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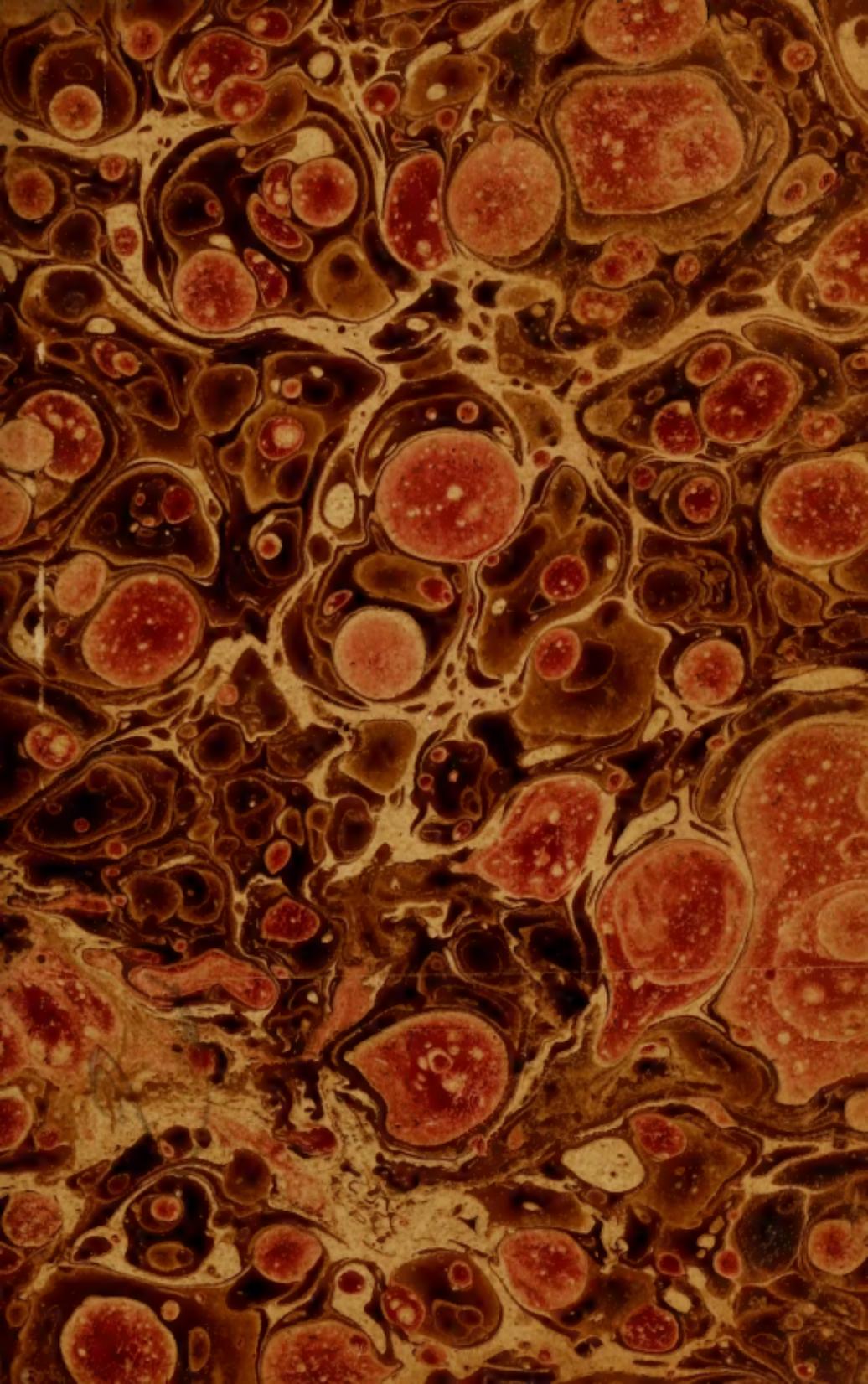
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

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SEAMEN'S
DEVOTIONAL ASSISTANT,



MARINERS' HYMNS;

PREPARED

UNDER DIRECTION OF THE
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND
SOCIETY.

BY JOSHUA LEAVITT,
GENERAL AGENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Stereotyped by A. Chandler.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,
AT THEIR OFFICE.

For sale by the Agents of the Sailors' Magazine, in the
various seaports.

Sleight & Robinson Printers.

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1830.

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eleventh day of June, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, The Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen in the port of New-York, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

“Seamen’s Devotional Assistant, and Mariners’ Hymns; prepared under direction of the American Seamen’s Friend Society. By Joshua Leavitt, General Agent of the Society.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also to an Act, entitled, “an Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled, ‘an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

FRED. J. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

THIS volume is an improved edition of the "Seamen's Devotional Assistant," published in the year 1822, by the Society for promoting the Gospel in the Port of New-York. The collection of Hymns has been made wholly new, and the devotional exercises revised and somewhat abridged. The sabbath-day service, burial service, and daily prayers, have been thrown together at the close of the book, as the more convenient place for these exercises.

The preparation of this book for Seamen was undertaken by the American Seamen's Friend Society for two reasons. *First*, it was the general voice of those who were engaged in the benevolent enterprize of promoting the Gospel among Seamen, that such a work was needed. *Secondly*, it seemed specially proper that the book should be brought forward under the patronage of the National Society; because no other could so advantageously introduce it into general use.

Besides the Seamen's Devotional Assistant, containing seventy-eight hymns, which was used in the Mariners' Church in New-York, there was also the "American Seamen's Hymn-Book," containing two hundred and seventy-five. The latter was compiled by the Rev. Noah Davis, for the more particular use of the Mariners' Church in Norfolk. It is a valuable compilation, but has only found its way into two or three churches. Neither of these was considered sufficiently extensive to meet the wants of Seamen in the present advanced stage of marine improvement. A work seemed to be called for, which should furnish a complete system of psalmody for Mariners' Churches, together with a choice selection of hymns suited to Bethel Meetings, worship at sea, &c. And when it is con-

sidered that the churches on land have Watts, containing six hundred and eighty-seven psalms and hymns, with Winchell's three hundred and twenty-seven, or Worcester's, about three hundred and fifty as a supplement; and then Nettleton's six hundred, or Dobell's seven hundred, and that the Methodist collection has over six hundred, besides Camp-Meeting hymn-books and the like, it is believed that six hundred hymns is as small a number as is consistent with the permanent usefulness and popularity of a book for the use of Seamen.

In preparing the work, the General Agent of the Society, on whom the labor has chiefly fallen, has availed himself of all the selections of hymns to which he had access. He has applied the scissors freely to the selections of Watts, Wesley, Dobell, Dwight, Nettleton, Hill, the Episcopal and German Lutheran collections, and several smaller books. In culling from so many writers, of different denominations, he has aimed, not indeed to divest the hymns of their peculiar phraseology, but to take those only in which the distinctive features are not prominent enough to offend candid worshippers of other names.

Many of the hymns have been abridged, and otherwise altered, as was thought necessary to fit them more perfectly to the object for which they were designed. It has therefore been thought advisable to omit the names of the authors, and leave the hymns to obtain acceptance by their own suitableness. Published hymns may be considered the property of the church; and the pious Seaman may well sing them, with melody in his heart, without stopping to inquire whether the authors were of one sect or another, so long as the words express the sentiments of his soul towards God.

The selection has not been confined to the more usual metres, but embraces every variety, fitted to all the music of the Christian church. In addition to a full variety of hymns, suited to public and social worship, there have been introduced a small number of those "Songs of Zion," with which pious sailors love to

beguile the tedious hours of the watch at sea. Tunes for these select metres are easily learned by the ear, and are current in many of our worshipping assemblies. No pains have been taken to procure hymns that were original, or of unusual occurrence; the only object being utility, point, and plainness of speech.

That there was some difficulty, as well as labor, in making the selection, will appear probable, when it is stated, that more than a thousand hymns were first selected, cut out or copied, and classed under appropriate heads; and out of these, already choice hymns, the present collection was very carefully culled. That none have been left, which were better than some that are inserted, would be too much to pretend. The compiler can only say, that he intended to take the best.

The arrangement, as well as the selection, is a matter on which people's judgment will of course differ. That arrangement has been chosen, which seemed, on the whole, to be the most natural and convenient for use. The hymns have been classed under appropriate heads,—the running titles of which will be found at the top of the page. The hymns of the first five portions, viz. God, Christ, Holy Spirit, Scripture, and World, are arranged alphabetically by their titles; the next, viz. Conversion, are placed in something like the order of nature; those of the remaining heads are severally arranged in the alphabetical order of their first lines.

The work was carefully examined, while in progress, by ministers of different denominations, and since by several others. Their opinion of it will appear from a subsequent page. Such as it is, it is now committed to Seamen and their friends, with devout prayers that God would make use of it for the glory of his holy name.

New-York, May, 1830.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

1. *From the Rev. J. F. Schroeder, Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, New York.*

TO THE REV. JOSHUA LEAVITT.

Dear Sir—The forms of devotion in your manual for seamen, and the hymns also, (many of which I have examined with care, and have enjoyed very much while I have studied them,) seem to me peculiarly adapted to enable those who “go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters,” to do all to the glory of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. It is by such admirable aids to devotion, that the Spirit helpeth our infirmities. And while they are borne away upon the great deep by multitudes of our immortal fellow men, we may, I think, indulge the animating holy thought, that the Spirit of God also is moving upon the face of the waters.

In the best of bonds, your friend and brother,
J. F. SCHROEDER.

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2. *From the Rev. N. Davis, Secretary of the Baptist General Tract Society, Philadelphia.*

The friends of Jesus Christ and of mankind, who have access to mariners, should endeavor to place at least one copy of the work on board of every vessel.

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3. *From the Rev. A. H. Dashiell, Minister of the Mariners' Church, Philadelphia.*

By the variety of its topics, its judicious selection, and its felicitous arrangement, this book is adapted to every condition of Christian character. And from the number of hymns allusive to the seamen's life and circumstances, it is with great propriety denominated “Mariners' Hymns.”

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4. *From the Rev. Henry Chase, Minister of the Mariners' Church, New York.*

I examined this work attentively during its progress through the press. The forms of devotion are truly evangelical; the devotional poetry is excellent; and it is well adapted to the wants of seamen. So I judge.

HENRY CHASE.

MARINERS' HYMNS.

GOD.

1. *God.* L. M.

- 1 THERE is a GOD, who reigns above,
Lord of the heaven, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all, what we must do;
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.
- 3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
How many, younger much than I,
Have pass'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled:
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

2. *All-searching.* L. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3. *All-seeing.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

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

4. *All-sufficient.* S. M. D.

- 1 GOD of almighty love,
 By whose sufficient grace,
 I lift my heart to things above,
 And humbly seek thy face:
 Through Jesus Christ the just,
 My faint desires receive,
 And let me in thy goodness trust,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim;
 My prayers shall all be offer'd through
 The ever blessed name.
 Jesus, my single eye,
 Be fix'd on thee alone:
 Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
 Thy will by all be done!
- 3 Spirit of faith, inspire
 My consecrated heart;
 Fill me with pure celestial fire,
 With all thou hast and art.
 My feeble mind transform,
 And perfectly renew'd,
 Into a saint exalt a worm;
 A worm exalt to God!

5. *Creator.* L. M.

- 1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise:
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.
- 2 The world's foundation by his hand
Is poised, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again
- 3 When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thundered and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.
- 4 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

6. *Defence.* C. M.

- 1 THE great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurled;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.
- 2 He reigns upon the eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.
- 3 Navies that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquished by his breath,
And legions, armed with power and pride,
Descend to watery death.

- 4 Let tyrants make no more pretence
 To vex our happy land;
 Jehovah's name is our defence,
 Our buckler is his hand.

7. *Descending.* C. M.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens most high;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on seraphim
 Full royally he rode;
 And on the wings of mighty winds,
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

8. *Dominion.* H. M.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes,
 Are light and majesty:
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe:

His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs.
 Strong is his arm,
 And shall fulfil
 His great decrees,
 His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name,
 I love his word :
 Join all my powers,
 And praise the Lord.

9. *Dreadful.* S. M.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
 My heart within me cries,
 " He hath no faith of God within,
 Nor fear before his eyes."

2 But there's a dreadful God,
 Though men renounce his fear ;
 His justice, hid behind the cloud,
 Shall one great day appear.

3 His truth transcends the sky ;
 In heaven his mercies dwell ;
 Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
 His anger burns to hell.

4 How excellent his love !
 Whence all our safety springs :
 O never let my soul remove
 From underneath his wings.

10. *Everlasting.* C. M.

- 1 BEFORE the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 2 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 "Return, ye sons of men ;"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

11. *Faithful.* C. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs :
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise;
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

12. *Father.* S. M.

- 1 THE God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;
- 2 That awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our Love;
He shall send down his heavenly power
To carry us above.

13. *Gentleness.* L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 4 Amidst his wrath, compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

14. *Glorious.* H. M.

- 1 O LORD, our Lord most high!
In heaven thy glories shine,
And all this lower sky
Unfolds thy skill divine.
Thy wisdom there,
And power sublime,
Through every clime,
Thy works declare.
- 2 Like a young bridegroom drest
Comes forth the morning sun,

- And, as a champion blest,
 Delights his race to run.
 O'er seas and isles
 His warmth extends ;
 To heaven's far ends
 His glory smiles.
- 3 Beneath the kindly ray
 All nature's realms rejoice :
 All join the solemn lay,
 And lift their grateful voice.
 The sea and shore,
 The morn and even ;
 And earth and heaven
 Their God adore.
- 4 What though no voice, nor sound,
 Be heard from yonder sky,
 A nobler speech is found
 By virtue's raptur'd eye.
 To God's great hand,
 The chorus cries,
 Let songs arise
 From every land.

15. *Goodness.* C. M.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God,
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.
- 2 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

- 3 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
 'Tis here our hope relies :
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 4 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
 What honors shall we raise ?
 Not all the raptured songs above,
 Can render equal praise.

16. *Grace.* C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King ;
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee, for daily food ;
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow thine anger moves !
 But soon he sends his pardoning word
 To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;
 But saints that taste thy richer grace
 Delight to bless thy name.

17. *Grandeur.* L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings :
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

18. *Greatness.* C. M.

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice,

The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

19. *Holy.* C. M.

- 1 THE deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.
- 2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou, holy God ! preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

20. *Incomprehensible.* L. M.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal uncreated Mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
 And what can mortals know or tell?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
 Born, like a wild young colt, he flies
 Through all the follies of his mind,
 And smells and snuffs the empty wind.

21. *Indwelling.* S. M. D.

- 1 LO, in thy hand I lay,
 And wait thy will to prove;
 My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
 Thine only stamp of love:
 Be this my whole desire,
 I know that it is thine:
 Then kindle in my soul a fire
 Which shall for ever shine.
- 2 Thy gracious readiness
 To save mankind assert;
 Thine image, love, and name impress,
 And nature on my heart:
 Father of mercies, hear!
 Into my soul come down;
 Let it throughout my life appear
 That I have Christ put on.
- 3 O plant in me thy mind!
 O fix in me thy home!
 So shall I cry to all mankind,
 Come to the waters, come!

Jesus is full of grace,
 To all his bowels move;
 Behold in me, ye fallen race,
 That God is only love.

22. *Light.* C. M.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun!
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers, "I am his."
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word;
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To embrace my dearest Lord!

23. *Love.* C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above;
 Let every heart and voice accord,
 To sing, that God is love.

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove ;
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
 To shew, that God is love.
- 3 In all his doctrines and commands,
 His counsels and designs—
 In every work his hands have framed,
 His love supremely shines.
- 4 Angels and men the news proclaim,
 Through earth and heaven above,
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God, the Lord, is love.

24. *Loving-kindness.* L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, Oh, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, Oh, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,

He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

25. *Majesty.* L. P. M.

- 1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with his uncreated might!
- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things,
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

26. *Mercy.* 11s.

- 1 **THY** mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart:
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 2 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 3 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 4 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

27. *Mystery.* C. M.

- 1 **GOD** moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

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

28. *Omniscient.* C. M.

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

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

- 3 The universe, in every part,
 At once before thee lies ;
 And every thought of every heart
 Is open to thine eyes.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
 With fervent, holy love ;
 And fit us by thy word of grace
 To worship thee above.

29. *Perfections.* L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God !
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
 Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

30. *Portion.* C. M.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,

Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

3 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

4 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

31. *Precious.* P. M.

1 INDULGENT God! how kind
Are all thy ways to me,
Whose dark, benighted mind
Was enmity with thee;
Yet now subdued by sovereign grace,
My spirit longs for thine embrace.

2 How precious are thy thoughts,
That o'er my bosom roll;
They swell beyond my faults,
And captivate my soul;
How great their sum, how high they rise;
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

- 3 Preserved in Jesus, when
 My feet made haste to hell;
 And there should I have been,
 But thou dost all things well:
 Thy love was great, thy mercy free,
 Which from the pit deliver'd me.
- 4 A monument of grace,
 A sinner, saved by blood—
 The streams of love I trace
 Up to the Fountain, God;
 And in his sacred bosom, see
 Eternal thoughts of love to me.

32. *Preserver.* H. M.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
 From God is all my aid;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made;
 God is the tower
 To which I fly;
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes,
 That never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

33. *Provider.* 10. 11.

1 **THOUGH** troubles assail, and dangers
affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
The scripture assures us, *the Lord will
provide.*

2 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost ;
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, *the Lord will provide.*

3 His call we obey, like Abraham of old ;
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us
bold :

For though we are strangers, we have a
 good guide,
 And trust, in all dangers, *the Lord will
 provide.*

- 4 No strength of our own, or goodness we
 claim ;
 Yet since we have known the Savior's great
 name,
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, *the Lord will provide.*
- 5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 This word of his grace shall comfort us
 through :
 No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
 side,
 We hope to die shouting, " **THE LORD WILL
 PROVIDE.**"

34. *Refuge.* L. M.

- 1 MY refuge is the God of love ;
 Why do my foes insult, and cry,
*Fly, like a timorous, trembling dove,
 To distant woods or mountains fly ?*
- 2 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
 His eye surveys the world below ;
 To him all mortal things are known :
 His eyelids search our spirits through.
- 3 If he afflicts his saints so far,
 To prove their love and try their grace,

What may the bold transgressors fear!
His very soul abhors their ways.

- 4 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

35. *Reigning.* P. M.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd ;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

- 2 Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar ;
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;

The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down ;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

- 5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new ;
 There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

36. *Righteous.* S. M.

- 1 SURE there's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain :
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,
 And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
 And felt my heart repine,
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
 In robes of honor shine.
- 3 The tumults of my thought
 Held me in hard suspense,
 Till to thy house my feet were brought,
 To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word with light and power
 Did my mistakes amend ;
 I view'd the sinners' lives before,
 But here I learnt their end.
- 5 On what a slippery steep
 The thoughtless wretches go :

And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below !

- 6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine ;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

37. *Reigning.* L. M.

- 1 THE Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
Let every angel bend the knee !
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.
- 3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

38. *Safety.* S. M.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies ;

Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

39. *Sun and Shield.* L. M.

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

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too ;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

40. *Truth.* L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH is a God of might,
 He framed the earth, he built the sky ;
 And what he speaks is surely right ;
The strength of Israel will not lie.
- 2 Ye weary souls, with sin oppress'd
 To him in every trouble fly :
 His promise is, " I'll give you rest"—
The strength of Israel will not lie.
- 3 Ask what you will in Jesus' name,
 He never will your suit deny ;
 To save you from distress he came ;
The strength of Israel will not lie.

41. *Unchangeable.* 8s.

- 1 THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

42. *Upholding.* C. M.

- 1 HOW terrible thy glories be !
 How bright thine armies shine !
 Where is the power that vies with thee !
 Or truth compared with thine ?
- 2 The Northern pole and Southern rest
 On thy supporting hand ;
 Darkness and day from East to West
 Move round at thy command.
- 3 Thy words the raging winds control,
 And rule the boisterous deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 4 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
 And the dark world of hell ;
 How did thine arm in vengeance shine
 When Egypt durst rebel !
- 5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wondrous is thy grace :
 While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

43. *Wisdom.* L. M.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul ! thy Maker's will,
 Tumultuous passions, all be still !
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise :
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals ;

But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

- 3 In Heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confess'd,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat ;
And 'mid the terrors of his rod
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

44. *Works.* C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true !
- 2 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 3 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand :
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 4 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs :
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

CHRIST.

45. *Above every name.* H. M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 My Savior forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
 Mine eyes with joy
 And wonder see
 What forms of love
 He bears for me.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and died :
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood
 Did once atone ;
 And now it pleads
 Before the throne.

46. *All-atoning*. P. M.

- 1 LET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Savior of mankind :
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus ! transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven ;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have,
 But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free ;
 'Tis music in his ears ;
 'Tis life and victory !
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 4 Stung by the scorpion sin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmy sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole :
 See there my Lord upon the tree !
 I hear, I feel he died for me.
- 5 O unexampled love !
 O all-redeeming grace !
 How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race !
 What shall I do to make it known
 What thou for all mankind hast done ?

47. *Almighty Friend.* C. M.

- 1 MY Savior, my Almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.
- 3 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

48. *Benefits.* C. M.

- 1 HOW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess;
We're saved from guilt and every sin,
And called to holiness.
- 2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
But he of his abounding love
Salvation does bestow.
- 3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone:

Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

49. *Birth.* C. M.

- 1 **WHILE** shepherds watch'd their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Savior who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, on high,
And thus address'd their song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease."

50. *Centre.* 7s.

- 1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
 End of our enlarged desires ;
 Stamp thine image on our heart ;
 Fill us now with heavenly fires ;
 Cemented by love divine,
 Seal our souls for ever thine !
- 2 All our works in thee be wrought,
 Levell'd at one common aim :
 Every word, and every thought,
 Purge in the refining flame :
 Lead us through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise,
 To thy glorious life restored ;
 Here regain our Paradise,
 Here prepare to meet our Lord :
 Here enjoy the earnest given :
 Travel hand in hand to heaven !

51. *Come and see.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet the sound !
 Replete with balm for every wound !
 His word declares his grace is free ;
 Come, needy sinner, come and see.
- 2 He left the shining courts on high,
 Came to our world to bleed and die ;
 Jesus, our Lord, hung on the tree ;
 Come, careless sinner, come and see.

- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part :
Yet his dear love still burns to thee ;
Come, anxious sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean ;
His blood at once avail'd for me ;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

52. *Coming to Judgment.* L. M.

- 1 HE reigns, the Lord the Savior reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice ;
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown !
But grace and truth support his throne :
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes ;
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

53. *Condescension.* C. M.

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
 To visit sinful worms ?
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand
 In all her winning forms ?
- 2 Surprising grace !—and shall my heart
 Unmoved and cold remain ?
 Has this hard rock no tender part ?
 Must mercy plead in vain ?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue—
 His charming voice unheard ?
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,
 Remain for ever barr'd ?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power,
 The lodging has possess'd ;
 And crowds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heavenly guest.
- 5 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart ;
 Dear Savior, enter in,
 And guard the passage to my heart,
 And keep out every sin.

54. *Despised.* 8. 7.

- 1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail, thou everlasting King,
 Thou didst suffer to redeem us !
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By thy merits we find favor:
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid:
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

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

55. *Equal with the Father*, L. M.

1 A THOUSAND seraphs, strong and bright,
 Stand round the glorious Deity;
 But who, among the sons of light,
 Pretends comparison with thee?

2 Yet there is one, of human frame,
 Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
 Thinks it no robbery to claim
 A full equality with God.

- 3 Their glory shines with equal beams,
 Their essence is for ever one ;
 Though they are known by different names,
 The FATHER GOD, and GOD the SON.
- 4 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
 With equal honors be adored ;
 His praise let every angel sing,
 And nations own their sovereign Lord.

56. *Everlasting King.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring !
 Accept thy well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be,
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
 Like the blest hour, when from above,
 We first received the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
 O may it ever, ever stay !
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

57. *Exalted.* C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne ;

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

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

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

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

58. *Example.* L. M.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

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

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

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

59. *Finished Work.* 8. 7. 4

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy¹
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks assunder—
 Shakes the earth and veils the skyⁱ
 “ It is finish’d ! ”—
 Hear the Savior—dying—cry.
- 2 It is finish’d !—Oh, what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord :
 It is finish’d !—
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish’d—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law ;
 Finish’d—all that God had promised,
 Death and hell no more shall awe :
 It is finish’d !—
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel’s name :
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

60. *Forsaken.* L. M.

- 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave;
"Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet.
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 4 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Raised from the dead he reigns on high:
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

61. *Fountain.* C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

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

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die.

62. *Friend.* 8. 7.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

63. *Truth and Grace.* L. M.

- 1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;

I now would flee to thine embrace ;
Open thine arms and take me in !

2 The stone to flesh do thou convert ;
And all my guilt and sin remove ;
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now ;
Fill all my soul with filial fears :
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow.

4 O, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin ;
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant, and root it deep within !

64. *Gift divine.* L. P. M.

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee :
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself on me :
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,
Now let me find thee in my heart !

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness :
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure, perennial peace ;
In joy that none can take away,
In life, which shall for ever stay.

65. *Glory of God.* L. M.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But, in *his* looks, a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

66. *Hanging on the Cross.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
In agonies and blood,
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 O never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 A second look he gave, and said,
"I freely all forgive;

“This blood is for thy ransom paid—
“I die that thou may'st live.”

- 4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
'That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

67. *Head of the Church.* 7. 8.

- 1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee ;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory :
We lift our hearts and voices
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher :
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favor ;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation ;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;

By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

- 4 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

68. *Herald Angels.* 7s.

- 1 HARK!—the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.”
- 2 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies.
- 3 “Glory to the new-born King”—
Let us all the anthem sing—
“Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.”

69. *Hiding Place.* L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.

- 2 Against the God that 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 thus thy gracious counsel ran :
"Almighty love ! arrest the man ;"—
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive 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's angel soon appear'd ;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

70. *Incomparable.* C. M.

- 1 WHAT object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 2 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

71. Inimitable Love. L. M.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 2 Proclaim inimitable love;
Jesus, the *Lord* of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the *God* in mortal clay.
- 3 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans;
The prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death!
- 4 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 5 Thus were the hosts of death subdued;
And sin was drown'd in *Jesus'* blood;
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

72. Intercession. L. M.

- 1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
But in the Savior's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts ;
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That JESUS bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads, and must prevail.

73. *Judge.* S. M. D.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread
We all shall soon appear ;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

- The immortal Son of man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears,
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come;
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And hear your instant doom!"

74. *Knocking.* L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks,—has knock'd before;
 Has waited long—is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
 With melting heart and loaded hands!
 Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will; the very friend you need;
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
 Turn out his enemy and thine,
 That soul-destroying monster, sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

75. *Light.* 8. 7.

- 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 the favor
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou glorious God and Savior,
 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, wandering spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

76. *Lord of all.* C. M.

- 1 ALL HAIL the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:

- Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the *everlasting* song,
And crown him Lord of all.

77. *Love to Christ. C. M.*

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see:
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
 My Savior's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
 I would disdain to feed?
 Hast thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord,
 But O, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 That I may love thee more.

78. *Mercy.* S. M.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune,
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love
 Its chief beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
 No terror clothes his brow;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,

When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

79. *Message.* C. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Savior comes
The Savior promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's 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 eyes oppress'd with night,
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.

80. *Morning Star.* L. M.

- 1 IN glory bright the Savior reigns,
 And endless grandeur there sustains ;
 We view his beams, and from afar
 Hail him the bright, the Morning Star.
- 2 Blest Star ! his influence is divine ;
 Life, peace, and joy, attending shine ;
 Death, hell, and sin, before him flee :
 The bright, the Morning Star is he.
- 3 Most glorious Star ! be thou our guide,
 Nor from our souls thy splendor hide ;
 Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
 Thou only bright and Morning Star.
- 4 Eternal Star ! our songs shall rise,
 When we shall meet thee in the skies ;
 And, in eternal anthems, there
 Praise thee, the bright, the Morning Star.

81. *Nativity.* C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay :
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
 To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire

- Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

82. *Nativity.* s. m.

- 1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 3 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly ;
The promised infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie."

- 4 With looks and heart serene,
 Go visit Christ your King ;
 And straight a flaming troop was seen,
 The shepherds heard them sing.
- 5 "Glory to God on high !
 And heavenly peace on earth,
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth."

83. *Physician.* C. M.

