath revolving brings one Sabbath
 nearer

To that blessed morning when he shall ap-
 pear.

His sign in the East he will soon be display-
 ing,

The nations to judgment will then be all gath-
 ering :

Till then we'll adore him, nor ever cease pray-
 ing,

Till praises unceasing shall call us from
 prayer.

5 My brethren and friends, may the God of
 all glory

Perfect us, and save us from sin and all
 harm ;

With the head of the Church in full view be-
 fore us,

We'll show ourselves valiant in every alarm.
 Then each soul inspire, O God, with devotion,
 Be thou their sole object of earnest affection ;

And when these dull bodies shall cease from
their motion,

Receive us, O Jesus, to thy blessed arms.

HYMN 103.—L. M.

Christ, "The Way."

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fixed 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, whose I am ;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;

I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN 104.—L. M.

The Dying Youth.

- 1 MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
- 2 Your company's sweet, your union's dear;
Your word's delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.
- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
When we have met to sing and pray;
How loth we've been to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 O, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind;
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.
- 5 Then since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

PAUSE.

- 6 Dear fellow youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,

- Fight on, you'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting hands is known no more.
- 7 Ye mourning souls in sore surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O trust his grace, and in that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 8 How oft I've seen your falling tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
- 9 My Christian friends, both old and young,
Have faith in Christ, and you'll be strong;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
- 10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If here my face you no more see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
- 11 O glorious day! O blessed hope,
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
-

HYMN 105.—8s.

- 1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me who caused his pain—

For me who him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! how can it be,
 That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me?

2 'T is mystery all! The Immortal dies!
 Who can explore his strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine!
 'T is mercy all! let earth adore:
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's sinful race;
 'T is mercy all! immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out ME!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin, and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
 I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus and all in him is mine!
 Alive in him, my living head,
 And clothed in righteous divine.
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.

HYMN 106.— 8 & 7.

Rejoicing and Praise.

- 1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail thou everlasting King,
Thou did'st suffer to redeem us!
Thou did'st 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 thy sins on thee were laid:
By mighty love anointed,
Thou hast 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 hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost a place prepare;
Even for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 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 a Saviour's merits ;
 Help to praise Emmanuel's name.

HYMN 107.—L. M.

A wish to see the Saviour die.

- 1 O, THAT with weeping Mary, I
 Could stand and see my Saviour die !
 I'd weep o'er my expiring Lord,
 And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 2 Could I but stand where Mary stood,
 And see my Saviour shed his blood !
 I'd smite my breast, and inly mourn,
 And never from his cross return.
- 3 One precious drop, blest Jesus, grant !
 One single drop ! is all I want,
 One precious drop of Jesus' blood ;
 Would make me cry, my Lord, my God.

HYMN 108.—S. M.

Weeping Hymn.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief,
 Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see!
 Be thou astonished, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep:
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

 HYMN 109.—P. M.

Future Judgment.

1 Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
 What shall thy doom be, when arrayed in ter-
 ror,
 God shall command thee, covered with pollu-
 tion,

Up to the judgment!

2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient no-
 tice,
 Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?
 Vain thy presumption; justice still shall tri-
 umph

In thy destruction.

3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and
 ponder,
 Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in ven-
 geance,
 Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
 Swift to perdition.

4 Oft has he called thee, but thou would'st
not hear him,
Mercies and Judgments have alike been
slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this
moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted;
Come to the fountain opened for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

6 But if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleas-
ures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judg-
ment.

Quit you forever.

7 There you shall call, but he will not regard
you,
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence
Deep in their caverns.

8 Where the worm dies not, and the fire
eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish, and with terror,
Where shall the sinner spend a long forever,
Dying unpardoned.

9 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warn-
ing;

Fly to the Saviour and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

HYMN 110.—P. M.

Remember me.

