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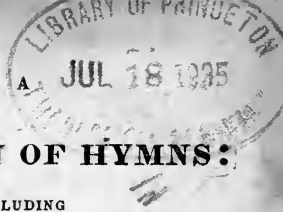
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SELECTION OF HYMNS:

INCLUDING

A FEW ORIGINALS,

DESIGNED

TO AID THE FRIENDS OF ZION

IN THEIR

Private and Social Worship.

BY ENOCH W. FREEMAN.

Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lowell, Ms.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."

EXETER, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY L. & P. T. RUSSELL.

1831.

District of New-Hampshire, to wit :

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty second day of April, A. D. 1829, and in the fifty third year of the Independence of the United States of America, John C. Gerrish of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof he claims as a proprietor, in the words following, to wit : " A selection of Hymns, including a few originals ; designed to aid the friends of Zion in their private and social worship. By ENOCH W. FREEMAN, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lowell, Ms." In conformity to the Act of the 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."

CHARLES W. CUTTER,

Clerk of the District of New-Hampshire.

A true copy, Attest,

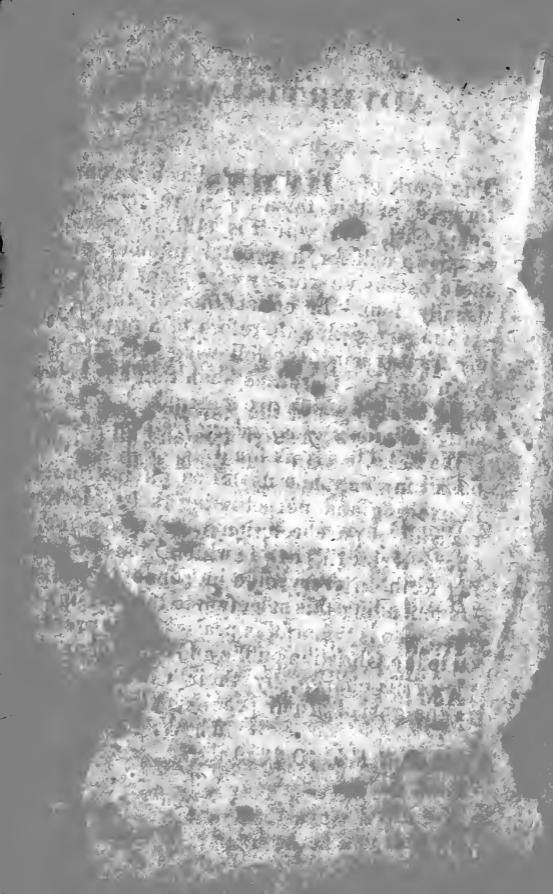
C. W. CUTTER, *Clerk.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE work of revival which has been carried forward in this town for more than three years past, and which is still progressing, seems to call for a greater number and a more extensive variety of hymns than are usually found in collections of this kind. At the suggestion therefore of a number of my friends here, the following selection has been made. Care has been taken to select those hymns which are best adapted to be sung in "*times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.*" It is fondly hoped that this book may be made useful as an instrument in exciting and perpetuating those glorious revivals of pure religion which so signally characterize this age in which Zion is breaking forth on every side in songs of praise. Commending this selection to the blessing of Him who is "fearful in praises," it is presented to the Christian public and to the dear people of his charge, by their willing servant in the gospel of our precious Redeemer—

E. W. FREEMAN.

Lowell Feb. 10 1829.



HYMNS.



WARNING.

HYMN 1. 7s. & 5s. (*Original.*)

- 1 **R**OUSE ye at the Saviour's call !
Sinners rouse ye one and all !
Wake ! Or soon your souls shall fall,
Fall in deep despair.
- 2 Woe to him who turns away,
Jesus kindly calls *to day*,
Come, O sinner while you may,
Raise your soul in prayer.
- 3 Heard ye not the Saviour cry ?
" Turn O turn why will you die !"
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom !
- 4 Haste, for time is rushing on !
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb !

- 5 By the Saviour's bleeding love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirits move ;
Quick to Jesus fly !
- 6 Come, and save your souls from death,
Haste ! escape Jehovah's wrath,
Fly ! for life's a fleeting breath,
Soon, O soon you'll die.

HYMN 2. 8, 7 & 4. *Allen.*

Sinners entreated to Hear.

- 1 **SINNERS**, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above ?
Every sentence—O how tender !
Every line is full of love ;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—" Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."
How important !
Free forgiveness in his name !
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears :

Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

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

- 5 Who hath our report believed ?
Who receiv'd the joyful word ?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord.
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord !

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

HYMN 3. L. M. *Steele.*

Great Physician....Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin he
made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid ;
Thy work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in ev'ry part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?
And is no kind Physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 4 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heav'nly smiles, appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

HYMN 4. 7s.

Sinner, prepare to meet God.

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd !
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgments stand prepar'd—
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 who 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 iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice ;
 Seek the things that are above ;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN 5. 7s. & 6s. *Newton.*

The Alarm.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinners, 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 !
All your sins will round you crowd ;
You shall mark their crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply ?
- 4 Tho' your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass ;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass ;
Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

HYMN 6. 7s.

Invitation and warning.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ?

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

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that 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 ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die ?

HYMN 7. C. M. *Watts.*

The Scoffer.

1 **A**LL ye who laugh and sport with death,
 And say, there is no hell ;
 The gasp of your expiring breath
 Will send you there to dwell.

- 2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
 With strange surprise you'll find
 Immortal vigor spring afresh,
 And tortures wake the mind !
- 3 Then you'll confess, the frightful names
 Of plagues, you scorn'd before,
 No more shall look like idle dreams,
 Like foolish tales no more.
- 4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
 With flames upon your tongues,
 When you exchang'd your souls away
 For vanity and songs.

HYMN 8. S. M. *Hyde.*

Apostacy. 2 Pet. ii. 22.

- 1 **Y**E, who in former days,
 Were found at Zion's gate ;
 Who seem'd to walk in wisdom's ways,
 And told your happy state ;
- 2 But now to sin draw back,
 And love again to stray,
 The narrow path of life forsake,
 And choose the beaten way ;
- 3 Think not your names above
 Are written with the saints ;
 The promise of unchanging love
 Is his who never faints.

- 4 Your transient joy and peace,
Your deeper doom have seal'd,
Unless you wake to righteousness,
Ere judgment is reveal'd.

HYMN 9. L. M. *Collyer.*

Jer. xxxi. 18---20.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

HYMN 10. C. M. *E. Jones.*

Resolve. Esther iv. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve ;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve :

- 2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 " I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolv'd to try :
For if I stay away, I know,
I must for ever die."

HYMN 11. L. M. *Dwight.*

- 1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound,

“Come, sinners, haste, Oh, haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he's found.”

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

4 “In that lone land of deep despair,
No sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise :
No God regard your bitter pray'r,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.”

HYMN 12. L. M.

1 **T**O-DAY, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blest ?
Will you be sav'd 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 ?

- 5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
 Come, share with us eternal joys ;
 Or must we leave you bound to hell—
 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

HYMN 13. P. M.

Expostulation.

- 1 **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading
 At the sinner's bolted heart ;
 Now in heaven he's interceding,
 Undertaking sinners part.

CHORUS.

- Sinners, can you hate this Saviour ?
 Will you thrust him from your arms ?
 Once he di'd for your behaviour,
 Now he calls you to his charms.
- 2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
 Shews his wounded hands and feet ;
 Father, save them, tho' they're blood red,
 Raise them to a heav'nly seat.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
 Hear his gracious voice to-day,
 Turn from all your vain behaviour,
 O repent, return and pray.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

- 4 O be wise, before you languish
 On the bed of dying strife !
 Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
 Turn upon th' events of life !
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 5 Now he's waiting to be gracious ;
 Now he stands and looks on thee ;
 See what kindness, love and pity,
 Shines around on you and me !
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 6 Open now your hearts before him,
 Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
 Now receive and O, adore him ;
 Take a full discharge from sin.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 7 Come, for all things now are ready :
 Yet there's room for many more ;
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store,
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

HYMN 14. C. M.

Warning to sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

- 1 **W**ITH love of pity I look round
 Upon my fellow clay ;
 See men reject the gospel sound,
 Good God ! what shall I say ?

- 2 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners ! come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 3 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.
- 4 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
If destitute of grace ;
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?
- 5 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye.
- 6 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 7 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN 15. C. M.

The complaint of an awakened sinner.

- 1 **O** WHAT a state my soul is in!
Nor can I e'er be blest ;
Without relief from death and sin,
Or find a moment's rest.
- 2 I hear that Christ is passing by
Poor sinners to relieve ;
But ah ! I must in darkness lie,
Until I do believè.
- 3 My stupid mind and stubborn will,
Chain down my soul to death ;
And here I groan in darkness still,
Without one spark of faith.
- 4 O God, for my poor soul appear,
And make my foes submit ;
Unlock, unlock this prison door,
And bring me from the pit.

HYMN 16. P. M

- 1 **A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found ;
I knew not what to do :
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.

-
- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell ;
For death and hell drew near :
I strove indeed, but strove in vain ;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled ;
It poured its curses on my head ;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth I found remain ;
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelmed my troubled mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load :
Alas ! I read, and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way ;
I felt his pity move :
A sinner by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, I 'm born again,
And sing redeeming love.
- 6 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise :
All hail the Lamb that once was slain !

Unnumbered millions born again,
Shall shout thine endless praise.

EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 17. 8s. & 7s.

Mourning Souls.

- 1 **P**OOOR mourning souls in deep distress
Making sad lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation ;
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
And they as naught in God's account,
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.
- 2 O here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble ;
Day after day I seek for peace,
But find my sorrows double.
Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.
- 3 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,

Conclude my day of grace is o'er ;
 Lord hear my lamentation ;
 For I am weary of my life,
 Of pains and bitter crying ;
 My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
 My spirit's almost dying.

- 1 But who is He that looketh forth,
 Sweet as the blooming morning,
 Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
 'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.
 Jesus can clothe my naked soul ;
 Jesus for me hath died :
 And now I can with pleasure sing,
 My wants are all supplied.

HYMN 18. C. M.

Looking at the Cross.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear ;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopp'd my wild career
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood ;
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look ;

- It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Tho' not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die, that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue ;
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 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.

HYMN 19. C. M

- 1 **O** COULD I find a humble place,
Near to the lowly Lamb,

-
- How would I then extol his grace,
And praise his precious name.
- 2 Lord, draw my heart so near to thee,
While through this world I rove,
That I may every moment be
Transported with thy love.
- 3 O let me walk with thee, my God,
And find thee always nigh,
Give me to eat immortal food,
And I shall never die.
- 4 I want the grace that may be felt,
That will my soul inflame ;
I want this hardened heart to melt
At my Redeemer's name.
- 5 I want my will to be resign'd,
To my Redeemer's ways ;
And every power and thought inclin'd
My God to love and praise.
- 6 I want all self to be subdu'd ;
O may my pride be slain !
And may my soul be all renewed,
Through Jesus' precious name.
- 7 This, O my Saviour, this alone,
Is all that I implore :
O that I may with thee be one !
And I shall want no more.

- 8 For with my Christ, I'm blest of God ;
 And through his living name,
 Although I die as did my Lord,
 I hope to live again.

HYMN 20. C. M.

- 1 **I** SOJOURN in a vale of tears :
 Alas ! how can I sing ?
 My harp doth on the willows hang,
 Untuned in ev'ry string.
- 2 My music is a captive's strain ;
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill :
 How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs
 On this side Zion's hill ?
- 3 Yet, lo ! I hear the joyful sound !
 Surely, I'll quickly come :
 Each word much sweetness doth distil,
 Like a full honeycomb.
- 4 And wilt thou come, my dearest Lord ?
 And wilt thou surely come ?
 Yes, on such prospects I can rest,
 And shall be soon at home.
- 5 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,
 To fit a place for me ;
 For 'tis his will, that where he is,
 There should his servants be.
- 6 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top ;
 Of Canaan's grapes I taste :

My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

HYMN 21. P. M.

- 1 **O**H, 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 :
If I continue 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 ;
And oh, my friends, be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then, cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray :
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
- 5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft'ner you request :
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last loud trumpet,
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture,
The Saviour'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 glory
 Of our immortal King !

HYMN 22. P. M.

1 **W**HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Wandering through this lonely vale ?
 Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger ?
 And will not thy courage fail ?

No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me ?
 O hallelujah, O hallelujah,
 I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me ?
 O hallelujah, O hallelujah.

2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,
 Passing through a waste so wide,
 But no harm will e'er befall me,
 While I'm blest with such a guide.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a guide ? no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise ;
 If some guardian power befriend thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
 O I'm bound for the kingdom, &c

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attends ;

He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end.
 For I'm bound, &c.

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 ?
 No, I'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend,
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising,
 Down the stream she plung'd from
 Gazing still, I saw her rising, [sight ;
 Like an angel clothed with light.
 O, I'm bound, &c.

8-Cease my heart this mournful crying,
 Death will burst this sullen gloom ;
 Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
 Will be borne beyond the tomb.
 For I'm bound, &c.

HYMN 23. P. M.

1 **S**AW ye my Saviour ! Saw ye my Sa-
 Saw ye my Saviour God ! [viour !

O he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

- 2 He was extended, he was extended,
So painfully nail'd to the cross ;
There he bow'd his head, and died,
There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain ;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucifi'd the GOD-MAN.
- 4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land ;
And the sun refus'd to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour, hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince and the Author of peace,
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss

- 7 There interceding, there interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live,
 Crying, " See my hands and side,
 Father, I was crucified
 To redeem them, I pray thee forgive "
- 8 " I will forgive them, I will forgive them
 When they repent and believe ;
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconcil'd to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive."