- 1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
 To thee I bring my case ;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Help me to state my whole complaint ;
 But where shall I begin ?
 Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint
 That worst distemper—sin.
- 3 It lies not in a single part,
 But through my soul is spread ;
 And all the affections of my heart
 By sin are captive led.
- 4 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,
 And set my spirit free ;
 Let not a trembling sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee.

84. *Pattern.* S. M.

- 1 JESUS, I fain would find
 Thy zeal for God in me :

Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

- 2 In me thy spirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

85. *Pity.* C. M.

- 1 INFINITE pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 2 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 3 His living power, and dying love,
Redeem unhappy men;
And raise the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 4 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign!
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

86. *Power and Love.* 10s.

- 1 REJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love:
With glad exultation your triumph pro-
claim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb!

- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been,
Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us
from sin ;
The power of thy Spirit has set our hearts
free,
And now we inherit all fulness in thee.
- 3 No longer we join, while sinners invite ;
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight ;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all
vain ;
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure
is pain.
- 4 O might they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste for which they were
born ;
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

87. *Praised.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given !
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

88. *Precious.* C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of JESUS sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By him, my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.

89. *Reconciliation.* C. M.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus and my God!
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.

90. *Redeemer.* C. M.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the blest Redeemer comes,
The eternal Son appears!
And at the appointed time, assumes
The body God prepares.
- 2 **Much** he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.
- 3 His Father's honor touch'd his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Savior's part,
Was made a sacrifice.
- 4 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean ;
But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.

91. *Reigning.* C. M.

- 1 **JESUS** our God ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 2 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honors sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,

Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

92. *Resurrection.* 7s.

- 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up the mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Savior! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph, up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and long!

93. *Rock higher than I.* 11s.

- 1 CONVINCED as a sinner, to Jesus I come,
Inform'd by the gospel for such there is
room ;

Overwhelmed with sorrow for sin will I cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

- 2 When tempted by satan my Savior to leave,
Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The rock of salvation that's higher than I!
- 3 When sorely afflicted, and ready to faint,
Before my Redeemer I'll spread my complaint;
'Mid storms and distresses my soul shall rely
On Jesus, the rock that is higher than I!
- 4 When weak, and encompass'd with numberless foes,
Attempting my happiness here to oppose,
I'll look to the Savior of sinners, and cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!
- 5 When summon'd by death before God to appear,
Thy free-grace supporting, I'll yield without fear!
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the rock that is higher than I!

94. *Sacrifice.* S. M.

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

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

95. *Salvation.* L. M.

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness has gone before,
To give us free access to God.

Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

96. *Shepherd.* L. M.

- 1 THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

97. *Son of God.* C. M.

- 1 YONDER, amazing sight! I see
The incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.
- 2 Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
D

And with the amazed centurion cry,
 "This is the son of God!"

- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
 May well my hope revive ;
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
 The sinner sure must live.

98. *Sorrow.* L. M.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
 Behold ! the rising billows roll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
 While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
 And all the sons of malice join
 To execute their cursed design.
- 3 Yet gracious God thy power and love
 Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
 Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
 Atoned for sins which we have done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honors of thy law restored :
 His sorrows made thy justice known,
 And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O ! for his sake our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live ;
 The Lord will hear us in his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

99. *Strength.* L. M.

- 1 LET me but hear my Savior say,
Strength shall be equal to the day,
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his kind hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

100. *Sun of Righteousness.* L. M.

- 1 O SUN of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine,
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.
- 2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in thy name,
Dear Savior, cleanse us with thy blood,
And be our Advocate with God.
- 3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness ;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

101. *Throne.* L. M.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
 The royal honors of thy throne ;
 'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Savior, we confess,
 And sing the wonders of thy grace,
 Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
 And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
 Till all thine enemies obey ;
 Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
 And conquer millions by its love.

102. *Trust.* 10. 11.

- 1 YE tempted and tried, to Jesus draw nigh ;
 He suffer'd and died your wants to supply ;
 Trust him for salvation, you need not to
 grieve,
 There's no condemnation to them that
 believe.
- 2 By day and by night his love is made
 known ;
 It is his delight to succor his own ;
 He will have compassion, then why should
 you grieve ?
 There's no condemnation to them that
 believe.

- 3 Though satan will seek the sheep to annoy;
The helpless and weak he ne'er shall
destroy;
Christ is their salvation, and strength he
will give;
There's no condemnation to them that
believe.

103. *Way.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment:
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

104. *Weeping for Sinners.* C. M.

- 1 "UNHAPPY city! hadst thou known—
Then were thy peace secure;

But now thy day of grace is gone,
And thy destruction sure."

- 2 Thus to the Jews the Savior calls,
As near their gates he stood ;
His eyes beheld their guilty walls,
And wept a sacred flood.
- 3 And can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Savior see ?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groan'd and died for me ?
- 4 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe ;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

105. *To whom shall I go?* C. M

- 1 TO whom, my Savior, shall I go,
If I depart from thee ?
My guide through all this vale of wo,
And more than all to me.
- 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn ;
Oh, they could plait thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.
- 3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above ;—
And can we ever part ?

- 4 Ah, no, with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Savior, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

106. *Yet Alive.* L. M.

- 1 YE mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears,
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 2 His saints he loves, and never leaves;
The chief of sinners he receives;
Let then your hearts with this revive,
The sinner's friend is yet alive.
- 3 He'll guard your souls from every ill—
His largest promises fulfil;
Then let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 4 What though you fear to launch away,
And quit this tenement of clay;
O let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 5 Abundant grace he will afford,
Till you are present with the Lord,
And prove what you have heard before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

HOLY SPIRIT.

107. *Arm of the Lord.* L. M.

- 1 **ARM** of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 **As** in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 **By** death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant
home.
- 4 **The** pangs of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There pain and grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

108. *Celestial Dove.* 8s.

- 1 **COME**, Holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast!

My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest.
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his conscience with blood!

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely withheld from my sin,
 And tried, by the lure of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win,—
 The work of thy mercy revive;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert,
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee;—
 Fulfil the imperfect desire;
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
 The sense of thy favor inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel!

109. *Little Cloud.* 7s.

1 SAW ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand!
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above;

But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins it widening way.

4 Sons of God, your Savior praise;
He the door hath open'd wide:
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

110. *Fountain.* 8s.

1 A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace;
For all, it is open and free:
Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown;
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take:
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake!
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

111. *Earnest.* L. M.

- 1 Whene'er to call the Savior mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 2 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 3 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

112. *Genial Showers.* C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the genial showers descend
Upon the fruitful field ;
What blessings in their train attend,
What kind effects they yield !
- 2 'Tis God himself the ground prepares,
His Spirit sows the land ;
And every pleasant fruit it bears,
Is nurtured by his hand.
- 3 In vain the husbandman would toil,
And scatter seed in vain ;

Did not the Lord refresh the soil,
With gentle showers of rain.

- 4 Spirit of influence! now descend
Like rain upon the ground!
Through the wide world the gospel send,
And make its fruits abound.

113. *Heavenly Dove.* C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

114. *Holy Fire.* C. M.

- 1 O THAT in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

- 2 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume,
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

115. *Spirit of Faith.* S. M. D.

- 1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood :
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see ;
Who did for *every* sinner die,
Hath surely died for *me*.
- 2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord ;
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word :
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God !"

- 3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.
- 4 Inspire the living faith,
Which, whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes:
The faith that conquers all,
That doth the mountain move;
That saves who 'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

116. *Stay.* L. M.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight:
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:
- 3 Yet Oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with thy calm repose.

117. *Witness.* C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
This one great gift impart—
What most I need—and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.
- 2 Bear witness that I'm born again,
My many sins forgiven :
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.
- 3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free,
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

118. *Wonders of Grace.* L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day :
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

SCRIPTURE.

119. *The Bible. c. M.*

- 1 LET avarice from shore to shore,
Her favorite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord! we value more
Than India, or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold, without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Savior's lovely face,
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;

Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied ;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this Book denied.

120. *Delight.* C. M.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage !
How well employ my tongue !
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast ;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Or heaps of choicest gold.

121. *Divine lessons.* C. M.

- 1 **THE** starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.
- 2 **But** still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine ;
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 3 Thy word is everlasting truth,
 How pure is every page !
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

122. *Excellence.* C. M.

- 1 **LET** all the heathen writers join
 To form one perfect book,
 Great God, if once compared with thine,
 How mean their writings look !
- 2 **Not** the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiven,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
 But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 **I've** seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below ;

How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought,
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

123. *Full Revelation.* L. M.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines:
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;

So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the word thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

124. *Heavenly Light.* L. M.

- 1 WHERE Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light ;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 2 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 3 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;
The word that saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

125. *Hope in the Word.* C. M.

- 1 LADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;

Here I behold my Savior's face
Almost in every page.

- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes this pearl his own.
- 4 This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale

126. *Power.* L. M.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his wo ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind ?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven ?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
Which save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up ;
We read the grace, and trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

127. *Precious volumes.* L. P. M.

- 1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word ;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distress'd !
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw :
 These are my study and delight !
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that has the furnace past
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies ;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward ;
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain ;
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

128. *Remedy.* L. M.

- 1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above ;

Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
A sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

129. *The Saints' Portion.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies:
- 4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

· **130. *Success.* C. M.**

- 1 **CHRIST** and his cross is all our theme ;
 The mysteries 'that we speak
 Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
 And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
 With joy receive the word ;
 They see what wisdom, power and love
 Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savor of his name
 Restores their fainting breath ;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
 Like showers of heavenly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

131. *Unfruitfulness.* C M.

- 1 **LONG** have I sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain :
 How small a portion of thy grace
 My memory can retain !

- 3 How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!
- 4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.

132. *Wonderful.* L. M.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
 And every labor of his hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
 His brightest form of glory shines;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
 In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
 Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
 Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
 To make the purchased pleasures mine.
- 4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where Christ the Savior loved and died!
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

133. *Worth.* 7s.

- 1 HOLY Bible! Book divine!
 Precious treasure, thou art mine;

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

2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
 Mine to show a Savior's love,
 Mine to guide my willing feet,
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless ;
 Mine to show by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom :
 O ! thou holy Book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !

THE WORLD.

134. *No Abiding City.* L. M.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here"—
 This may distress the worldly mind ;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here"—
 Sad truth, were this to be our home :
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 "We seek a city yet to come."

- 3 "We've no abiding city here"—
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear ;
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here"—
 We seek a city out of sight :
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

135. *Adieu.* 7s.

- 1 WORLD, adieu, thou real cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes and false alarms :
 Now I see, as clear as day,
 How thy follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining sights ;
 False thy promises renew'd ;
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit for heaven above,
 Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Let not, Lord, my waudering mind
 Follow after fleeting toys ;
 Since in thee alone I find
 Solid and substantial joys :
 Joys that, never overpast,
 Through eternity shall last.

136. *The Broad Road.* L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

137. *Dangerous.* S. M.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God !

While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy wil.

5 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

138. *Dismissed.* L. M.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world be
gone ;

Let my religious hours alone :
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

139. *Dreadful End.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn and murmur and repine,
 To see the wicked, placed on high,
 In pride and robes of honor shine !
- 2 But O, their end, their dreadful end !
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :
 On slippery rocks I see them stand,
 And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee !
 Just like a dream when man awakes ;
 Their songs of softest harmony,
 Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
 My life, my portion and my God.

140. *Excess.* L. M.

- 1 THE drunkard feels his vitals waste,
 Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;
 Till all his active powers are lost,
 And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 2 The glutton groans and loathes to eat,
 His soul abhors delicious meat ;
 Nature, with heavy loads oppress'd,
 Would yield to death to be released.

- 3 Then how the frightened sinners fly,
 To God for help, with earnest cry!
 He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
 And saves them from approaching death.
- 4 No medicine could effect the cure
 So quick, so easy, or so sure;
 The deadly sentence God repeals:
 He sends his sovereign word, and heals.
- 5 O may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
 And let their thankful offerings prove
 How they adore their Maker's love.

141. *Farewell.* 10s.

- 1 FAREWELL, vain world, your charms I
 bid adieu;
 My Savior taught me to abandon you;
 Your smiles may gratify a carnal mind,
 But not a soul for heavenly joys design'd.
- 2 Forbear to entice, cease now my soul to
 call—
 'Tis fix'd through grace—my God shall be
 my all;
 While thus my soul does heavenly glories
 view,
 Your beauties fade, my heart's no room
 for you.
- 3 Earth can no comfort to my soul afford,
 While I possess my Savior and my Lord;

Jesus, my God, shall freely have my heart,
Nor shall he evermore from thence depart.

142. *Giddy.* C. M.

- 1 IN vain the giddy world inquires—
Forgetful of their God—
“Who will supply our vast desires,
Or shew us any good?”
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honor, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit;
Or if they seize the fancied good,
There’s poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

143. *False.* C. M.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;

- We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Savior, let thy glories be
My soul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

144. *Folly.* C. M.

- 1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
"That all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds the affairs of men."
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same ;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.

145. *Seductive.* L. M.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down to the gulf of black despair ;
 And whilst I listen'd to your song,
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
 That drew me from those treacherous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 There, from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll :
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

146. *Treacherous.* C. M.

- 1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
 To practice on the mind ;
 With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.

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

147. *Transgressors.* L. M.

- 1 SEE human nature sunk in shame ;
 See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
 The Father wounded through the Son,
 The world abused, the soul undone.
- 2 See the short course of vain delight,
 Closing in everlasting night ;
 In flames that no abatement know,
 Kindled by sin the source of wo.
- 3 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
 And fain my pity would reclaim,
 And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves ;
 Thy own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

148. *Trifles.* 10s.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain
store,

The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy
ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive :
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad
day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort!—go af-
ter him, go ;

Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey
will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell,
and sin,

'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ
within :

And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

149. *Unsatisfying.* c. M.

1 Where shall I find the happiness

My longing soul requires ;

Oh! what will fill and satisfy

Its infinite desires ?

- 2 The joys of earth have all been tried,
Alas! been tried in vain!
I want more pure and lasting bliss;
Where can I this obtain?
- 3 Tired of the world, of self, of life,
Where shall I fly for rest?
Oh! what shall bring my spirit peace,
And calm my troubled breast?
- 4 Cease, mourner, cease thy sad complaint,
There yet is hope for thee;
Thy Maker's blissful countenance
Can bid all darkness flee.
- 5 Oh! turn thee to thy Savior God,
And only seek His love;
Pure peace on earth thou then shalt find,
And perfect bliss above.

150. *Vanity.* L. M.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns;

And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

CONVERSION.

151. *Good News.* 5. 6.

1 COME, sinners, attend,
And make no delay ;
Good news from a friend,
I bring you to-day ;
Glad news of salvation
Come now and receive ;
There's no condemnation
To them that believe.

2 I AM THAT I AM
Hath sent me to you ;
Glad news to proclaim,
Your sins to subdue :
To you, O distressed,
Afflicted, forlorn,
Whose sins are increased,
And cannot be borne.

- 3 But still if you cry,
 Oh, what is his name ?
 You have the reply,
 I AM THAT I AM :
 Though blind, lame, and feeble,
 And helpless you lie,
 He's willing and able
 Your wants to supply.
- 4 Then only believe,
 And trust in his name ;
 He will not deceive,
 Nor put you to shame ;
 But fully supply you
 With all things in store ;
 Nor will he deny you
 Because you are poor.

152. *The Alarm.* 6. 7.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you further go ;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo ?
 On the verge of ruin stop—
 Now the friendly warning take—
 Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop
 Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear ye not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?

Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame ?

- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar ;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair !
Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
“Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.”

153. *The accepted time.* L. M.

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice,
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?
- 2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blest ?
Will you be saved from sin and hell ?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?
- 3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

154. *Escape for thy life.* C. M.

- 1 FLY, ye awaken'd sinners, fly!
Your case admits no stay :
The fountain's open'd now for sin ;
Come, wash your guilt away.
- 2 See, from Immanuel's wounded side,
The blood and water flow ;
Soon as ye touch that purple tide,
Your souls are white as snow.
- 3 Through faith alone in Jesus' blood,
Lost sinners find release ;
No gift or sacrifice for sin
Will God accept but his.

155. *Sinner found wanting.* L. M.

- 1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner ! raise thine
eye,
Behold the judgment drawing nigh :
Behold the balance is display'd,
Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale God's holy law ;
Mark with what force its precepts draw ;
Canst thou the awful test sustain ?
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how
vain !
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,
And writes in dreadful characters,
" Sinner—thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace,
 And horror change thy guilty face ;
 Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
 Till deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail ;—
 Christ hath a weight to turn the scale ;
 Still doth the gospel publish peace,
 And show a Savior's righteousness.

156. *Warning.* C. M.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
 Repent, thy end is nigh :
 Death at the farthest can't be far :
 O ! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect ; thou hast a soul to save ;
 Thy sins, how high they mount !
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
 How stands that dark account ?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;
 His time there's none can tell ;
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
 Shall crawling worms consume :
 But ah ! destruction stops not there ;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

157. *Regeneration.* C. M.

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites, that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

158. *Born again.* C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard ;
Hear, all ye sons of men ;
For Christ the Savior hath declared,
“Ye must be born again.”
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The boasting hope is vain ;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
“Ye must be born again.”

- 3 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
 And breathe on sinners slain ;
 Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
 That we are born again.

159. Few saved. s. m.

- 1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
 What multitudes pursue !
 While that which leads the soul to God,
 Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way,
 Through Christ, the living gate ;
 But those who hate this holy way,
 Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
 And sin no more caress'd,
 They rather choose the way that's wide,
 And strive to think it best.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
 On numbers they depend ;
 They say, so many can't be wrong,
 And miss a happy end.
- 5 But hear the Savior's word,
 " Strive for the heavenly gate,
 Many will call upon the Lord,
 And find their cries too late."

160. Expostulation. 7s.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?

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

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

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

161. *Pleading for Sinners.* C.M.

1 AH, give them, Lord, a longer space;
 Nor suddenly consume;
 But let them take the proffer'd grace,
 And flee the wrath to come.

2 Open their eyes thy cross to view,
 Their ears to hear thy cries—

162, 163. CONVERSION.

Sinners, the Savior pleads for you,
For you he weeps, and dies.

- 3 All the day long he meekly stands,
The rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his
hands,
And bids you turn, and live.

162. *The accepted time.* S. M.

- 1 NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

163. *Hasten.* 7s.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;

Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

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

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

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

164. *Return.* L. M.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live ;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn,
How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

165. *The Message.* 8. 7. 4.

- 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 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!
- 4 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.

166. *The Narrow Gate.* 7s.

- 1 **SEEK**, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter, ere it be too late ;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 **God** from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies :
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, " I know you not."
- 3 **Mournfully** will they exclaim—
Lord! we have profess'd thy name ;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.
- 4 **Vain**, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity ;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, " I know you not."

167. *Custom in Sin.* L. M.

- 1 **LET** the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers, and their lives.
- 2 **As** well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin ;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
 'Twill not endure the least control ;
 None but a power divinely strong
 Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
 That works to change this heart of mine ;
 I would be form'd anew, and bless
 The wonders of creating grace.

168. Supplicating. S. M.

- 1 LORD, help me to repent—
 With sin for ever part ;
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart—
- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
 For having grieved thy love ;
 A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till cleansed from above.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire ;
 With true sincerity of wo
 My aching breast inspire ;
- 4 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down ;
 Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

169. Invited to Christ. 8. 7. 4.

- 1 COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you—
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Lo ! the incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do hapless sinners good.

170. *Ready.* L. M.

1 Sinners, obey the gospel word,
 Haste to the supper of the Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day
 All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
 And welcome his returning son ;
 Ready the gracious Savior stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit from above
 To fill the broken heart with love,
 To apply and witness Jesus' blood,
 And wash and seal you sons of God.

- 4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate ;
 Tuning their harps by which they praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

171. *Free Salvation.* L. M.

- 1 HO ! every one who thirsts, draw nigh,
 'Tis God invites the fallen race ;
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Ye nothing in exchange can give,
 Leave all ye have and are behind ;
 Freely the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 3 Come to the living waters, come !
 Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
 And in redeeming love rejoice.

172. *Yet there is room.* C. M.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, he bids you come ;
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
 But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart ;
 There love and pity meet ;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father, reconciled,
 Invites your souls to come ;
 The rebel shall be call'd a child,
 And kindly welcomed home.

173. *Prisoners of Hope.* L. M.

1 PRISONERS of hope, why will you die ?
 Why from the only refuge fly ?
 Jesus, our hiding place and tower,
 Invites the guilty and the poor.

2 He came to comfort all that mourn ;
 He sweetly says to sinners, Turn ;
 Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,
 Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

3 The great Redeemer lived and died,
 The Prince of life was crucified,
 He shed his own most precious blood
 To ransom captive souls to God.

4 To this redeeming God be given
 Immortal praise by earth and heaven ;
 Prisoners of hope, the Savior bless,
 And every hour his love confess.

174. *Universal Invitation.* L. M.

1 SENT by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all :

Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

- 2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wanderers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 3 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live :
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 4 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

175. *Christ's Invitation.* L. M.

- 1 " COME hither all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come :
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

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

176. *Gospel Invitation.* C. M.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away, and die;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.

177. *Law and Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 THE law commands, and makes us know,
 What duties to our God we owe;

But, 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been :
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once !
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law ;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives :
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

178. *Words of Grace.* C. M.

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

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then with all your wants and
wounds,
Your every burden bring !
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring !

- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word !)
 May of this stream partake ;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake !
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too.
 And drink, adore, and bless.

179. *The Spirit striving.* L. M.

- 1 O SINNER hear the heavenly voice !
 O hear the Spirit's gracious call !
 It bids thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 2 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man ;
 Ye who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 3 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

180. *Sinner considering.* c. M.

- 1 AND does the Spirit kindly move
 To wake my drowsy heart ;
 And shall I slight and grieve his love,
 And bid him hence depart ?
- 2 Shall I the tempter's voice believe,
 And still refuse to pray,

And thus the Holy Spirit grieve,
And bid him go his way?—

- 3 This solemn warning, once received,
I dare no longer slight ;
The Holy Spirit often grieved,
May take his final flight.

181. *Original Sin.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin ;
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
'The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

182. *Repentance.* L. M.

- 1 OH, that my load of sin were gone !
Oh, that I could at last submit !
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find—
 Savior, if mine indeed thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free ;
 I cannot rest till pure within—
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

183. *Conversion.* L. M.

- 1 THE sinner's flattering dreams are fled,
 Destruction hovers o'er his head ;
 And conscience throws her darts around,
 And poison rankles in each wound.
- 2 Despair and death his heart assail,
 And all his hopes of comfort fail ;
 Till, deeply humbled in the dust,
 He owns his punishment is just.
- 3 Then Penitence beside him stands,
 With brow severe, but healing hands ;
 The wounds she probes, the balm applies,
 To heaven directs the mourner's sighs.
- 4 To heaven his streaming eyes he rears,
 And Mercy's radiant form appears ;
 She whispers peace and hope within,
 His sorrows cease, his joys begin.

184. *Hearts of Stone.* 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 fix'd 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,
 Savior, take my broken heart.

185. *Born Again.* P. M.

- 1 **AWAKED** by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 "The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink to endless wo."

- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelm'd my tortured mind.
- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load ;
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God."
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Savior pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move ;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

186. *Yielding to Christ.* S. M.

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

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
 I can hold out no more :
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own Thee conqueror !
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign ;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine !
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove :
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

187. *Bartimeus.* 8. 7.

- 1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
 Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
 "Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he call'd the louder still ;
 Till the gracious Savior bid him,
 "Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live ;
 But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but he could give.

- 4 " Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 " Let my eyes behold the day !"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 " Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Savior I have found ?
- 6 " Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me !
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

188. *Salvation.* C. M.

- 1 SALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To Thee the praise belongs :
 Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
 Thy praise inspire our songs.

Chorus, for the end of each verse.

Glory, honor, praise, and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever!

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!

Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

189. *Carnal joys.* C. M.

- 1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your power.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 There pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined;
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

190. *Behold he prays.* L. M.

- 1 THE soul that's truly born of God
Delights to run the heavenly road;
He mourns for sin, and hates the ways
Which lead to death—behold he prays.

- 2 Now wisdom's ways are his delight,
 And Christ is precious in his sight ;
 With shame he views his ill-spent days,
 And now—behold the sinner prays.
- 3 Grace is the theme his soul explores ;
 A God in Christ his soul adores ;
 Before the cross his fears he lays,
 And now to God—behold he prays.
- 4 He flies from works to Jesus' blood,
 Yet proves by works he's born of God :
 He runs with joy in Zion's ways,
 And to his God—behold he prays.

191. *Joy in Heaven.* L. M.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
 Through all the courts of paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love ;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he form'd anew ;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

192. *Looking to Jesus.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the life, the truth, the way,
 In whom I now believe,
 As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
 As by the powers above,
 Who always see thee on thy throne,
 And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
 That I may do thy will,
 As angels, who behold thy face,
 And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
 Shall serve thee without fear,
 If thou my nature sanctify
 In answer to my prayer.

CHRISTIAN.

193. *Watchfulness.* S. M D.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.

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

194. *Promised grace.* L. M.

- 1 **AFFLICTED** saint, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 "How shall I stand the trying day?"
 He has engaged, by firm decree,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
 Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,
 Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

195. *Repentance.* C. M.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a wretch as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes, that I had done—
 He groan'd upon the tree?—
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve, my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt, my eyes, to tears.
- 5 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
 The Lamb on Calvary;
 The Lamb that was slain,
 That liveth again,
 To intercede for me.

196. *Holy courage.* C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 Why should I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 3 No, I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord,
 To bear the cross, endure the shame,
 Supported by thy word.
- 4 The saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die;
 They view a triumph from afar,
 And faith presents it nigh.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 With robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

197. *Self-denial.* C. M.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
 My dearest Lord, for thee?
 It is but right, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear
 Compared with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair !

198. *Self-examination.* L. M.

- 1 AND what am I?—My soul, awake,
 And an impartial survey take :
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice—or in heart appear ?
- 2 What image does my spirit bear !
 Is Jesus form'd, and living there ?
 Say—do his lineaments divine
 In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 3 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
 The secrets of my soul reveal ;—
 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
 Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread.
- 4 May I at that blest world arrive,
 Where Christ through all my soul shall live ;
 And give full proof that he is there,
 Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

199. *Christian warfare.* L. M.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Leader, Christ, has gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then O my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies-
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

200. *The Mercy-Seat.* C. M.

- 1 **APPROACH**, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin
 By Satan sorely press'd,
 By war without, and fear within,
 I come to thee for rest.

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

201. *The Christian Race.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls, (away our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone,)
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

202. *Throne of grace.* S. M.

1 Behold the throne of grace,
 The promise calls me near;

There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee is spilt,
What else can he withhold ?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

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

203. *Waiting for Christ.* 8. 7.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee :
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring,

By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

204. *Holiness and Peace.* C. M.

- 1 **BLEST** is the man who shuns the place,
 Where sinners love to meet ;
 Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
 And hates the scõffer's seat :
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
 Has placed his chief delight ;
 By day he reads or hears the word,
 And meditates by night.
- 3 He like a plant of generous kind
 By living waters set,
 Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
 Enjoys a peaceful state.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
 Shall his profession shine ;
 While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.

205. *Charity.* C. M.

- 1 **BLEST** is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain ;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Is never raised in vain.

- 2 His breast expands with generous warmth
 A stranger's woes to feel ;
 And weeps in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow :
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.
- 4 He, from the bosom of his God,
 Shall present peace receive ;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.

206. *Christian's home.* 7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One that loves us to the end :
 Forward, then, with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls, Come home."
- 2 In the way, a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart :
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon in glory be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls, Come home."

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within :
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
 “ Child, your Father calls, Come home.”

207. *Children.* 7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 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.

208. *Grateful recollection.* 8. 7.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.
- 4 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

209. *Conquering Grace.* c. M.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds thine arrows give ;
They pierce the hardest heart :
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 2 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Come with majestic sway
Down from thy glorious throne on high,
And make thy foes obey.

- 3 And when thy victories are complete ;
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,
 To sing thy conquering grace ;
- 4 O, may my humble soul be found
 Among that favor'd band !
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound
 As round the throne we stand.

210. *Faith.* L. M.

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's evidence
 Of things unseen by mortal eye ;
 It passes all the bounds of sense,
 And penetrates the inmost sky.
- 2 Things absent it can set in view,
 And bring far distant prospects home ;
 Events long past it can renew,
 And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar
 The heavenly regions it surveys,
 Embraces all the blessings there,
 And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,
 Through ruffling storms and swelling
 seas,
 O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
 And still possess our souls in peace.