- 1 AH! how fleeting and how vain,
Is our life, replete with pain;
Like the flower of gaudy hue,
Soon it withers from the view.
When you thus its changes see,
Then, O then, remember me.
- 2 Separations we must meet,
Bitter mixed with transient sweet;
But though we are called to part,
May we still be joined in heart,
And when social joys you see,
Then, O then, remember me.
- 3 When afar I'm called away,
Toiling in the wintry day;
When o'er hills and streams I roam,
Far from kindred, friends and home,
'Mid your friends, from sorrow free,
Then, O then, remember me.
- 4 When you dwell in social life,
Far removed from noise and strife,
When fair virtue's smiling train,
Faith, Hope, Charity, you gain,

When to heaven you bend the knee,
Then, O then, remember me.

- 5 When my eyes shall cease to weep,
When in death's embrace I sleep,
When around my lonely bier,
Strangers drop the silent tear,
When I'm in eternity,
Then, O then, remember me.

HYMN 111.—C. M.

- 1 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view ;
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu ;
While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go ;
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below !
- 2 O Christians are you ready now
To cross the swelling flood ?
On Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see your smiling God :
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above ;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace
When perfected in love.
- 3 Go on my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there ;

Although we tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold and never fear :
 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
 (Your Captain is in view ;)
 And when I gain fair Canaan's land,
 I hope to meet with you.

4 Salvation through our conquering King,
 Now let the echo fly ;
 While they repeat the song above,
 Through armies in the sky.
 Oh, Christians! help me praise the Lamb,
 Who died for you and me !
 We'll sing his praises as we go,
 And shout eternally.

5 Go on my brethren in the Lord,
 Until we meet again,
 Perhaps in time, or as we rise
 Above the fiery main.
 We'll join the heavenly armies bright,
 In presence of the Lamb,
 And tune our hearts and sing free grace,
 In love's eternal name.

HYMN 112.—L. M.

Goodness of God.

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

- 2 See ! how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound !
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage ;
His innocence, to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage ;
Hark ! how they clamor for his blood !
- 4 To us our own Barabbas give ;
Away with Him, (they loudly cry :)
Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify !
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood !
His sacred limbs exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.
- 6 See, there ! his temples crown'd with thorns !
His bleeding hands extended wide ;
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn !
The fountain gushing from his side !
- 7 Where is the King of Glory now,
The everlasting Son of God ?
The Immortal, hangs his languid brow ;
The Almighty faints beneath his load !
- 8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies :
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown :
I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son !

HYMN 113.—8s.

Goodness of God in Redemption.

- 1 WHERE shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin;
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire:
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?
- 2 O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hath show'd?
That I, a child of wrath, and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God!
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!
- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favors prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?
- 4 No, though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare;
Jesus the sinners' friend proclaim;
Jesus to sinners still the same.
- 5 Come, O my guilty brethren come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;

His bleeding heart shall make you room,
 His open side shall take you in :
 He calls you now, invites you home—
 Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

6 For you the purple current flow'd,
 In pardons from his wounded side ;
 Languish'd for you the Son of God,
 For you the Prince of Glory died :
 Believe and all your sin 's forgiven—
 Only believe, and yours is heaven !

HYMN 114.—C. M.

Prayer and Intercession.

- 1 God of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee
 Through the atoning blood ;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear lest I should ever grieve,
 Thy gracious Spirit divine.
- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love ;
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner ;
 And let me pass my days below,
 In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see ;
 And thou, by reverent love, unite
 My child-like heart to thee :
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesus' feet abide :
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

HYMN 115.—L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God !
 And I am thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
 No lasting pleasure can afford ;
 Yea, 't would a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banished from thee, Lord !
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise :

This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN 116.—S. M.

Sinner Justified by Faith.

- 1 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 apply'd.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburthen'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts and dare
The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;

And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven who dwell in love.

HYMN 117.—7s.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood,
Sinful soul what hast thou done !
Murder'd God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fixed him there
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear ;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue your Lord ;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No ! with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.
-

HYMN 118.—8 & 7.

- 1 Toss'd upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know ;
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's wo.

Never slumbering, never sleeping,
 Though the night be dark and drear,
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
 "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red ;
 Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head ;
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,¹
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to thee I lift mine eye ;
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;
 Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

HYMN 119.—8 & 7.

Christ "The Light."