HYMN 24. S. M.

Compassion.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see !
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
 — Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 25. S. M.

Song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue ;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
" Ye blessed children come ;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 26. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE gospel ship is sailing by,
 The ark of safety now is nigh,
 O sinners, unto Jesus fly,
 Improve your day of grace ;
 O there'll be glory, glory, O hallelujah,
 O there'll be glory,
 When we the Lord embrace.
- 2 Come, fathers, will you go with me ?
 Come mothers, will you go with me ?
 Eternity you soon must see,
 O haste, prepare to die ;
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When saints shall reign on high.
- 3 Come, brothers, will you go with me ?
 Come, sisters, will you go with me ?
 Come, neighbours, will you go with me ?
 And flee from wrath to come ?
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When all the saints get home.
- 4 The judgment day is rolling on,
 The glass of life will soon be run,
 Creation with her fiery doom,
 The Lord will soon appear !
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When saints shall view him near.
- 5 Now hark ! the trumpet rends the skies !
 See slumbering millions wake and rise !

What joy, what terror and surprise !
 The last great day is come !
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 Around the judgment throne.

6 See nations throng his awful bar,
 Both saints and sinners from afar,
 All tribes and kindred now appear,
 And wait to hear their doom !
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When Christ the Lord shall come.

7 Jehovah now the book unseals !
 The clearest light each heart reveals !
 The pointed truth each conscience feels !
 The amazing throng divide !
 O there'll be mourning, mourning, mourn-
 O there'll be mourning, [ing, mourning,
 When justice shall decide.

8 See parents and their children part !
 See husbands and their wives must part !
 See brothers and their sisters part !
 To meet again no more ;
 O there'll be mourning, &c.
 The day of mercy's o'er.

9 Now all the ungodly must retire,
 They're doom'd to dwell in quenchless fire
 The gnawing worm will ne'er expire,
 Their anguish ne'er will cease ;
 O there'll be mourning, &c.
 The forfeiture of grace.

- 10 See heaven display her pearly gates,
 That kingdom for the righteous waits,
 Come blessed children take your seats,
 Of old prepar'd for you ;
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When we Mount Zion view.
- 11 See Jesus and his saints unite,
 And move to realms of endless light,
 With him his bride shall walk in white,
 In innocence and love ;
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 And sweetest songs above.

HYMN 27. L. M. *Doddridge*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days,
 My grateful powers shall sound thy
 praise
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
 And check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

- 4 But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise,
 To join the music of the skies !

HYMN 28. C. M. *Medley.*

- 1 **O**H, what amazing words of grace,
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Come then, with all your wants and
 wounds,
 Your ev'ry burden bring ;
 Here love, eternal love abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
 And living joy imparts ;
 Come thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.

HYMN 29. C. M. *Stennett.*

View of Canaan....Deut. xxxii. 49.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight !

Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !

- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 5 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 30. C. M. *Newton.*

- 1 **A**NXIOUS, I strove to find the way,
Which to salvation led ;
I listen'd long, I try'd to pray,
And heard what many said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong ;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joys nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;

- Then for a moment I believ'd,
And thought that all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd
Of anguish and dismay ;
Thro' what distresses they had walk'd
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease ;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart ;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas ! I cry'd in deep despair,
Borne down with fearful pain,
How can I these fierce terrors bear,
And who will now sustain !
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
" Trust simply on my word," he said,
" And leave the rest to me."

HYMN 31. C. M.

The Desert. 1 Pet. v. 8.

- 1 **W**HEN night descends in sable guise,
And spreads her gloom around,

- To close the weary trav'ler's eyes,
And rest him on the ground ;
- 2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,
The wand'rer faints to hear,
The wide alarm on ev'ry side,
Which speaks some danger near ;
- 3 So, in this wilderness of life,
Whene'er afflictions come,
We sink as in a night of grief,
Far from our shelt'ring home
- 4 The tempter's like a lion's roar,
Sounds thro' the vale abroad ;
Then let us watch, and evermore
Depend upon our God.
- 5 From ev'ry other help afar,
And left without a friend,
God is a helper ever near,
And faithful to the end.

HYMN 32. L. M.

- 1 **S**HALL I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse, my Lord, to plead thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own ?—
- 2 No ! let the world cast out my name
And vile account me if they will ;

If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still.

- 3 And what is man, or what his smile ?
The terrors of his anger what ?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
And soon his place shall know him not.

HYMN 33. 7s. *Montgomery.*

Ruth 1. 16—19

- 1 **P**EOPLE 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.

 THE CHRISTIAN.

HYMN 34. L. M. *Kelly.*

- 1 “**W**E’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.

HYMN 35. 8s. & 6s. *Harrison.**Private Retirement... World renounced.*

- 1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,

- (The things I lov'd, before :)
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares :
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things :
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts,
Extravagance and waste :
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome
bread,
Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me a bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
This sure, unerring word ;
I'd urge no company to stay,

But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord.

HYMN 36. L. M. *Toplady.*

A Propitious Gale longed for.

- 1 **A**T 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;
"Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious
gale!"

HYMN 37. L. M. *Cennick.*

High-way....Isaiah xxxv. 8—10.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way 'till him I view.
2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's high-way of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love I shall receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God.

HYMN 38. C. M. *Miller.*

Church Union...Col. ii. 2.

- 1 **O**UR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have burn'd, while Jesus
And glow'd with sacred fire ; [spake,
He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

Chorus, L. M.

"A Saviour !" let creation sing !
"A Saviour !" let all heaven ring !
He's God with us, we feel him ours,

His fulness on our souls he pours,
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining them who're gone before,
 We then shall meet to part no more. }

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
 And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
 But pour a mighty flood ;
 Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 'Till all proclaim thee God.
- Cho.* " A Saviour," &c.

- 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,
 Be sinners, sav'd by grace ;
 From glory unto glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face !

HYMN 39. 8s. *Baldwin.*

Union Hymn.

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this union arise,
 That hatred is conquer'd by love !

- It fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground ;
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder bright mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth for to part ?
Since there we shall all meet again :
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
There free'd from these bodies of clay,
We'll dwell with *Christ Jesus* above.
- 6 With *Jesus* we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories we'll see ;
There sing Hallelujah, Amen !
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 40. C. M.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears :

- A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buri'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation O ! thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 41. L. M.

- 1 **L**IKE Israel, safe upon the shore,
Who thought the conflict all was o'er.
Young converts view the frightful train
Of all their foes for ever slain.
- 2 But soon, with sick'ning heart, survey
The perils of the desert way ;
The pow'r of sin revives again,
And all their hopes seem false and vain
- 3 The morning sun that shone so bright
Is shrouded in the gloom of night ;

Hopeless the victor's crown to win,
They yield ere they the fight begin.

- 4 But Jesus calls them to the field :
"Come, gird on harness sword and shield ;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
My grace shall strength and victory
bring."

HYMN 42. C. P. M. *Newton.*

- 1 **I**F God had bid his thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been :
But mercy has my heart subdu'd—
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.
- 2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone ;
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free ;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.
- 3 My will conform'd to thine would move ;
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join :
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

- 4 And can I be the very same,
 Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
 And on thy gospel tread ?
 Surely each one, who hears my case,
 Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
 Invincible indeed !

HYMN 43. L. M. *Barbauld*:

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In union sweet, according minds !
 How swift the heav'nly course they run,
 Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous love, what holy fear !
 How doth the gen'rous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
 For human guilt and mortal wo ;
 Their ardent pray'rs together rise
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place,
 Where God reveals his awful face ;—
 At length they meet in realms above,
 A heav'n of joy—because of love.

HYMN 44. L. M. *Stennett*.

Village Worship. Penitent Sinner..... Luke
 xv. 10, 32.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
 With contrite heart and flowing eyes

The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell the joys above the skies.

2 Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heavenly sound :
This soul was dead, but now's alive,
This sheep was lost, but now is found.

3 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
For his unbounded love to men :
Let saints below and saints above,
In concert join their loud amen.

HYMN 45. L. M. *Godwin.*

On Admission of new Members. Gen. xxiv. 31.

1 **W**ELCOME, thou well-belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by
blood;

Welcome with us thine hand to join
As partner of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrims' state embrace,
We're trav'ling to a blissful place ;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day.

3 Take up thy cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long ;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

HYMN 46. L. M. *Newton.*

On Admission of new Members..Gen. xxiv. 31.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us, by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 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.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 47. S. M. *Fawcett.*

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers :

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear :
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be 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
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN 48. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Love to our Neighbour ; or, the good Samaritan. Luke x. 29—27.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient soul,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,

Kindly to share in others joy,
And weep for others woe !

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid ;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So JESUS look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies ;
And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise :

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

HYMN 49. L. M.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 **L**ORD ! shed a beam of heav'nly day
To melt this stubborn stone away ;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt !

Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

- 4 But *ONE* can yet perform the deed ;
That *One* in all his' grace I need ;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.
- 5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul !
On me let streams of mercy roll :
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

HYMN 50. C. M. (*Original.*)

- 1 **B**EHOLD O Lord my suffering soul,
O'erwhelm'd with pain and woe,
O let thy power the rage control,
Of each malignant foe.
- 2 My weighty guilt a heavy load,
Impedes my onward way,
While I would run the heavenly road,
To realms of endless day.
- 3 Satan oft tempts my trembling heart,
To give the conflict o'er,
Oft he persuades me to depart,
And call on God no more.
- 4 The world spreads round its luring wiles,
Its falsehoods and its charms,

My fickle heart it now beguiles,
Now fills it with alarms.

- 5 But here's a deadly foe within,
Oppos'd to all that's good,
A spirit always prone to sin,
And to depart from God.
- 6 Then see O Lord my suff'ring soul,
Oppress'd with pains and woes,
O let thy power the rage control,
Of all those cruel foes.

HYMN 51. 7s. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Penitential Sighs.

- 1 **F**ATHER ! at thy call I come :
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.
- 2 Here I'll make my piteous moan !—
Thou canst understand a groan :
Here my sins and sorrows tell ;
What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah ! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.
- 4 Darkness fills my trembling soul ;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll :

Pity, Father ! pity me !
All my hope's alone in thee.

- 5 But, may such a wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die,—
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smil'd upon by heaven !
- 6 May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine ;
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart ?
- 7 Yes, I may ! for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye :
'Tis a Fathers bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.
- 8 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do ;
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.
- 9 Has my elder brother died ?
And is justice satisfied ?
Why—oh, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care ?

HYMN 52. C. M. Cowper.

The contrite Heart. Isaiah lvii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE LORD will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;

Then tell me, gracious God ! is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain
Insensible 'as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But, when I cry, ' My strength renew,
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer ;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache ;—
Decide this doubt for me ;
And, if it be not broken, break ;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 53. C. M. *Beddome*

Resignation ; or, God our Portion.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God ! are in thy hand ;

My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall :
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be *Thou* my all in all.

HYMN 54. C. M. *Needham*.

Self-denial ; or, taking up the Cross. Mark
viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

- 1 **A**SHAM'D of CHRIST !—my soul, dis-
The mean ungen'rous thought : [dain
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought ?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came :

For us endur'd the painful cross—
For us, despis'd the shame.

- 3 At *his* command we must take up
Our cross without delay ;
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours —
Can ne'er His love repay.
- 4 Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views
With infinite delight :
Their lives to him are dear ; their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name,—his cross to bear—
Our highest honour this !
Who nobly suffers now for him
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,—
JESUS, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Self-Denial. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23

- 1 **A**ND 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
Compar'd with thee, Supremely Good !
Divinely Bright and Fair !
- 4 Saviour of souls ! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN 56. C. M.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD ! why should I doubt thy
Or disbelieve thy grace ? [love,
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Altho' thou hide thy face.
- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from
My drooping spirits cheer'd ; [pain,
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd ?
- 3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me, I am thine ?
And wilt thou now thy work undo
Or break thy word divine ?
- 4 Dost thou repent ? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd ?

Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd ?

- 5 LORD ! let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd :
I'll *praise* for blessings I enjoy,
And *trust* for all the rest.

HYMN 57. 10s. *Newton.*

I will trust and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief ! my Saviour 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 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide :
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 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 help me quite thro'.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path
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 ?
- 5 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,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their LORD.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live !

His way was much rougher and darker than mine
Did CHRIST, my LORD, suffer, and shall I repine ?

- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song !

HYMN 58. C. M.

The plain serious Christian's daily Hymn.
Help me, my God—Oh save me. Psalm cix. 26

- 1 **H**ELP and SALVATION, LORD ! I crave ;
For both I greatly need :

None else these blessings can bestow ;
From thee they must proceed.

- 2 *Help* me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see :

Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the deity.

- 3 [*Help* me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize :

Save from impenitence ; and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]

- 4 *Help* me to cleave to CHRIST alone !—
Where else can sinners fly ?

Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.

- 5 *Help* me to live upon thy word,—
The christian's daily food ;

Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.

- 6 *Help* me to do thy holy will ;
Let duty bliss dispense :
Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.

C. M. SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**ELP me to persevere in grace ;
Still gladly following on :
Save me from each backsliding path
To which my heart is prone.
- 2 [*Help*, in prosperity, that I
True gratitude may find :
Save me from pride and carnal ease,
And from an earthly mind.
- 3 *Help*, in adversity, to bow
My neck to bear the yoke
Save me from wrath and discontent,
Which would my God provoke.]
- 4 *Help* me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and sin :
Save from temptation's snares without,
And this base heart within.
- 5 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy :

*Save me from all the ills of life,—
The dread of death destroy.*

HYMN 60. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Choosing the better Part. Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my JESUS ! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 61. 8. 8. 6s.