211. *Power of Faith.* C. M.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snare;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
 The healing balm to give;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign;
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

212. *Hope.* S. M. D.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 He shall lift up thy head:
 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone:

What though thou rulest not,
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And will do all things well.

- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command :
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
 How wise ; how strong his hand !
 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

213. *Sincerity.* C. M.

- 1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear ;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bended knees the ground ;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere ;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

214. *Salvation by grace.* S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

215. *Miracle of grace.* 8. 7.

- 1 HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heaven,
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

- 3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Savior pass'd that way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

216. *Happy choice.* C. M.

- 1 HOW happy is the man who hears
 Religion's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold;
 More precious are her bright rewards,
 Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
 Immortal, happy days;
 Her left, imperishable wealth,
 And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labors rise,
 So her rewards increase;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

217. *The good Physician.* 7. 6.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole ;
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave ;
 To tell to all around me,
 His mighty power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases,
 Is light compared with sin ;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within.
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness all combined,
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.

3 A dying, risen Jesus,
 View'd by an eye of faith,
 From every danger frees us,
 And saves our souls from death.
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

218. *Absence of Jesus.* 8s.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me :
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

219. *Tempted.* C. M.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To lure our souls to death.

- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear;
 And holds us still in wide extremes,
 Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, *how easy 'tis*
To walk the road to heaven :
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries
They cannot be forgiven.
- 4 Thus he supports his cruel throne
 By mischief and deceit,
 And drags the sons of Adam down
 To darkness and the pit.
- 5 Almighty God, cut short his power,
 Let him in darkness dwell;
 And, that he vex the earth no more,
 Confine him down to hell.

220. *Humility.* S. M.

- 1 I HEAR thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey;
 Send thy good Spirit from above
 To guide me, lest I stray.
- 2 O who can ever find
 The errors of his ways?
 Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
 I would not dare transgress.
- 3 Warn me of every sin,
 Forgive my secret faults,
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

- 4 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad ;
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Savior and my God.

221. *Portion in Christ.* L. M.

- 1 IN Christ, I've all my soul's desire ;
 His Spirit does my heart inspire,
 With boundless wishes large and high ;
 And Christ will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my hope, my strength, and guide ;
 For me he bled, and groan'd, and died :
 He is my sun, to give me light ;
 He is my soul's supreme delight.
- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
 My wisdom, and my righteousness—
 Whate'er on earth shall me befall,
 He's my salvation and my all.

222. *Ingratitude.* S. M.

- 1 IS this the kind return,
 Are these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind !
 What strange rebellious souls are we,
 And God as strangely kind !

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mould our souls afresh;
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
 stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let old ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes;
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

223. *Tender Conscience.* C.M.D.

1 I WANT a principle within,
 Of jealous godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near:
 I want the first approach to feel,
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make!
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove,

And let me weep my life away,
 For having grieved thy love.
 O may the least omission pain,
 My well-instructed soul !
 And drive me to that blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

224. *Not ashamed of Jesus.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus !—sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star :
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus !—just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
 Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus !—that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus !—yes I may—
 When I've no guilt to wash away—
 No tear to wipe—no good to crave—
 No fear to quell—no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Savior slain!
 And Oh, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

225. *Fulness in Christ.* 7. 6. 8.

1 JESUS, full of truth and grace,
 In thee is all I want :
 Be the wanderer's resting place,
 A cordial to the faint ;
 Make me rich, for I am poor,
 In thee may I my Eden find :
 To the dying, health restore,
 And eye-sight to the blind.

2 Clothe me with thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility ;
 Put on me thy glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with thee :
 Let thine image be restored,
 Thy Name and Nature let me prove ;
 With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love.

226. *Justification.* L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
 To take my mansion in the skies ;
 Even then shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay,
 While through thy blood absolved I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?

227. Evidences of grace. L. M.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
 And try my reins, and try my heart ;
 My faith upon thy promise stays,
 Nor from thy law my feet depart.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
 With men of vanity and lies :
 The scoffer and the hypocrite
 Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Among the saints will I appear,
 With hands well wash'd in innocence ;
 But when I stand before thy bar,
 The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
 The temple where thine honors dwell :
 There shall I hear thy holy word,
 And there thy works of wonder tell.

228. *Rejoicing in God.* L. M.

- 1 **JUST** are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode ;
Who is a God, beside the Lord ?
Or, where's a refuge like our God ?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock,
The God of my Salvation lives !
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

229. *Gifts without Love.* C. M.

- 1 **KNOWLEDGE**, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will ever reign,
If love be absent there.
- 2 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too :
But devils cannot love.

- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away,
 To see our smiling God.

230. *Renouncing the world.* C. M.

- 1 LET groveling minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me,
 Once I admired its follies too,
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Those follies now no longer please,
 No more delight afford ;
 Far from my heart be joys like these
 Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart ;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Shall fix my roving heart.
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee :
 Yet worthless still myself I own,
 Thy worth is all my plea.

231. *Free Grace.* 7. 6. 8.

- 1 LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness!
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace;
 Other title I disclaim;
 This, only this, is all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream;
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him;
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.
- 3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found,
 Unwater'd still, and dry;
 While the dew on all around,
 Falls plenteous from the sky;
 Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
 The Savior's grace for all is free;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

232. *Adoption.* L. M.

- 1 LOOK up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
 See where the great Redeemer stands,—

- The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands !
- 2 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
The softest call before his throne,
May rise, and find acceptance there.
- 3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord !
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My *Father, God*, with joy divine.

233. *A good Conscience.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
 sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace
 within.
- 2 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow :
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 3 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

- 4 While wretched we, like worms and moles
Lie grovelling in the dust below,
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

234. *Access to God.* c. M.

- 1 LORD, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day ;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 2 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 3 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

235. *Backslider.* 7s.

- 1 LORD, I know thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning free :
Open are thy arms to embrace,
Me, the worst of rebels, me :
In me all the hindrance lies ;
Call'd, I still refuse to rise.
- 2 Now the gracious work begin ;
Now for good some token give ;

Give me now to feel my sin ;
 Give me now my sin to leave ;
 Bid me look on thee and mourn ;
 Bid me to thy arms return !

- 3 Take this heart of stone away :
 Melt me into gracious tears ;
 Grant me grace to watch and pray,
 Till thy lovely face appears ;
 Till thy favor I retrieve,
 Till by faith again I live.

236. *Salvation by grace.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been !
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways,
 Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
 Which our own hands have done :
 But we are saved by sovereign grace,
 Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis through the purchase of his death
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.

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

237. *Living Faith.* C. M.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ the living head.
- 3 The faith that changes all the heart,
 The faith that works by love,
 Shall bid all sinful joys depart,
 And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
 By a celestial power ;
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.

238. *Spiritual sloth.* C. M.

- 1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
 Awake my sluggish soul ;
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
 Labor, and toil, and strive,
 Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,
 How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sakes all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move ;
 We, for whose guard the angels bands
 Come flying from above :—
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labor'd for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown,
 He purchasèd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts ?
 Come, Holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
 And sit and warm our hearts.

239. *Meditation.* L. M.

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee :
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And all my purest joys forego ?

- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

240. *Love to Christ.* 8s.

- 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim ;
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name :
 To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ—
 To see them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
 To shine with the angels in light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing ;
 To view with eternal delight,—
 My Savior, my God, and my King.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey ;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds ;
 And pass in a moment away :
 The crown that my Savior bestows,
 The permanent sun shall outshine :
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

241. Watchfulness. S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To drive thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down :
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast gain'd thy crown.

242. Redeeming love. 7s.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove ;
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin!
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
 Welcome to his sacred rest;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string;
 Mortals, join the hosts above—
 Join to praise redeeming love.

243. *Noble resolution.* L. M.

- 1 NOW I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh, be his service all my joy!
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 Oh, may I never faint, nor tire,
 Nor wandering, leave his sacred ways;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

244. *Forgiveness of sins.* S. M.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the festering wound;
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

245. *Strength of faith.* L. M.

- 1 OH, for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what the Almighty saith!
 To embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 2 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break;
 Our steady souls would fear no more
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

- 3 Our everlasting hopes arise
 Above the ruinable skies,
 Where the eternal Builder reigns,
 And his own court his power sustains.

246. *Charity.* c. m.

- 1 O MAY our sympathizing breast
 The generous pleasure know ;
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' wo.
- 2 When the most helpless sons of grief,
 In low distress are laid ;
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And prompt our hands to aid.
- 3 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
 When throned above the skies ;
 And midst the embraces of thy love,
 He felt compassion rise.
- 4 On wings of love the Savior flew
 To raise us from the ground ;
 And gave the richest of his blood,
 A balm for every wound.

247. *Hope encouraged.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness ;
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

2. What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and grieve thee day by day ;
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay ;
 Thou shalt conquer—
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within ;
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin :
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Oh, that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love !
 Happy songsters !
 When shall I your chorus join ?

248. *Prayer in darkness.* 7s.

- 1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fix'd no more to move ;
 Then my Saviour was my song,
 Then my soul was fill'd with love ;
 Those were happy, golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's power ;
 Now I feel my sins anew ;
 Now I feel the stormy hour !

Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

- 3 Savior, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive:
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

249. *Holy desires.* C. M.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off lay eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

250. *Lord remember me.* C. M.

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows;
I lift my voice to thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 When guilt lies heavy on my heart,
 Thy merits are my plea :
 My pardon speak, and peace impart—
 In love remember me.
- 3 From sin's defilement in my soul,
 I pant to be set free ;
 To save, and cleanse, and make me
 whole,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 Temptations sore obstruct my way—
 Lord to my succor flee ;
 Give strength according to my day—
 For good remember me.
- 5 If in my love to thy dear name
 I am reproach'd for thee ;
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.
- 6 When I draw near the vale of death,
 And meet the just decree ;
 Savior ! with my last panting breath,
 I'll cry—Remember me.

251. Seeking the Savior. 11. 8.

- 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 noontide resort with
thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I
weep,
Or alone in 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?

252. *Prayer.* c. m.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice
 And say,—“ Behold he prays.”
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gate of death—
 He enters heaven with prayer.

253. *Religion.* C. M.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;
 May I its holy precepts learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows ;
 Not worldly fame, nor food, nor health,
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 It fits us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart by grace renew'd
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And then by sovereign power subdued,
 I shall his sceptre own.

254. *Deliverance.* C. M.

- 1 RISE, O my soul! the hour review
When, awed by guilt and fear,
Thou durst not heaven for mercy sue,
Nor hope for pity here!
- 2 Dried are thy tears, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care;
For heaven itself did send its aid,
To snatch thee from despair.
- 3 Then hear, O God, thy work fulfil;
And from thy mercy's throne
O grant me strength to do thy will,
And to resist my own.
- 4 So shall my soul each power employ,
Thy mercies to adore,
Whilst heaven itself proclaims with joy,
One rescued sinner more!

255. *Rock of Ages.* 7s.

- 1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,

This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone ;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

256. The Penitent's prayer. L. M.

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
 Let a repenting rebel live ;
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace :
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death :
And if my soul were doom'd to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

257. Walking with God. 7. 6. 8.

- 1 SINCE I've known a Savior's name
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke :
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward :
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.
- 2 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity ;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire ;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsumed in fire.
- 3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see ;

Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

258. *Prayer and Hope.* C. M.

- 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
“Ye children, seek my grace;”
My heart replied without delay,
“I’ll seek my Father’s face.”
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
Thy grace would soon provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He’ll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

259. *The Strait Gate.* C. M.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

260. *Peace of Conscience.* L. M.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly
guest !
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast ;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here ;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

- 3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
O, make these sacred pleasures mine !
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all his terrors, near ;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

261. *The Backslider.* C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
A Savior's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
I saw his glory shine,
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets mine eyes,
But will not reach my case.

- 6 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;
 O make my soul thy care ;
 I know thy mercy cannot fail,
 Let me that mercy share.

262. *The great concern.* L. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord, the great concern,
 To know thy will, thy name to love ;
 Our duty from thy word to learn,
 And gain the wisdom from above.
- 2 Religion, richest blessing given,
 Fountain of all our joys below,
 Bids mortals lift their eyes to heaven,
 In scenes of gladness or of wo.
- 3 Religion must be all in all,
 Would we the immortal prize obtain,
 Retrieve the ruins of the fall,
 And flee from death and endless pain.
- 4 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,
 To sanctify and cleanse our heart :
 May we repent, believe, obey,
 And from thy service ne'er depart.

263. *Faith.* 8s.

- 1 THE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his Savior and God,
 His pardon at once he receives—
 Redemption by faith in his blood.

- 'Tis faith that still leads us along,
 And points out the heavenly road ;
 That makes us in weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 2 It treads on the world and on hell,
 It vanquishes death and despair :
 And Oh ! let us wonder to tell,
 It wrestles and conquers by prayer :
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend ;
 To hope his forgiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, " Depart,"
 That stand between God and the soul ;—
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole ;
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

264. *The narrow way.* C. M.

- 1 **THERE** is a path that leads to God ;
 All others lead astray ;
 Narrow but pleasant is the road,
 And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads us through this world of sin ;
 And dangers must be past ;
 But those who boldly walk therein
 Will come to heaven at last.

- 3 While the broad road where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside I know,
To walk with sinners there.
- 4 Lord, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
O, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

265. *Banishment.* C. M.

- 1 THOU lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart!*
- 2 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 3 What—to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die !
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly !
- 4 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !
- 5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

266. *Constant devotion.* L. M.

- 1 **THIS** curious frame—these noble powers,
 To thy creating hand I owe ;
 Thy providence preserves me safe,
 And crowns my every wish below.
- 2 Oft in the visions of the night,
 My thoughts still on thy mercies rove ;
 And every midnight wakeful hour,
 I trace the wonders of thy love.
- 3 The pleasant, unexhausted theme
 Each rising morn my soul pursues—
 In fervent prayer ascends to thee,
 And still her grateful song renews.
- 4 Nor days, nor nights, nor months, nor years,
 Nor centuries would e'er suffice
 To sound the unfathom'd depths of love,
 Or touch the heights thy mercies rise.

267. *Humble.* C. M.

- 1 **THUS** speaks the High and Lofty One—
 My throne is fix'd on high ;
 There, through eternity, I hear
 The praises of the sky.
- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
 The humble, hallow'd cell ;
 And, with the penitent who mourn,
 'Tis my delight to dwell.
- 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
 The sad in spirit cheers ;
 My presence, from the bed of dust,
 The contrite sinner rears.

- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints
 While they on earth remain ;
 And they, exalted, dwell with me,
 With me for ever reign.

268. *Walking by faith.* L. M.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night :
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray :
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God ;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

269. *Christian trials.* 7s.

- 1 'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Savior's power to know
 Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring to Jesus' feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisements by the way,
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away?

270. *The believer's hope.* S. M.

- 1 'TIS no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Savior here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purify our souls from sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 We would no longer lie,
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
 And thou the kindred own,

271. *Melancholy.* C. M.

- 1 TO God I cried with mournful voice ;
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd my heart with fear.
- 2 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
 'Till I could speak no more ;
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And view'd thy judgments o'er.
- 3 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
 Which I enjoy'd before ;
 And will the Lord no more be kind ?
 His face appear no more ?
- 4 Will he for ever cast me off ?
 His promise ever fail ?
 Has he forgot his tender love ?
 Shall anger still prevail ?
- 5 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
 This dark despairing frame,
 Remembering what thy hand hath
 wrought ;
 Thy hand is still the same.

272. *Jesus crucified.* 7. 6. 8.

- 1 VAIN delusive world adieu,
 With all of creature good,
 Only Jesus I'll pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood ;

All thy pleasure I'll forego,
 I'll trample on thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity ;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me !
 Me to save from endless wo,
 The sin-atonng victim died ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend :
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his love abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

273. *Charity.* L. M.

1 WERE I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in heaven and hell ;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.

2 Should I distribute all my store,
 My worldly goods, to feed the poor,
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name ;

3 If love to God, and love to men,
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The works of love can e'er fulfil.

274. *God all in all.* C. M.

- 1 **WHAT** empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod !
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.
- 2 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
 Scatters his feeble light ;
 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
 If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 3 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own ;
 Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.
- 4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore ;
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more.

275. *Public thanks.* C. M.

- 1 **WHAT** shall I render to my God,
 For all his kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
 My offerings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God !
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !
 How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record :
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

276. Joy of conversion. C. M.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasant dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.

- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
 And own'd thy power divine,
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,
 "And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

277. Crucifixion. L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet;
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love, so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

278. Hinder me not. C. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus bade me leave the world,
 My downward steps retrace;
 'Twas thus I answer'd every foe,
 And fled to his embrace.

- 2 Stay, said the world, and taste awhile
 My every pleasant sweet ;
 Hinder me not, my soul replied,
 Because the way is great.
- 3 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue :
 Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 4 Through duty, and through trials too,
 I go at his command ;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

279. *Habitual devotion.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power
 Be my vain wishes still'd :
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 4 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on thee.

280. *Witness of the Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 **WHY** should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter ! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

281. *The Christian's vow.* C. M.

- 1 **WITNESS**, ye men and angels, now ;
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break.
- 2 As long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
We'll never from his cause depart,
We'll never quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, do thou guide our erring feet,
 And keep us in thy ways ;
 And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn thou our prayers to praise.

APPROPRIATE FOR SEAMEN.

282. *Power of God.* 5. 11.

1 ALL praise to the Lord,
 Who rules by his word,
 The untractable sea,
 And limits its rage by his steadfast decree ;
 Whose providence binds,
 Or releases the winds,
 And compels them again,
 At his beck, to put on the invisible chain.

2 O that all men would raise,
 A tribute of praise,
 His goodness declare,
 And thankfully sing of his fatherly care ;
 With joy we embrace
 This pledge of his grace,
 And wait to outfly
 These storms of affliction, and land in the
 sky.

283. *The Sailor honored.* C. M.

- 1 A SAILOR once, whom Jesus loved,
 Lean'd on his breast and fed,
 While Christ, the Lord, at supper proved
 Himself the living bread.
- 2 O honor'd saint, O glorious place,
 The bosom of our Lord!
 What can so much display his grace
 To those he bought with blood?
- 3 But may a Sailor, poor and low,
 Weary of wandering here,
 May I, though vile, be favor'd so,
 And dry up every tear?
- 4 O canst thou, wilt thou, dearest Lord,
 Give my poor soul this rest;
 Shall I, when storms fulfil thy word,
 Repose upon thy breast?
- 5 Then farewell home, and foreign charms
 Your influence now shall cease,
 Reclined in Christ my Savior's arms,
 I rest in endless peace.

284. *The Loadstone.* L. M.

- 1 AS needles point towards the pole,
 When touch'd by the magnetic stone;
 So faith in Jesus, gives the soul
 A tendency before unknown.
- 2 Till then by blinded passions led,
 In search of fancy's good we range;
 The paths of disappointment tread,
 To nothing fix'd, but love of change.

- 3 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
 A knowledge of the Savior's love ;
 Our wandering, weary, restless hearts,
 Are fix'd at once, no more to move.
- 4 By love's pure light, we soon perceive
 Our noblest bliss and proper end ;
 And gladly every idol leave,
 To love and serve our Lord and friend.

285. *A propitious gale.* L. M.

- 1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit, come !
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 But swell my sails, and speed my way !
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 And loose my cable from below ;
 But I can only spread my sail ;
 'Tis thou must breathe the auspicious
 gale !"

286. *Christ in the ship.* 5. 6.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief !
 My Savior is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear :
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.
- 2 Determined to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
- 202

When, Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death:
 And can he have taught me,
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me
 To put me to shame?

3 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation,
 Must follow their Lord.

4 Though dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide;
 His way was much rougher,
 And darker than mine;
 Did Jesus thus suffer,
 And shall I repine?

5 His love in time past
 Forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last,
 In trouble to sink;
 Each sweet Ebenezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To bring me quite through.

6 Since all that I meet,
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The medicine is food :
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant
 The conqueror's song !

287. Escaping the storm. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sinner's fearless soul,
 Which love could ne'er arrest,
 With trembling hears the thunder roll,
 And death approaching fast.—
- 2 But lo!—what sounds of heavenly peace,
 Amid the storm I hear ;
 When howling winds a moment cease,
 And love succeeds to fear !
- 3 Now, on the hill of Calvary,
 Where Jesus once was slain,
 Sweet peace, and love, and sympathy,
 There all unbroken reign.
- 4 Whene'er the tempest's vengeful voice,
 And guilt my soul appal,
 I then in Jesus will rejoice,
 And mercy's gentle call.

288. Safety in Christ. L. M.

- 1 BENEATH a reef the ship was moor'd,
 The threatening tempest to endure ;

Loud raged the storm, but all on board,
Fear'd not, but deem'd their hold was sure.

2 Loud raged the storm, the cable gave ;
Strong was the force, and swift the shock ;
The ship was driven along the wave,
And dash'd upon a lurking rock.

3 An earthly refuge may deceive ;
This has been often proved before ;
But who in Christ did e'er believe,
And found that trust could aid no more ?

4 Eternal refuge from despair !
This, well I know, could never be ;
What storm could rage, and reach me
there ?
What power could drive my soul from
thee ?

289. *Divine guidance.* L. M.

1 BESET with dangers, and with fear,
In life's uncertain sea I steer ;
Savior divine ! diffuse thy light ;
O Spirit, guide my vessel right.

2 Engage this roving treacherous heart
To fix on Christ the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

290. *There's hope for thee.* C. M.

- 1 BLEST be that voice, now heard afar,
 O'er the dark, rolling sea,
 That whispers to the hardy tar,
 "Sailor, there's hope for thee!"
- 2 Blest be that pure, that Christian love,
 That boundless charity,
 Which bears the olive, like the dove,
 Brave, generous tar, to thee.
- 3 Blest be those lips, in accents mild,
 From sordid motives free,
 That first proclaim'd to Ocean's child,
 "Sailor, there's hope for thee."
- 4 Long hadst thou rode the foamy wave,
 From sin nor danger free,
 Till mercy stretch'd her arm to save—
 To save, brave sailor, thee.
- 5 God of the just! Oh, lend thine ear,
 And blessings rich decree
 On those who spread these tidings dear—
 "Sailor, there's hope for thee."

291. *Protection.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 GUIDE us, O! thou great Jehovah,
 Wanderers on the mighty deep;
 From the storm, and raging tempest,
 Deign our floating bark to keep;
 Lord of heaven!
 Bid the breeze propitious blow.

- 2 Be our safeguard through the night-watch,
 And our guardian all the day,
 To our destined port in safety,
 Give us swift and joyful way ;
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 And when life's short voyage is over,
 In the haven of the blest,
 May we, guided by thy Spirit,
 Find an everlasting rest ;
 Father, hear us !
 For the great Redeemer's sake.

Note.—This hymn was written by the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, on his passage to Liverpool some years since, on board the ship Mexico.

292. *Storm and Thunder.* L. M.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and power,
 Ascribe due honors to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
 Over the ocean and the land ;
 His voice divides the watery cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
 The Thunderer reigns for ever king ;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.

- 4 In gentler language there the Lord
 The counsels of his grace imparts ;
 Amidst the raging storm, his word
 Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

293. *God's dominion.* L. M.

- 1 GOD of the seas ! thine awful voice
 Bids all the rolling waves rejoice ;
 And one soft word of thy command
 Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
 The sea divides, and owns its God,
 The stormy floods their Maker know,
 And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
 Sportful, to thee a tribute pays ;
 And larger monsters of the deep,
 At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 4 Thus is thy glorious power adored
 Among the watery nations, Lord !
 Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
 Forget the mighty God who saves !

294. *National blessings.* L. P. M.

- 1 HOW rich thy gifts, Almighty King !
 From thee our public blessings spring :
 The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
 The treasures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

- 2 Here commerce spreads her wealthy store,
 Bounteous from every foreign shore ;
 Science and art their charms display :
 Religion teaches us to raise,
 Our voices to our Maker's praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
 To God we raise united songs ;
 Here still may God in mercy reign :
 Crown our just counsels with success,
 With peace and joy our borders bless,
 And all our sacred rights maintain.

295. *Paul's voyage.* C. M.

- 1 IF Paul in Cesar's court must stand,
 He need not fear the sea ;
 Secured from harm on every hand
 By the divine decree.
- 2 Although the ship in which he sail'd,
 By dreadful storms was toss'd ;
 The promise over all prevail'd,
 And not a life was lost.
- 3 Jesus ! the God whom Paul adored,
 Who saves in time of need ;
 Was then confess'd by all on board,
 A present help indeed !
- 4 Believers thus are toss'd about,
 On life's tempestuous main ;
 But grace assures beyond a doubt,
 They shall their port attain.

296. Traveller's psalm. C. M.

- 1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord ;
How sure is there defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lauds remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preservest that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be :
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

297. *Seamen.* L. M.

- 1 HOW is thy glorious power adored,
Amid the watery nations, Lord;
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.
- 2 What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee;
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
- 3 Then down they plunge in watery graves,
And some drink death among the waves;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued them.
- 4 O for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land;
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny,
That there's a God that rules the sky.

298. *Seamen singing.* C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the songs of Zion sound
When seamen tune their voice
In praise to him who reigns on high,
And bids the world rejoice.
- 2 These tongues, which once their God blas-
phemed,
Now sound his praises high;
For that sweet word of gospel grace,
Which brings a Savior nigh.

- 3 They sing, to tell how God has given
 Deliverance from the storm,
 And brought them to their port in peace,
 By his almighty arm.
- 4 They sing, to tell of all the love
 Of him who died to save ;
 Who now in glory reigns above,
 To rescue from the grave.
- 5 Sing on, dear seamen, sing and tell
 Of all Emanuel's love !
 And may you rise and sit on high,
 And reign with him above.

299. *The firm foundation.* 11s.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,
 Who unto the Savior for refuge have fled ?
- 2 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
 may'd,
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee
 aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand.
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee
 to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;

- For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
 bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only de-
 sign
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
 fine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 That soul, though all hell shall endeavor
 to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.”

300. *The Anchor-hold.* C. M.

- 1 IN every trouble sharp and strong
 My soul to Jesus flies ;
 My anchor-hold is firm in him,
 When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God ;
 The sure foundation of my hope
 Is in a Savior's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's name ;
 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

301. *Inquiring the way.* C. M.

- 1 INQUIRE, ye seamen, for the course
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face
With a determined will.
- 2 Invite your shipmates all around,
The pious march to join,
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your ardent prayer.
- 4 O come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows
With thankful hearts and hands.

302. *The Bethel Flag.* L. M.

- 1 IF lifted up on high I be,
In me, said Christ, shall all men see
The great fulfilment of the law,
And to my cross all men I'll draw.
- 2 On Judah's height, and Canaan's shore,
And where the gospel trumpets blow,
Or where the Bethel flag was rear'd,
Then Christ on high to men appear'd.

- 3 And has not Jesus, by his love
 Oft sweetly raised our souls above ?
 And does he not, even now, inspire
 The sailor's heart with heavenly fire ?
- 4 Then raise on high your banners still,
 Let *Bethel* wave on every hill ;
 Till Christ shall reign from sea to sea,
 And angels shout the Jubilee.

303. *Universal presence.* 7. 5. 6.

- 1 IN the wide waste of water,
 So vast and so clear,
 How delightful to think,
 That my Savior is here ;
 As much with this vessel,
 Where'er it may roam,
 As with those whom we love,
 And have quitted at home.
- 2 Eternal Pervader—
 Protector of all !
 Thou hearest the prayer
 Of the weakest who call ;
 From thee never distant,
 Wherever we are,
 Thy love is our pole,
 And our point, and our star.
- 3 Forgive us and bless us,
 Thou only canst bless :
 Thou knowest—*we do not*.
 Each future distress ;

O guard us, and keep us,
 And bring us again
 To the land of our home,
 From the boisterous main.

304. *Countrymen abroad.* 11s.

- 1 IN lands strange and distant, how sweetly
 the sound
 Of the tongue of a countryman falls on
 the ear ;
 The strangeness of all that is passing
 around,
 Makes the words seem more sweet, and
 the accents more dear.
- 2 It reminds us of home, of the land of our
 birth,
 Of the friends we have left, and the kin
 that we love,
 Of all that is dearest to man upon earth,
 All his comfort below, and his solace
 above.
- 3 It is thus to the Christian, when passing
 along
 This world, to the home of the Father, on
 high ;
 Some brother he finds, in the midst of the
 throng,
 With the accent of heaven, the tongue of
 the sky.