1 **LIGHT** of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come and by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,

In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart:
 Come and manifest thy favor
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
 Come and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By thine all sufficient merit,
 Every burden'd soul release;
 Every weary, wand'ring spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

HYMN 120.—8 7 & 4.

Invitation.

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

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
 News from Zion's king proclaim,
 To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
 Free forgiveness in his name?"
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears:
 Tender heralds—
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embraced the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it—
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

 HYMN 121.—7s.

Joy in Hope.

- 1 CHILDREN of the the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you, undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 122.—C. P. M.

The Pilgrim's Lot.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
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 from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those, that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 5 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!
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN 123.—P. M.

The Glory of Christ.

- 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with
thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee ;
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
seen,
The Star that on Israel shone ;
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

- 6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-
joice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 124.—P. M.

Judgment Hymn.

- 1 O there will be mourning, mourning, mourn-
ing, mourning,
O there will be mourning, at the judgment
seat of Christ,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Parents and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 2 O there will be mourning, &c.
Wives and husbands there will part,

Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

- 3 O there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 4 O there will be mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Friends and neighbors there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 5 O there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Pastors and people there will part,
Will part to meet no more.
- 6 O there will be mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.
- 7 O there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

HYMN 125.—11 & 10.

Birth of the Saviour.

1 HAIL the blest morn! see the great Medi-
ator,

Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best are the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shin-
ing,

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,

Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,

Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the
ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine?

Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Vainly with gold we his favor secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c.

HYMN 126.—C. M.

Light in Darkness.

- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
 We could not fly to thee !
 - 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown ;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 - 3 Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above ?
 - 4 Then sorrow touch'd by thee, grows bright,
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.
-

HYMN 127.—7 & 6.

Consolations of Religion.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;

It is the Lord who rises,
With healing on 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.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through ;—
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice :

For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 128.—C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 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 sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem! my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.
-

HYMN 129.—P. M.

Sweet Home.

- 1 AN alien from God and a stranger to grace,
 I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures
 to trace,
 In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
 Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Saviour! direct me to heaven my
 home.
- 2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade
 away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they de-
 cay,
 But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are
 given,
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in
 heaven.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,

The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,

O there may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,

While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven my home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O when shall I share the fruition of home?

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,

“Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,

And dwell in my presence forever at home.”

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

- 6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be
o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
There loud hallelujah's fill heaven's high
dome,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at
home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at
home.

HYMN 130.—C. M.

The Saint's Choice.

- 1 Long have I tried terrestrial joys,
But here can find no rest,
Far from its vanity and noise,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 2 Fair is the Siren's painted face,
And sin looks gaily drest
To cheat me; but I fly the embrace,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 3 Temptations, with malignant smart,
Betray the unguarded breast:
Safe from the poison of each dart,
"To be with Christ is best."
- 4 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short,
"To be with Christ is best."

- 5 When earth can no delights afford,
 He spreads a heavenly feast;
 Such dainties crown his royal board,
 "To be with Christ is best."
- 6 By this I fly the desert through,
 And feel my soul refreshed;
 What can obstruct me, when I know
 "To be with Christ is best."
- 7 There an eternity with thee,
 I'll think myself well blest;
 I see thee here; but oh! to be,
 "To be with Christ is best."

 HYMN 131.—C. M.

The Spirit Wing.

- 1 O FOR a wing—a plumed wing,
 Plucked from the bird of Jove,
 To bear me upward wondering,
 To realms of perfect love.
- 2 Too long thro' dubious wiles I've strayed,
 Too long in error's night,
 Too long in sandy deserts stayed—
 Now upward be my flight.
- 3 Torn from the raven of the cloud,
 With lightning in its sweep,
 That wing upon the tempest loud,
 Its upward path would keep.
- 4 Nearer my Saviour's upper throne,
 Nearer the gates of light,

That wing shall bear me up alone,
In my ecstatic flight

HYMN 132.—L. M.

“A Poor Way-faring Man.”

- 1 A poor, wayfaring man of grief;
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay :
I had not power to ask his name—
Whither he went, or whence he came ;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.
I had myself a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it, hurrying on,
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.
- 4 Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew
My Saviour stood before my eyes !
He spake, and my poor name he named—
“Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou did'st it unto me.”

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