Admiring the Love of God in Christ.

- 1 **M**Y God! thy boundless love we praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below !

It streams from thy eternal throne ;
Thro' heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

- 2 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale :
'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.
- 3 But, in thy Gospel, it appears
In sweeter fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast ;
There, Love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 There smiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiv'n ;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the
To regions of eternal day, [way
And opens all her heav'n.
- 5 Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
My soul !—and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies :
Above life's empty scenes aspire—
Its sordid cares and mean desire—
And seize th' eternal prize.

HYMN 62. L. M.

Happy in the salvation of God. Psa. xlv. 4.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT GOD ! to thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise :
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, LORD ! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me :
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation ! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood !
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe ;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptur'd there—
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below ;—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.
- 6 My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu ;
Nor dreads a few chastizing woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

HYMN 63. 8. 8. 6s. J. C. W.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
 How free from anxious care and
 From worldly hope and fear ! [thought,
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine ;
 Already sav'd from self-design,
 From ev'ry creature-love—
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those who basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen :
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures
 I neither have nor want. [mean,
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own :
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,—
 A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair :
 My treasure and my heart are there,

And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay ;
 And angels beckon me away,
 And JESUS bids me come.

- 6 I come, thy servant, LORD ! replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest :
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end:
 Now—oh, my Saviour, brother, friend !—
 Receive me to thy breast !

HYMN 64. 7. 6s.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace :
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Towards heav'n, thy native place !
 Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above !
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun :
 Both speed them to their source :
 Thus a soul, new-born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize :
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,—
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

HYMN 65. 7s.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the refuge.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the raging billows roll,—
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee !
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my *trust* on thee is stay'd ;
 All my *help* from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O CHRIST ! art all I want :
 All in All in thee I find :

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to pardon all my sins :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art !
 Freely let me take of thee !
 Spring thou up within my heart,—
 Rise to all eternity !

HYMN 66. 7s. *Cowper.*

Welcoming the Cross.

- 1 **'TIS** my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know
 Sanctifying every loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But—with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all—
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :

Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Newton.*

- O that I were as in months past !* Job xxix. 2
- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And, when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the LORD,
And saw his glory shine ;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done :
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

- 6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morn the light reveals;
 No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For JESUS hides his face ;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey :
 Yet, LORD, thy mercies cannot fail,
 O come without delay.

HYMN 68. 7. 6. 8s

*Backsliding and Returning ; or, the Back-
 slider's Prayer.*

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep ;
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shewn ;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, thro' thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart ;

Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown ;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye :
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;
 Turn and look upon me, LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live ;
 ' Father, (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd,) forgive !'
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, ' Tis
 O my loving, bleeding LORD, [done !'
 This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN 69. P. M.

1 **T**HIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
 There's nothing *true* but heaven:

2 Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave are driven ;

And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light us on the way ;
 There's nothing *calm* but heaven.

3 And false the light on glory's plume
 As fading hues at even ;
 And genius' bud and beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb ;
 There's nothing *bright* but heaven.

4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 For sorrows, sighs, and trouble's tear,
 Have never found a refuge here ;
 There's nothing *kind* but heaven.

5 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* but heaven.

6 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
 Corroding fears are driven ;
 They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
 Enjoy communion with their God,
 And find their *way* to heaven.

HYMN 70. L. M. *Newton.*

1 **W**HILE I to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline,

Methought I heard the Saviour say—
“Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

- 2 “Tho’ for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and pow’r :
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 “Take down thy long neglected harp,
I’ve seen thy tears and heard thy pray’r,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.”
- 4 Lord, I obey,—my hopes revive ;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 71. P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand’ers given,
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
’Tis found above in heaven.
- 2 There is a soft and downy bed,
’Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

- 3 There is a home for weeping souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When tost on life's tempestuous shore,
 Where storms arise and oceans roar,
 But all is o'er in heaven.
- 4 Now faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given,
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 72. P. M.

- 1 **A**S I lay musing on my bed,
 I thought on my Redeemer ;
 My heart did sing, to Christ my King,
 Who did my soul deliver.

CHORUS.

- We're all united, heart and hand :
 All in one band completely ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's land,
 Where the waters flow most sweetly.
- 2 The mountains melt, the skies dissolve,
 While sinners stand and tremble ;

- The saints rejoice, to hear God's voice,
While Jesus bids them welcome.
- 3 Then I saw thousands hand in hand,
All on their way to heaven ;
They were baptiz'd in Jesus' name,
And felt their sins forgiv'n.
- 4 As they march'd on they beheld a crown
That was by Jesus purchas'd ;
The sacred fire still rises higher,
While Jesus gives them conquest.
- 5 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
The hosts of hell are driven ;
Fight on, fight on, ye conq'ring souls,
The prize will soon be given.
- 6 When we arrive at joys on high,
To reign with Christ for ever ;
There we shall drink full draughts of bliss
From the pure source of pleasure.
- 7 When on the flowery plains we meet,
And range the fields of glory ;
We'll shout and sing, to Christ our King,
And cast our crowns before him.

HYMN 73. 8, 7, 4. *Hart.*

Sinners invited to Christ. Matt. xi. 28-30.

- 2 **C**OME, 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 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Here him cry before he dies,
 " *It is finish'd :*"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

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

5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven,
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah !—
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 74. C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free ;
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round, from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming Love and Grace,
This is the Jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on his mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.
- 6 Sinners, be wise, return and come
Unto the Saviour free ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.
- 7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony ;

While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMN 75. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden comes ;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make 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 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 4 There we shall reign and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly regions ring,
When all the saints get home !
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

- 5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there ;
Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.
- 6 There on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, our suff'rings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love : [King,
We'll shout and praise our conq'ring
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels home to God.

HYMN 76. P. M

- 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 ;
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pasture of love ?
O why in the valley of death shall I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone !
- 3 This my beloved his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,

When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
 'The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams !

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet
 Is heard through the shadows of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfum'd with his breath.
 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace ;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids and scatters delight
 Through all the bright mansions on high ;
 Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
 And tremble with fulness of joy,
 He looks and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

HYMN 77. L. M

- 1 **W**HAT 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 darkest cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd.
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN 78. 8. 7s. *Robinson.*

Grateful recollection. 1 Sam. viii. 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 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.

Jesus sought me, when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it ;
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 79. 11s. K—.

Exceeding great and precious Promises.

2 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
- 2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
' As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 ' Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd !
' I, 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.
- 4 ' When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
' The rivers of wee shall not thee overflow ;

- ‘ For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless ;
 ‘ And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 ‘ When thro’ fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 ‘ My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 ‘ The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
 ‘ Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine
- 6 ‘ E’en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 ‘ My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 ‘ And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 ‘ Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 ‘ The soul that on Jesus hath lean’d for repose,
 ‘ *I will not, I will not*, desert to his foes ;
 ‘ That soul, tho’ all hell should endeavour to shake,
 ‘ *I’ll never, no never, no never forsake !**

HYMN 80. C. M. Cowper.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy’d !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge’s Translation of
 Heb. xiii. 5.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 81. 7s.

Redeeming Love.

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

- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
 Willing slaves to death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred rest ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his spirit leads us home,
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers ;
 Those tremendous foes of ours
 From their cursed empire drove—
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 8 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
 Mortals, join the host above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

The Effects of the Fall lamented, Ps. cxix.
 136, 158.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.

- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
 See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
 The Father wounded thro' the Son ;
 The world abus'd ; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night—
 In flames, that no abatement know,
 Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene,
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
 And fain my pity would reclaim
 And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 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.

HYMN 83. C. M. *Cowper.*

The Mysteries of Providence ; or, Light shining out of Darkness.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen-fast
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 84. C. M. *Addison.**The Traveller's Psalm.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' 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 preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be :
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN 85. C. M. *Williams.*

Devotion.

- 1 **WHILST** thee I seek, protecting
 Be my vain wishes still'd ; [Power !
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
 That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 86. L. M. *Brewer*

Hiding-Place. Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man !
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal, grace,
 That gave my soul an hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
 I fought with hand uplifted high ;
 Despis'd his rich, abounding grace,
 Too proud to seek an hiding-place.

- 3 [Enwrap't in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without an hiding-place.]
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love arrest that man ;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew ;
But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 6 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd ;
She led me on with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 8 Should storms of thund'ring vengeance
roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast ;

Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

CHRIST, HIS BIRTH AND LIFE.

HYMN 87. C. M. *Stennett.*

Mercy and Truth united. Psalm lxxxv. 10.

1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless
Disclos'd his kind design, [grace
To rescue our apostate race
From mis'ry, shame, and sin.

2 Quick thro' the realms of light and bliss,
The joyful tidings ran ;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile,
And ask'd, with strange surprise,
"But how can injur'd justice smile,
"Or look with pitying eyes?"

4 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd—
"In me let mercy be rever'd,
"And justice satisfy'd.

5 "Behold ! my vital blood I pour,
'A sacrifice to God ;

“ Let angry justice now no more
 “ Demand the sinner’s blood.”

- 6 He spake, and heav’n’s high arches rung,
 With shouts of loud applause ;
 He di’d,” the friendly angels sung,
 Nor cease their rapt’rous joys.

HYMN 88. L. M. *Medley.*

Loving-kindness. Isaiah lxiii. 7. Psalm
 lxiii. 3.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer’s praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin’d by the fall,
 Yet lov’d me notwithstanding all ;
 He sav’d me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Tho’ numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho’ earth and hell my way oppose ;
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather’d thick and thunder’d loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;

But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 89. P. M. *Heber.*

- 1 **H**AIL ! thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends ;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch and Saviour of all !
Brightest and best, &c.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.
Brightest and best, &c.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;

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

HYMN 90. H. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark !—the notes of joy
 Roll o'er the heav'nly plains,
 And seraphs find employ
 For their sublimest strains ;
 Some new delight in heav'n is known ;
 Loud sing the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark ! hark !—the sounds draw nigh,
 The joyful hosts descend ;
 Jesus forsakes the sky,
 To earth his footsteps bend ;
 He comes to bless our fallen race ;
 He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;
 Let every mortal know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show ;
 Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name ;
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And all his grace proclaim ;
 Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
 'Tis God, the Saviour's praise we sing.

HYMN 91. 7, 6s. *Montgomery.*

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth began !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes, with succour 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 come down, 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 For Him shall pray'r 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

HYMN 92. C. M. *Medley.*

His nativity.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay :
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
 To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd 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
 Th' 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 thro'out
 Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

HYMN 93. 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK!—the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil’d.”
- 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 reconcil’d.” [Repeat.]

HYMN 94. L. M.

Miracles at the birth of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth ;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth
- 2 About the young Redeemer’s head,
What wonders and what glories meet
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;

Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his name.

- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 95. S. M. *Ryland.*

The birth of Christ Heb. ii. 16

- 1 **Y**E saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of your king ;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.
- 2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd as we,
To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high ;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.
- [4 Less favor'd were the pow'rs,
Who in his image stood ;
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours ;
Nor cost the Lamb his blood.]
- 5 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own ;

For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

May we with angels'vie,
The Saviour to adore ;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more !

HYMN 96. L. M. *Needham.*

Messiah. Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is
Ye saints and angels, if ye can, [love ;
Declare the love of God to man !
- 2 O, what can more his love commend,
Than his dear only Son to send ;
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive !
- 3 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, the most wond'rous child :
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.
- 4 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands,
A blessing to these favour'd lands ;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

HYMN 97. L. M. Medley.

Morning-Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **I**N glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains,
We view his beams, and from afar
Hail him the bright, the Morning-star
- 2 Blest Star ! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines ;
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the Morning-star.
- 3 Sweet 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.
- 4 Great Star ! in whom salvation dwells,
His beam the thickest cloud dispels ;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this Morning-star.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

HYMN 98. C. M. Steele.

Praise to the Redeemer. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love, (immortal flame,)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high—
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled !
- 5 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue ;
'Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 99. L. M.

The example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y 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 fervour 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.

HYMN 100. 8s. *Newton.*

Matt. xxii. 42. John xx. 28.

- 1 “**W**HAT think ye of Christ?” is the test,
To try both your state and your
You cannot be right in the rest, [scheme ;
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not ;

So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

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

3 Some take him a creature to be—
A man, or an angel at most ;
Sure these have no feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and
So guilty—so helpless am I, [lost ;
I could not confide in his blood,
Nor on his redemption rely,
Unless I could call him "My God."

HYMN 101. C. M. *Steele.*

Saviour. John iv. 42.

1 **T**HE Saviour ! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

- 3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss, a boundless store !
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
 I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 102. C. M. *Cennick.*

Melchisedec. Heb. v. 6.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer—dying Lamb!
 I love to hear of thee ;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be. Hal.
- 2 O may I ever hear thy voice
 In mercy to me speak ;
 And in my priest will I rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
 While on this earth I stay ;
 I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favor'd throng ;
 Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be my song. Hal.

HYMN 103. C. M. *Steele.*

Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 **Y**E glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 [Jesus, to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure, meet.]
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.
- 6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine !

HYMN 104. C. M. *Toplady's Collection.*

Efficacious Grace, Psalm xlv. 3, 5.

- 1 **H**AIL ! mighty Jesus ! how divine
Is thy victorious sword !
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart ;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
Ride with majestic sway :
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall, round the throne of glory, meet
To sing thy conquering grace ;
- 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band !
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

HYMN 105. L. M.

The Conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1-10.

- 1 **O**NCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
Zaccheus fain the Lord would see ;

Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before and climb'd a tree.