- 4 How delightfully heart answers heart, as
they meet!
How refreshing to each is the sound of the
voice!
How cheering the thought, the communion
how sweet!
How the passions grow warm, and the
spirits rejoice!
- 5 The communion of saints brightens many
a day,
Enlivens the faith that was drooping and
low,
Stirs up the remembrance of God on our
way,
And bids all the sweetest affections to glow.

305. *God fills immensity.* 11s.

- 1 I'VE sail'd o'er the ocean, I've roam'd
round the earth,
And left far behind me the land of my birth:
Arabia's deserts I've trod in despair,
But never forgot that "My Maker was
there."
- 2 When on the wild shore my vessel was
cast,
I counted each hour, and believed it the last;
I thought on that Power, who had kept me
with care,
Remembering with pleasure, "My Maker
was there."

- 3 When the storm and the tempest have
clouded the sky,
And the flash of the lightning has reach'd
from on high,
I've heard in the thunder a voice to declare,
'Twas wicked to fear, for "My Maker
was there."
- 4 Now my dangers are past, and my wan-
derings are o'er,
I've return'd once again to my own native
shore!
To the altar of mercy I'll ever repair,
And offer my vows to "My Maker who's
there."

306. *The reign of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the deep now owns thy sway,
And ransom'd Sailors hail the day!
While they behold, like lightning's blaze,
Thy gospel spread wide o'er the seas!
- 2 From pole to pole salvation's heard;
Jesus is own'd, is loved, and fear'd!
From east to west the *Bethel* flies,
And songs of praise ascend the skies!
- 3 Enlighten'd Sailors now shall raise
Anthems to their Redeemer's praise!
Through heathen nations loud proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name!

- 4 Glory to Thee, our gracious Lord,
 We joyful sing with one accord,
 The Sailors, long a rebel race,
 Return to seek their Father's face !

307. Jesus, the Pilot. 6. 8.

- 1 JESUS, at thÿ command,
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep :
 For thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my Pilot wise ;
 My compass is thy word ;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord !
 I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie,
 Yet thou wilt safely keep,
 And guide me with thine eye :
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
 And I each boisterous storm outside.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest ;
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast :
 Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no
 more !

- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms and winds subside ;
 Lord to my succor fly,
 And keep me near thy side :
 For more the treacherous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 To waft me from below,
 To heaven my destined place :
 Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world, and sin, behind.

308. *Christ a Refuge.* 7s.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Lo ! I, helpless, hang on thee :
 Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
 Lest I basely shrink and flee :
 Thou art all my trust and aid,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing !

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 Boundless love in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Reign, O Lord, within my heart,
 Reign to all eternity.

309. *Lord of the Sea.* L. M. D.

1 LORD of the sea ! thy potent sway
 Old ocean's wildest waves obey ;
 The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
 The storm that drives the frightened clouds—
 If but thy whisper order, " Peace !"
 How soon their rude commotions cease !

2 Lord of the sea ! the seaman keep,
 From all the dangers of the deep !
 When high the white-capp'd billows rise,
 When tempests soar along the skies,
 When foes or shoals awaken fear—
 O, in thy mercy be thou near.

3 Lord of the sea! a sea is life,
 Of care and sorrow, wo and strife!
 With watchful pains we steer along,
 To keep the right, and shun the wrong;
 God grant, that after every roam
 We gain an everlasting home.

310. Bethel Union. 7s.

- 1 LO! what wonders love performs,
 For us, poor dying, guilty worms!
 God the Father and the Son,
 To redeem our souls, are *One* :
 On the Cross the work was done,
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come!
- 2 Join'd to make redemption known,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, *One* ;
 All unite to open Heaven—
 Shout my soul! thy sin's forgiven :
 Glorious *Union!* we are *one* :
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come!
- 3 Bethel Seamen now are join'd,
 Hearts and souls in *one* combined ;
 One in Christ, and one in prayer ;
 Bound in *one*, we firmly swear,
 Never from his cross to run.
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come!
- 4 Blessed Union! Seamen, hail!
 Under Calvary's standard sail ;
 Sweetly press all hands at sea ;
 May they all embark with thee!
 Christ and his reedem'd are *One* ;
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come!

311. *The Sailor's Hope.* L. M.

- 1 LAUNCH'D on a sea where troubled waves,
 With angry tossings swell and foam,
 'Tis gospel hope from shipwreck saves,
 Till death shall waft the vessel home.
- 2 In life when adverse winds arise,
 With keen, perplexing, heavy gales,
 A hope well fix'd above the skies,
 Against the sharpest storm prevails.
- 3 Billows of disappointment roll,
 Along the restless tide of time,
 But gospel hope bears up the soul,
 Till an eternal calm shall shine.
- 4 Jesus, my hope is fix'd on thee,
 No calm below do I expect;
 But I am safe, though out at sea,
 Thou wilt not let my soul be wreck'd.

312. *Tempestuous sea.* 8. 7.

- 1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee.
 Still possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be!
- 2 Savior! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this world before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest wo:

Lone and dreary, weak and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go !

- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with kind affections blending,
Pleasures time can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy !

313. *Be not afraid.* C. M.

- 1 LOST in a storm of guilt, my soul !
No pilot at the helm ;
The mountain billows seem to roll,
Prepared to overwhelm.
- 2 In vain I seek some friendly shore,
To save my shatter'd bark ;
But rending tempests round me roar,
Terrific, deep, and dark.
- 3 Death glares in his most awful form,
Before my sinful heart,
He rides upon the mingling storm,
And shakes his quivering dart !
- 4 When sudden on the billowy tide,
In robes of white array'd,
A form appear'd, and sweetly cried—
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid ! ”
- 5 Peace to my rescued soul he deign'd
With matchless grace to give ;
And bade me, tho' with guilt thus stain'd,
Repent, believe, and live.

314. *Meekness.* L. M.

- 1 MARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
The wild confusion and uproar,
All ocean mizing with the skies,
And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore.
- 2 Not less confusion racks the mind,
When, by the whirl of passion toss'd,
Calm reason is to rage resign'd,
And peace in angry tumult lost.
- 3 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the bless'd,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 4 O may a temper, meek and mild,
With gentle sway our souls possess;
Passion and pride be thence exiled,
And to be bless'd, still may we bless!

315. *Birthday hymn.* L. M.

- 1 MY years roll on: then let me know
The great design for which they flow;
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,
The vessel, Lord, in mercy save.
- 2 My years roll on: and as they roll,
Oh! may they waft my ransom'd soul
Safe through life's ocean, to the shore,
Where sins and sorrows grieve no more!

- 3 My years roll on: and with them flows
That mercy which no limit knows;
'Tis mercy's current makes me glide,
In hope of safety, down the tide.
- 4 My years roll on: my soul be still,
Guided by love thy course fulfil:
And when life's anxious voyage is past,
My rest shall be with Christ at last.

316. *The Sailor's Friend.* c. M.

- 1 OF old did Jesus condescend
To calm the raging sea?
Yes, he was then the Sailor's Friend,
And such he still would be.
- 2 He does but wait to hear us crave,
As they besought him then—
“Master, we perish! come and save,
For we are dying men!”
- 3 Not to sustain our mortal breath
We raise the earnest cry;
Lord save our precious *souls* from death,
And make us fit to die.
- 4 Then blow, ye winds, ye surges roar!
'Twill not our souls appal;
Though waves and billows pass us o'er,
And deep to deep should call.
- 5 But Oh! without that blessed hope,
Without a Savior near,
What desperate courage bears us up!
What madness not to fear!

6 Jesus! on thee our hopes we cast,
 No more thy wrath defy;
 Thou art the anchor, sure and fast;
 On thee our souls rely.

7 Soon shall the sea give up its dead;
 And should our graves be there,
 With joy we'll quit our watery bed
 To meet thee in the air.

317. *Redeeming grace.* C. M.

- 1 ONCE in the paths of sin I ran,
 And was to vice a slave;
 Nor deign'd the laws of God to scan,
 Or seek his power to save.
- 2 But with a hard, ungrateful heart,
 I sail'd from shore to shore,
 And when my conscience felt the smart,
 I strove to blunt it more.
- 3 Till thy sweet mercy, Oh! my God,
 Resolved to set me free;
 'Twas then I blest thy chastening rod,
 And raised a prayer to thee.
- 4 Then did thy grace shed o'er my soul,
 A ray of heavenly light,
 That freed me from the world's control,
 And thrill'd me with delight.
- 5 And now to thee who art always,
 Supreme through endless space;
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 To sing thy pardoning grace.

318. *Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

- 1 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.
- 2 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a Star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 4 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

319. *Little faith.* S. M.

- 1 O THOU of little faith,
 On seas of trouble toss'd,
 Depend on what the Savior saith,
 And you can ne'er be lost.
- 2 He bids you to him come,
 Why should you yield to fear ?
 The winds may blow, and billows foam,
 But Jesus Christ is there.

- 3 Though storms of sorrow rise,
 And winds may adverse prove,
 Yet, "Wherefore dost thou doubt?" he
 cries,
 "Mine is unchanging love."

320. *Our little bark.* C. M.

- 1 OUR little bark on boisterous seas,
 By cruel tempest toss'd,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Expected to be lost.
- 2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
 Breathed out our sad distress ;
 Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
 We begg'd return of peace.
- 3 The stormy winds did cease to blow,
 The waves no more did roll ;
 And soon again a placid sea
 Spoke comfort to each soul.
- 4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
 Sweet hallelujahs sing,
 To him who hath our lives preserved,
 Our Savior, and our King.

321. *Preservation.* L. M.

- 1 RECORD, my soul, thy Maker's power,
 Whose winds and waves obey his will ;
 He bids the awful tempest roar,
 His voice the wildest storm can still.

- 2 View, O my soul, with wonder view
 The roaring billows round thee toss'd,
 And bless his mercies ever new,
 While thou art saved, and others lost.
- 3 Speak to my heart, dear Lord, and say,
 "The rain is gone, the tempest's o'er ;
 Come, my beloved, come away,
 Satan and sin shall reign no more.
- 4 "Fear not, I'll guard thy helpless head,
 While life, and all its conflicts last,
 And when the raging winds are fled,
 Thy soul shall sing of dangers past."

322. *Death of a Shipmate.* 8s.

- 1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily chain ;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above ;
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Outflying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind ;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Savior beneath;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past:
 The age that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

323. *The Mariner's prayer.* 8.7.

- 1 SAILING on the boisterous ocean,
 Far from home and far from land,
 Lord! from thee we seek protection;
 Guide and guard us with thy hand.

CHORUS.

- Foes may threaten, thunders rattle,
 Winds and waves their fury pour,
 By thee guarded, God of battle,
 War is safety, storms secure.
- 2 When with fears and dangers compass'd,
 May we find thee strong to save;
 All our hope, our trust we centre,
 On his might who walk'd the wave.
Chorus.—Foes may threaten, &c.
- 3 May thy mercy safe return us,
 From the perils of the deep:
 In the world's wide ocean keep us,
 Heaven's the haven that we seek.
Chorus.—Foes may threaten, &c.

324. *The faithless sea.* 7s.

- 1 SEE the calm, but faithless sea,
 (Lively emblem, world of thee)
 Tempts the landsman from the shore,
 Foreign regions to explore.
- 2 But ere long the tempest raves,
 And he trembles at the waves :
 Wishes then he had been wise,
 But too late—he sinks and dies.
- 3 Hapless thus are they; vain world,
 Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd,
 Who admiring thee, untried,
 Court thy pleasure, wealth or pride.
- 4 Such a shipwreck had been mine,
 Had not Jesus (name divine !)
 Saved me with a mighty hand,
 And restored my soul to land.

325. *Far at Sea.* 8. 7. 3.

- 1 STAR of Peace ! to wanderers weary
 Give the beam that smiles on me,
 Cheer the pilot's visions dreary,
 Far at sea.
- 2 Star of Hope ! gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far at sea.

- 3 Star of Faith! when winds are mocking
 All his prayers—he flies to thee;
 Save him, though on billows rocking,
 Far at sea.
- 4 Star of God! yet safely guide him
 To the shore he longs to see!
 Long tempestuous waves have tried him,
 Far at sea.

326. *Universal providence.* C. M.

- 1 TEMPESTS arise, when God appoints,
 And mighty oceans roar,
 He bids the winds and waves be still,
 And straight the storm is o'er.
- 2 Without him not a sparrow falls,
 Nor eagle cuts the air;
 But saints amid these changing scenes,
 Are his peculiar care.
- 3 If light attends the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays,
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 4 Through regions, distant and unknown,
 His providence extends;
 Then let his praises fly abroad,
 To earth's remotest ends.

327. *Prayer in trouble.* L. M.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;

Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide, and guard me thro' the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say "Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name,
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Savior through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

328. *Christian voyager.* L. M.

1 THE Christian voyager strikes the rock
That lies conceal'd beneath the wave ;
Yet safely he survives the shock,
For Jesus is at hand to save.

2 His destined land he sometimes sees,
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er,
Expects some favorable breeze
Will waft him quickly to the shore.

- 3 But hark!—the midnight tempest roars !
 He seems forsaken, and alone :
 But Jesus, whom he then implores,
 Unseen preserves and leads him on.
- 4 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
 He'll reach the port to which he's bound ;
 For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
 And soon the haven will be found.

329. *The sea giving up.* L. M.

- 1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
 (While twice ten thousand thunders
 roar,)
 Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
 And all the dead to life restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
 The earth no more her slain conceal ;
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure,
 Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
 Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
 Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.

330. *The power of God.* S. M.

- 1 THE unbounded power of God
 Pour'd forth the noisy deep;
 Whose billows lash the affrighted strand,
 Or hush'd by him they sleep.
- 2 He gauged the mounds of sand,
 That smoothly line the shore;
 And curb'd the impetuous, lawless waves,
 While all enraged they roar.
- 3 His fingers spann'd the sky—
 Assign'd each star its place;
 He smooth'd for each a spacious road
 Through vast, unbounded space.
- 4 O praise him all ye orbs,
 And sound his fame abroad;
 Proclaim his power, thou mighty deep,
 And own the hand of God.

331. *Seamen preserved.* L. M.

- 1 THEY that in ships, with courage bold,
 O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
 Do God's amazing works behold,
 And in the deep his wonders view.
- 2 No sooner his command is past,
 But forth a dreadful tempest flies;
 Which sweeps the seas with rapid haste,
 And makes the stormy billows rise.

- 3 Sometimes huge ships, toss'd up to heaven,
 On tops of mountain waves appear,
 Then down the steep abyss are driven,
 Where every soul dissolves with fear.
- 4 They reel and stagger to and fro,
 Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd ;
 Nor do the skilful seamen know
 Which way to move, what course is best.
- 5 Then straight to God's indulgent ear,
 Do they their mournful cry address ;
 He graciously vouchsafes to hear,
 And frees them from their deep distress.

332. *Fishers of men.* 10s.

- 1 THIS world is a sea, which never can rest,
 Where tempests and storms, and dangers
 molest ;
 Where many poor sailors are dash'd on
 the shore,
 And multitudes perish to rise never more.
- 2 The church is a ship, distressed and toss'd,
 But, guided by Christ, can never be lost ;
 The tempest may threaten, and horribly
 roar,
 But Christ has insured her to heaven's
 blest shore.
- 3 The gospel's a net constructed above ;
 Of justice composed, and mercy and love
 Thus perfectly fitted, by glorious grace,
 To accomplish his will in saving our race.

- 4 The servants of Christ are fishers of men,
 They let down the net again and again;
 By preaching the gospel we sinners are
 caught,
 And, led by the Spirit, to Jesus are brought.
- 5 Then let us unite, His praise to proclaim;
 Salvation ascribe to Jesus' dear name,
 He saves by the Gospel poor perishing
 men;
 All glory to Jesus! Amen, and Amen.

333. *Driving to port.* 7. 6.

- 1 **THOUGH** hard the winds are blowing,
 And loud the billows roar;
 Full swiftly we are going,
 To our dear native shore.
- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,
 The storms that round us swell,
 Are aiding to restore us,
 To all we loved so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses,
 Life's mariner along;
 Afflictions and distresses,
 Are gales and billows strong.
- 4 The sharper and severer,
 The storms of life we meet,
 The sooner and the nearer
 Is Heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
 Sharp sickness pierce my breast ;
 You only bear the weary
 More quickly home to rest.

334. *Anchor in a storm.* L. P. M.

- 1 THO' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends
 be gone,
 Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 And every comfort be withdrawn ;
 Steadfast on this my soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 2 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 When heart shall fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love !

335. *Christ present.* C. M.

- 1 THOUGH winds may blow and storms
 may rise,
 And rocks and sands appear,
 Our Jesus to his people flies,
 And bids them not to fear.
- 2 Though seeming on destruction's brink,
 While the dread tempests roar,
 However toss'd, they shall not sink,
 But safely reach the shore.

3 Though neither sun nor stars appear
 For many days in sight,
 Trust in the Lord, be of good cheer,
 And he shall guide you right.

4 Then let the saints in God confide,
 And on his promise rest,
 They shall the storm of life outride,
 And be for ever blest.

336. *The way to glory.* 6. 8.

1 THROUGH tribulation deep,
 The way to glory is ;
 This stormy course I keep,
 On these tempestuous seas :
 By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven ;
 Freighted with grace, and bound for heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane,
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er my sides break in :
 But still my little ship out-braves,
 The blustering winds, and surging waves.

3 When I, in my distress,
 My anchor, *Hope*, can cast
 Within thy promises,
 It holds my vessel fast :
 Safely she then at anchor rides,
 'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 The Bible is my chart,
 By it the seas I know,

I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show ;
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle points for ever true.

5 My vessel would be lost,
 In spite of all my care,
 Did not the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafe to steer :
 And I through all my voyages will,
 Depend upon my steersman's skill.

6 E'er I can reach heaven's coast,
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which dreadful proves to most,
 For all this passage go.
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
 If God himself is at my helm.

7 When through this gulf I get,
 (Though rough it is but short)
 The pilot angels meet,
 And bring me into port :
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

337. *The mariner's psalm.* C. M.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
 Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record,
 Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the towering waves ;

- The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempests roar,
They pant with fluttering breath,
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 Oh that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

338. *The storm hushed.* C. M.

- 1 'TIS past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!

And now I see returning light,
The Lord, my Sun appears.

2 Oh, wondrous change ! but just before,
Despair beset me round ;
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.

3 Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My former comforts fell ;
And I discover'd, standing near,
The dreadful depths of hell.

4 But Jesus pitied my distress ;
He heard my feeble cry,
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

5 Dear Lord, since thou hast broke my bands,
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all to thee.

339. *Soundings.* 8. 4.

1 TO Heaven I'm bound with prosperous
gales,
My bark by grace doth safely steer,
And going under gospel sails,
Celestial prospects bright appear.
To sound her ground my faith now springs,
And to her *Author* thus she sings,
“ *Thy will be done.*”

2 As bearing up to gain the port,
 A blood stain'd cross and heaven in
 view,
 A Savior's wounds my harbor—fort—
 The beacon—to my vessel true ;
 Again my faith her sounding, tries,
 And to my soul's sure Pilot cries—
 “ A blessed Hope.”

3 Now as the blissful shore draws near,
 With transport I behold the place,
 Where dwells my friend, my Savior dear,
 And long, with joy, to see his face.
 Once more my faith now tries her ground,
 And thus re-echoes back the sound,
 “ Christ is my Rock.”

4 When to her birth my bark draws nigh,
 And I have done with sails and tide,
 “ Strong is my cable,” then I'll cry,
 My Anchor's sure—I safely ride.
 No more my soul need try her ground,
 Safe at her moorings she is found,
 And “ all is well.”

340. *Sailor's Hymn.* 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.

2 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
 Though the night be dark and drear,

- Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
 "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.
- 3 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--
- 4 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still;
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of thy will.
- 5 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.
- 6 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Soon life's voyage will be o'er,
 Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

341. *Jehovah's Reign.* L. M.

- 1 VIEW the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns;
 That *band* remotest nations joins,
 And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 2 But, O that brighter world above,
 Where lives and reigns incarnate love;
 God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
 For man, a bleeding victim made.
- 3 Thither my soul, with rapture soar,
 There in the land of praise adore,

This theme demands an angel's voice,
And bids our souls aloud rejoice.

342. *Seeking a rest.* C. M.

- 1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day ;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word ;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Savior is the Lord.

343. *False Land.* 6s.

- 1 WHEN many a tempest blew,
And hope was almost past ;
The worn and weary crew,
Hail'd distant land at last.
- 2 Far o'er the lee it lay,
Its arms seem'd spreading wide,
To form a quiet bay,
Where ships might safely ride.
- 3 That refuge from the storm,
That distant bay so fair,
Was but a cloudy form,
And melted into air !
- 4 So earthly hope deceives,
The heart that trusts it most ;
So all the beauty leaves,
Some seeming happy coast.

- 5 But faith can look before,
 And see the land of light;
 That is the only shore,
 That never mocks the sight.

344. *Reflection in a storm.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN lightnings flash and thunders roar,
 And storms and tempests rend the sky,
 The sinner dreads the Thunderer's power,
 And fears some awful vengeance nigh.
- 2 If now he calls his sins to mind,
 And conscience stares him in the face,
 His trembling soul is half inclined,
 To own his need of pardoning grace.
- 3 But when the burning blaze is o'er,
 And the tremendous tempests cease,
 The thundering voice he fears no more,
 Hush'd with the boisterous storm to
 peace.
- 4 Lord, I would fear thee while 'tis *calm*,
 And the horizon bright and clear,
 When no dark clouds portend a storm,
 And no *apparent* danger's near.

345. *Support of Faith.* L. M. D.

- 1 WHEN, passing through the watery deep
 I ask in faith his promised aid,
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And sink from my devoted head;
 Fearless their violence I dare;
 They cannot harm, for God is there!

2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
 (Good as thou art and strong to save,)
 I'll sail o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 Upborne by the unyielding wave :
 Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
 And yawning whirlpools of despair.

3 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll ;
 When high the storms of trouble rise,
 To overwhelm my sinking soul ;
 My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, " Peace, be still."

346. *Providence.* 11s.

1 WHEN rocks and when shallows beset us
 around,
 When sands are deceitful, and treacherous
 the ground ;
 When waves rise, and threaten the ship to
 o'erwhelm,
 We trust to the pilot who governs the
 helm.

2 When dangers and death range abroad in
 our sight,
 We obey the command, and it guides us
 aright ;
 Though we know not the reason of all
 that we see,
 We trust our commander knows better
 than we.

- 3 And shall we in seasons of danger thus trust
 The power and the aid of a man, who is
 dust;
 But when we are called in our God to
 confide,
 Feel doubt and mistrust in his goodness to
 guide?
- 4 Forbid it—Oh never, wherever we be,
 May we feel, Lord, and act, as mistrustful
 of THEE,
Thou knowest, thou seest, thou guidest
 aright,
 And the path that's now dark, will here-
 after be bright.

347. *Troubled Sea.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN sailing on this troubled sea
 Of pain, and tears, and agony,
 Though widely roar the waves around
 With restless and repeated sound;
- 2 'Tis sweet to think that on our eyes,
 A lovelier clime shall yet arise;
 That we shall wake from sorrow's dream,
 Beside a pure and living stream.
- 3 Yet we must suffer here below
 Unnumber'd pangs of grief and wo;
 Nor must the trembling heart repine,
 But all unto its God resign.
- 4 In weakness and in pain made known,
 His powerful mercy shall be shown,

Until the fight of faith is o'er,
And sin shall vex the soul no more.

348. *Against Fear.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN storm and tempest loudly howl,
And clouds obscure the sky ;
When lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Be not afraid—'tis I.
- 2 If terrors of a future state
Extort the serious cry,
"What shall I do? my sins how great!"
Be not afraid—'tis I.
- 3 While Satan aims a fiery dart,
Temptations make thee sigh,
Believe in me; I'll keep thy heart;
Be not afraid—'tis I.
- 4 Should health, and wealth, and friends
forsake,
And death itself draw nigh;
Tho' heart should fail, and nature shake;
Be not afraid—'tis I.
- 5 'Tis I who lived—'tis I who died,
That thou might reign on high;
Behold my hands, my feet, my side,
And be convinced—'tis I.

349. *Covert from the blast.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN tempests howl and billows rise,
And ships on rocks are cast,
To Christ the trembling sailor flies,
A covert from the blast.

- 2 When death's ten thousand doors appear,
 And waves engulf the mast,
 To Christ alone can sailors steer,
 A covert from the blast.
- 3 The wrath of earth and hell he bore,
 Till every storm had past;
 Behold he lives to die no more,
 A covert from the blast.
- 4 In him let every soul be found,
 When judgment comes at last,
 And be his head with glory crown'd,
 Our covert from the blast.

350. *Save, or we perish.* 12s.

- 1 **WHEN** through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seamen to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord! or we perish."
- 2 **O** Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
 And roused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his trouble, "Save, Lord! or we perish."

3 And Oh ! when the whirlwind of passion
 is raging,
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
 waging,
 Send down thy good Spirit, thy ransom'd
 to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer ; " Save, Lord ! or
 we perish."

351. *God's power to save.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN waves on waves, to heaven up-
 rear'd,
 Defied the pilot's art ;
 When terror in each face appear'd,
 And sorrow in each heart ;
- 2 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
 To snatch me from the grave !
 I found thine ear not slow to hear,
 Nor short thine arm to save !
- 3 Thou gavest the word—the winds did
 cease,
 The storms obey'd thy will,
 The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
 And every wave was still !
- 4 For this, my life, in every state,
 A life of praise shall be ;
 And death, when death shall be my fate,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

352. *Gulf of despair.* L. M.

- 1 WHERE shall the sea worn sinner rest,
 When raging billows round him roll ;
 When fierce and roaring storms oppress,
 And bitter anguish rends his soul ?
- 2 And when dark clouds around him throw
 A veil of gloom and anxious care,
 And flash on flash of lightning show
 A yawning gulf of deep despair ?
- 3 Oh, say, when thus by tempest toss'd,
 The sea and sky all wild and drear ;
 And all his hopes are nearly lost,
 What power can teach him how to steer ?
- 4 Ah ! then 'tis God alone can show
 The only port of peace and rest ;
 Though billows rage and tempests blow,
 His word will calm the troubled breast.

353. *A mariner's hymn.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE on the swelling sea of life,
 Poor sinners heedless sail,
 Their guilty passions drive them far,
 Till cheering prospects fail.
- 2 Then gloomy storms, and fearful roar
 Of tempests, threaten death,
 And yet all hands despise the name
 Of God who gives them breath.

- 3 But oh ! how merciful—how good
 Is He whom sinners hate !
 He kindly sends his pilots out,
 To warn them of their fate.
- 4 Along the dangerous coast of time
 The pilots hail each crew—
 “The gulf stream sets to endless wo ;
 The dismal port’s in view.”
- 5 See hoisted high the flag of love
 By heavenly breezes waved—
 Here, Sailors, stop, and orders hear,
 Obey, and you’ll be saved.
- 6 The Captain of salvation calls,
 Oh wretched seamen, stay !
 Now change your course and heavenward
 steer,
 The pilots show the way.

354. *His companions.* C. M.

- 1 WHO were the highly honor’d three,
 Selected by the Lord,
 To enter sad Gethsemane,
 When vengeance drew its sword ?
- 2 O grace how rich ! how free ! that chose
 Seamen of Galilee,
 When Jesus sunk beneath our woes,
 In blood-stained agony.

- 3 May sailors for this haven steer,
 And see their Jesus there,
 Behold his bloody sweat, and hear
 His agonizing prayer.
- 4 Be then this port my chief delight,
 'Till moor'd in heaven above ;
 Weeping I'll gaze upon the sight,
 And be dissolved in love.

355. *A lee shore.* 7s.

- 1 WILL this night be never o'er ?
 Will the day-star ne'er arise ?
 Shall I never gain the shore ?
 Blissful shore beyond the skies.
- 2 Toss'd upon life's troubled sea,
 View my vessel, Lord, a wreck ;
 Come—Oh, come ! my pilot be,
 To the haven steer me back.
- 3 All my reckoning still is dead,—
 I no sun nor stars can see ;
 Yet no soundings with the lead—
 Breakers roaring on my lee.
- 4 Jesus, hear my mournful cry,
 Nor my sinking bark disown ;
 Canst thou suffer me to die ?—
 Think on Calvary's dying groan.
- 5 Holy Spirit, whisper peace !
 To me say, " Be of good cheer ;"
 Thou shalt see thy Savior's face,
 To his heart for ever dear.

6 This will chase the gloom of night,
 This will calm life's troubled sea ;
 Turn my darkness into light,
 Make the Lamb more dear to me.

356. *Deliverance.* L. M.

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
 His wonders in the world abroad,
 Go with the mariners, and trace
 The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
 And seize the favor of the wind ;
 Till God command, and tempests rise,
 That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
 Now sink to dreadful deeps again,
 What strange affright young sailors feel,
 And like a staggering drunkard reel !
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
 Lost to all hope, to God they cry :
 His mercy hears their loud address,
 And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
 The furious waves forget their rage ;
 'Tis calm ; and sailors smile to see
 The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 Oh may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
 Let them their private offerings bring,
 And in the church his glory sing.

357. *Middle watch.* L. M.

- 1 YES, Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise,
 At midnight, in my watch at sea,
 The floods shall hear me sing thy praise,
 And tell what grace has done for me.
- 2 The moon, the stars, the deep shall hear,
 Millions shall catch the grateful sound,
 And winds shall o'er the ocean bear
 The praise, till earth and heaven rebound.
- 3 I'll praise for grace already given,
 I'll praise for grace I'm yet to have,
 I'll praise for grace "*reserved in heaven,*"
 With glory crown'd beyond the grave.

FOR PRAYER MEETINGS.

358. *Salutations.* S. M. D.

- 1 AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give
 For his redeeming grace!
 Preserved by power divine
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.

- 2 What troubles have we seen !
 What conflicts have we past !
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last ;
 But out of all, the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love ;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more :
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain ;
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

359. *Joined in Heart.* s. M.

- 1 AND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair ;
 Inseparably join'd in heart
 The friends of Jesus are !
- 2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
 Did first our hearts unite !
 And still he keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend ;
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end !

Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain :
 Who meet on that eternal shore,
 Shall never part again.

360. *Meeting for Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 AWAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat ;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
 We see thy feet, and we adore ;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 While here, our various wants we mourn ;
 United groans ascend on high ;
 And prayers produce a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father! my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side :
 But, if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

361. *The sons of God.* 7s.

- 1 Blessed are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now, and in eternity!

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

With them, &c.

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness ;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefiled.

With them, &c.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is with them begun.

With them, &c.

362. *Worship.* L. M.

1 BLEST are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above ;
And all their work is praise and love.

2 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

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

- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

363. *Uniting Love.* C. M.

- 1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death and grief are done away,
And Christians part no more !

364. *The body of Christ.* 7s.

- 1 CHRIST from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are ;

Join us, in one spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine ;
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thou who fillest all in all !

2 Move, and actuatè, and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide ;
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil ;
 Never from our office move ;
 Needful to each other prove ;
 Let us daily growth receive,
 More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touch'd with softest sympathy ;
 Kindly for each other care,
 Every member feel its share.
 Many are we now, and one,
 We who Jesus have put on :
 Names, and sects, and parties fall ;
 Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

365. *Come, Holy Spirit.* s. m.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The gracious love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on every part,
 And new create the whole.

366. *Love of Christ.* L. M.

1 COME, dearest Lord ! descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and
 length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done,
 By all the church, through Christ his
 Son.

367. *Covenant union.* C. M.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify ;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now !
- 5 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

368. *Praising the Savior.* C. M.

- 1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Savior praise :
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart :
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin :
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
 Nor ever hence remove ;
 But sup with us, and let the feast
 Be everlasting love.

369. *Fellowship with God.* C. M.

- 1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
 And from this earthly clod,
 Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
 Some fellowship with God.
- 2 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flowery road,
 Can to my soul sūch bliss impart,
 As fellowship with God.
- 3 And when the icy arms of death,
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
 In fellowship with God.
- 4 When I at last to heaven ascend,
 And join that blest abode,—
 There an eternity I'll spend,
 In fellowship with God.

370. *Light of the Spirit.* 7s.

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

- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way :
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

371. *Shortness of Life.* 7s.

- 1 HERE our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on ;
Soon we pass life's little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 2 Lord, our humble prayers receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us by thy grace to live
With eternity in view.
- 3 Bless the word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Savior's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy bliss above !

372. *Worship.* P. M.

- 1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to day ;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there ;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

373. *Happy Home.* C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home ;
O, how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 If heaven be thus, O glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.
- 4 Reach down, reach down thine arm of
grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

374. *Christ Precious.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

375. Dependence on God. 7s.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find,
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

376. Pleasures of meeting. C.M.

- 1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace ;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again ;
Oh, may thy special presence still,
With every one remain.

- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till we before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

377. *Meeting for Christ.* L. M.

- 1 MAY he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise ;
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 3 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His sufferings and his dying love ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

378. *Christian experience.* L. M.

- 1 NOW we are met in holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare,

The free compassions of our God,
The virtues of the Savior's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them now to tell
What they *have* felt, and *now* they feel;
O Savior, help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'll join to praise eternal love,
And imitate the joys above.

379. *Hastening to Prayer.* C. M.

1 OH come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

2 Oh come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

380. *Blessings of Prayer.* H. M.

1. O HAPPY souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still!
And happy they,
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

2 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.

O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

3 To spend one sacred day,
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :

Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door,
 Than shine in courts.

4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence :

He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

381. *Declension lamented.* 8. 7.

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
 Every part look'd gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
 Happy seasons we have seen !

- 2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain !

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

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name ;
Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.
- 2 Give us this day, our daily bread ;
And as we those forgive,
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not ;
From evil set us free ;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory ever be.

Note.—Composed by one of the missionaries while in prison in Burmah.

383. *Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give :
 Long as they live should Christians pray :
 They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak :
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak :
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on Him ; thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known :
 Fear not ; his merits must prevail ;
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

384. *Prayer for a revival.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation :
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

385. *Faithfulness of God.* C. M.

- 1 THE Lord will raise Jerusalem,
 And stand in glory there ;
 Nations shall bow before his name,
 And kings attend with fear.
- 2 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
 With pity in his eyes :
 He hears the dying prisoners groan,
 And sees their sighs arise.
- 3 He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;
 And when his saints complain,
 It sha'n't be said " that praying breath
 Was ever spent in vain."
- 4 This shall be known when we are dead,
 And left on long record,
 That ages yet unborn may read,
 And trust and praise the Lord.

386. *Free Grace.* 12s.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to
 the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a
 fountain,
 For sin and transgression, and every pol-
 lution,
 His blood it flows freely in streams of sal-
 vation.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased
 our pardon,
 We'll praise him again when we pass over
 Jordan.*

2 O Jesus! ride on, thy kingdom is glo-
 rious,
 O'er sin, death and hell thou wilt make us
 victorious;
 Thy name shall be praised in the great
 congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salva-
 tion.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd
 the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands we'll praise
 him evermore,
 We will range the blest fields on the banks
 of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs for ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

387. *Sts. above and below.* C. M.

- 1 'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,
 When Christ himself draws near,
 And every heart with one accord,
 Ascends in solemn prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Savior's love,
 In heavenly showers descend,
 Our souls commune with saints above,
 In bliss that knows no end.
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace,
 The fountain makes them sing :
 We travel through the wilderness,
 They sit before the King.
- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well
 The conflict but begun :
 They of their past engagements tell,
 And sing the conquest won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
 And are sometimes cast down :
 They wield no more the warrior's sword,
 But wear the conqueror's crown.

388. *Zion's praise.* 5. 11.

- 1 'TIS pleasant to sing
 The sweet praise of our King,
 As here in this valley of sorrows we move :
 'Twill be pleasanter still,
 When we stand on the hill,
 And give thanks to our Savior, our Master,
 above.

2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On thy bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
 While, born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

3 On Canaan's fair land
 We shortly shall stand
 With crowns on our heads, and with harps in
 our hand ;
 Our harps shall be tuned,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd,
 Salvation to Jesus thro' heaven shall resound.

389. *Before preaching.* C. M.

- 1 VOUCHSAFE thine aid to speak the word,
 In this appointed hour ;
 Attend it with thy Spirit, Lord,
 And let it come with power.
- 2 Open the hearts of all who hear,
 To make the Savior room ;
 Now let us find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.
- 3 Help, Lord, to hear the word as thine ;
 And while we thus receive,
 Prove it a saving power divine,
 To sinners that believe.

390. *Social prayer.* L. M.

- 1 **WHAT** various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud with-
 draw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw—
 Gives exercise to faith and love—
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer—we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the breath now vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent—
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

391. *Meeting with Christ.* L. M.

- 1 **WHERE** two or three with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise,
- 2 "There will I be," saith Christ the Lord,
 "To strengthen by my holy word;
 And by my Spirit, freely pour
 The blessings of my heavenly store."

- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

392. *God present.* H. M.

- 1 WHEREVER two or three
 Are met in Jesus' name,
 God in the midst will be,
 Nor let them meet in vain ;
 In stately courts, or open air,
 They still shall find him present there.
- 2 The Lord is never bound
 To any time or place,
 But always may be found
 Among his chosen race ;
 Then tread his courts with holy fear,
 For God himself is present here.

393. *Humility and faith.* L. M.

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more ;
 Let faith survey your future store ;
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest !
- 2 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
 In vain they boast their little stores ;
 'Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours !—

- 3 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where wealth, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:
- 4 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state, which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.

THE CHURCH.

394. *Safe.* L. M.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

395. *National bulwark.* S. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great ;
 He makes the churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honors of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 When navies tall and proud
 Attempt to spoil our peace,
 He sends his tempest roaring loud,
 And sinks them in the seas.
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair ;
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

396. *Beloved.* S. M.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.
- 2 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice, or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 4 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

397. *Beauty.* S. M.

- 1 LET strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well ;
- 2 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

- 3 How decent and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 4 The God we worship now,
 Will guide us till we die,
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

398. *God's tender care.* C. M.

- 1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song ;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God, on his thirsty Zion hill,
 Some mercy drops has thrown ;
 And solemn oaths have bound his love
 To shower salvation down.
- 3 Deep on the palms of both his hands
 Hath he engraved her name ;
 His hand shall raise her ruin'd walls,
 And build her broken frame.

399. *In affliction.* 11s.

- 1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
 can save ;
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
 may'd,
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is de-
 cay'd.

- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh over
 whelm,
 But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm :
 His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee
 defends ;
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy he cries ;
 My promise, my truth, are they light in
 thine eyes ?
 Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
 stand ;
 Through tempest and tossing I'll bring
 thee to land.
- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy name
 Engraved on my heart doth for ever re-
 main ;
 The palms of my hands while I look on, I
 see
 The wounds I received, when suffering for
 thee.

400. *Warned.* L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns ;
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
 With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.

- 3 They watch to do their neighbor wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To Heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood ;
By night the practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more ;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 O dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes ;
His wrath their guilty soul shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

FELLOWSHIP.

401. *Brethren agreeing.* C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD! how pleasant is the sight,
Of brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the
spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole ;—
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

402. *Sons of Peace.* S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

- 2 Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet ;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

403. *Brotherly Love.* S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds,
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour united prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one ;
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

404. *The Farewell.* P. M.

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be
 gone,
 I have no home or stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world do view.
 Farewell, farewell, farewell
 My faithful friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss,
 I leave you here, and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.
 Farewell, &c

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.
 Farewell, &c.

405. *United in good works.* L. M.

1 INDULGENT God of love and power,
 Be with us at this solemn hour!
 Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
 By which we seek to spread thy love.

- 2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
 And love unite our hearts in one ;
 Let all we *have*, and *are*, combine,
 To forward objects so divine.

406. *United by grace.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endear'd,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke ;
 A band of love, a threefold cord,
 Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
 Baptise into thy name ;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 This is the bond of perfectness,
 The spotless charity ;
 O let us (still we pray) possess
 The mind that was in thee !

407. *Party spirit.* S. M.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found :
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell !
 Be banish'd far away :
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

408. *Fellowship.* C. M.

- 1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
 Cemented, mix in one ;
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
 And glow'd with sacred fire,
 While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
 And fill'd the enlarged desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
 Lord, pour a mighty flood ;
 Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And set'st thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
 We sinners, saved by grace,
 From glory unto glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

409. *Chosen friends.* 7s.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God !
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found :
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns,—a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren ! where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave ;
 Mine the God whom you adore—
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

410. *Company of saints.* L. M.

- 1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
 For succor to thy throne I flee,
 But have no merits there to plead ;
 My goodness cannot reach to thee.

- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd,
 How empty and how poor I am ;
 My praise can never make thee blest,
 Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
 Some profit by the good we do ;
 These are the company I keep,
 These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
 To give a relish to their wine ;
 I love the men of heavenly birth,
 Whose thoughts and language are divine.

 MINISTERS.

 411. *Ministers of grace.* L. M.

- 1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
 Comfort the people of your Lord,
 O lift ye up the fallen race,
 And cheer them by the Gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go,
 Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
 "Glad tidings unto all we show :
 Jerusalem, thy God is nigh."

- 3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
 A voice that loudly calls, Prepare,
 Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
 And means to make his entrance there!
- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
 Sinners, repent. the call obey:
 Open your hearts to make him room;
 Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

412. *Angels of the churches.* L. M.

- 1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near,
 Us with thy flaming eye behold;
 Still in thy church vouchsafe to appear,
 And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
 And let them in thy lustre glow,
 The lights of a benighted land,
 The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,
 Their high commission let them prove,
 Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
 And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
 Deliver them from sin and fear;
 Fix their affections all above,
 And lay up all their treasures there.

413. *Pleasers for Christ.* L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;

We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their
charge!

Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

414. *Bringing Salvation.* S. M.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

- 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 "Zion, behold thy Savior King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight !

415. *Watching for Souls.* C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take the alarm they give ;
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,
 Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands ;
 But what might fill an angel's heart—
 It fill'd a Savior's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;—
 For souls, which must for ever live,
 In rapture, or in wo.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer, see ;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

416. *Crying aloud.* 8. 7.

- 1 MEN of God, go take your stations ;
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
 Go, proclaim among the nations,
 Joyful news of heavenly birth :
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Savior's matchless worth.

- 2 What though earth and hell united,
 Should oppose the Savior's plan !
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted :
 Fear ye not the face of man :
 Vain their tumult ;
 Stop his work they never can.

417. *Instituted by Christ.* L. M.

- 1 THE Savior, when to heaven he rose
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below ;
 And wide his royal bounties flow.

- 2 Hence sprang the *Apostle's* honor'd name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame,
 In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and *Teachers* rise.

- 3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
 And fed by Christ their graces live :
 While guarded by his potent hand,
 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

418. *Joy and grief.* 6. 8.

- 1 WHO can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel ?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt ?
- 2 The Savior's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their warm affections move,
And draw their efforts forth :
They pray and strive—their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.
- 3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content ;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event :
Too oft they find their hopes deceived ;
Then how their inmost souls are grieved !
- 4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid :
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

419. *Messengers of Christ.* 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 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Savior's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you in his name,
The most divine success ;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

420. *Sowing the seed.* c. M.

- 1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground !
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade :
And ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there :
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path, and highway side,
Receive the trust in vain ;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.
- 5 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace ;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

ORDINANCES.

421. *Buried in baptism.* L. M.

- 1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord ;
Baptised into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And live to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
 Over our mortal flesh again :
 The various lusts we served before
 Shall have dominion now no more.

422. *Memorial of our Lord.* L. M.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach him not ;
 And carnal objects court our eyes,
 To thrust the Savior from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
 Apt to forget his lovely face ;
 And, to refresh our minds, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
 With his own flesh and dying blood ;
 We on the rich provision feed,
 And taste the wine, and bless our God.

423. *Paschal Lamb.* S. M.

1 LET all who truly bear
 The bleeding Savior's name,
 Their broken hearts with us prepare,
 And eat the Paschal Lamb.

- 2 We thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
And now we mournfully enjoy,
Communion with our Lord.
- 3 As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.
- 4 O God ! 'tis finished now !
The mortal pang is past
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last.
- 5 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise,
The cross, on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the skies.

424. *The Guests.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace ;
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God ;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Savior takes me by the hand—
My Jesus bids me come.

- 4 Eat, O my friends, the Savior cries,
 'The feast was made for you ;
 For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
 And rose, and triumph'd too.

425. *Living Bread.* L. M.

- 1 SEE Jesus at his table head,
 With living water, living bread,
 His cheerful guests incessant load,
 With all the plenitude of God.
- 2 Soon we shall need these signs no more,
 Soon we shall quit this doubtful shore,
 And rise to join the hosts above,
 In endless wonder, endless love.
- 3 No darkness then, no dismal night
 Can intercept us from the light :
 We then shall view the Savior's face,
 And all the trophies of his grace.

**426. *The Lord's Supper*
instituted. L. M.**

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 - When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
 What love through all his actions ran !
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !

- 3 " This is my body broke for sin,
 Receive and eat the living food ;"
 Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 " Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying friend ;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord."

427. *Baptism.* L. M.

- 1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go teach the nations and baptise ;
 The nations have received the word
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 " Repent and be baptised," he saith,
 " For the remission of your sins ;"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shews us what his gospel means.
- 3 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes our bodies clean ;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our covenant with the Lord ;
 Oh may the great eternal Three
 In heaven our solemn vows record.

428. *Young Converts.* L. M.

- 1 WELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,
 To this rich gospel feast of love—

This pledge is but the prelude given,
Of that immortal feast above.

- 2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
Around the sacramental board,
And hold, by faith, communion sweet,
With Christ, our dear and common Lord.
- 3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love!
- 4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre
While listening worlds the song approve;
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

429. *The feast of love.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
“Lord, why was I a guest?”
- 2 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”
- 3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

- 4 Pity the nations, O our God;
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

SABBATH.

430. *Antepast of Heaven.* L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

431. *Christ rising.* H. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
 And burst the slothful band,
 The wonders of this day
 Our noblest songs demand :
 Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays
 Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant death resign'd
 The glorious prince of life,
 In dark domains confined ;
 The angelic host around him bends ;
 And midst their shouts, the GOD ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannas rings ;
 While earth in humble strains
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 " Worthy art thou, who once was slain,
 " Through endless years to live and reign."

432. *The Lord is risen.* 7s.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say :
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing ye heavens, and earth reply !
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the victory won :
 Jesus' agony is o'er,
 Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids him rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.

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

433. *The morning.* C. M.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face ;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
 Through all thy temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine !

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.

434. *The Evening.* C. M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

435. *Consecrated hours.* L. P. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers ;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours :
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne !
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore ;

May wordly cares our bosoms fly,
 And where thou art, intrude no more :
 O may thy grace our spirits move,
 And fix our minds on things above !

- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
 And bid thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

436. *Sacred season.* 8. 4.

- 1 HAIL sacred season ! peaceful day !
 By God himself ordained and bless'd ;
 A foretaste in a weary way,
 Of endless rest.
- 2 Spirit of heavenly grace, descend,
 Breathe on this sinful heart of mine ;
 And as I trust thee for my friend,
 Give life divine.
- 3 Devoted day of calm repose,
 Close of creation, sweetly bless'd,
 A pause to labor,—balm of woes—
 An hour of rest.
- 4 Great Spirit, who ordain'd and bless'd,
 Shed on this heart its tranquil powers ;
 And teach my bosom how to rest
 In sacred hours.

437. *Sabbath Morning.* 7s.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day.
 Day of all the week the best ;
 Emblem of eternal rest !
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame :
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise ;
 Let us feel thy presence near :
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear :
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints ;
 Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

438. *The living Stone.* s. M.

- 1 SEE what a living Stone
 The builders did refuse !
 Yet God hath built his church thereon,
 In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest
 Reject thine only Son:
 Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
 As the chief corner stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes;
 This day declares it all divine,
 This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the-glorious day
 That our Redeemer made;
 Let us rejoice, and sing and pray;
 Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
 Of David's royal blood;
 Bless him ye saints; he comes to bring
 Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word
 Which all this grace displays;
 And offer on thine altar, Lord,
 Our sacrifice of praise.

439. *Sweet is the day.* L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!

- 3 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wish'd below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

440. *Sabbath in Heaven.* L. M.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 O long expected day, begin,
 Dawn on these realms of wo and sin ;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

441. *Day of God.* L. M.

- 1 **THIS** day belongs to God alone ;
He chooses Sunday for his own ;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is the Sabbath day.
- 2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven,
Or else we never should have thought
About religion, as we ought.
- 3 We ought to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week,
And be the better every day,
For what we've heard the preacher say.
- 4 And every Sabbath should be past,
As if we knew it were our last ;
For what would dying people give,
To have one Sabbath more to live !

442. *Christ's resurrection.* C. M.

- 1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

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

443. *Lord's day morning.* C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day, when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
 And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day, when Jesus broke
 The powers of death and hell ;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To day with pleasure christians meet,
 To pray, and read thy word ;
 And I would go with cheerful feet,
 To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll quit the world, to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heaven ;
 O ! may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven.

444. *Welcome day.* S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

 PROVIDENCE.

445. *God all-sufficient.* C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls the tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse,
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence :
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

446. *Sanctified afflictions.* L. M

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

447. *Sickness and recovery.* L. M

- 1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
 And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night :
 Fondly I said within my heart,
 " Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
 Which made my mountain stand so long ;
 Soon as thy face began to hide,
 My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
 " What canst thou profit by my blood ?
 Deep in the dust, can I declare
 Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?
- 4 Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
 " And bring me from among the dead :"
 Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
 Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round.

448. *God a refuge.* L. M. D.

- 1 GOD is our refuge in distress ;
 A present help when dangers press ;
 In him, undaunted, we'll confide ;
 Though earth were from her centre tost,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

- 2 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought,
 On earth what desolation brought ;
 How he has calm'd the jarring world :
 He broke the warlike spear and bow ;
 With them their thundering chariots too
 Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
- 3 Submit to God's almighty sway ;
 For him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her Sovereign Lord confess :
 The God of hosts conducts our arms
 He is our refuge in alarms,
 Our fathers' tower in their distress.

449. *Sick-bed devotion.* C. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
 Behold the pains I feel,
 But I am dumb before thy throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
 They come at thy command :
 I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
 Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
 Remove thy sharp rebukes :
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
 Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 And if my life be spared awhile
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

450. Resignation. L. M.

- 1 **GREAT** God ! I would not seek to know
The number of my earthly hours ;
Nor if the path that I must go
Be paved with thorns, or strew'd with
flowers.
- 2 It is enough for me to see
My life is govern'd by thy will,
And all that I receive from thee,
Has been, and will be, kindness still.
- 3 But this I would for ever pray,
And grant I may not be denied,
That whether dark or bright the way,
Thy Spirit will my actions guide.

451. Trust in Providence. L. M.

- 1 **HAPPY** the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 2 His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

- 4 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

452. *Prayer in affliction.* C. M.

- 1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer, lest I die;
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
 To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke
 Dissolving in the air;
 My strength is dried, my heart is broke
 And sinking in despair.
- 3 As on some lonely building's top,
 The sparrow tells her moan;
 Far from the tents of joy and hope,
 I sit and grieve alone.
- 4 My cup is mingled with my woes,
 And tears are my repast;
 My daily bread like ashes grows
 Unpleasant to my taste.
- 5 Sense can afford no real joy
 To souls that feel thy frown;
 Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
 Thy hand hath cast me down.

453. *Family religion.* C. M. D.

- 1 I AND my house will serve the Lord :
 But first obedient to his word
 I must myself appear :
 By actions, words, and tempers show,
 That I my heavenly Master know,
 And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set :
 From those that on my pleasure wait
 The stumbling-block remove ;
 Their duty by my life explain,
 And still in all my works maintain
 The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
 Quickly appeased and reconciled,
 A follower of my God,
 A saint indeed, I long to be,
 And lead my faithful family
 In the celestial road.
- 4 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
 I come my family to win,
 To preach their sins forgiven ;
 Children, and wife, and servants bless,
 And through the paths of pleasantness,
 Conduct them all to heaven.

454. *The blessing of God.* L. M.

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
 And pains to build the house are lost :
 If God the city will not keep,
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.

- 2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread ;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bless'd ;
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends !
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love.

455. *Long life.* L. M.

- 1 IF you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 2 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries :
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
- 3 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 4 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death ;
His Spirit heals their broken bones :
They in his praise employ their breath.

456. *Sweet affliction.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 IN the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports my fainting soul :
 Sweet affliction !
 Bringing Jesus to my soul.
- 2 Floods of tribulation heighten,
 Billows still around me roar,
 Those who know not Christ, they frighten ;
 But my soul defies their power :
 Sweet affliction !
 Thus to bring my Savior near.
- 3 All I meet I find befriend me
 In my path to heavenly joy :
 Trials, though they now attend me,
 There shall never more annoy :
 Sweet affliction !
 Every promise gives me joy.

457. *Daily bread.* L. M.

- 1 MOST gracious Father, God of all,
 To thee we come, on thee we call,
 By whom both man and beast are fed ;
 Give us this day our daily bread.
- 2 All our supplies on thee depend ;
 Whate'er we want, in mercy send ;
 Thou art the glorious fountain-head,
 Give us this day our daily bread.

- 3 Nothing, O Lord, do we deserve ;
 The thought of merit we would dread ;
 'Tis alms alone we dare to crave ;
 Give us this day our daily bread.

458. *Submission.* C. M.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave.
 He gives ; and, blessed be his name,
 He takes but what he gave.
- Peace, all our angry passions then :
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.
- 4 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread ;
 Nor will we call unjust the hand,
 That strikes our comforts dead.

459. *In God's hand.* S. M.

- 1 "MY times are in thy hand,"
 My God I wish them there ;
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave,
 Entirely to thy care.

- 2 "My times are in thy hand,"
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 "My times are in thy hand,"
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My father's hand will never cause
 A single needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in thy hand,"
 Jesus the crucified;
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
 Is now my guard and guide.

460. *Submission.* C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No,—let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

461. *Patience.* L. M.

- 1 PATIENCE ! O 'tis a grace divine,
Sent from the God of power and love ;
That leans upon its father's hand,
As through the wilderness we move.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amidst our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid our souls !
And arm with fortitude the breast ;
That we, when life's brief voyage is o'er,
May reach the shores of endless rest !

462. *Family blessings.* 7s.

- 1 PEACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside ;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide !
- 2 Let the Spirit now come down :
Let the blessing now take place :
Son of peace receive thy crown,
Fulness of the Gospel grace.

463. *Providence.* L. M.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.
- 2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.
- 3 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

464. *Divine care.* S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied :
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

4 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days :
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

465. Joy for sorrow. 8s.

1 **THOUGH** sorrow may stay for a night,
 Joy shall with the morning return ;
 Then let us not faint in the fight,
 Nor fear in the furnace to burn.

2 'Tis when we are press'd with a load,
 Too heavy for mortals to bear,
 We haste to our Savior and God,
 And safely he shelters us there.

3 The prize of our calling in view,
 We break through whole legion of foes,
 Determined them all to subdue,
 That dare our free passage oppose.

4 The sword of the Spirit we wield,
 That fills them with dread and dismay,
 Resolved that we never will yield,
 While Jesus gives strength for the day.

466. *Temporal blessings.* L. M.

- 1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our new escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love :
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy and endless pains.

467. *A new habitation.* L. M.

- 1 WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my
house,
An altar to his name I'll raise,
There, morn and evening, shall ascend
The sacrifice of prayer and praise.
- 2 With duteous mind the social band
Shall search the records of thy law ;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence, love, and awe.

- 3 If numerous blessings of the earth
 Our gracious God to us afford,
 With warm, united hearts we'll pay
 Our grateful tribute to the Lord.
- 4 Here fix, dear Lord, thy sacred rest,
 And spread the banner of thy love,
 Till ripen'd for the heavenly world,
 We rise, and join the church above.

468. *Prayer for peace.* L. M.

- 1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
 We view the terrors of thy sword,
 O whither shall the helpless fly?
 To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 The helpless sinners' cries and tears
 Are grown familiar to thine ears:
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call—
 Before thy throne of grace we fall;
 And is there no deliverance there?
 And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn—
 To our forsaken God we turn!
 O spare our guilty country—spare
 The church which thou hast planted here.

469. *Children's portion.* C. M.

- 1 **WHY** should the Christian waste in sighs
 The breath that God hath given ;
 Whom ev'ry passing hour that flies
 Bears onward fast to heaven ?
- 2 **Why** should he wish for perfect bliss,
 In this dark world forlorn ;
 Or seek, amidst the wilderness,
 A rose without a thorn.
- 3 **Our Father, God!** be ours the grief,
 Which to thy sons belongs ;
 And let us share in their relief,
 Their everlasting songs.