- 2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
Upward he look'd and saw him there ;
' Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
' Must be thy guest to-day ; prepare.
- 3 ' To day,' the pardoning Saviour cries,
' Salvation to thy house is come,
' On wings of sov'reign love it flies ;
' Go, tell the blissful news at home.'
- 4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around :
To every listening sinner speak ;
Now may thine ancient love abound ;
From every seat a captive take.
- 5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet ;
Come to the feast his love prepares ;
' The lost are sought and sav'd,'—how
sweet !
And ' not the righteous,' Christ declares.
- 6 Say, what are you come out to view,
Jesus who once for sinners died ?
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
' Cast sinful, righteous self aside.'

LIFE AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

==

HYMN 106. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

- 1 **T**O God my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring :
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away ;
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God :
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my
Pour'd joy divine into my heart, [grief ;
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord !
Deep in my breast I will record :
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy
Thro' the remainder of my days: [praise,
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

HYMN 107. L. M. *Collyer.**Transfiguration.* Luke ix. 28—31.

- 1 **O**N Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
His alter'd face resplendent shines ;
And, while he elevates his hands,
Lo ! glory marks its gentle lines !
- 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below ;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching wo.
- 3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes ;
And, with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.
- 4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine ;
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.
- 5 Oh that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils—
I too may elevate my hands.

HYMN 108. C. M. *Cowper.**Fountain.* Zach. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;

And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd 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 sav'd to sin no more.

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save ; [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 109. S. M. *Watts.*

Lamb of God. John i. 29.

1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;

A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

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

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

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

HYMN 110. L. M.

Behold I stand at the door. Rev. iii. 20.

1 **B**EHOOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knock'd be-
Hath waited long—is waiting still ; [fore
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 dy'd 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.

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

HYMN 111. C. M.

1 **A**MAZING sight, the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door !
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest :—
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell ?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell ?

4 "Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come ;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.

- 5 " Will you go down to endless night,
 And bear eternal pain ?
 Or in the glorious realms of light
 With me for ever reign ?
- 6 " Say— will you hear my gracious voice
 And have your sins forgiven ?
 Or will you make that wretched choice,
 And bar yourselves from heaven ?"

HYMN 112. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 **A**ND 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
 Unmov'd 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 pow'r,
 The lodging has possess ;
 And crowds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heavenly guest.

- 5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart ;
 Dear Saviour, enter in,
 And guard the passage to my heart,
 And keep out every sin.

HYMN 113. *Cowper.*

- 1 **N**OW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners, come away ;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.
- 2 Oh ! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw ;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
 To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
 If destitute of grace,
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face.
- 4 Oh ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
 How would you wish to fly
 To the dark shades of endless night
 From that all-searching eye ?
- 5 The dead awak'd must all appear,
 And you among them stand,
 Before the great impartial bar,
 Arraign'd at Christ's right hand

- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear ;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN 114. C. M. *Heginbothom.*

He beheld the city, &c Luke xix. 41, 42.

- 1 “**U**NHAPPY city. hadst thou known—
Then were thy peace secure ;
But now the day of grace is gone,
And thy destruction sure.”
- 2 Thus to the Jews the Saviour 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 Saviour 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.

HYMN 115. C. M

- 1 **J**ESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Thy saving power display ;

Thy mercy now may sinners find,
And know their gracious day.

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

3 Open their eyes thy cross to view,
Their ears to hear thy cries—
Sinners, the Saviour weeps for you,
For you he weeps and dies.

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

HYMN 116. C. M. *Steele*.

The Saviour's invitation. John vii. 37.

1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;

Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay ?

- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts
And drink, and never die.

HYMN 117. L. M. *H. K. White.*

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **W**HEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlchem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;

And through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem ;
Forever and forevermore,
The star—the star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 118. L. M. *Watts's Lyrics.*

A preparatory thought.

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly Man, or mighty God,
Comes marching downward from
the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes ?
- 2 The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears ;
The glorious MAN, that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast ;
I own these wounds, and I adore :
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine
Lord ! why so lavish of thy blood ?
Why, for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food ?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree ;

'Twas his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.

- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love ;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord ;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

HYMN 119. L. M. *Tappan.*

Gethsemane.

- 1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from æther plains,
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

HYMN 120. L. M. *Steele.*

A dying Saviour. Mark. xv. 29—38.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark ! his exoiring groans arise !

See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands—his feet—his side!

- 2 But life attends the death-like sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place—
To die for man—surprising grace !
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?
- 4 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed ?
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No ! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day,
- 5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
'Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 121. C. M. Stennett.

Death of Christ. Matt. xxvii. 54.

- 1 **Y**ONDER, amazing sight ! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,

Expiring on the accursed tree,
And welt'ring 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 ;
And with th' amaz'd 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.

HYMN 122. C. M. Cowper.

Christ's Sufferings on the Cross.

- 1 **W**HEN 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,
Tho' 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.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Humphys' Col.*

Christ's Sufferings on the Cross.

- 1 'TWAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd,
And pow'rs of darkness rose,
A sudden groan my ear assail'd,
Expressing dying woes.
- 2 I turn'd, then wonder'd as I stood,
At what mine eyes survey'd !
A Prince expiring in his blood,
And on a cross display'd !
- 3 I knew him, tho' his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majestic air ;
Then I demanded, with a frown,
“What traitor fix'd him there ?”
- 4 No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe ;
When lo ! his fainting head he rear'd,
And spoke in words of woe—
- 5 “Cease, wretch, from vain enquiry rest ;
“My cruel murd'rer see ;

“Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast,
 “And nail’d me to the tree.”

6 Trembling I fell, and kiss’d his wounds,
 And wip’d the gore away ;
 I saw him smooth his killing frowns,
 And heard him gently say ;

7 “Rise, let thy heart its grief compose,
 “Thy Saviour will forgive ;
 “He feels the burden of thy woes,
 “And dies to bid thee live.”

HYMN 124. C. M.

Repentance at the cross.

- 1 **O** IF my soul was form’d for wo,
 How would I vent my sighs !
 Repentance should like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 ’Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan’d away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O ! how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God !
 Those sins that pierc’d and nail’d his
 Fast to the fatal wood. [flesh
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ;
 My heart has so decreed ;

Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

- 5 While, with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

HYMN 125. C. M.

*Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of
Christ.*

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

CHORUS.

“ O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain and lives again,
To intercede for me.”

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus I might hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF
CHRIST.

HYMN 126. L. P. M.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, what hast thou done !
The Lord of life hath di'd for me !
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree ;
The incarnate God for me hath di'd ;
The Lord, my love, was crucified.
- 2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace ;

127. DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his ?
Come, feel with me his blood appli'd,
The Lord, my love, was crucifi'd :

3 Was crucifi'd for you and me,
To bring us, rebels, back to God ;
Salvation now for us is free ;
His church is purchas'd with his blood ;
Pardon and life flow from his side ;
The Lord my love is crucifi'd.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him ;
Of nothing speak, or think beside,
The Lord, my love, was crucifi'd.

HYMN 127. 8, 7, 4s. F.

It is finished. John xix. 30.

1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy !
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
“ It is finish'd ! ”—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd !—Oh, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !

Heav'nly 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 promis'd ;
 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 !

HYMN 128. P. M

1 **T**HE Son of Man they did betray ;
 He was condemned and led away,
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day ;
 Look on mount Calvary,
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;

From every wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 The earth to its firm centre rock'd
 While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
 And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold ! in agonies he dies :
 O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
 Come see his tort'ring pain.
 The morning sun withdrew his light ;
 Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight :
 The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
 All nature mourn'd and stood afright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark ! men and angels hear the Son,
 He cries for help, but O there's none,
 He treads the wine press all alone,
 His garments stain'd with blood.
 In lamentations hear him cry ;
 Eloi, lama sabachani ;"
 Tho' death may close his languid eyes,
 He soon will mount the upper skies,
 The conquering Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts of steel around him stand,
 And mocking say, " Come, save the land,
 " Come, try thyself to free."

A soldier pierc'd him when he di'd ;
 Thence healing streams came from his
 And thus my Lord was crucified ; [side ;
 Stern justice now is satisfi'd,
 Sinners, for you and me :

6 Behold ! he mounts the throne of state,
 He fills the mediatorial seat,
 While millions, bowing at his feet,
 With loud hosannas tell :
 Though he endur'd exquisite pains,
 He led the monster death in chains ;
 Ye seraphs, raise your highest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains,
 He conquer'd Death and Hell.

7 'Tis done ! the dreadful debt is paid,
 The great atonement now is made ;
 Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
 For you he spilt his blood.
 For you his tender-soul did move,
 For you he left the courts above, [prove,
 That you the length and breadth might
 And height and depth of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.

8 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky ;
 Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be given ;
 While heav'n above, his praise resounds ;
 O Zion, sing—his grace abounds ;

129. DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love, which knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in heav'n.

-HYMN 129. 8s. *D. Turner.*

Gratitude to God for Redemption.

Eph. i. 7, 11.

- 1 **S**HALL Jesus descend from the skies,
To atone for our sins by his blood,
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God!
- 2 [No brute could be ever so base!
Shall man thus ungrateful then prove,
Forbid it, O God of all Grace!
Forbid it, thou Spirit of love!
- 3 The devils would laugh us to scorn,
For folly so shameful as this:
O let us to God then return,
Sure never was goodness like his.]
- 4 He sav'd us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort, nor hope had e'er known;
Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.
- 5 Thro' him we forgiveness shall find,
And taste the sweet blessings of peace
If, contrite and humbly resign'd,
We trust in his promised grace.

- 6 While here thro' the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight ;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night ;
- 7 Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.
- 8 And there while his glories we see,
And feast on the joys of his love,
We chang'd to his likeness shall be,
And then shall all gratitude prove.

HYMN 130. L. M. *Watts.*

Dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies !—the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead—revives again !

131. DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies !
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant, death—in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave !"

HYMN 131. 7s. Gibbons.

The resurrection and ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS ! roll the rock away !
Death ! yield up the mighty prey ;
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise !
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 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. Hal.

- 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 strong ! Hal.

HYMN 132. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN weeping Mary came to see
 Her loving Lord and Saviour,
 'Twas in the early dawn she sought,
 In tears to gain his favor.
- 2 With guards of soldiers, plac'd around
 The tomb, that held the body
 Of him whom she thought under ground,
 By wicked hands all bloody.
- 3 But how her aching heart was torn,
 To find the tomb was empty,
 In solemn silence she did mourn,
 As onward she did venture.
- 4 Two angels in bright raiment shone,
 Anticipate her sorrow,
 And said, why doth this creature mourn,
 And why this gloomy horror.
- 5 Whom seek you, Mary, they did say,
 And why this solemn mourning,
 " Because they've took my Lord away,"
 " And far from hence have borne him."
- 6 The tender hearted Saviour stands
 Beside her as she's weeping

133. DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

She says where hast thou borne my Lord,
For him I now an seeking.

7 I'll grieve and weep, poor Mary said,
Nor seek for consolation
In any other Lord beside,
For he is my salvation.

8 The Saviour pities now her grief,
The mourner thus addresses,
Why weepst Mary for relief,
And what thy heart distresses ?

9 She hears her risen Saviour's voice,
And in his love confiding,
Her soul in raptures, can rejoice,
Her faith in him abiding.

10 And now like Mary let us go,
Embrace the feet of Jesus,
That we his pard'ning love may know,
Which from pollution frees us.

HYMN 133. L. M. *Steele.*

Dying Love of Christ. 2 Cor. v. 14. 15.

1 **S**EE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne ;
Accept our humble, cheerful vow ;
Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom

Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king
The condescension of his love.
- 4 He di'd, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone :
O, let his praise each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run !
- 5 He di'd !—ye seraphs, tune your songs !
Resound the Saviour's sacred name,
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

HYMN 134. L. M. *Perry*

It is Christ that died. Rom. viii. 34

- 1 **S**INNERS rejoice, its Christ that di'd ;
Behold the blood flows from his side,
To wash your souls and raise you high,
To dwell with God above the sky.
- 2 Its Christ that di'd, O love divine !
Here mercy, truth, and justice shine ;
God reconcil'd, and sinners bought
With Jesus's blood—how sweet the tho't !
- 3 Its Christ that di'd, a truth indeed,
On which my faith would ever feed :

Nor let the works that I perform
 Be nam'd to swell an haughty worm.

- 4 Its Christ that di'd, its Christ was slain,
 To save my soul from endless pain ;
 Its Christ that di'd, shall be my theme,
 While I have breath to praise his name.

HYMN 135. L. M. *Steele.*

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

Acts ii. 32—36.

- 1 **C**OME tune, ye saints, your noblest
 strains,
 Your dying, rising Lord to sing ;
 And echo to the heav'nly plains,
 The triumphs of your Saviour, king.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
 How he subdu'd your potent foes ;
 Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
 And dying, finish'd all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high
 Return'd while hymning angels round,
 Thro' the bright arches of the sky,
 The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious pow'r !
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,
 The joys of that illustrious day.

- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
 In vain their feeble voices raise ;
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wond'rous grace
 Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 'Till the full glories of thy face
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

HYMN 136. 8, 7s. *Robinson.*

Gazing on the Cross. Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, -rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend !
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God ;
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his blood each day more healing ;
 And himself more deeply know.

HYMN 137. L. M. *Wallin.*

Christ's Resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 6.

- 1 **W**HEN I the lonely tomb survey,
 Where once my Saviour deign'd to
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say, [lie,
 And all the pow'r of death defy
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
 Sweet pledge! that all who trust his name,
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath!
- 3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
 And ever lives their cause to plead,
 For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 4 Thy risen Head, my soul, behold!
 See the rich diadem he wears;
 Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
 To crown thy joy when he appears
- 5 'Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God; thou wilt not leave
 My flesh forever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.'