470. *Dominion of God.* L. M. D.

- 1 **YE** saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 **God** through the world extends his sway :
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are :
 With him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

- 3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

471. *Fear not.* C. M.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme ;
Mercy, which like a river, flows
In one continual stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell ;
God will these powers restrain ;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good ;
He will for his provide ;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

472. Middle age. C. M.

- 1 AND have I measured half my days,
 And half my journey run,
 Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
 Nor yet my work begun?
- 2 The morning of my life is past ;
 The noon is almost o'er ;
 The night of death approaches fast,
 When I can work no more.
- 3 O Thou, who sees and knows my grief,
 Thyself unseen, unknown,
 In mercy help my unbelief,
 And melt my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
 The long-sought blessing give,
 And bid me, at the point to die,
 Behold thy face and live.

473. Evening submission. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER day its course has run,
 And still, O God ! thy child is blest ;
 For thou hast been by day my sun,
 And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descend, my eyes to close ;
 And now, while all the world is still,
 I give my body to repose,
 My spirit to my Father's will.

474. *Morning hymn.* L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily course of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past ;
 Live this day, as if 'twere thy last :
 To improve thy talents take due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
 wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

475. *Close of the year.* c. M.

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 And raise your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
 That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day !
 Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
 Ye mortal powers, decay ;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

476. *Daily forgiveness.* s. M.

- 1 **FROM** the first dawning light
 Till the dark evening rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever longing eyes.
- 2 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth ;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.

- 3 The Lord is just and kind ;
 The meek shall learn his ways ;
 And every humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.
- 4 For his own goodness' sake,
 He saves my soul from shame :
 He pardons, though my guilt be great,
 Through my Redeemer's name.

477. *Evening song.* L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light !
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose ;
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest—
 Nor powers of darkness me molest.

478. *Birth day.* P. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee
 My cheerful soul I raise !
 Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolongs my days ;
 I see my natal hour return,
 And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 Long as I live beneath,
 To thee, O let me live !
 To thee my every breath
 In thanks and praises give !
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 Shall magnify my Maker's name.
- 3 My soul and all its powers,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be ;
 And all my happy hours
 I consecrate to thee ;
 Me to thine image now restore,
 And I shall praise thee evermore.

479. *The opening year.* L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand ;
 The opening year thy mercy shows :
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

480. *Ebenezer.* 7s.

- 1 I MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
 With a grateful heart I own,
 Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
 Well I know concerns me not :
 This shall set my heart at rest,
 What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign ;
 Father, let thy will be mine ;
 May but all thy dealings prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Savior, by thy power ;
 Keep me in the trying hour ;
 Let thy unremitted care
 Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
 Be devoted to thy praise ;
 So the last, the closing scene,
 Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest ;
 Grant me but this one request—
 Both in life and death to prove
 Tokens of thy special love.

481. *Covenant care.* 8s.

- 1 **INSPIRER** and hearer of prayer,
 Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
 My all to thy covenant care
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast as my minutes roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul he delights to defend.
- 5 From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest, if my Savior be nigh ;
 And songs his kind presence, indeed,
 Shall in the night season supply.

482. *Morning prayer.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
 In ways of righteousness !
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

483. *Evening psalm.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
 I am for ever thine ;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God! my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

484. *Morning thanks.* L. M.

1 MY God! I thank thee that the night
 In peace and rest hath passed away;
 And that I see, in this fair light,
 My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be thou my Guide! and let me live
 As under thine all-seeing eye;
 Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
 And make me happy when I die.

485. *The aged saint.* C. M.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth:
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
 Repeated every year :
 Behold my days that yet remain :
 I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise ;
 And round me let thy glory shine,
 Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Then in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read thy love in every page,
 In every line thy praise.

486. *New Year. C. M.*

- 1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 From all the guilt of former sin,
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.

487. *Youth advised.* L. M.

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

488. *Morning devotion.* 7s.

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, we would be thine to day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish every doubt and fear.
In thy vineyard, Lord, to day,
We would labor—we would pray.

- 3 When our work of life is past,
 O! receive us then at last;
 Labor then will all be o'er;
 Sin's dark night will be no more.

489. *Daily service.* C. M.

- 1 O GOD, thy gifts of tender love
 Are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night
 To guard our sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And wakes our drowsy powers.
- 3 We yield ourselves to thy command,
 To thee devote our days;
 For constant blessings from thy hand
 Demand our constant praise.

490. *A morning song.* C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
 To turn the seasons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.

491. *Rapidity of time.* C. M.

- 1 OUR days run thoughtlessly along,
 Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story or a song,
 We pass our lives away.
- 2 God, from on high, invites us home,
 But we march heedless on ;
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
 Stoop downward as we run.
- 3 How we deserve the deepest hell,
 That slight the joys above !
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
 That break such cords of love !
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

492. *The morning sun.* S. M.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun,
 Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
 With every brightening ray.

- 2 Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke and found,
My kind Preserver near!
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

493. *Evening.* S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

494. *The seasons.* L. M.

- 1 THE flowery spring at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;

The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores :
And winters, soften'd by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

495. *The present time.* S. M.

1 THE present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to day.

2 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

3 One thing demands our care ;
Oh, be it still pursued—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

4 To *Jesus* may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

496. Confidence in God. L. M.

- 1 **THUS** far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known,
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep,
 Their watchful stations round my bed
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

497. Daily dependence. L. M. D.

- 1 **WHEN**, streaming from the eastern skies,
 The morning light salutes mine eyes,
 O Sun of righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine ;
 Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
 And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
 My morning sacrifice I bring ;
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy, Savior, in thy name ;

My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

- 3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Savior, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend :
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.
- 4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart ;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest ;
O great Physician ! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings on my store ;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state :
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

498. *Prayer for youth.* s. m.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;

Oh, make me learn while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh, let thy word of grace
My constant thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
And let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

499. *Seasons of the year.* C. M.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

500. *Youth invited.* C. M.

- 1 YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

PRAYER.

501. *For chastisement.* 7. 6. 8.

- 1 FATHER, if thou must reprove,
 For all that I have done,
 Not in anger, but in love,
 Chastise thine humbled son !
 Use the rod, and not the sword ;
 Corrett with kind severity ;
 Destroy me not in chastening, Lord,
 But bring me home to thee.
- 2 True and faithful as thou art,
 To all thy church and me,
 Give a new, believing heart,
 That knows and cleaves to thee.
 Freely my backslidings heal ;
 And by thy precious blood restored,
 Grant that every soul may feel
 Thou art our pardoning Lord.
- 3 Lord, I now with pure desire,
 Thy holy love request :
 Now with willing heart entire,
 Return to Christ my rest !

My whole heart I now resign,
 Savior, to be received by thee,
 Thou art mine, and I am thine,
 Through all eternity.

502. *The request.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 I come before thy throne of grace,
 To thee I lift mine eyes :—
- 2 “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.”

503. *Careless world.* L. M.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
 See *Adam's* race in ruin lie ;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And lays its slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
 And can these perish'd bones revive ?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
 That wondrous work is all thy own.

- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain,
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But by thy Spirit's quickening breath,
 Life spreads through all the realms of death;
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.

504. *Seeking God.* S. M.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine;
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find my place;
 Thy power and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quickening grace.
- 3 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compared with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 To thee I lift my hands,
 And praise thee while I live;
 Not the rich dainties of a feast
 Such food or pleasure give.
- 5 In wakeful hours of night,
 I call my God to mind;
 I feel how wise thy counsels are,
 I own thy dealings kind.

6 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

505. *Honor of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 MY gracious Master and my Lord,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 And spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fear,
 That bids our sorrow cease ;
 'Tis music to the sinner's ear ;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood was shed for me.
- 4 Let us obey, we then shall know,
 Shall feel our sins forgiven ;
 We then shall have a heaven below,
 And own that love is heaven.

506. *The divine presence.* C. M.

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove ;
 Break down this separating wall,
 That bars me from thy love.

- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
 For sin could e'er atone;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise :
 The humble groan, the broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

507. *Grace.* C. M.

- 1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
 To stand before thy face :
 Thy Spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.
- 2 Do thou my sins subdue,
 Thy sovereign love make known ;
 The spirit of my mind renew,
 And save me in thy Son.
- 3 Let me attest thy power,
 Let me thy goodness prove,
 Till my full soul can hold no more
 Of everlasting love.

508. *Divine guidance.* C. M.

- 1 SINCE I'm a stranger here below,
 Let not the tempter hide

The path, in which my feet should go ;
But Lord, be thou my guide.

2 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain ;
O guide me with thy heavenly grace,
Or I shall stray again.

3 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His ways for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

4 This was my comfort when I bore
The anguish of my care ;
It made me love my bible more,
And seek thy counsel there.

509. *Forgiveness.* L. M.

1 THOU, who for sinners once wast slain,
Once dead, but now alive again ;
Give me to know, to taste, and prove
The power and sweetness of thy love.

2 Give me to feel my sins forgiven,
And know myself an heir of heaven ;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

510. *Converse with God.* C. M.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray !
I think upon thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up ;
 And, while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.
- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee ;
 Thy righteous providence demands
 Repeated praise from me.
- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy works to mind ;
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And sweet acceptance find.

511. *The fear of man.* O. M.

- 1 WHY should the dread of sinful man
 Ensnare and tempt my soul ?
 O, for that fortitude which can
 My every fear control.
- 2 Shall I offend the holy God,
 And sacrifice my peace,
 To shun a mortal's threatening rod,
 A sinful man to please ?
- 3 I must obey the God I love,
 Though all the world contemns ;
 One smile from him, I prize above
 The richest earthly gems.
- 4 Hark ! O my soul—methinks I hear
 Jehovah's awful voice—
 " Fear not, thou worm, for I am near ;
 " I well approve thy choice.

PRAISE.

512. *Saving grace.* L. M.

- 1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!
- 2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless wo;
Till Jesus, from the realms above,
Came on the wings of boundless love.
- 3 He scatter'd all the shades of night,
And spread around his heavenly light,
What rich and wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!
- 4 Through him, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance is ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

513. *Greatness of God.* L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing:
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom, grace, and love.

- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
 A depth where all our thoughts are
 drown'd!
 The stars he numbers, and their names
 He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
 Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
 Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
 To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, O what grace!
 It wonders, O what thought can trace!
 Here wisdom shines for ever bright—
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

514. *From creation.* C. M. D.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty's name;
 Lo! heaven and earth, and seas, and skies
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;
 Ye thunders, speak his power:
 Lo! as the lightning's vivid wing
 In triumph bears the eternal king,
 The astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunders of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll;

His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

- 4 Let man, by noble passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's broad, azure arch resound
 The burst of holy joy.

515. *From all nations.* L. M.

- 1 **BEFORE** Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow, with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone :
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

516. *From all lands.* 11. 8.

- 1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
 O serve him with gladness and fear ;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 Jehovah is God,—and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler of all ;
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and
 song,
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
 His praise with melodious accordance pro-
 long,
 And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good
 And we are the work of his hand ;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

517. *To soul and body.* L. M.

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

- 2 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 4 Our youth decay'd his power repairs :
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our souls with heavenly food.

518. *The Redeemer.* 7s.

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine,
Let us give with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
- 2 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days,
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate redeeming love.
- 3 We, for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land :
We our dying Lord confess ;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

519. *Sovereignty of God.* S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod :
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.
- 4 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race ;
- 5 The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 " You that despise my promised rest,
 Shall have no portion there."

520. *Creation.* L. M.

- 1 GOD builds on liquid air, and forms
 His palace chambers in the skies ;
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms
 The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

- 2 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All swift to do their Sovereign's will.
- 3 Earth on her centre fix'd, he set,
Her face with waters overspread ;
Nor proudest mountains dared as yet
To lift above the waves their head.
- 4 But when thy awful face appear'd,
The insulting waves dispersed ; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their dread.
- 5 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And, gushing from the mountain's side,
Through valleys travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.
- 6 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
The threatening surges to repel ;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

521. *Worthy the Lamb.* 6. 4.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore :
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 2 Jesus our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's oppressive load,
 Praise ye his name ;
 Tell what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won :
 Sing his great name alone,
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name ;
 Those who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with God,
 Sound his loud praise abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb.

522. *Christmas hymn.* H. M.

- 1 HARK! what celestial notes,
 What melody we hear!
 Soft on the morn it floats,
 And fills the ravish'd ear.
 The tuneful shell,
 The golden lyre,
 And vocal choir
 The concert swell.
- 2 The angelic hosts descend,
 With harmony divine :
 See how from heaven they bend,
 And in full chorus join.

Fear not, say they,
Great joy we bring :
Jesus, your King,
Is born to-day.

3 He comes from error's night
Your wandering feet to save ;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the grave.

This glorious morn,
(Let all attend !)
Your matchless friend,
Your Savior's born.

4 Glory to God on high !
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound :

For peace on earth,
From God in heaven,
To man is given,
At Jesus' birth.

523. *Goodness of God.* 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail :
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail.

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

- 3 There no tongue shall silent be ;
 All shall join in harmony ;
 And through heaven's capacious round,
 Praise to thee shall ever sound.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail :
 Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be thy glorious name adored.

524. *Truth of God.* L. P. M.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust :
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and
 power,
 Their thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God : he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.

525. *Faith.* L. M.

- 1 IN vain would boasting reason find
 The path to happiness and God ;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 2 Jesus, thy words alone impart
 Eternal life ; on these I live ;
 Diviner comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the powers of nature give.
- 3 Here let my constant feet abide ;
 Thou art the true, the living way :
 Let thy good Spirit be my guide
 To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 The various forms that men devise,
 To shake my faith with treacherous art,
 I scorn as vanity and lies,
 And bind thy gospel to my heart.

526. *Christ's kingdom.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 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.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 5 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.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

527. Saint's hope. L. M.

- 1 LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When evil men against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?

- 4 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.

528. *Perpetual thanks.* L. M.

- 1 MY God, my Life, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;
 Thy grace employ my thankful tongue,
 Till death improve the grateful song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds.
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
 Vast and unceasing be thy praise.
- 4 Let endless honors crown thy head;
 Let every age thy praises spread;
 While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescension of thy love.

529. *Gratitude.* S. M.

- 1 MY Maker and my King!
 To thee my all I owe.
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 From whence my blessings flow.

- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live.
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 O what can I impart,
 When all was thine before ?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart :
 The gift, alas ! how poor !
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
 And shall my passions rove ?
 Lord, make me to thy service true,
 And fill me with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

530. *Trust in God.* L. M.

- 1 MY spirit looks to God alone ;
 My only refuge is his throne ;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 False are the men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity ;
 Laid in the balance both appear
 Light as a puff of empty air.

- 3 Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your hearts on glittering dust:
 Why will ye grasp the fleeting smoke,
 And not believe what God has spoke?
- 4 Once hath his awful voice declared,
 Once and again mine ears have heard,
 "All power is his eternal due;
 He must be fear'd and trusted too."

531. *Constant mercies.* S. M.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 2 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And gives thee health again.
- 3 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave:
 He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
 Hath sovereign power to save.
- 4 He fills the poor with food,
 He gives the sufferers rest;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppress'd.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

532. *Salvation's Rock.* L. M.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
And thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in grateful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By full and sovereign right is his;
'Tis moved by his Almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

533. *Works of God.* S. M.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon and stars, by night,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 Lord, what is dying man !
 That thou should'st love him so ?
 Next to thine angels is he placed,
 And Lord of all below.

4 Thine honors crown his head,
 While beasts his will obey ;
 And birds that wing their way on high,
 And fish that cleave the sea.

534. A new song. 10. 11.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare a new
 song ;
 And let all his saints in full concert join :
 With voices united the anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises with music
 divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, as-
 cend ;
 Let each grateful heart be glad in its
 king.
 The God, whom we worship, our songs
 will attend,
 And view with complacence the offering
 we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
 And let your glad songs awake with each
 morn :
 For those who obey him, are still his de-
 light ;
 His hand with salvation the meek will
 adorn.

4 Then praise ye the Lord! prepare a glad
song ;

And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music
divine.

535. *Eternal love.* L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray :
Who know the right ; nor only so,
But always practice what they know.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the blissful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

536. *Delight in praise.* L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

- 2 He loves the meek, rewards the just;
 Humbles the wicked in the dust,
 Melts and subdues the stubborn soul
 And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 His saints are precious in his sight;
 He views his children with delight;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 Approves and loves his image there.

537. *Salvation.* 8s.

- 1 SALVATION, how precious the sound,
 To sinners who see themselves lost;
 To Jesus their praises redound,
 In Jesus they triumph and boast.
- 2 Salvation is finish'd and done;
 Salvation is sovereign and free;
 Salvation by God's equal Son,
 My joy and rejoicing shall be.
- 3 Salvation is only of God,
 To him all the praises are due;
 Ye saints, spread his honors abroad,
 Who finish'd salvation for you.
- 4 Soon shall we behold him above,
 For ever to sound his dear name;
 To sing the sweet song of his love,
 "Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

538. *Works of God.* L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

539. *Providence.* c. m.

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

- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.
- 4 O ! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

540. *Glory of God.* L. M. D.

- 1 **THY** glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill ;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil :
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song ;
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along :
Till round the earth from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

541. *Free grace.* S. M.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all his faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless his free, his sovereign grace,
And make his wonders known.

542. *Prophet, Priest, King.* C. M.

- 1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd here his blood ;
And in the fulness of his love,
Now pleads on high with God.

3 We honor our exalted King ;
 How sweet are his commands !
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,
 By his almighty hands.

4 Hosannas to his glorious name,
 For ever will we sing ;
 In boundless love to earth he came
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

543. *Universal praise.* H. M.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright
 In worlds of light
 Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rulest the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light.

His power declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

3 Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,

The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's power.

4 Ye vapors, hail, and snow,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

5 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above ;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

MISCELLANY.

544. *The Prodigal son.* C. M.

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent ;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
• And forced him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear ;
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face ;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!"
"Enough"—the father said,
"Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd, as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain;
Go, spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

545. *Sufferings of Christ.* 6. 11.

- 1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them
away;
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He died to atone
 For sins not his own—
 The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

3 For sinners, like me,
 He died on the tree ;
 His death is accepted, the sinner is free.
 This grace let me claim,
 A sinner I am,
 A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

4 With joy we approve
 The plan of his love,
 A wonder to all both below and above !
 When time is no more,
 We still shall adore
 That ocean of love, without bottom or shore

546. *Retirement.* 8. 7.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.

2 From the Fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 Who may share this great salvation?—
 Every pure and humble mind ;
 Every kindred tongue and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.

- 4 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

547. *Jesus' love.* 8. 7.

- 1 GLORY to Jesus for his love,
 Flowing to every nation,
 Bowels of sweet compassion move,
 Offering free salvation.
 Here may the poor, the lame, the blind,
 Every needed blessing find :
 Justice and mercy here combine,
 Offering free salvation.
- 2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms,
 Why will you slight his favor ?
 Now he invites you to his charms,
 Willing to be your Savior.
 O that you would on him believe,
 All your transgressions he'll forgive ;
 Comfort and peace shall you receive,
 Flowing from Christ for ever.
- 3 Now is the time, no more delay,
 Fly from the path of nature ;
 Fear not what scoffing sinners say,
 Yield to your great Creator.
 So shall your dying souls obtain
 Freedom from all your guilt and pain ,
 So shall you soon in glory reign,
 Praising your great Creator.

4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring
 "Glory to God our Savior!"

Angels and saints shall join to sing
 Praises for all his favor.

Then shall the theme of perfect love,
 Sounding through all the courts above,
 Every tuneful passion move,
 Praising the Lord for ever.

548. *The Lord's Anointed.* 7. 6.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !

He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :

Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is LOVE.

549. *The day of grace.* L. M.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to ensure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
 To escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

550. *Why will ye die?* L. M.

- 1 O! SINNER turn, why will you die?
 The God that made you asks you, why?
 O! why by worse than madness driven,
 Fly from the path that leads to heaven?

- 2 O ! sinner turn, why will you die ?
The blessed Savior asks you, why ?
In melting strains divinely sweet,
Invites you to the mercy seat.
- 3 O ! sinner turn, why will you die ?
The Holy Spirit asks you, why ?
Calls up your sins in dire array,
And points you to the judgment day.
- 4 O ! sinner turn, why will you die ?
Your dear companions ask you, why ?
And tell of Christ's amazing love,
Your cold unfeeling hearts to move.
- 5 O ! sinner turn, why will you die ?
All heaven, rejoicing, asks you, why ?
And hovering angels wait around
Eager to shout "The lost is found."
- 6 O ! sinner turn, why will you die ?
Hell in loud wailings ask you, why ?
Its flames and woes incessant cry,
"Turn, sinner, turn, why will you die?"

551. *Thanksgiving.* 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

- 2 All the blessings of the fields;
 All the stores the garden yields,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladdening stream,
 Pure religion's holier beams;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

552. *Faith and works.* L. M.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine!
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Savior God,
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
 Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord ;
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

553. *Litany.* 7s.

- 1 SAVIOR, when in dust, to thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
 O, by all thy pains and wo,
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,
 By thy human griefs and fears,
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness :
 By thy victory in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn :

By thy cross—thy pangs and cries ;
 By thy perfect sacrifice ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By thy power from death to save ;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To thy throne in heaven restored,
 Prince and Savior, hear our cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

554. *Sovereign grace.* 7s.

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone
 To subdue a heart of stone ;
 And the moment grace is felt,
 Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died ;
 One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
 In the very jaws of death ;
 Perish'd, as too many do,
 With the Savior in his view.
- 4 But the other touch'd with grace,
 Saw the danger of his case :
 Faith received to own the Lord,
 Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

- 5 "Lord," he pray'd, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestow'd in time of need !
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

555. *Showers of grace.* L. P. M

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to every vine,
And makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 But when we come to dwell above,
And all around the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

4 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home ;
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

556. *Nothing true but Heaven.* 8. 7.

1 THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's probation given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
 There's nothing true, but heaven.

2 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
 Without their sins forgiven :
 True pleasure, everlasting peace,
 Are only found in God's free grace :
 There's nothing good as heaven.

3 From those who walk in wisdom's ways,
 Corroding fears are driven ;
 They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
 Enjoy communion with their God,
 And find their way to heaven.

557. *Heaven on earth.* 8. 7.

1 THIS world's not " all a fleeting show,
 For man's *illusion* given ;"
 He that hath sooth'd a widow's wo,
 Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
 There's something here of heaven.

- 2 And he that walks life's thorný way,
 With feelings calm and even ;
 Whose path is lit from day to day
 By virtue's bright and steady ray ;
 Hath something felt of heaven.
- 3 He, that the Christian's course has run,
 And all his foes forgiven ;
 Who measures out life's little span
 In love to God, and love to man,
 On earth has tasted heaven.

558. *'Tis finished.* L. M.

- 1 'TIS finish'd—so the Savior cried,
 And meekly bow'd his head and died ;
 'Tis finish'd—yes, the work is done,
 'The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
 In me, the Savior of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconciled,
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
 Peace, love, and happiness, again
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round ;
 'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
 Through heaven and hell, through earth
 and sky.

559. *The house of God.* 7s.

- 1 TO thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there ;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day."

560. *Shepherds in Jewry.* 11s.

- 1 WHILE shepherds in Jewry were guard-
ing their sheep,
Promiscuously seated, estranged from
sleep.

An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the trembling few :
Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your
fears,
For Jesus, your Savior, in Jewry appears.

2 A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This wonderful stranger, this friend to
mankind,
The manger his cradle, the stall his abode,
The oxen are near him, beholding your
Lord.
Then Shepherds, be humble, be meek and
lie low,
For Jesus your Savior's abundantly so.

3 This wonderful story no sooner was heard,
Than thousands of angels from glory ap-
pear'd :
They join'd in a concert, and this was
their theme,
All glory to God, and good will towards
men.
Then Shepherds strike in, join your voice
to the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

DEATH.

561. *Death of a brother.* 8s.

- 1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
 What sight upon earth is so fair?
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe
 Can with a dead body compare:
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled;
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind!
 How easy the soul that has left
 The wearisome body behind!
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see;
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
 With passion, or sickness, or pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again.

This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,
 This quiet, immoveable breast,
 Is heaved by affliction no more.

562. *Joy.* C. M.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die ;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high :
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long sought rest,
 The only rest for which it pants,
 On the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain ;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I travel my appointed years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

563. *Heir of bliss.* L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the heir of heavenly bliss,
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
 A steady faith subdues his fear ;
 He sees the happy Canaan near.

- 2 His mind is tranquil and serene,
 No terrors in his looks are seen ;
 His Savior's smile dispels the gloom,
 And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 3 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
 And when the toils of life are past,
 May I be found in peace at last.

564. *Overflowing stream.* L. M.

- 1 DEATH, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
 An empty tale ; a morning flower
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 2 Our age to seventy years is set ;
 How short the term ! how frail the state !
 And if to eighty we arrive,
 We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 3 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
 And cuts off our expected years !
 Thy wrath awakes our humble dread :
 We fear the power that strikes us dead.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
 And kindly lengthen out our span,
 Till a wise care of piety
 Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

565. *Assurance of heaven.* C. M.

- 1 WITH heavenly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord,
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.
- 2 God has laid up in heaven for me
 A crown which cannot fade ;
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
- 3 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all that love and long to see
 The appearance of his Son.

566. *Happy death-bed.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 EVERY moment brings me nearer
 To my long-sought rest above ;
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher—
 O how happy to remove !
 Then, for ever,
 I shall sing redeeming love.
- 2 Soon shall I be gone to glory—
 Join the bright, angelic race,
 There repeat the pleasing story—
 I was saved by sovereign grace :
 And; for ever,
 View my loving Savior's face,

- 3 Though my burden sore oppress me,
 And I shrink beneath my pain,
 Jesus he will soon release me,
 And your loss will be my gain :
 Precious Savior,
 With my Lord I shall remain.

567. *The departing saint.* 8. 7.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below,
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go !

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo ! the Savior stands above,
 Shows the glory of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die to live the life of glory—
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

568. *All flesh is grass.* C. M.

1 FRESH as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay :
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.

2 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone ;
 Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long.

- 3 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that form'd us first;
 Salvation to the almighty Name
 That rear'd us from the dust.

569. *A funeral thought.* C. M.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs, a doleful sound,
 Mine ears attend the cry,
 " Ye living men come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure!
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the influence of thy grace,
 To raise our souls to thee,
 That we may dwell before thy face
 A blest eternity.

570. *Rest from labor.* C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 claims
 For all the pious dead!
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from sins released,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

571. The stream of life. S. M.

- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
 That bears us to the sea!
 The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
 With all they call'd their own?
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and
 cares,
 And wealth, and honor, gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell;
 Nor other heritage possess,
 But this cold, gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting friend!
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace ;
 Till with them, in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

572. *Moment after death.* C. M.

- 1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death ;
 The glories that surround a saint,
 When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
 We scarce can say, " He's gone !"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Its mansions near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace the spirit's flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 Saints are completely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
 And with their Savior rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
 His face they always view ;
 Then let us followers be of them,
 That we may praise him too.

573. *The harvest past.* S. M.

- 1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
 The awful Judge appear,

Prepared to scan with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell ;
And in that hopeless world of wo,
He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day ;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close :
The summer soon be o'er ;
And soon, your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

574. *Death welcome.* 11s.

1 I WOULD not live always: 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, and enough
for its cheer.

2 I would not live always, thus fetter'd 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 always; no—welcome
 the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
 gloom;
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me
 arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the
 skies.

575. Probation. C. P. M.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And make me, ere it be too late,
 Awake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come,
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here
 With serious industry and fear
 To make my calling sure:

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

576. *Shortness of life.* S. M.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece,
 Is this our mortal frame?
 Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves a name!
- 2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
 That built our body first!
 And every month and every day,
 'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
 Nor will our minutes stay;
 Just like a flood, our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight;
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity.

577. *Warning voice.* C. M.

- 1 MY heart, vain world, engage no more;
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour;
 To-morrow death may come.

- 2 The voice of this alarming stroke;
 May every heart obey;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 3 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart
 With cleansing, healing power;
 That only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

578. *Victory over death.* C. M.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster, death,
 And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
 And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
 Through Christ, our living head.

579. *Loss of friends.* C. M.

- 1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back our breath.

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
And still are ruled by love.
- 3 Silent we own Jehovah's name ;
We kiss his scourging hand ;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

580. *Call to prepare.* 7s.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day !
- 2 See his mighty arm is bared !
Awful terrors clothe his brow :
For his judgment stand prepared ;
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted, hastes to flee ;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Who his advent may abide ?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapp'd in flame ?
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the awful gate of death.