HYMN 138. L. M. *Hart.*

Christ's Resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 5. 6.

- 1 **U**PRISING from the silent tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come!

Th' Almighty Captive quits the pris'n,
And angels tell "the Lord is ris'n."

- 2 Ye mourning saints, no longer grieve ;
Hear the glad tidings and believe ;
God's holy law is satisfy'd,
And justice now is on your side.
- 3 When ye in guilt's dark dungeon lay,
Mercy cry'd "spare," and justice, "slay ;"
But Jesus answer'd, " Set them free,
" Forgive their guilt, and punish me."
- 4 Your Surety now before your God
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood ;
No new demand, no bar remains,
But mercy all triumphant reigns.
- 5 Believers, bless your risen Head,
The first-begotten from the dead,
Your resurrection's sure thro' His,
To endless life and boundless bliss !

HYMN 139. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Joseph my son is yet alive. Gen. xiv. 26.

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 ev'ry ill—
His largest promises fulfil ;
Then let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

4 [What tho' 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 forevermore.

HYMN 140. *Cudworth's Col.*

Christ's Resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 6.
1 Cor. xv. 55. 56.

1 **H**ARK ! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day !
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won ;
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;

Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious king,
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he dy'd our souls to save,
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

5 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall;
Second life we shall receive,
And in Christ forever live.

6 ['Hail thou dear Almighty Lord,
'Hail thou great incarnate Word;
'Hail thou suff'ring Son of God,
'Take the trophies of thy blood.']

HYMN 141. C. M. *Collyer.*

Luke xxiv. 50, 51.

1 **I**T is the voice of love divine,
That strikes the list'ning ear,
That soothes his mourning followers' grief,
And wipes the falling tear:

2 'Because I leave this world'—he cries,
'Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
But tho' I seek my native skies,
My heart remains below.'

3 'My Spirit shall descend, and rest
Upon each faithful head,

Till I, your Lord, return to call
My servants from the dead.?

- 4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounc'd his parting prayer ;
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Convey'd him thro' the air.
- 5 With solemn awe his followers view'd
The splendor of the scene,
While the unfolding gates of light
Receiv'd the Saviour in.
- 6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread,
Thro' distant lands, his word ;
And we, like them, with faith and joy
Expect our risen Lord.

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EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

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HYMN 142. L. M. *Medley.*

Forerunner. Heb. vi. 20.

FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all his own ;
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,
There Jesus our forerunner's gone.

- 2 Amidst the shining hosts above,
Where his blest smile new pleasure gives,

Where all is wonder, joy, and love,
There Jesus, our forerunner, lives.

- 3 High on his throne of heav'nly light,
Eternal glory he sustains ;
While saints and angels bless the sight ;
There Jesus our forerunner, reigns.
- 4 There, while his course he ever runs,
Glory his radiant crown entwines ;
And brighter than ten thousand suns,
There Jesus, our forerunner, shines.
- 5 He lives salvation to impart,
From sin, and satan's cursed wiles ;
With love eternal in his heart ;
There Jesus our forerunner, smiles.
- 6 We shall, when we in heaven appear,
His praises sing, his wonders tell ;
And with our great forerunner there,
For ever and for ever dwell.

HYMN 143. L. M. B——.

Friend of Sinners. Luke vii. 34.

- [1 **J**ESUS, th' incarnate God of love,
Rules all the shining worlds above ;
And tho' his name the heav'ns transcend,
Yet he is still the sinner's friend.
- 2 Before the rolling skies were made,
Or nature's deep foundations laid,

He saw our fall, and did intend
To shew himself the sinner's friend.]

- 3 Behold, the condescending God
A while forsakes his bright abode ;
To our mean world see him descend,
And groan and die the sinner's friend.
- 4 When the appointed hour was come,
He burst the barriers of the tomb ;
Then to the skies he did ascend,
Where still he lives the sinner's friend
- 5 Ye mourning souls, to Jesus come—
Cast off despair, there yet is room ;
To his dear hands your cause commend.
Who only is the sinner's friend.

HYMN 144. C. M. *Doddridge*

Jesus precious. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet ;

Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care !
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
Then, speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 145. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Lamb of God. John i. 29.

- 1 **S**INNERS, behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away our guilt ;
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.
- 2 From heav'n he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode :
To ransom us himself he gave ;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear ;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 4 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood ;

Arise, return from grievous falls ;
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 In ev'ry state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesu's blood ;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

6 Spirit of Grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

HYMN 146. 6, 4s. *Hill's Col.*

Lamb. Rev. v. 12.

1 **G**LORY to God on high :
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name !
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And sing for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :
We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we bring—
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing
Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 147. L. M. *Steele.*

Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 **WHERE** is my God ?—does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ;
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands !
- 3 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;

The softest call before his throne,
 May rise, and find acceptance there.

- 4 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.

HYMN 148. C. M. S.

Cant. v. 10.

- 1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crown'd,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare
 Among the sons of men :
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
 And flew for my relief ;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they would all be thine.

HYMN 149. C. M. *Duman.*

Coronation of Christ. Cant. iii, 11.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' nam
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line
Whom David, Lord, did call ;
The God incarnate ! Man Divine !
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go spread your trophies at his feet.
And crown him—Lord of all.

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

BAPTISM.

HYMN 150. 8, 7, 4s. (*Original.*)

- 1 **H**AVE you found the precious Saviour,
 Found his love and pard'ning grace,
 Come, and by his word directed :
 His example learn to trace,
 He was buried
 Low beneath the liquid wave.
- 2 To the flowing stream of Jordan,
 Lo ! the King of Zion came ;
 There the ancient Baptist waited,
 To immerse the spotless Lamb :
 They descended,
 To the Saviour's watery grave.
- 3 Thus baptiz'd, the great Redeemer,
 Show'd the way his saints should tread,
 And when rising from the water,
 God approv'd and blest the deed,
 And the Spirit
 Rested on his sacred head.

- 4 Come then ye who love the Saviour,
 Fear ye not to own your Lord,
 Reckless if the world should scorn you,
 Follow Christ, obey his word ;
 He'll defend you,
 Fear ye not to follow him.
- 5 Hear the Saviour saying to you,
 From his glorious throne above,
 " Ye who trust in me for pardon,
 By obedience show your love,
 Be baptized,
 My example points the way."
- 6 Lord our hearts incline to follow,
 In the way which *thou* didst tread,
 We will turn from every other,
 While thy sacred word we read ;
 O Redeemer,
 We rejoice to follow thee.

HYMN 151. L. M. J. Stennett.

Immersion.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd,
 In Jordan's swelling flood,
 To show he must be soon baptiz'd
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave ;
 Thus was his sacred body rais'd
 Out of the liquid grave.

- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
 In thy own footsteps tread,
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
 Our ever living Head.

HYMN 152. 8, 7s.

Buried with Christ in baptism.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Sion !
 Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee !
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy victory o'er the grave,
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue ;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

HYMN 153. P. M.

On Baptism.

- 1 **S**ALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill ;
 'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.

- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptise ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.
- 3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries.
The echoing voice from glory flies,
O children hear ye him ;
Hark ! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe and be baptiz'd,
And wash away your sin.
- 4 Come children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd ;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.
- 5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise ;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, come,
O children be baptiz'd.
- 6 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride ;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,

And let us join in solemn pray'r,
Down by the water side.

HYMN 154. P. M.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path which Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your only guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that may befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
" Jesus says, Let each believer
" Be baptized in my name ;
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies ;
Be interr'd at his commanding
After his example rise.

HYMN 155. L. M. *Beddome**Baptism.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the grave where Jesus lay,
 Before he shed his precious blood !
 How plain he mark'd the humble way
 To sinners through the mystic flood !
- 2 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Come, and obey his sacred word ;
 He died and rose again for you ;
 What more could the Redeemer do ?
- 3 Eternal Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 On these baptismal waters move ;
 That we, through energy divine,
 May have the substance with the sign.
- 4 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
 And long to feel th' increasing flame,
 'Tis you, ye children of the light,
 The Spirit and the bride invite.

HYMN 156. 8, 7, 4s.

Baptism.

- 1 **O** YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,
 Highly favour'd of the Lord,
 Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
 By regarding thus his word,
 Rise and follow,
 Rise and follow Christ your Lord.

- 2 See his wat'ry tomb before you ;
 Hear him echo—" Follow me ;"
 For beneath the streams of Jordan,
 Christ your great Redeemer lay
 Rise and follow,
 Rise and follow Christ to day.
- 3 Yes—beneath those honour'd waters,
 Great Immanuel was baptiz'd ;
 Out of which he then ascended,
 And the Father was well pleas'd.
 Let us follow,
 Let us follow Christ our Lord.
- 4 Love constrains you all to follow
 Jesus to his liquid grave :
 Now look up ; expect his presence,
 Which he promis'd you should have—
 While you follow,
 Jesus to his liquid grave.
- 5 Jesus, come ; thine approbation
 May we gladly see and feel ;
 Cause, O cause the heavens to open,
 And thy wondrous love reveal ;
 And we'll follow,
 And we'll follow thee our All.

HYMN 157. L. M. (*Original.*)

- 1 **H**ITHER we come, our dearest Lord,
 Obedient to thy sacred word,

'Tis thou hast call'd our hearts to flee,
From sense and sin and *follow thee*.

- 2 Here rang'd along the water's side,
Where gently rolls the silent tide,
O what on earth can sweeter be,
Than thus to come and *follow thee*.
- 3 When wanderer in the vale of tears,
Enslav'd by sins and doubts and fears,
Then didst thou come our souls to free,
And gav'st us grace to *follow thee*.
- 4 When darkness did our souls enshroud,
And o'er our heads, the storm was loud,
We saw no way from wrath to flee,
But to obey and *follow thee*.
- 5 While others walk the downward road,
That onward leads to death's abode,
Adored be thy grace that we,
May take our cross and *follow thee*.
- 6 Thou wast immers'd beneath the wave,
The emblem of thy future grave ;
O while the way so plain we see,
What can we do but *follow thee*.
- 7 Let others by tradition led,
Refuse the path which thou didst tread,
To be baptiz'd our joy shall be,
Thus we will *follow none but thee*.

HYMN 158. L. M. (*Original.*)

- 1 **W**HEN Christ the incarnate Son of God,
Sojourn'd on earth in humble clay,
He was immers'd beneath the flood,
That we his mandate should obey.
- 2 Those who in error's paths are led
By pride and blindness far astray,
Refuse this humble way to tread,
And thus the Saviour disobey.
- 3 But we have read thy sacred word,
Where truth shines forth as clear as day,
It bids us take the humble road,
Which Jesus walked and thus obey.
- 4 While here the holy page we scan,
Regardless what the world shall say,
And fearless of the rage of man,
Our dear Redeemer we'll obey.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

HYMN 159. L. M.

The restoration of Israel. Ezek. xxxvi. 8.

- 1 **M**OUNTAINS of Israel, rear on high
Your summits, crown'd with ver-
dure new,

And spread your branches to the sky
Refulgent with celestial dew.

2 Fresh cities bloom along the plain ;
New temples to Jehovah rise ;
The kindling voice of praise again
Wings its sweet anthems to the skies.

3 The bloody sacrifice no more
Shall smoke upon the altars high,
But ardent hearts from hill to shore
Send grateful incense to the sky.

4 The Jubilee of man is near—
'Tis come, our God's unbounded reign;
Our Jesus wipes the mourner's tear,
And Satan's wiles are all in vain.

5 Praise Him, ye tribes of Israel, praise
The King that ransom'd you from wo,
Nations ! the hymn of triumph raise,
And bid the song of rapture flow.

HYMN 160. L. M. *Hyde.*

Jer. xxxi. 6.

1 **T**HE trump of Israel's jubilee
Shall sound aloud from Calvary,
And bid the wand'ring exiles—"Come,
And find in Zion still a home."

2 Israel shall hear—that thrilling sound
Shall reach to earth's remotest bound,

And gather to that holy place
The fugitives of Jacob's race.

- 3 There exil'd tribes shall yet return,
Shall come to Calvary and mourn ;
And bow'd beneath Messiah's sway,
With willing hearts his rule obey.

HYMN 161. L. M.

Isa. lx. 2.

- 1 **WHO**' now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine
On Zion's holy tow'rs to shine.
- 2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The pow'r and greatness of his love.
- 3 Lord, may the triumphs of thy grace
Abound, while righteousness and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

HYMN 162. L. M. H.

The Angel's flight. Rev. xiv. 6.

- 1 **THAT** mighty angel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is giv'n,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring cleaves the vault of heav'n.

- 3 And say—shall aught oppose his flight?—
 Aught dim with clouds his flaming
 No!—not till truth with holy light [scroll?
 Shall visit ev'ry heathen soul :
- 3 Not till blest Peace shall spring to birth;
 Till hatred sheath his useless sword;
 Not till the nations of the earth
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord

HYMN 163. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, high in the midst of heav'n,
 A mighty angel flies ;
 The gospel, grace, and life are giv'n
 By Him who paid their price.
- 2 Asia receives the word of love,
 And wonders as she hears ;
 The day-spring, dawning from above,
 O'er Africa appears.
- 3 The islands of the sea rejoice,
 And sing Immanuel's praise ;
 With joyful heart, and rapt'rous voice,
 They shout his welcome grace.
- 4 Then let us shout hosannas too,
 To David's princely Son ;—
 Then let us to the nations show
 The wonders he has done.

HYMN 164. L. M. *Hyde.**The restoration of Israel.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord will not forget the grace
 Reserv'd for faithful Abra'm's race;
 His love their wand'rings shall restore,
 And guide them, that they stray no more.
- 2 Israel! 'tis thine accepted day,
 Thy God himself prepares the way;—
 Behold his ensign from afar—
 Behold the light of Jacob's Star.
- 3 That Star, which once on Bethle'm rose,
 A token on thy mountain glows,
 The morn of earth's blest jubilee
 Sheds its sweet early light on thee.
- 4 And thou, who once on Israel's ground,
 A homeless wanderer wast found,
 Redeemer, on thy heav'nly throne,
 Still call the ancient church thine own;—
- 5 Bid her departed light return,
 Thy holy splendor round her burn;—
 From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
 A living temple to thy praise.

HYMN 165. L. M.

Prayer for the success of the gospel.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, to thee we pray;
 Be with us on this solemn day

Our brethren bless, their zeal approve,
That zeal which burns to spread thy love.

- 2 With cheerful steps may they proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead :
Let heav'n and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.
- 3 Let num'rous, solemn crowds be found,
Anxious to hear the gospel sound ;
And rude barbarians bond and free,
In suppliant throngs, resort to thee.
- 4 Where pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,
There may the bleeding cross be rear'd,
And God, our God, alone rever'd.

HYMN 166. L. M.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of worlds! display thy pow'r,
Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour ;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown ;
And be the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice ;

Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

HYMN 167. C. M.

Matt. xxviii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT Saviour, let thy pow'r divine,
O'er all the earth be known ;
Let all, to thee, their will resign,
And make thy will their own.
- 2 Perversion marks the guilty way,
Which heathens madly tread ;
From all thy laws they go astray,
And hasten to the dead.
- 3 Thou, Saviour God, hast pow'r alone
To turn their wand'ring feet,
To bend their souls before thy throne,
Low at thy mercy seat :
- 4 For all the pow'r, beneath, above,
Thy wounded hands sustain ;
Then sway the sceptre of thy love,
And let thy mercy reign.

HYMN 168. L. M.

- 1 **M**ILLIONS there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound ;
Lord, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

- 2 Guide thou their lips, who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell :
To those who give, do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart.
- 3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share :
And those who now in darkness dwell
Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.

HYMN 169. C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come ;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the rising sun !
The east and west their sons resign,
And all creation bend ;
The church, the new Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King, who wears the golden crown,
And holds the flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
And bless his church below.
When Zion's reigning, conquering King,
Shall Satan's works destroy,
The morning stars again will sing,
And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy, bright musician band,
Who play on harps of gold,

In holy order see they stand,
Fair Salem to behold ;
Descending on sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore ;
Such shouts through earth's extensive
Were never heard before. [plains,

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his time is long,
The saints, though feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.
In storms he is their hiding place,
A covert from the wind,
A fountain in the wilderness,
Quite through this weary land.

5 The streams of life will flow from heaven,
And issue from the throne ;
The floods of strife away are driven,
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union we shall know,
And dwell on Jesus' love ;
And shout and sing his praise below,
As angels do above.

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete,
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour, Christ, to meet ;
They rise with joy and mount on high,
They fly to Jesus' arms,

And gaze with wonder and delight,
On their Beloved's charms.

HYMN 170. L. M. *Tappan.*

Arise, shine,— Isa. lx. 1.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the Prophet of the skies
Proclaims Redemption near;
The night of death and bondage flies,
The dawning tints appear.
- 2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom
Her shadows flee away.
- 3 The glad'ning news, convey'd afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising Star,
The ransom'd tribes appear.
- 4 Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,
And lands where Jordan flows,
With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

HYMN 171. 8, 7s. *Kelly.*

Isa. ii. 2.

- 1 **H**ARK! a cry among the nations!
"Come, and let us seek the Lord;
Vain our former expectations;
Vain the idols we ador'd.

Zion's King is God alone :
Let us bow before his throne."

- 2 See ! from ev'ry quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round :
Love, in ev'ry heart is glowing :
Praise is heard in ev'ry sound ;
While Jehovah shows his face,
Glory fills the sacred place.
- 3 Weapons meant for mutual slaughter
Now are instruments of peace ;
They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease :
Jesus reigns—the earth is still—
All the nations do his will.

HYMN 172. 7s. *Montgomery.*

Rev.

Rev. xiv. 2, 3.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :—
Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,

All creation's harmonies :—
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath'd his sword : he speaks: 'tis done
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway :
 He shall reign, when like a scroll,
 Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away :—
 Then the end ;—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 173. 7, 6. *Bp. Heber.*

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand ;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;

The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 174. 7s. *J. Marsden.*

Mark. xvi. 15.

1 **G**O, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high!

2 Go to many a tropic isle
On the bosom of the deep;
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the blacks for ever weep

3 Where the golden gates of day
 Open on the palmy East,
 Wide the bleeding cross display,
 Spread the gospel's richest feast.

4 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,
 Ev'ry barren, burning strand,
 Bid each dreary region smile,
 Lovely as the promis'd land.

5 In yon wilds of stream and shade,
 Many an Indian wigwam trace ;
 And with words of love persuade
 Savages to sue for grace.

3 Circumnavigate the Ball—
 Visit ev'ry soil and sea ;
 Preach the cross of Christ to all ;
 Jesus' love is full and free.

HYMN 175. 8, 7, 4. *Baldwin.*

Farewell to Missionaries.

1 **G**O, ye heralds of salvation,
 Go proclaim 'Redeeming blood ;'
 Publish to that barb'rous nation,
 Peace and pardon from our God :
 Tell the heathen,
 None but Christ can do them good.

2 While the gospel trump you're sounding
 May the Spirit seal the word,

And, thro' sov'reign grace abounding,
 Heathen bow and own the Lord ;
 Idols leaving,
 God alone shall be ador'd.

3 Distant tho' our souls are blending,
 Still our hearts are warm and true ;
 In our pray'rs to heav'n ascending,
 Brethren—we'll remember you ;
 Heav'n preserve you,
 Safely all your journey through.

4 When your mission here is finish'd,
 And your work on earth is done,
 May your souls, by grace replenish'd,
 Find acceptance thro' the Son ;
 Thence admitted,
 Dwell for ever near his throne.

5 Loud hosannas now resounding,
 Make the heav'nly arches ring :
 Grace to sinful men abounding,
 Ransom'd millions sweetly sing ;
 While, with rapture,
 All adore their heav'nly King

HYMN 176. L. M. *Tappan.*

1 **H**ARK ! from yon wilds is heard the
 strain
 Of joy and praise ascending high ;
 The song of Zion cheers the plain,
 The desert breathes the contrite's sigh.

- 2 Now true religion rears her throne,
Where superstition darkly trod ;
And where His altar was unknown,
Unnumber'd temples rise to God. 1
- 3 Raise your glad songs, ye choirs, on high,
Salvation to the heathen flows ;
Let anthems roll along the sky ;
The desert blossoms like the rose.

HYMN 177. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Asking the way to Zion. Jer. 1. 5.

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Oh, come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent pray'r !
- 4 Oh, come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

REVIVALS.

HYMN 178. 8, 7, 4s.

Isa. lii. 10.

- 1 **Y**ES ! we trust the day is breaking ;
 Joyful times are near at hand :
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word in ev'ry land :
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season ;
 Let us hail the dawning ray :
 When the Lord appears, there's reason
 To expect a glorious day :
 At his presence
 Gloom and darkness flee away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring ;
 While he enters like a flood ;
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad ;
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand ;
 Let thy gospel be victorious,
 Thro' the world in ev'ry land :

And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 179. S. M.

Isa. lx. 8.

- 1 **T**HE day is drawing nigh,
Still brighter far than this,
When converts like a cloud shall fly
To seek the realms of bliss,
- 2 What rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight,
When sinners up to Zion's hill
Like doves shall speed their flight.
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of righteousness,
These happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

HYMN 180. C. M.

- 1 **C**ONVINC'D of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord ;
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.
- 2 Young converts sing, and praise their
And bless God's holy name ; [King,
While older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

- 3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth :
And saints in pray'r cry, " Lord draw
Have mercy on the youth :— [near,
- 4 " From this glad hour exert thy pow'r,
And melt each stubborn heart ;
In those that bleed, let love succeed,
And holy joys impart."
- 5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord :
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful
To hail th' approaching Lord. [tongues

HYMN 181. L. M.

John iv. 35.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Behold the fields already white !
The glorious harvest now is come ;
See ransom'd sinners flocking home.
- 2 Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclin'd ;
Their former sins and follies mourn ;
They bow, and to their God return.
- 3 Improve the harvest fleeting fast,
Ere yet the shining season's past,
When all the work of life shall end,
The last—the long dark night descend

HYMN 182. L. M. *Hyde.**My Spirit shall not always strive.*

Gen. vi. 3.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control :
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind :
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying men ;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 183. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND 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 receiv'd,
I dare no longer slight ;
The Holy Spirit often griev'd,
May take his final flight.

HYMN 184. S. M. *Hyde.*

Grieve not the Spirit. Eph. iv. 30.

- 1 **A**ND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine ?
Shall God, with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins opprest ?
- 3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray ;

To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

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

HYMN 185. C. M.

What must I do ?

- 1 **M**Y conscious guilt is now so great,
If I attempt to pray,
The tempter tells me yet to wait,
Or frights my soul away.

- 2 In painful doubt what course to try,—
I fear this long delay,—
And must I linger here and die,
Asham'd to ask the way?

- 3 Ye Christian pilgrims, can ye tell
A stranger to the road,
The way that leads to Zion's hill,
To find a pard'ning God ?

HYMN 186. S. M. *Cowper.*

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead,
In trespasses and sins.

- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom ;
 But sure, a friendly whisper says,
 " Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

HYMN 187. S. M. *Newton.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how vile am I,
 Unholy and unclean !
 How can I dare to venture nigh
 With such a load of sin !
- 2 Is this polluted heart
 A dwelling fit for thee ?
 Swarming, alas ! in ev'ry part,
 What evils do I see !
- 3 If I attempt to pray,
 And raise my soul on high,

My thoughts are hurry'd fast away,
For sin is ever nigh.

- 4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.
- 5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain :
Without desire, or love, or fear,
Harden'd I still remain.
- 6 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die ?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

HYMN 188. 7s

Mat. xi. 28.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load !
Jesus calls the wand'ers home ;
Hasten to your pard'ning God,
Come, ye guilty souls opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call :
" Come, and I will give you rest ;
Come, and I will save you all "
- 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,

Faithful let thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away,
 Weary of this war within,
 Weary of this endless strife,
 Weary of ourselves and sin,
 Weary of a wretched life.

- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
 Burden'd with our sinful load,
 Burden'd with this unbelief,
 Burden'd with the wrath of God,
 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art ;
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

HYMN 139. C. M. *Newton.*

Prayer for spiritual healing.

- 1 **T**HOU 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 thro' my soul is spread ;
 And all th' affections of my heart
 By sin are captive led.

- 4 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast ;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.
- 5 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,
And set my spirit free ;
Let not a trembling sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee.

HYMN 190. C. M. *Cowper.*

- 1 **H**EAL us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch ;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
Blest Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Remember him who once apply'd,
With trembling for relief ;
"Lord, I believe," with tears, he cry'd,
"Oh help my unbelief."
- 3 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN 191. L. P. M. D. R.

Confidence in the Mediator. Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark and friends are
 On him I lean, who not in vain, [few,
 Experienc'd every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,
 Still he who felt temptation's pow'r
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend ;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me—for a little while,—
 Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And oh, when I have safely past
 Thro' every conflict—but the last .
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed,—for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 192. C. M. *Steele.**The request.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :—
- 2 “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From ev'ry 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 thro' my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.”

HYMN 193. C. M. *B.**Evening twilight.*

- 1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumb'ring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day,
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,

And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 194. C. M. *Montgomery.*

Behold he prayeth. Acts ix. 11.

- 1 **P**RAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;

Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

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

HYMN 195. L. M. *Hart.*

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thes. v. 17.

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress—
If cares distract or fears dismay—
If guilt deject—if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 3 'Tis pray'r 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.

HYMN 196. L. M.

Prayer for a sick Minister.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne,
 We bow our suppliant spirits down ;
 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 2 Restore him, sinking to the grave ;
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save ;
 Back to our hopes and wishes give,
 And bid our friend and teacher live.
- 3 Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
 In every breast his image lies ;
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
 And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail ;
 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
 And guide him safe to endless day.

HYMN 197. C. M.

Funeral of a faithful Minister.

- 1 **F**AR from affliction, toil and care,
 The happy soul is fled ;
 The breathless clay shall slumber here,
 Among the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,
 E'en to his latest breath ;

- The truth he had proclaim'd so long
Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere ;
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.
- 4 The Churches' loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear ;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb ;
Oh, may we ready stand ;
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

HYMN 198. L. M. *Collyer.*

Eccl. xii. 7.

- 1 **F**ROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inhabitant of bliss,
To heav'n directs his wondrous way.
- 2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,
Ye winds, that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains, where he breath'd his
pray'rs
When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes.
- 3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart ;

Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—
For ever he and anguish part !

- 4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie ;
Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm—
Soon must it rise no more to die !

HYMN 199. L. M. *C. Wesley*

Death of a Brother.

- 1 **H**OW blest is our brother bereft
Of all that could burden his mind
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

- 2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain .
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again ;
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

- 8 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet, immoveable breast

Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat—
 It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep ;
 These fountains can yield no supplies—
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death.
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 Oh, shall I not shortly become !
 My spirit created anew,
 Ere I am consign'd to the tomb !

HYMN 200. 8s.