581. *The good man.* L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the scene where virtue dies,
 Where sinks the righteous soul to rest;
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades the summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So sweetly shuts the eye of day;
 So dies the wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm that nothing can destroy;
 And undisturb'd the peace profound
 Which their forgiven souls enjoy.
- 4 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load, the spirit wings;
 O! grave, where is thy victory? say,
 Insatiate death, where are thy stings?

582. *Man mortal.* C. M.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time:
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flower and prime.

- 3 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore :
 They toil for heirs they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.
- 4 What should I wish or wait for then,
 From creatures, earth and dust ?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall !
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

583. *The grave.* L. M.

- 1 THE grave is now a favor'd spot,—
 To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd :
 For there the wicked trouble not,
 And there the weary are at rest.
- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms ;
 At rest as in a peaceful bed ;
 Secure from all the dreadful storms,
 Which round this sinful world are spread
- 3 Thrice happy souls, who've gone before
 To that inheritance divine !
 They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
 But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
 Or in a gentle measure flow ;
 We hail them happy in the sky,
 And joyful wait our call to go.

584. *A prospect of heaven. c. M.*

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green :
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow 'sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes :
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

585. *The time is short.* C. M.

- 1 **THE** time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit;
'To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 3 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
To call you to your home.

586. *Death conquered.* L. M. D.

- 1 **THOU**, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end;
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
To save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.
- 2 Jesus, in thy great name I go,
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
 Who conquer thro' their Savior's might;
 They rise to perfect glory's height,
 And trample death beneath their feet,
 And gladly die their Lord to meet.

587. Death of a sister. 8s.

- 1 'TIS finish'd! the conflict is past,
 The heaven-born spirit is fled;
 Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
 And now she's entomb'd with the dead.
- 2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
 Shall ever disquiet her now;
 For death to her spirit was gain,
 Since Christ was her life when below.
- 3 Her soul has now taken its flight
 To mansions of glory above,
 To mingle with angels of light,
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 4 The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
 To her were no objects of dread;
 On him who is mighty to save,
 Her soul was with confidence stay'd.
- 5 Then let us forbear to complain,
 That she is now gone from our sight;
 We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

588. *The dying Christian.* 7s.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave, where is thy victory!
 O death, where is thy sting!

589. *World, adieu.* 8. 4. D.

- 1 WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
 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
 Each landmark on the distant shore;

591. *Come away.* 7s.

- 1 WHEN we close our eyes in death,
When we yield our fleeting breath,
May we hear our Savior say,
Heirs of glory, come away.
- 2 And when round our dying beds,
Friends would raise our drooping heads,
Could an earthly arm supply
Strength, unless our God be nigh?
- 3 In that last extremity,
Jesus! thou our refuge be!
May we feel thee near our heart,
Bidding every fear depart.

592. *Rest in the grave.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains,
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
There passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

- 4 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
 Till God, in judgment, calls them forth,
 To meet their righteous doom.

JUDGMENT.

593. *The final sentence.* S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
 Shall that dread sentence sound ;
 And thro' the numerous guilty throng,
 Spread black despair around ?
- 3 " Depart from me, accursed,
 To everlasting flame,
 For rebel angels first prepared,
 Where mercy never came."
- 4 What heart can then endure
 The terrors of the day,
 When earth and heaven, before his face,
 Astonish'd shrink away ?

5 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.

594. *Judgment.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All, who hate him, must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !
- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

595. *General conflagration.* L. M.

- 1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
 Who shakes creation with his nod !
 He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame
 Sink in one universal flame.

- 2 Where now shall guilty sinners seek
 For shelter in the general wreck?
 Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
 See rocks, like snow dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
 There on the flaming billows toss'd,
 For ever—oh, for ever lost!
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
 With calmness view the dreadful scene;
 Their Savior lives, while worlds expire,
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
 To thee my all I dare commend;
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

596. *The summons.* 10. 11.

- 1 **THE** God of glory sends his summons
 forth,
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the
 north;
 From east to west his sovereign order
 spread,
 Through distant worlds and regions of the
 dead.
 The trumpet sounds: hell trembles; hea-
 ven rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
 voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold
the day !

Behold, the Judge descends ! his guards
are nigh,

Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.

When God appears, all nature shall adore
him ;

While sinners tremble ; saints rejoice be-
fore him.

3 Sinners, awake betimes, ye fools, be wise ;
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise.
Change your vain thoughts, your wicked
ways amend ;

Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your
friend.

Join then, ye saints ; wake every cheer-
ful passion :

When Christ returns, he comes for your
salvation.

597. *The saints rewarded.* C. M.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“ Judgment will ne'er begin ;”
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

- 3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way ;
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
 Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice, and their doom.
- 5 " But gather all my saints (he cries)
 That made their peace with God
 By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 " Their faith and works, brought forth to
 light,
 Shall make the world confess
 My sentence of reward is right,
 And heaven adore my grace."

598. *The sea giving up.* L. M.

- 1 THE mighty deep gives up her trust,
 Awed by the Judge's high command ;
 Both small and great now quit their dust,
 And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 2 Behold the awful books display'd,
 Big with the important fates of men ;
 Each deed and word now public made,
 As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 3 To every soul the books assign
 The joyous or the dread reward :
 Sinners in vain lament and pine ;
 No plea the Judge will here regard.

- 4 Lord! when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

599. *Youth warned.* L. M.

- 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know,
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror thro':
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HELL.

600. *Hell.* C. M.

- 1 FAR from the utmost verge of day
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play—
The worm shall never die.
- 2 The breath of God—his angry breath
Supplies and fans the fire ;
There sinners taste the second death,
And would—but can't expire.
- 3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart ;
And wo and wrath, in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.
- 4 Sad world indeed ! ah, who can bear
For ever there to dwell—
For ever sinking in despair,
In all the pains of hell !

HEAVEN.

601. *Joys of heaven.* C. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and tears, and care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But, clothed in spouless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne of radiant light
The exalted Savior shines
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the angelic choir.

602. *Foretaste of heaven.* S. M. D.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song, with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 Soon we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin !
 There, from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasures in ;
 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

3 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below,
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow ;
 Then let our songs abound.
 And every tear be dry :
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

603. *Purity and peace.* S. M.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore ;
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 6 There's no alternate night,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 Oh ! may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love ;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !

604. *Worship of heaven.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The place of thine abode !
 I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
 Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
 But to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
 To gaze upon thy throne :
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.

605. *The heavenly rest.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known :
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone.
- 2 Celestial Spirit, make me know
 That I shall enter in ;
 Now, Savior, now thy power bestow,
 And wash me from my sin.
- 3 O take this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove ;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

606. *The bliss of heaven.* C. M.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come :
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No sinful lip, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

607. *The heavenly Canaan.* C. M.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !

- 3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

608. *Longing for heaven.* 7. 6.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love ?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er ;
And since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace, I am determined,
To conquer, though I die ;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 Then O my friends prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 O cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love;
 Then, when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

5 Our eyes shall then, in rapture,
 The Savior's face behold;
 Our feet, no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold;
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing;
 Our tongues shall chant the glories
 Of our immortal King.

609. *Rest for the weary.* S. M.

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

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh:
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years—
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 For evermore undone.

610. *Pilgrim stranger.* 8. 7.

1 WHITHER goest thou, Pilgrim stranger
 Passing through this darksome vale?
 Knowest thou not, 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?

2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
 Wandering o'er this waste so wide,
 Yet no harm will e'er befall me
 While I'm blest with such a guide.

3 Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If a guardian power befriends thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
 Such a Guide my steps attends,
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He from every harm defends.

- 5 Pilgrim see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale;
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail?
- 6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I bend,
 There to plunge will be delightful—
 There my pilgrimage will end.
- 7 While I gazed—with speed surprising,
 Down the stream she plunged from sight;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising,
 Like an angel, clothed with light.

611. *Saints in glory.* 7s.

- 1 WHO are these in bright array?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain
 New dominion every hour."
- 2 These have felt afflictions rod;
 These through fiery trials came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his eternal name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels their fears ;
 And, for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away all tears.

612. *Panting for Heaven.* 8s.

- 1 **YE** angels, who stand round the throne,
 Beholding Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known ;
 Oh, tune your soft harps to his praise :
 He form'd you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good ;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat :
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
 He ransom'd from death and despair :
 For you he was mighty to save,
 And mighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song ?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Savior belong !

I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay ;
 I struggle and pant to be free ;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Savior to see!

613. *Treasure in Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
 With God laid up in store !
 Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
 Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
 With infinite delight :
 O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
 To speed me in the flight.

DISMISSION.

614. *Dismission.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing—
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 Oh, refresh us !
 Travelling through this wilderness.

615, 616, 617. DISMISSION.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

615. Parting. L. M.

- 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.

616. Dismission. L. M.

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

617. Universal praise. L. M.

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

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

618. *The Hosannah.* 7s.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live ;
 Sailors' prayers he deigns to hear,
 Sailors' songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 Sailors, raise your sweetest strain,
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost ;
 Sailors' minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the Gospel from above,
 For the word that " God is love."

619. *The doxology.*

Long Metre.

- 1 TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Common Metre.

- 2 Let God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known
 Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

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

Long Metre.

- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

620. *Benediction.* 8. 7

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Savior,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above !
- 2 Thus may we abide in union !
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

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Note.—The Hymns under the first five titles, God, Christ, Holy Spirit, Scripture, and The World, are arranged alphabetically by their titles. The sixth title, Conversion, is placed in what appeared to be something like a natural order. The remaining titles are all arranged alphabetically by their first lines. So that if a person is acquainted with a hymn, and knows the general title it comes under, and the first line, he can easily turn to it in its place.

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O happy souls that pray - - - - -	380
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O Jesus, full of truth and grace - - - - -	63
O Lord, my best desires fulfil - - - - -	460
O Lord, our heavenly King - - - - -	533
O Lord, our Lord most high - - - - -	14
O may our sympathizing breast - - - - -	246
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Once I thought my mountain strong - - - - -	248
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Once on the raging seas I rode - - - - -	318
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O Sun of Righteousness divine - - - - -	100
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O when shall I see Jesus - - - - -	608
O where shall rest be found - - - - -	609
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'The deepest reverence of the mind - - - - -	19
'The drunkard feels his vitals waste - - - - -	140
'The eye of God is every where - - - - -	28
'The flowery spring at God's command - - - - -	494
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The Lord Jehovah reigns	- - - - -	35
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There is a path that leads to God	- - - - -	264
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'Thou lovely chief of all my joys - - -	265
'Thou, who for sinners once wast slain - - -	509
'Thou whom my soul admires above - - -	96
'Though waves and storms go o'er my head -	334
'Though winds may blow and storms may rise	335
'Through all the changing scenes of life - - -	539
'Through tribulation deep - - -	340
Thus far the Lord hath led me on - - -	496
'Thus speaks the high and lofty one - - -	267
'Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare - - -	540
'Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart	26
'Thy works of glory, mighty Lord - - -	336
'Tis by the faith of joys to come - - -	268
'Tis finish'd! the conflict is past - - -	587
'Tis finish'd, so the Savior cried - - -	558
'Tis good to wait upon the Lord - - -	387
'Tis my happiness below - - -	269
'Tis no surprising thing - - -	270
'Tis past, the dreadful stormy night - - -	337
'Tis pleasant to sing - - -	388
To-day, if ye will hear his voice - - -	153
To God I cried with mournful voice - - -	271
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To heaven I'm bound with prosperous gales	338
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To thy temple I repair - - -	559
To whom, my Savior, shall I go - - -	105
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We bless the Lord, the just, the good - - - -	466
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Welcome, sweet day of rest - - - -	444
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When for eternal worlds we steer - - - -	589
When God reveal'd his gracious name - - - -	276
When I survey the wonderous cross - - - -	277
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Who can describe the joys that rise - - -	191
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Why should the Christian waste in sighs - - -	469
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With heavenly weapons I have fought - - -	565
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With songs and honors sounding loud - - -	499
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Ye angels, who stand round the throne - - -	612
Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm - - -	500
Ye humble souls, approach your God - - -	15
Ye humble souls, complain no more - - -	393
Ye messengers of Christ - - -	419
Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears - - -	106
Ye saints and servants of the Lord - - -	470
Yes Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise - - -	357
Ye sons of Adam, vain and young - - -	599
Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough - - -	420
Yes, there are joys that cannot die - - -	613
Ye that delight to serve the Lord - - -	25
Ye tempted and tried, to Jesus draw nigh - - -	102
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears - - -	471
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SEAMEN'S

DEVOTIONAL ASSISTANT.

By the grace of God, the number of seafaring men, who are desirous of maintaining the worship of God on board of their vessels, is continually increasing. It was the lamentation of a pious master of a merchant brig, that for want of some help, he was frequently at a loss how to lead the devotions of his ship's company. To supply this want, in some measure, is the intention of the following brief collection of devotional exercises. It is hoped that it may be the means of persuading and assisting many of our seafaring brethren to engage in the delightful and important duty of WORSHIP AT SEA.

I. SABBATH DAY SERVICE.

The master and as many of the crew as can be spared from the duty of the ship, being assembled in the cabin, or other convenient part of the vessel, the person appointed to take the lead may stand up and offer prayer to Almighty God, in a slow, solemn, and distinctly audible voice, saying,

O LORD God, to thee belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against thee ; do thou enable us from our very hearts,

each to say for himself, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified."

The Leader of the worship may then address himself to those about him in the following manner :

Or, if more agreeable, the service may begin here :

MY dear friends, it is our bounden duty to attend to that word of God, which in so many places encourages and commands us to meet together, to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness. If we attempt to dissemble or cloak our sins from the face of our Heavenly Father, we shall only deceive ourselves, and mock God. But if, under a feeling sense of our guilt and misery, we do confess them with an humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart, we are assured, that we shall obtain forgiveness of the same, through his infinite goodness and mercy. This is certain, because the word of him who cannot lie hath declared, that if we thus confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Wherefore, let us with humble and contrite hearts bow down before the Lord, who hath promised to hear and answer in mercy all who call upon him ;

looking for salvation only through his Son Jesus Christ, who hath died for sinners.

Here while all kneel down, the Leader may pronounce the following general confession, which every one present may repeat after him :

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep : we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts : we have offended against thy holy law : we have left undone those things which we ought to have done ; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done ; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders : spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults : restore thou those who are penitent ; according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. *Amen.*

We know that thou art ready to pardon and forgive all those that truly repent and unfeignedly believe thy holy gospel, wherefore we beseech thee to grant us true repentance, and thy Holy Spirit ; that those things may please thee which we do at this time, and that the rest of our lives hereafter may be pure and holy ; so that at the last we may

come to thine eternal joy, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who himself hath taught us thus to pray:—"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*"

Here all rising from their knees, may join in reading, verse and verse, with the Leader, the 95th Psalm, as follows:

Leader.—O COME let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Crew.—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

L.—For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

C.—In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also.

L.—The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

C.—O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

L.—For he is our God; and we are the

people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

C.—To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart; as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness.

L.—When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

C.—Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways.

L.—Unto whom I swear in my wrath, that they should not enter into my rest.

C.—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

L.—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen.*

Here a portion of Scripture may be read at the discretion of Leader, or the Leader and Crew may repeat, alternately, the following selections :

Leader.—**THE** law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. John i. 17.

Crew.—The Spirit of God, like a dove, lighted upon him; and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” Matt. iii. 16, 17.

L.—*The voice out of the cloud said, “Hear ye him.”* Matt. xvii. 5.

C.—We believe, that through the grace of

the Lord Jesus Christ, we may be saved. Acts xv. 11.

L.—Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. Acts iv. 12.

C.—Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Rom. iv. 25.

L.—Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. iii. 11.

C.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. i. 15.

L.—Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express Image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Heb. i. 3.

C.—In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins : Who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature. Col. i. 15.

L.—For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers : all things were created by him, and for him. Col. i. 16.

C.—And he is before all things, and by him all things consist. Col. i. 17.

L.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Col. iii. 1, 2, 3.

L. and C. together.—Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. Jude, 24, 25.

Then all kneeling down, the Leader may offer up the following Prayer :

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid ; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty and everlasting God, who by thy holy Apostle hast taught us to make prayers and supplications, and to give thanks for all men ; we humbly beseech thee most mercifully to receive these our prayers which we offer unto thy Divine Majesty ; and to inspire continually the universal church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord ; that all who confess thy holy name may agree in the

truth of thy holy word, and live in unity and godly love. We beseech thee also, so to direct and dispose the hearts of all Christian rulers, that they may rule in thy fear, and may truly and impartially administer justice, to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of thy true religion and virtue. Give grace, O Heavenly Father, to all the ministers of thy gospel; that they may both by their life and doctrine set forth thy true and lively word. And give thy heavenly grace especially to this ship's company; to all who traverse the mighty ocean, and to all our dear friends and beloved relatives at home, that their souls may be precious in thy sight, and that all being converted to thee, we may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. To him be glory, both now and for ever. *Amen.*

Here, if convenient, a hymn may be sung, and a sermon read, or an exhortation given from the scriptures; and if time will admit, and the circumstances of the weather or of the voyage call for it, one of the prayers appointed for special occasions may be used. After which may follow the General Thanksgiving.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all for thine inestimable love in the

redemption of sinners by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and the hope of glory. And we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and accompany the instructions of thy word with the quickening influences of thy Spirit, that we may show forth thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

Here another hymn may be sung, and the Assembly may be dismissed with the Apostolical benediction.
2 Cor. xiii. 14.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

II. DAILY WORSHIP.

1. *Morning.*

ALMIGHTY God! who art the portion and inheritance of all who wait upon thee: Thou hast added to the number of our days:

Thou hast borne us in safety through the watches of the night, and hast preserved us from the dangers of the sea, and from all those unnumbered perils which surround us in the hours of darkness. Once more our eyes behold the natural sun rising, and shedding his beams across the outstretched waters. Do thou fill our souls with love and gratitude for all these mercies; and grant, that this day, we may enjoy a continuance of thy kind protection, guidance, and grace. Let thy pardoning mercy forgive us all our sins, and let thy Holy Spirit enlighten our souls with the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and refresh us with the comforts of his gospel. as the natural sun is now cheering the world. We know not what changes of wind or weather may this day take place: we cannot foresee what dangers and calamities may overtake us before the evening: but thou, Lord, knowest all; and thou art able to save and deliver us from the whole. Into thy most gracious protection we therefore commit ourselves, our souls and bodies; the safety of the ship, and the preservation of the cargo committed to our care. Lord, help us to act this day as becometh Christians. Grant that we may walk worthy of our vocation, with all lowliness, and meekness, with gentleness, kindness, and brotherly love one towards another; with honesty and fidelity towards our employers, and with all humili-

ty and reverence towards thee our God. Make us jealous over our own hearts, that we may keep them with all diligence, knowing that out of them are the issues of life. Transform our whole souls into the image of Jesus Christ, and bring every thought into captivity to his will. Remember, O Lord, our dear friends and relatives at home ; some of them, we fear, are strangers to their own real condition : O, have mercy upon them ! rouse them from this unconcern ; awaken them from this sleep of death, and give them repentance unto life ; and present us all faultless before the throne of thy glory with exceeding joy. For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

2. *Evening.*

ETERNAL and Almighty God, whose providential mercies have preserved us through this day, and permitted us once more to meet together before thee ; we beseech thee to impress our souls with a deep sense of these and of all thy mercies. Help us, O Lord, to adore thee in some measure as we ought to do : to love thee as thou deservest to be loved : to fear thee with filial fear, and to obey thee with loving constancy. What shall we render unto thee for all thy mercies ? We are this evening alive to praise thee ! No dangers, nor sickness : no calamities

ties, nor storms, have this day been suffered to approach us. Thou hast borne us onward in our voyage, and hast prospered the labors of our hands. Thou hast fed us with food convenient for us, and given us to be at peace among ourselves. O heavenly Father, do thou still continue to regard us in mercy. Forgive whatever we have this day done amiss, whether in thought, word, or deed. Let thy comfortable presence and protecting providence go with us who are about to remain on deck: and let thy peace reign and rule in the hearts of those who are about to retire to rest. To thee, O Lord, the darkness is as the light; let thy presence defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, and bear us in peace and safety to another day; and when the light returns to cheer our way, let our praises and thanksgivings return again to thee in an acceptable morning sacrifice! Remember our dear friends and relatives for good: while their affections and prayers are following us, do thou refresh their souls with the dew of heaven. We bless thee that thou hast encouraged us to make prayers and supplications for all men, and especially to commit those into thy gracious protection who are near and dear to us. O that all whom we love, may be loved by thee. Comfort those that mourn; relieve those who are afflicted in mind or body; give them patience under their sufferings,

and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. While we are absent from each other in body let us be present in spirit; and do thou, O Lord, graciously fit and prepare us all for every event of thy providence, and especially for the hour of death, and the day of judgment! that so, when we have done with the trials, wanderings, and troubles of this miserable and sinful world, we may dwell together in thy blessed presence, where prayer is turned into praise, and faith is changed to sight. These, and all other mercies, we humbly ask, in the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

3. *Morning.*

OUR Father, who art in heaven, while all thy works praise thee, it becomes thine intelligent creatures to bless thy holy name. At all times would we seek thee, but especially morning and evening, would we make known our requests by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving. We desire this morning to praise thee for thy watchful care over us the past night; that we have lain down and slept because thou hast sustained us. We thank thee for the mercies of the morning; for food, and raiment, and all the blessings of this life. But more especially would we praise thee, merciful Father, for the still richer blessings of thy

grace; for the gift of thy Son, the instructions of thy word, and the influences of thy Spirit. Forgive now, we beseech thee, our transgressions, and blot out our sins. Create within us a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within us. May we take thy word as the man of our counsel, and may it become a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. Will our God in kindness watch over us this day; will he guide our footsteps, and keep our hearts. And wilt thou, Father of all mercies, bless this ship's company. Make us all children of God through faith in Christ Jesus, and help us to live holy, righteously, and godly, in this present evil world. Wilt thou speed our way to our desired haven, and bring us to land in safety and in peace. Will God bless in a special manner all our relations and friends; will he grant them all things needful for this life, and an interest in the great salvation. Wilt thou, O Lord, have mercy on all, whose home is on the deep; in companies may they flock to Christ, and find peace in believing. Wilt thou bless all the ministers of thy gospel, and all the followers of thy Son; and wilt thou multiply the victories of the cross, until they shall fill the earth as the waters cover the seas; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

4. *Evening.*

ONCE more, O heavenly Father ! would we, thine unworthy servants, fall down at thy footstool : once more would we praise thy holy name, for having dealt with us beyond all our deserts. This day, O Lord, hath borne its witness to thy mercy and goodness, for we have been kept and sustained ; we have been preserved, and followed with nothing but good. Thou hast still continued to bring us on our way, to keep both vessel and crew in safety ; to direct and control the winds and the sea, and now to give us the prospect of another night's rest and peace. Glory be to thee, O God, for these thy great and undeserved mercies ! And now, O Lord, do thou teach us to search and examine our hearts ; do thou show us our own real state and condition, and let us see ourselves as in the glass of thy holy scriptures ; that we may abhor the sins of our hearts, and mourn over the transgressions of our lives, and repent as in dust and ashes. Surely it is of thy mercy that we are not consumed ; because thy compassions fail not. Our misdeeds testify against us, being more in number than the sands upon the sea-shore ; but blessed for ever be thy name, that Jesus Christ is an all-prevailing advocate, who, having ascended up on high, ever liveth to make intercession for us : For his sake, we beseech thee to blot

out our transgressions, and not remember our sins. Turn us, O Lord, from every evil way. Be merciful unto us, O Lord. Pardon and deliver us from all our sins, confirm and strengthen us in all goodness, and bring us to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Remember with thy mercy our beloved friends and families: thou knowest where they are; thou knowest all their wants, and thou hast more than sufficient to supply all their needs. Take them this night into thy care and keeping. Let those who seek thee find thee a God at hand, and not afar off. Let those who as yet have not sought thee, be brought speedily to call while thou art near: give them no rest until they find a scriptural rest, and a gospel hope unto their souls. And grant that we and they may yet bend our knees in united prayer and praise together before thee: and especially when the voyage of life is ended, may we find ourselves in that haven of rest, that kingdom of peace, where sorrow cannot come, nor any thing enter that defileth. Bless and prosper those who are now going on deck. Refresh and keep those who are going to their beds, and hold the winds and the seas in thy hands for good unto us this night, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Savior. *Amen.*

5. *Morning.*

O THOU omnipresent and omniscient Jehovah. Thou art about our path, and our lying down; and thou art acquainted with all our ways. There is not a word in our tongue, but lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou understandest our thoughts afar off. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Known, therefore, to thee, are our sins with every aggravation; and our necessities with all their circumstances. Thou requirest us to confess our guilt, and to spread our wants before thee, in order that we ourselves may be suitably affected with them, and be prepared for the promised displays of thy goodness. We know not the evil there is in one sin; and our iniquities are more in number than the hairs of our head. Thou art our Creator; but of the rock that begat us we have been unmindful, and have forgotten the God that formed us. Thou hast nourished and brought up children: but we have rebelled against thee. Thou hast given us laws, founded in a regard to our welfare as well as thine own glory: but we have said with our lives, if not with our lips, Who is the Lord, that we should obey his voice? We have loved and served the creature more

than the Creator. Departing from thee, we have made flesh our arm. We have leaned on broken reeds, and though they have disappointed our hopes, and pierced us through with many sorrows, we have often returned to the same wretched dependence. Thou hast raised up for us a Savior; and the gospel has presented to our view a plan of redemption and renovation, which the angels desire to look into: but we have crowned all our guilt, by neglecting so great salvation, and turning away from Him that speaketh from heaven; and we deserve to be for ever excluded from all the blessings of the cross.

O deal not with us after our desert, but according to our necessity; and where sin has abounded, may grace much more abound. Over all our unworthiness may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. It is thy pleasure that we seek thee. The desires we feel are of thine own producing. We are willing to be saved in thy own way. We love thy salvation—we love it as it is free, and secures to thyself the undivided glory: and we love it as it is holy, and designed to save us from the power as well as the penalty of sin. O visit us with thy salvation. Shine into our hearts, and give us the light of the knowledge of thy glory in the face of Jesus Christ. Enable us by faith to embrace thy unspeakable gift. May we sit at the feet of Jesus, and

glory in his cross. May we imbibe his spirit, and follow his example: and whatsoever we do, in word or deed, may we do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Wilt thou now be with us on our voyage; carry us safely on our way; supply all our daily wants; keep us from storms, from shipwreck, and from sudden death; and bring us to the close of the day in peace and safety, laden with rich experience of thy love.

We extend our wishes beyond the little circle now kneeling in thy presence. We have various absent connexions endeared to our hearts: O place them under thy agency, as the God of grace; and keep them under thy care, as the God of providence.

We would remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, and those that suffer adversity, as being ourselves also in the body. Let glory dwell in our land, and upon all the glory may there be a defence. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem; make bare thine arm in the sight of all the nations; and let all the ends of the earth see the salvation of our God.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, now and for ever. *Amen.*

6. *Evening.*

O GOD, thy greatness is unsearchable. Thy name is excellent in all the earth. Thou hast set thy glory above the heavens. Thousands minister unto thee, and ten thousand times ten thousand stand before thee. We feel ourselves in thine awful presence to be nothing, less than nothing and vanity: nor do we presume to approach thee, because we are deserving of thy notice; for we have sinned, and have incurred thy righteous displeasure.

But our necessities compel us; and thy promises encourage us. Thou art nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and savest such as be of a contrite spirit. Thou hast provided a Mediator, who has magnified the law, and made it honorable; so that all who will may be accepted in the beloved.

O look thou upon us, and be merciful unto us, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name. Convince us of sin, both in its penalty and in its pollution; and may we mourn over it with a godly sorrow. Give us faith to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and believing, may we have life through his name. By holy resemblances, may we put on the Lord Jesus Christ: may the same mind be in us which also was in him.

And as he suffered for us, leaving us an

example, that we should tread in his steps; may we learn to suffer like him. When reviled, may we revile not again, but commit ourselves to him that judgeth righteously. Whoever may be the instrument of our grief, may we never lose sight of an overruling agency, in preparing and presenting it; but be able to say, The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it? In patience may we possess our souls; may we be calm to inquire, wherefore thou contendest with us; let not weeping hinder sowing, nor sorrow duty.