Death of a Sister.

1 'TIS finish'd ! the conflict is past,
 The heav'n-born spirit is fled,
 Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
 And now she's entomb'd with the dead.
 The months of affliction are o'er,

The days and the nights of distress ;
 We see her in anguish no more—
 She's gain'd her happy release.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
 Shall ever disquiet her now ;
 For death to her spirit was gain,
 Since Christ was her life when below.
 Her soul has now taken its flight
 To mansions of glory above,
 To mingle with angels of light,
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.

3 The victory now is obtain'd ;
 She's gone her dear Saviour to see ;
 Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
 She's now where she longed to be.
 Then let us forbear to complain,
 That she has now gone from our sight ;
 We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

HYMN 201. C. M. *Steele.*

On the death of a Child.

1 **T**HE once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs :
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.

2 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo ! stern winter flies

And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

HYMN 202. L. M. *Newton.*

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?
- 2 "Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 "Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state."
- 4 *Lord Jesus !* help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give—
Subdue my sins and let me live.

- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 Perhaps it next may toll for me.

HYMN 203. 8s

Job xvi. 22. xvii. 1, 11.

- 1 **I** WAIT a few sorrowful years,
 And then I no longer shall mourn,
 But flee from the valley of tears,
 A way I shall never return ;
 My days are all vanish'd away,
 Broke off the designs of my heart,
 No longer on earth I delay,
 Or linger as loath to depart.
- 2 My days are extinguish'd and gone—
 My time as a shadow is fled,
 And gladly I lay myself down
 To rest with the peaceable dead :
 The dead ever-living attend,
 Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,
 And many a glorifi'd friend
 Is ready to welcome me home.

HYMN 204. 8, 7s.

- 1 **S**INNERS, take the friendly warning—
 Soon that awful day shall break,
 And the trumpet with its dawning,
 All the slumb'ring millions wake.

- 2 See assembled ev'ry nation !—
 Lofty cities, temples, tow'rs,
 Wrapt in dreadful conflagration,
 Earth and sea the flame devours.
- 3 Ye, who to the world dissemble,
 While you practise deeds of night,
 Sinners, now behold and tremble ;
 † All your crimes are brought to light.
- 4 Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
 Sporting on the burning brink ;
 Now, you say, you have no leisure,
 You can find no time to think
- 5 Ye—who now, conviction stifling,
 Waste your time—the loss deplore ;
 Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
 “Time,” he cries, “shall be no more.”
- 6 Pause, and hear the voice of reason—
 Catch the moments as they fly—
 You who lose the present season,
 You must all find time to die.

HYMN 205. S. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 **O**H, 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 the death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Lord, God of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun :—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

HYMN 206. C. M.

Celestial prospects.

1 **S**WEET glories rush upon my sight
And charm my wond'ring eyes ;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies !

2 All hail ! ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day ;

- Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.
- 3 There's a delightful clearness now—
My clouds of doubt are gone ;
Fled is my former darkness too—
My fears are all withdrawn.
- 4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me ;
There ! there behold the radiant place !
How near the mansions be !
- 5 Immortal wonders ! boundless things,
In those dear worlds appear !
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

HYMN 207. 8s. *Collyer.**The last conflict.*

- 1 **I** SOON shall accomplish my race,
And soar to the temple on high ;
Dear Jesus, beholding thy face,
I cheerfully yield me to die.
Farewell, my distress and my wo—
The storms of existence are o'er ;
Tho' fiercely the tempest may blow,
Its fury appals me no more.
- 2 More quickly and shorter I breathe—
The dew is o'erspreading my cheek—

I feel the approaches of death,
 My heartstrings beginning to break ;
 A struggle or two and 'tis done—
 From earth and its anguish I fly ;
 The palm of the conqueror won,
 I live by submitting to die.

HYMN 208. P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren, in the Lord,
 The gospel sounds the Jubilee ;
 My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea ;
 And as I preach from place to place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell, in bonds of union dear,
 Like strings you twist around my heart ;
 I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
 Till we shall meet no more to part ;
 Till we shall meet in heaven above,
 Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
 Although so kind and dear to me ;
 My Jesus calls and I must go
 To sound the gospel Jubilee ;
 To sound the joy and bear the news,
 To Gentile men and royal Jews.
- 4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
 While God will give me breath to breathe,

I'll pray to the Eternal All,
 That your dear souls in Christ may live;
 That your dear souls prepared may be,
 To dwell in bliss eternally.

- 5 Farewell, to all below the sun ;
 And as I pass in tears below,
 The path is straight my feet shall run ;
 And God will keep me as I go—
 And God will keep me in his hand,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.
- 6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above ;
 Jesus, my friend, to thee I call ;
 My joy, my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard here, my heaven, my all,
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,
 My only hope in death—*Amen*,

HYMN. 209. P. M.

The Pilgrim's Farewell.

- 1 **L**ET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
 Where all the peace and glory dwell,
 And sit and sing to God our King,
 And praise his name forevermore.

CHORUS.

*I'll march to Canaan's land,
 I'll land on Canaan's shore,
 Where pleasures never end,
 And troubles come no more ;
 I'll go and see what joys are there*

- 2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no home nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.

I'll march, &c.

Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

- 3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to
heaven,
He flies to distant worlds above,
No more in this poor house of clay,
He dwells with God around the throne.

I'll march, &c.

Where pain and death can never come.

- 4 We will go, like him, to see our God,
And change this earth for heaven above ;
Come dry your tears, Christ is your friend,
He came to save poor sinful men.

I'll march, &c.

In him our sorrows will soon end.

- 5 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where Jesus waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to your eternal home.

I'll march, &c.

Where fear and change shall be no more.

- 6 Golden joys above, where Jesus dwells,
His love is full for every saint,

Fountain of life immortal flows,
Through heavenly worlds without re-
straint.

Pl march, &c.

All's mine, if faithful here below.

HYMN 210. L. M. Barnard.

At parting. Farewell. Acts xviii. 21.

- 1 **O!** HAPPY day, when saints shall meet
To part no more--the thought is sweet;
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below, when christians part.
- 2 O happy place I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past;
Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in ev'ry heart, will reign;
There separations can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet;
Time's rapid motions soon compel,
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,
Of parting from his weeping flock;
His feelings for them, none can tell,
When forc'd to say—my friends, farewell.

- 6 The happy season soon will come,
 When saints shall meet in heav'n their
 Eternally with Christ to dwell, [home ;
 Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

HYMN 211. C. M. T—.

He shall overcome at the last. Gen. xlix. 19.

- 1 **G**REAT God, thy holy name we praise,
 For all thy mercies past ;
 Tho' foes impede us in thy ways,
 We shall o'ercome at last.
- 2 Should all th' envenom'd troops of hell
 Unite our hope to blast ;
 In Christ 'tis fix'd, this truth we tell,
 We shall o'ercome at last.
- 3 Tho' gloomy death alarm our fears,
 And us in darkness cast ;
 Yet still Jehovah's word declares,
 We shall o'ercome at last.
- 4 Tho' unbelief, that cursed foe,
 Attempt to bind us fast ;
 Christ will not let his purchase go,
 We shall o'ercome at last.
- 5 Jesus, our captain, leads us on,
 'Till Jordan's streams are past ;
 And when we reach our heav'nly home,
 We'll sing—o'ercome at last.

HYMN 212. P. M.

- 1 **D**ARK and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day :
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way ?
Does your strength begin to fail you ?
And your vigor to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you :
He will lead you to his throne ;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll :
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole,
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.
- 4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest ?
Love, and joy, and peace forever

Reign and triumph in your breast.
 Who can paint the scenes of glory
 Where the ransomed dwell on high ?
 There on golden harps forever
 Sound redemption through the sky.

HYMN 213. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
 O may we all remember well
 The day of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 214. P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, 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, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 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.
- 3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross, [en ;
You've struggled long and hard for heav-
You've counted all things here but dross ;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
Farewell, &c.
- 4 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you :
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell, &c.
- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
O turn, and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 215. P. M.

- 1 **B**RETHREN while we sojourn here,
Fight we must but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end ;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares ;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet ;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within ;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these :
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

HYMN 216. C. M.

Night Thought.

- 1 **H**OW can I sleep when angels sing,
And all the saints on high
Cry glory to the eternal King,
The Lamb that once did die ?
- 2 When guardian angels fill the room,
And hov'ring round my bed,
Clap their glad wings in love to him
Who is my glorious Head ;
- 3 O how can I inactive lie,
And thoughtless all the night,
When those celestial spirits praise
The Lord with all their might.
- 4 Those joyful spirits never sleep ;
Their love is always new ;
Then, O my soul no longer cease
To love and praise him too.
- 5 For I of all the race that fell,
Or all the heav'nly host,
Have greatest cause with humble soul
To love and praise him most.
- 6 Did God the Father love men so,
As to bestow his Son
A ransom, sinners to redeem,
And save from wrath to come !

- 7 No longer then will I lie here,
 But rise, to praise and pray ;
 And join to sing, while I enjoy
 A glimpse of heav'nly day.

HYMN 217. L. M.

The mercy seat.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,
 'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A peace, than all besides more sweet,
 It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
 Around one common Mercy Seat.
- 4 Ah whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat !
 Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.
- 5 There, there, on eagle wing we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more,
 And Heaven comes down our souls to
 And glory crowns the Mercy Seat. [greet,

- 6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

HYMN 218. 7s.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun,
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here ;
Fixt in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;

And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 219. 8, 7, 4s. (*Original.*)

- 1 **A** ID us O thou Holy Spirit,
While thy words we teach our youth,
Let them each thy grace inherit,
Let them learn and love the truth ;
Sacred teacher,
Pour thy light into their souls.
- 2 Let converting grace be given,
As they learn thy holy word,
Then shall they prepar'd for heaven,
Love to obey and serve the Lord :
Great Jehovah,
Hear for them our humble prayer.
- 3 We will tell them blessed Jesus,
Thy compassion and thy love,
How thy blood from mis'ry frees us,
And prepares for joys above ;
O Redeemer,
May they hear and love thy name.
- 4 O ye children love the Saviour,
Would you stand on Zion's hill
Would you dwell in bliss forever,
Would you 'scape the woes of hell ?
Then to Jesus,
Come, and live forevermore !

HYMN 220. C. M. *Tappan.*

- 1 **WE** wander in a thorny maze,
A vale of doubts and fears ;
A night illum'd with sickly rays,
A wilderness of tears :
We wander, bound to empty show,
The slaves of boasted will ;
We wander, dupes to hope untrue,
And love to wander still.
- 2 We wander—while unfading joy,
We ne'er with zest approve ;
The bliss, that sparkles to destroy,
Secures our warmest love.
Some syren leads our steps astray,
But speaks no peace within ;
We wander in a flow'ry way,
We wander heirs of sin !
- 3 We wander, but tho' oft we roam,
Led by allurements strong ;
Yet from our heav'nly Father's home,
We would not wander long !
Cleanse us, O Saviour ! from this stain,
In mercy's living flood ;
Restore the lost, and bring again
The wand'ers back to God.

HYMN 221. L. M.

Eternity.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand!—
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand ;
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 But an eternity there is
 Of endless wo, or endless bliss ;
 And swift as time fulfils its round,
 We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
 Have left this fleeting world behind !
 They're gone ! but where ?—ah, pause
 Gone to a long eternity. [and see,
- 4 Sinner ! canst thou for ever dwell
 In all the fiery deeps of hell ;
 And is death nothing, then to thee
 Death, and a dread eternity ?

HYMN 222. 8, 7s. *Toplady.**Faith fainting.*

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of dis-
 Just ready all hope to resign, [tress,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine ;
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load :

All-plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hand unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep :
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite :
Thy God will be gracious no more."

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I
Almighty to rescue thou art :
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r ;
Come succor and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

HYMN 223. L. M.

1 **T**HE morning flowers display their sweets
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the ev'ning cold

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin-rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine.
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven shall recompense our pains :
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 224. 11s. *Jay's Col.*

Church in Affliction. Isaiah xlix. 14—17.

- 1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd, [save ;
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
 But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm :
 His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends ;
 In safety and quiet the 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 ;
Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth forever remain ;
The palms of my hands while I look on I see
The wounds I received, when suff'ring for thee.
- 5 [I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones ;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.]
- 6 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure ;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r ;
In love I correct thee thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

HYMN 225. 7s. *Newton.*

Self Examination.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought —
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ? !
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse ;
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove—
Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you.
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 226. P. M.

WHEN shall we three meet again ?
When shall we three meet again ?

Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire ;
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we three shall meet again.

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parch'd beneath a hostile sky ;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls ;
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we three meet again.
- 3 When our burnish'd locks are grey,
 Thinn'd by many a toil spent day ;
 When around this youthful pine,
 Moss shall creep and ivy twine ;
 (Long may this lov'd bower remain ;))
 Here may we three meet again.
- 4 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When, in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid ;
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

HYMN 227. 8, 7, 4s. (*Original.*)

- 1 **I**N thy temple, Great Jehovah !
 May our humble praises rise ?
 We in joyful strains adore Thee,--
 Strains ascending to the skies ;

- With thanksgiving
To our Sovereign and our Friend.
- 2 Thou hast pour'd thy gifts around us,
With a liberal, bounteous hand ;
With thy goodness thou hast crowned us ;
Peace and plenty through the land,
Call for praises
To thy great and holy name.
- 3 But how high our anthems swelling
Should ascend before thy throne,
That from thine eternal dwelling.
Thou hast sent thy dearest Son,
Here to suffer
For the ruined race of man.
- 4 Oh ! assist us, ye bright choirs !
Who surround the throne above !
Louder strike your golden lyres !
Louder hymn redeeming love !
Great Redeemer,
Hear our thankful notes below.