We live in a world of changes, and have here no continuing city—may we seek one to come; and have our minds kept in perfect peace, being stayed upon God. Be with us to the end of our journey; and after honoring thee by the life we have lived, may we glorify thee by the death we shall die. When heart and flesh fail, be thou the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever; at death may we fall asleep in Jesus; and in the morning of the resurrection, may he change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like his glorious body; and so may we be for ever with the Lord.

Who can understand his errors? Forgive, O God, the sins of the past day, in thought, word, and deed. We bless thee for our preservation, in our going out, and our coming in, and in all our ways: and we bless thee for

all the supplies and indulgences, which thy good providence has afforded us.

And now, O thou keeper of Israel, we commit our souls and our bodies to thy all-sufficient care. Suffer no evil to befall us. Hold the stormy winds in thine Almighty hand. And we would feel, that while only a plank separates us from eternity, yet we may safely intrust ourselves to thy care. May our sleep be sweet; or if thou holdest our eyes waking, may we remember thee, upon our bed, and meditate on thee, in the night watches. And if we sleep the sleep of death, we leave ourselves with thee.

And with the innumerable company, who never slumber nor sleep, and who rest not day and night, we would join in ascribing blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever. *Amen.*

7. Lord's Prayer paraphrased.

ALMIGHTY God, the creator and governor of all things, and the most bountiful benefactor of those who fear and obey thee; grant that all reasonable creatures, who are capable of understanding the greatness and glory of thy attributes, may unfeignedly admire and adore thee, and express their veneration of thee in ways most suitable to the

condition of their nature, and the discoveries of thy will.

Grant that all mankind may come to the knowledge and belief of thy true religion; that the kingdom of Christ may be extended over all the earth; and the eternal laws of godliness, righteousness, charity, and sobriety, may be established throughout the whole world.

Grant that all who profess this thy true religion, may live in perfect obedience to the laws thereof; and that men may obey thee with sincerity and constancy, as do the spirits of the blessed in heaven.

Bestow on us every day, through the remaining part of our lives, as many of the things of this present world, as are sufficient for our necessary wants.

Forgive us our sins, and withhold the punishments we have thereby deserved, in like manner as we freely forgive all those injuries which have by others been done unto us.

Take from us the occasions of temptation, or else deliver us from their power, that we may not be moved either with the enticements of riches, honors, or pleasures: or with the fear of want, disgrace, or pain, to do any thing contrary to thy will; and deliver us from all the evils and calamities, which either the malice of the devil, or the wickedness or misfortunes of the world, might bring upon us.

These petitions we beg of thee, O God,

knowing that thou *canst*, and trusting in thy mercy that thou *wilt* do for us more than we can desire, or do deserve; for thou art infinite in power, glory, and majesty, from everlasting to everlasting. *Amen.*

8. *Morning.*

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, we thy needy creatures render thee our humble praise for thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day, and especially for having delivered us from the dangers of the past night. To thy watchful providence we owe it, that we have been kept in safety. For these thy mercies we bless and praise thee, beseeching thee to accept this morning sacrifice. And since it is of thy goodness, O gracious Father, that our existence is prolonged; we here devote both our bodies and souls to thy service, in a godly, righteous, and sober life. Strengthen us, we beseech thee, in this resolution; that, as we grow in age, we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Have compassion, we pray thee, on our infirmities; and give us the constant assistance of thy Holy Spirit, that we may be effectually restrained from sin, and excited to our duty. Imprint upon our hearts such a dread of thy displeasure, such a remembrance of the great day of judgment, and such a grateful sense

of thy goodness to us, as may make us both afraid and ashamed to offend thee. Keep us temperate in our enjoyments and diligent in our callings, just and upright in our dealings, peaceable, compassionate, and ready to do good to all men. Direct us in all our ways; prosper the work of our hands; defend us from calamities and sufferings; or, if thou shalt be pleased to visit us with them, enable us to bear them with patience, and to be contented with our condition. Bless and prosper us in our voyage, and remember in mercy our friends at home, our seafaring brethren every where, and the whole of this dying world. These things, and whatever else is necessary and good for us, we implore, with humble reliance upon thine infinite clemency in Christ Jesus our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

9. *Evening.*

ALMIGHTY God, who art the Rewarder of all them that diligently seek thee! receive in mercy the prayers and praises of thy children.

We adore thee as the greatest and the best of beings, the source of all power, wisdom, goodness, and happiness. Without thee we can do nothing; and on thee we depend from day to day. Thine energy sustains, thy presence animates, thy gracious influence

blesses the Universe. Our times are in thy hands; our joys and sorrows are dispensed by thy providence. Thy mercy has given us a Redeemer, who is able to save unto the uttermost; and thine unmerited love adds to our days and satisfactions, that we may be drawn to devote our hearts to thy service.

We confess, O Lord, that we have disobeyed thy laws, and been unmindful of thy goodness. We lament with sincere sorrow our errors and transgressions. We desire to forsake every evil way; and we humbly trust in thy grace for the forgiveness of our sins. Being justified by faith, may we have peace with thee, be saved from the dominion of sin, and be filled with the fruits of thy Spirit. May we be at all times sensible of the vanity of the world, and of the deceitfulness of sin. May we entertain just convictions of the worth of our own souls, and of the glory to which we are called. May we set our affections upon things above, be armed against the allurements and terrors of this transitory state, and hold ourselves in constant readiness to depart hence and to stand before our Judge.

Keep us this night, Almighty Guardian, under thy watchful eye. If it be agreeable to thy will, let no evil befall us or ours. Have mercy upon those, for whose welfare we feel particularly solicitous. Comfort and sustain

all who are in trouble and adversity. Order all things for us as seemeth right in thy sight ; and do us good now and evermore, according to thy promises declared unto us by Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

III. FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

Many of these Prayers are so short that they may be used with others. Or several of them may be used in succession. Others of them may be used by themselves as daily prayers, at the discretion of him who has the direction of the duty.

When circumstances admit, the reading of a portion of the word of God, and singing a hymn if agreeable, should always make a part of worship.

1. *For the outward Passage.*

ALMIGHTY God ! Father of all mercies, thy power and goodness far exceed all our knowledge, and thy judgments are past our finding out. To thee it belongeth to order the bounds of our habitation, and to appoint the lot of our inheritance. To thee it belongeth to cut off our days and our expectations at a stroke, or to lengthen them out to

distant years. It is to thy overruling providence we owe our present mercies. Thou in thy wisdom settest up one, and in righteousness puttest down another. Thou appointest some to dwell on shore, and others, like ourselves, to go down to the sea in ships, and to occupy their business in deep waters—all this is the will and work of our heavenly Father, and it ought to be good in our eyes. Again thou hast led us forth from our native land, and we are daily proceeding further and further from our country, and from those who are near and dear unto us. We are now shut out, as it were, from the eyes of men, and separated from the kingdoms of the world; but wherever we go we are still present with thee. If we ascend up to heaven thou art there, and if we go down into hell thou art there also. If we take the wings of the morning and fly into the uttermost parts of the earth, even there shall thy hand lead us, and thy right hand shall hold us. Thou understandest our thoughts afar off. O Heavenly Father, let the thought of this, thy continual presence, keep our souls in a solemn, watchful, humble frame before thee. While the winds waft our ship and our bodies into distant climates, let thy Holy Spirit stir up our hearts, and raise our desires and affections towards heaven. While the ocean rolls its waters between us and the land of our nativity, and

divides us from those we most love on earth, let nothing separate either them or ourselves from thy loving kindness and tender mercy. Wherever we travel during this voyage, let us still advance nearer to thy blessed kingdom. Whatever trials yet lie before us, let us be the children of thy providence, and the objects of thy love. While we here labor for the meat that perisheth, do thou feed our souls with living bread from heaven. Do thou bless and preserve all our dear friends and relatives whom we have left behind us; let them, by faith, in peace and quietness, serve thee our God; and grant, that we may, in due time, return in safety, health, and comfort, with the fruits of our labors, and with a thankful remembrance of thy mercies, to unite with them in praising and glorifying thy holy name for ever and ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

2. For the homeward Passage.

MOST merciful and gracious Lord God! Thou art the good Shepherd of thy people, who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth: Thou art the Eternal Jehovah, who delighteth in mercy, and whose tender compassions are over all thy works; as such, we, thy unworthy servants, do now presume to lift up our voices to the throne of thy divine Majesty, and to bless and praise thee for all thy

past mercies and unmerited goodness to us as a ship's company. Thou, Lord, hast hitherto borne us as it were on eagles' wings. Thou hast been with us for good in our goings out, and thus far on our return home. Hitherto thou hast prospered the work of our hands, and preserved us from all the perils and dangers of the voyage. We are now speeding our way back again to the land from whence we came, and our hearts already rejoice with the cheering hope of once more beholding our native land, and those beloved friends and relations whom we there left behind us. For all these thy mercies we bless and praise thy holy name. Yet, O Lord God, unless thou continue to us thy loving kindness, our hopes and expectations will surely fail us; unless the same hand that led us forth in safety shall be stretched out to conduct us home again, we shall never behold our native dwellings. Do thou, then, O Lord, continue to go with and bless us through all our homeward bound passage, until we meet, in safety and peace, all who are near and dear to us. And grant, O Lord, that on our arrival in port, we may be enabled to seek and serve thee, in earnestness, in spirit, and in truth. Stir up our hearts to embrace all those precious means of grace which will there offer themselves, and which we, from time to time, have most grievously neglected. Grant, O Heavenly Father, that

as our voyage is every day shortening, we may bear in mind that our earthly course is shortening also ! O keep us mindful that soon the voyage of life must be completed, and, that we must appear before thee in judgment. We, O Lord, have hitherto been the prodigal sons : we have lived as without God and without Christ in the world. In harbor and at sea we have sinned against light and conviction ; we have often grieved thy Holy Spirit, and acted rebelliously even to thy face : but, Lord, we now desire to return unto thee, and unto the assemblies of thy worshipping people, who know and love thy name. O, do thou pardon our past sins, and bless us with the joyful sound of thy gospel ; and let it become thy power unto our salvation, through the same Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom, with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, we would ascribe equal and eternal praise. *Amen.*

3. *For the monthly Concert.*

O LORD Almighty, faithful and true, who by thy Prophet hast told us, that from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, thy name shall be great among the Gentiles ; and in every place incense shall be offered unto thy name, and a pure offering ; for thy name shall be great among the heathen : bless and prosper, we beseech thee.

the endeavors of all benevolent societies, established for the propagation of the gospel among the heathen and others. Take thou from them, to whom the glad tidings of salvation shall be preached, all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word; so that thy word, being sown in good and honest hearts, may bring forth fruit abundantly to thy honor, and the salvation of their souls: grant, that all who have heard and received it, may live according to its doctrine and precepts, and by holiness of life, and zeal for thy glory, may become eminent examples to all about them.

Bless all religious and other societies among us, for Christian conference, and works of charity; for the promoting of Christian knowledge and practice; of temperance, sabbath keeping, and respect for the laws of God and man. O Lord, increase the number of these societies, and enable them all to choose the best and most inoffensive means for accomplishing their several ends, and to prosecute them diligently, with a zeal directed by wisdom and prudence; so that, being free from all worldly interests, they may steadfastly pursue the advancement of thy glory, and the good of mankind.

Grant, O God, that no good thou shalt vouchsafe to bring about by their poor endeavors, may tempt them to think highly of themselves, but modestly and humbly.

Remove all unreasonable prejudices against their designs; shed forth thy love abroad in their hearts, that they may cheerfully embrace all opportunities of doing good to the souls and bodies of men, and not be discouraged at any difficulties or oppositions they may meet with.

Wilt thou especially remember all Seamen's Friend Societies, and other institutions formed by Christian benevolence for the purpose of doing good among our seafaring brethren.

Draw nigh unto thy children who are assembled this evening, in little praying circles all around the world. Give the spirit of grace and of supplications. May their faith take a strong hold of the promises of God; and thus rekindle their zeal for the conversion of the world.

O God, hear their prayers for themselves and others; defend them from the rage of Satan, and from the malice of evil men; perfect holiness more and more in their hearts; unite them finally to one another in thy truth, and in the bond of love, and make them zealous in all good works, according to the command and example of Jesus Christ, who went about doing good; for whose sake we beseech Thee to hear and bless us. *Amen.*

4. *For the same.*

ALMIGHTY God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the God of the spirits of all flesh, the earth is thine, and the fulness thereof, the round world, and they that dwell therein.

We confess before thee our own sins, and those of our country. Chiefly, now, we would confess our coldness and indifference in extending the blessings of that glorious Gospel which thou hast entrusted to us.

We beseech thee give us a zeal for thy glory. Raise up, we pray thee, those who shall unceasingly pray, and give, and study, and labor, for the spread of thy truth. Revive the days of the primitive church, when thy people, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.

May the true light come more and more to thy church, and the glory of the Lord rise upon her, and may she arise and shine; and may the Gentiles come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lord, we plead the glory of thy great name, the faithfulness of thy promises, and the happiness of thine own creation; and with these pleas, we ask, that the Heathen may be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

We pray thee to hasten the coming on of

that time, when it shall be said, The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the sight of all nations, and all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

And grant, gracious Lord, that while the fulness of the Gentiles is coming in, all Israel may also be saved. May the veil which remains upon their hearts when Moses is read, be taken away by their turning to the Lord. May this branch which has so long been broken off, at length be grafted into its own olive-tree.

And while we thus pray, we thank thee, good and gracious Lord, for all the blessed signs of the times in which we live. We bless thee for the beginning of a general desire to spread thy truth through the world, and that societies have been raised in these latter days, among all denominations of thy servants, for evangelizing the heathen, and for their conversion from dumb idols to the living God. We thank thee for the success given to these efforts, and would thereby be encouraged to persevere in more zealous labors, and more fervent prayers.

O Father of lights, bless every Society formed for the conversion of Jews or Gentiles, and for the spread and advancement of thy truth at home, or abroad. Guide the minds of all who conduct their affairs. In all their difficulties and trials, comfort and support them. Especially direct them in the choice of fit instruments for the work.

Look with thy favor on all missionaries now among the heathen. O prepare the way in the wilderness. May every valley be exalted, every hill made low; may the crooked be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the word of the Lord every where have free course and be glorified. May thy doctrine, constantly preached by thy servants, drop as the rain, and distil as the dew, and thy word never return unto thee void, but prosper abundantly, and accomplish all that for which thou dost send it. Give thy servants health and strength, vigor of mind, and devotedness of heart; and may they all be chosen vessels to bear thy name before the Gentiles. May all nations whom thou hast made, fall down and worship before Thee.

O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not for thine own sake, O our God. For thy dear Son's sake, answer. May he see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. *Amen.*

5. *For Missionaries.*

ALMIGHTY God and heavenly Father, who, of thine infinite love and goodness towards us, hast given to us thy only and most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, to be our Redeemer, and the author of everlasting life; who after he had made perfect our redemption by his death, and was ascended into

heaven, sent abroad into the world his Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Teachers, and Pastors; by whose labor and ministry he gathered together a great flock in all parts of the world, to set forth the eternal praise of thy holy name: For these so great benefits of thy eternal goodness, we render unto thee most hearty thanks; we praise and worship thee; and we humbly beseech thee by thy blessed Son, to grant unto all, which either here or elsewhere call upon thy holy name, that we may continue to show ourselves thankful unto thee for these and all thy other benefits; and that we may daily increase and go forwards in the knowledge and faith of thee and thy Son, by the Holy Spirit: So that as well by all thy ministers, as by them over whom they shall be appointed thy ministers, thy holy name may be for ever glorified, and thy blessed kingdom enlarged, through thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord; who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the same Holy Spirit, world without end. *Amen.*

6. *For Gospel Ministers.*

O LORD God, in appointing the ministers of the gospel from among sinful dying men, thou hast put the treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of thee, and not of men. We beseech

thee to remember thy servants whom thou hast honored with appointing them to serve at thine altar. To thee and to thy service may they devote themselves, soul, body, and spirit—with all their powers and faculties. Fill their memory with the words of thy law; enlighten their understanding with the illumination of the Holy Ghost; and may all the wishes and desires of their will centre in what thou hast commanded them. Be ever with them in the performance of all the duties of their ministry; in prayer, to quicken their devotion; in praises, to heighten their love and gratitude; and in preaching, to give a readiness of thought and expression suitable to the clearness and excellency of thy holy word. Grant this for the sake of Jesus Christ thy Son our Savior. *Amen.*

7. For a sick person.

O FATHER of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need; look down from heaven, we humbly beseech thee, behold, visit, and relieve thy sick servant, for whom our prayers are desired. Sanctify, we beseech thee, this thy Fatherly correction to him; that the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith, and seriousness to his repentance. Look upon him with the eyes of thy mercy; comfort him with a sense of thy goodness; preserve him from the temptations of the enemy; give him patience

under his affliction; and, in thy good time restore him to health, and enable him to lead the residue of his life in thy fear, and to thy glory: or else give him grace so to take thy visitation, that, after this painful life be ended, he may dwell with thee in life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

8. *For one who has been long sick.*

O MERCIFUL God, thou hast long kept thy servant under thy chastening hand: thou hast made him acquainted with grief, and his sickness is even become his familiar companion: yet, O blessed Lord, grant that he may not be impatient under thy chastisement, who art pleased to wait so long for the return of a sinner: but let him remember that thou hast kind intentions, even in thy bitterest dispensations; that thou “chastenest him whom thou lovest, and scourgest every son whom thou receivest.” Teach him, O gracious Father, to see love in thy rod, and justice in all thy dealings, that he may humble himself under thy mighty hand; that he may think it good for him to be afflicted, and patiently wait for thy loving kindness.

Yet, that his faith may not fail, nor his patience be overcome, give him ease and relaxation from his pain, and a happy conclusion of this long visitation. In the mean

time, grant that he may neither despise thy chastening, nor faint under thy rebukes; but employ the time which thou lendest, and improve the affliction which thou continuest, as a gracious opportunity for his spiritual advantage; that, under the decays of the body, the inner man may be renewed day by day; and that whatever appertaineth to his everlasting salvation, may be promoted and perfected through the riches of thy grace, and the multitude of thy mercies in Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

9. *By a sick bed.*

O GOD, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered; make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives. That, when we shall have served thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the catholic church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; in favor with thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world: all which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

10. *In a storm.*

O MOST powerful and glorious Lord God, at whose command the winds blow, and lift up the waves of the sea, and who stillest the rage thereof; we, thy creatures, but miserable sinners, do in this our great distress cry unto thee for help: Save, Lord, or else we perish. We confess when we have been safe, and seen all things quiet about us, we have forgotten thee, our God, and refused to hearken to the still voice of thy word, and to obey thy commandments: But now we see how terrible thou art in all thy works of wonder; the great God to be feared above all; and therefore we adore thy Divine Majesty, acknowledging thy power, and imploring thy goodness. Help, Lord, and save us for thy mercies' sake, in Jesus Christ, thy Son our Lord. *Amen.*

11. *Another.*

O MOST glorious and gracious Lord God, who dwellest in heaven, but beholdest all things below; look down, we beseech thee, and hear us, calling out of the depth of misery, and out of the jaws of this death, which is now ready to swallow us up: Save, Lord, or else we perish. The living, the living shall praise thee. O send thy word of command to rebuke the raging winds, and

the roaring sea ; that we, being delivered from this distress, may live to serve thee, and to glorify thy name all the days of our life. Hear, Lord, and save us, for the infinite merits of our blessed Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

12. *Thanksgiving after a storm.*

O MOST blessed and glorious Lord God, who art of infinite goodness and mercy ; we, thy poor creatures, whom thou hast made and preserved, holding our souls in life, and now rescuing us out of the jaws of death, humbly present ourselves again before thy Divine Majesty, to offer a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, for that thou hast heard us when we called in our trouble, and didst not cast out our prayer, which we made before thee in our great distress ; even when we gave up all for lost, our ship, our goods, our lives, then didst thou mercifully look upon us, and wonderfully command a deliverance, for which we now, being in safety, do give all praise and glory to thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

13. *Another.*

O MOST mighty and gracious God, thy mercy is over all thy works ; but in a special manner hath it been extended towards us, whom thou hast so powerfully and wonder-

fully defended. Thou hast showed us terrible things, and wonders in the deep, that we might see how powerful and gracious a God thou art; how able and ready to help those who trust in thee. Thou hast showed us how both winds and seas obey thy command; that we may learn from them hereafter to obey thy voice, and to do thy will. We therefore bless and glorify thy name, for this thy mercy, in saving us when we were ready to perish. And we beseech thee, make us as truly sensible now of thy mercy, as we were then of the danger; and give us hearts always ready to express our thankfulness not only by words, but also by our lives, in being more obedient to thy holy commandments. Continue, we beseech thee, this thy goodness to us; that we, whom thou hast saved, may serve thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. *Amen.*

14. *For Sanctification.*

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who, of thy great mercy, didst save Noah and his family in the ark from perishing by water; and also didst safely lead the children of Israel thy people through the Red Sea, figuring thereby thy holy baptism; and by the baptism of thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ in the river Jordan, didst sanctify the element of water, to the mystical washing away of

sin ; we beseech thee, for thine infinite mercies, that thou wilt mercifully look upon us ; wash us and sanctify us with the Holy Ghost ; that we being delivered from thy wrath, may be received into the ark of Christ's Church ; and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally we may come to the land of everlasting life ; there to reign with thee, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

15. *For the Holy Spirit.*

O GOD, the Holy Spirit, Sanctifier of the faithful, visit, we pray thee, this congregation with thy love and favor ; enlighten their minds more and more with the light of the everlasting Gospel ; graft in their hearts a love of the truth ; increase in them true religion ; nourish them with all goodness ; and of thy great mercy keep them in the same, O blessed Spirit, whom with the Father and the Son together we worship and glorify as one God, world without end. *Amen.*

16. *Confession of Sin.*

ALMIGHTY God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men ; we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have commit-

ted, by thought, word, and deed, against thy divine Majesty ; provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings ; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us ; the burthen of them is intolerable. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father ; for thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past ; and grant, that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

17. Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time, with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee ; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt grant their requests ; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them ; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

IV. BURIAL SERVICE.

In preparing for this solemn duty, let the body of the deceased person be laid on the deck, in a coffin or hammock, as the case may be; and when all are orderly assembled around, the person appointed to perform the service may read the following select portions of scripture.

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. *John xi. 25, 26.*

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. *Job xix. 25, 26, 27.*

WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *1 Tim. vi. 7. Job i. 21.*

Or, if it is preferred, a portion of the 39th or 90th psalm may be read.

Then if time and circumstances permit, the following prayer may be made.

ETERNAL and unchangeable God, by whose providence we have been called to witness this instance of mortality, and in whose hand is the life of every human being: enable us, we beseech thee, to lay to heart the serious lessons, which are now addressed to us. Teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, set our affections on things above, perform without delay the great work which thou hast given us to do, live by the faith of the Son of God, and habitually look forward to his second coming. Comfort and support the spirits of those who are tried by this dispensation of thy providence. Let their hearts be stayed upon thee, and may they find it good to be afflicted. While our minds are all tender, wilt thou bring the realities of eternity to our view, and may the motives of this scene prepare us for our own departure. May we thus find it better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, by laying to heart the end of all flesh. And when we shall commit the mortal remains of our deceased shipmate (*or friend*) to the bosom of the deep, may we have faith to look beyond these dark waves, and contemplate the rising again at the last day, through Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life. *Amen.*

This may be followed by a short exhortation, suggested by the feelings of the speaker : or, the following may be read.

MY dear friends, we see here the end to which we are hastening. Death is what we must all come to at last. Death has come into our little company, and ushered our ship-mate (*or friend*) into the presence of God, and to the amazing scenes of eternity. It is a solemn thing to exchange worlds. Yet there is no discharge in that war. But to the Christian, death is the gate of glory. He whose hope rests upon the Lord Jesus Christ may go fearlessly through the iron gate, having the presence of God to cheer him, and his grace for his support.

This is a change which we never pass but once. None return to tell us what they have experienced in the other world. All we know of it comes by the testimony of God, in the Bible. And there is no opportunity to correct our mistakes. If we are wrong once, we are gone for ever.

Let us then profit by the admonitions of mortality. Let us lay it to heart that we must die. And while we tenderly sympathize with bereaved friends, and commend them to God, who alone can comfort them under this stroke of his hand, let us seek for grace and wisdom to prepare our own souls for the will of heaven, that whether we live, we may live unto the Lord, and whether we die,

we may die unto the Lord, and being justified by faith may have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever. *Amen.*

Here a hymn may be sung, or the service may begin here.

When all hands are ready to launch the body overboard, the Leader may say,

FORASMUCH as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore commit his body to the deep, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead; when the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Christ shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself; and when the wicked also shall awake, and come forth, to shame and everlasting contempt.

Here launch the body overboard, let it have time to go down, and then all fall on their knees, while the Leader makes the following prayer.

O MERCIFUL God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth, shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; we humbly beseech thee, O Fa-

ther, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him; and that at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world: Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

The Benediction.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

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216 **AMERICANA.** **The Seaman's Devotional Assistant and Mariners Hymns.** Under direction of the American Seaman's Friend Society, by Joshua Leavitt. **First Edition** of this rare and early Seamans' Hymnbook. *Engraved frontispiece.* Thick 24mo. Fine copy in the original calf. **New York,** for the Society **1830.** £1/10/-.

June
1831.]

The Secretary of the Seamen's Friend Society,

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ART. V.—SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

Seamen's Devotional Assistant, and Mariner's Hymns. By JOSHUA LEAVITT. General Agent of the American Seamen's Friend Society. New-York, published by the Society. 1830. price 37 1-2 cents.

THIS is the most valuable collection of hymns, which has ever fallen under our notice. The excellent editor has very properly felt, that the religious exercises of seamen ought not to be conducted in a language peculiar to themselves; and has therefore given us in this work, a selection of devotional exercises in verse, which is admirably adapted to the use of all classes of christians. The hymns (six hundred and twenty in number) are all short, and are selected with much taste and judgment. Many of them are derived from sources, which are new to the generality of christians in this country, particularly the German Lutheran collection, and a recent work of Mr. Montgomery. While we rejoice to see such a work put into the hands of our seamen, we should regret to see its advantages confined to that class alone. We would, therefore suggest the expediency of printing an edition of the work, for general use, with a title somewhat altered in accordance with such a design. At the price of 37 1-2 cents, it would be considerably cheaper than any similar collection now before the public; and would be excellently adapted to the use of private religious meetings at the present day.

To the hymn-book are appended prayers for divine worship on the sabbath, and devotional exercises for every day in the week. Though every christian must conduct his secret devotions chiefly in the language of his own heart, still we think these forms are peculiarly appropriate in a work designed for seamen. As a class they especially need assistance of this kind, particularly in conducting social worship to which few of them have been accustomed. The prayers are chiefly compiled from those excellent forms which are furnished by the book of Common Prayer.

We turn now from this work designed for the benefit of seamen,

of this world enslaves his willing servants, and the varied misery to which that ignoble servitude leads. Prayer is thus excited, and christians are aroused to efforts for the removal of evils so multiplied and dreadful. And what is more, by such investigations they learn to modify their efforts according to the actual circumstances of the several classes and conditions of men. The gospel is indeed the only effectual remedy for all these forms of evil. No other application can reach the root of the mischief. All applications for human improvement, for the reform of evils, or for the permanent removal of sin and woe, are of course ineffectual, unless the preaching of the gospel, in "demonstration of the Spirit and with power," forms the leading feature in the plan.

Among the various classes of sufferers whose state has been thus "sought out," there is, perhaps, no one which possesses more points of interest than the seamen of a great commercial country. We include in this class, the whole body of men employed in navigation, both on the ocean and inland. Their romantic courage, their unmeasured generosity, their perpetual vicissitudes and fearful dangers, are among the things which impart a peculiar charm to every thing that relates to sailors. And no small measure of this feeling is awakened in the mind, at the contemplation of measures designed for bringing these hardy sons of the ocean under subjection to the gospel of Jesus Christ. The very idea of a converted sailor, bringing all his fearlessness and his frankness to the feet of Jesus, is one which can hardly be contemplated without deep emotion. It is with no ordinary feelings, therefore, that we have seen, within a few years, an institution for the general benefit of seamen springing into existence, and taking its place at once among our national societies of benevolence. Judging others in this respect by ourselves, we have presumed that it would not be uninteresting to our readers to receive a brief account of the movements which have been made for the benefit of seamen, with their happy results.

The first systematic effort to promote the moral welfare of seamen, so far as we have any knowledge, was by "The Bible Society" which was formed in London in 1780, chiefly through the