HYMN 228. -7s. *Cowper.*

Lovest thou me ? John xxi. 16.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

- 2 " I deliver'd thee, when bound,
 " And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
 " Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 " Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
 " Cease towards the child she bare ?
 " Yes, she may forgetful be,
 " Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
 " Higher than the heights above ;
 " Deeper than the depths beneath—
 " Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 " When the work of grace is done ;
 " Partner of my throne shalt be,
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee, and adore,
 O for grace to love thee more !

HYMN 229. 12s.

The voice of free grace.

1 **T**HE voice of free grace, cries escape to the mountain.
 For Adam's lost race, Christ has opened a fountain,
 For sin, and transgression, and every pollution ;
 The blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bless'd us with pardon,
 And we'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.*

2 This fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon,
 From Jesus's side flows a plenteous redemption ;
 Though your sins were as great and high as a mountain,
 The blood it flows freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus ride on ! thy kingdom is glorious ;
 Over sin, death and hell thou wilt make us victorious,
 Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hand, we will praise evermore
 We'll range the blest fields, on the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 230. C. M.

As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.
 Rev. iv. 19.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that doubt Jehovah's love,
 Because you're sore distrest,
 Here is a cordial from above
 To ease your troubled breast.
- 2 Thus saith the Lord, the Only Wise—
 "I will my children prove,
 "I will rebuke, I will chastise
 "As many as I love.
- 3 "I'll punish and subdue their pride,
 "I will be known their God ;
 "Love to their precious souls shall guide,
 "My sin-avenging rod.

- 4 " To them I'll manifest my care,
" As faithful fathers do,
" I'll teach them reverence and fear,
" And they shall love me too.
- 5 " Thus will I save their souls from Heil,
" And bring them safe to Heaven :
" There shall they love and praise me
" For each correction given."— [well
- 6 Cheer up, my soul, and hope anew,
For Heaven rebukes thy moan ;
Cheer up, and learn obedience too,
And live by faith alone.

HYMN 231. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, my brethren let us try,
For a little season ;
Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
- 2 What is this that casts you down,
What is this that grieves you ?
Speak and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden ;
Sweating blood from every pore,
Crying, O my Father.
- 4 See him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying,

See he suffered this for you
Therefore be believing.

5 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen ;
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

6 Soon he rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory ;
O what glory shone around,
Hallelujah, glory.

7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame ?
Sisters, don't you love him ?
Let us join to praise his name ;
Let us never grieve him.

8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll be in heaven ;
There to join with those above,
And forever praise him.

HYMN 232. C. M.

Arise and Shine.

1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come,
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home :
The trumpet's thund'ring thro' the sky
To set poor sinners free :

The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.

- 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
Throughout the earth and sky ;
Go speak the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh :
Put out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood,
Whilst ev'ry star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.
- 3 Arise ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear ;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear ;
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
While Gabriel with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more :
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above ;
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.
- 5 Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one ;

Hold up your hands with courage bold,
 Your race is almost run :
 Above the clouds behold him stand,
 And smiling, bid you come :
 While angels beckon you away,
 To your eternal home.

6 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
 With glory in his view ;
 To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,
 And bids the world adieu :
 While friends stand weeping all around,
 And loath to let him go,
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below.

7 O Christians ! are you ready now,
 To cross the narrow flood ?
 On Canaan's happy shore behold,
 And see a smiling God ?
 The dazzling charms of that bright world,
 Attract my soul above :
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 When perfected in love.

HYMN. 233. L. M.

1 **Y**OUNG people all, attention give,
 While I address you in God's name,
 Ye who in sin and folly live,
 Come yield to wisdom's dearer claim.

- 2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice,
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And took my load of guilt away,
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
- 4 And now, with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the gospel's accents sweet.
- 5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And pale diseases steal your breath.
- 6 Ye heedless ones, that widely stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where darkness reigns and vapours roll
In solemn silence round your head.
- 7 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 8 Your souls will wake from worldly dreams,
Where vengeance reigns, and billows
roar.

And roll amid the burning flames,
 When thousand, thousand years are
 o'er.

9 There wrapt in shades of rayless night,
 To groan and weep in ceaseless pain,
 And never more behold the light,
 And never, never rise again.

10 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
 Of all who do free grace refuse ;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose.

11 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your Lord,
 But with the Gospel now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 234. P. M.

BLLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest,
 Ye mourning souls be glad ;

- The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 235. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free ;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue :
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN 236. 8, 7, 4s.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Travelling thro' this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks, we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence,
 With us evermore be found !
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave this cumb'rous clay,
 May we ready
 Rise, and reign in endless day !

HYMN 237. C. M.

Providing Bags that wax not old.

Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,
 With God laid up in store ;
 Treasures beyond the changing sky,
 Brighter than golden ore.

- 2 The seeds which piety and love
 Have scatter'd here below,
 In the fair fertile fields above
 To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give
 At JESUS' feet I lay :
 Grace shall the humble gift receive,
 And grace at large repay.

HYMN 238. C. M.

*The Conversion of Sinners, a Matter for
 Prayer and Praise.*

- 1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on
 When prodigals return, [earth,
 To see desponding souls rejoice,
 And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 'Come, saints, and hear what God has
 Is a reviving sound ; [done,
 O may it spread from sea to sea,
 E'en all the globe around !
- 3 Often, O Sovereign Lord, renew
 The wonders of this day ;
 That JESUS here may see his seed,
 And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
 Thine be the praises too ;
 Let every heart and every tongue
 Give thee the glory due.

HYMN 239. L. M.

Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

- 1 **O** GOD of Love ; with cheering ray
 Gild my expiring streak of day ;
 Thy love, through each revolving year,
 Has wip'd away affliction's tear.
- 2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
 And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb ;
 Heighten my joys, support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude my toils and tears !
 May death destroy my sins and fears !
 May death, through JESUS, be my friend !
 May death be life, when life shall end !
- 4 Crown my *last* moment with thy pow'r—
 The *latest* in my latest hour ;
 Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
 Where fears and death are known no
 more.

HYMN 240. C. M.

Victory over Death through Christ.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight !
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

- 2 But see my glorious Leader nigh !
My LORD—my Saviour lives ;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above ;
He met the tyrant's dart ;
And (oh, amazing power of love !)
Receiv'd it in his heart.
- 4 No more, O grim destroyer ! boast
Thy universal sway ;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost ;
Thy night the gates of day.
- 5 LORD, I commit my soul to thee ;
Accept the sacred trust ;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust ;
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies :
- 7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb ;
- 8 Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays !
And with the blissful throng

Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

HYMN 241. P. M.

- 1 **O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
Which lifts my heart to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests and kings.
- 2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen
Their honours, wealth and pleasures mean
I neither love nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest ;
 Then let the pilgrim's journey end,
 And O my Saviour, Brother Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast.

HYMN 242. C. M. *Watts*.

Decrees of God.

- 1 **K**EEP silence—all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod :
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree ;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave—to *be*.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men :
 With ev'ry angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine ;
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown ;
 And there, the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

HYMN 243. L. M. *Watts.*

1 **T**HERE is a God, who reigns above,
Lord of the heav'n, 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.

HYMN 244. C. M. *Medley.*

My Record is on high. Job. xvi. 19.

- 1 **M**Y soul, arise ! shake off thy fears,
And wipe thy sorrows dry ;
Jesus in heav'n thy witness bears,
Thy record is on high.
- 2 Above this world of sins and pains,
Beyond the glitt'ring sky,
My witness still in heav'n remains—
My record is on high.
- 3 Cheerful I'll bow to all his will,
And at his footstool lie ;
My witness lives in heav'n, and still
My record is on high.
- 4 Behold, my soul, whate'er betides,
Thou shalt not, canst not die ;
My witness still in heav'n abides—
My record is on high.
- 5 Thus while I sing of Christ, my Lord,
And angels' harps outvie,
My witness lives in heav'n ador'd—
My record is on high.

HYMN 245. 8, 8, 6s. *Toplady.**Atonement.* - Rom. iii. 25.

- 1 **O** THOU, that hear'st the pray'r of faith,
 Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
 That casts itself on thee ?
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my Lord hath done,
 And suffer'd once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
 His spotless righteousness I plead,
 And his availing blood :
 Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
 Thy merit shall atone for me,
 And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
 The spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolations send :
 By him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart
 " Thy Maker is thy friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away :
 Unclogg'd by earth or earthly things,
 I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 246. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Whereas I was blind, now I see. John ix. 25.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul with wonder trace
The Saviour's miracles of grace ;
Now let my lips and life record
The loving-kindness of the Lord.
- 2 'Till late I fancied all was well,
Tho' walking in the road to hell ;
But now, through grace divinely free,
I, who was blind, am brought to see.
- 3 Long had I slept in nature's night,
But Jesus came and gave me light !
Ten thousand praises, Lord, to thee,
That tho' born blind, yet now I see !
- 4 Long had I wallow'd in my sin ;
Blind to the dangers I was in ;
But now appeal, great God, to thee,
That tho' once blind, yet now I see !
- 5 Long did I on the law rely,
And pass the friend of sinners by ;
But, what a glorious mystery !
Tho' I was blind, yet now I see !
- 6 Strengthen, O Lord, my mental sight—
Increase my faith, increase my light ;
Then shall I praise the sacred Three,
In time and in eternity.

HYMN 247. C. M. Hoskins.

Ye must be Born again. John iii. 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard !
Hear, all ye sons of men ;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain ;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally depriv'd—
The heart a sink of sin ;
Without a change we can't be sav'd ;
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain ;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word ;
And, by forsaking ev'ry sin,
Prove we are born of God.

HYMN 248. S. M. Kent.

Church coming up from the Wilderness.

Cant. viii. 5.

- 1 **F**ROM sin's dark, thorny maze,
To Canaan's fertile plains,

- A trav'ling fair one, in distress,
On her beloved leans.
- 2 Thro' fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong—
Vents in his bosom all her woes,
And, leaning, moves along.
- 3 When dangers round her press,
And darkness veils the skies,
She leans upon his righteousness,
From whence her hopes arise.
- 4 When guilt a mighty flood,
Her trembling conscience pains,
Then on his peace-procuring blood
This trav'ling fair one leans.
- 5 She views the cov'nant sure ;
Her hopes all centre there ;
And on his bosom leans secure,
Whose temples bled for her.
- 6 O'er Jordan's chilling flood,
When call'd by death to go,
She, leaning on her cov'nant God,
Shall pass triumphant thro'.

HYMN 249. 8, 7, 4s. *Newton.*

Zion's Increase prayed for. Ps. lxxxv. 6

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, 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,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd ;
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd ;
Happy seasons we have seen !
- 4 Younger plants, (the sight how pleasant!)
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present—
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud!
- 5 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither ;
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh, permit them not to wither ;
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 6 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 7 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;

And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 250. L. M. *Cennick—altered*

Conflict between Flesh and Spirit. Rom. vii. 15.

- 1 **H**OW sad and awful is my state !
The very thing I do, I hate :
When I to God draw near in pray'r,
I feel the conflict even there !
- 2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn ;
I grieve, because I cannot grieve,
I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Where shall so great a sinner run :
I see I'm ruin'd and undone ;
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
And banish ev'ry rising fear.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou has
Can make this rocky heart to melt ; [spil
Thy blood can make me clean within—
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 5 'Tis on the atonement of that blood,
I now approach to thee, my God ;
This is my hope, this is my claim,
Jesus has dy'd and wash'd me clean.
- 6 On this rich blood my faith is found,
And on this hope I fix my ground ;

Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

HYMN 251. 8, 7s. *Swain.*

Conversion. Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 **O**N the brink of fi'ry ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing
When I first beheld my Lord.

2 [Terrify'd with Sinai's thunder,
Straight I flew to Calvary,
Where I saw with love and wonder,
Him by faith who dy'd for me.]

3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd
"With an everlasting love; [thee
"Justice has in me approv'd thee;
"Thou shalt dwell with me above."

Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiven,
To the soul by Satan bound.

Sweet as angels' harps in glory,
Was that heav'nly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me
Bleed and die to set me free!

Saints, attend with holy wonder!

Sinners, hear and sing his praise;

'Tis the God that holds the thunder
Shews himself the God of grace !

HYMN 252. 8, 3, 6s. *Anon.*

Everlasting Covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW for a hymn of praise to God,
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood ;
Join the sweet choir above ;
All your harmonious accents bring,
'Wake ev'ry high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.
- 2 Ere God pronounc'd creation good,
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
Thro' fixed channels run ;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprang,
Or angels earth's formation sang,
He chose us in his Son.
- 3 Then was the cov'nant order'd sure,
Thro' endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God :
That none this cov'nant might evade ;
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
And ratify'd in blood.
- 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Tho' tempests rage, tho' billows roll,
And hellish pow'rs assail :
Eternal walls are my defence,
Environ'd with Omnipotence,
What foe can ere prevail ?

- 5 Then let infernal legions roar,
 And waste their cursed, vengeful pow'r ;
 My soul their wrath disdains :
 In God, my refuge, I'm secure,
 While cov'nant promises endure,
 Or my Redeemer reigns.

HYMN 253. . C. M. *Knight.*

Death of a Child. 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.

- 1 **A**LAS! how chang'd that lovely flow'r,
 Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart.
 Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
 How soon we're call'd to part !
- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
 That God, whose ways are love ?
 Or yainly cherish anxious pain
 For *her* who rests above ?
- 3 No !—let me rather humbly pay
 Obedience to his will,
 And with my inmost spirit say,
 The Lord is right'ous still.
- 4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favor'd soul he bore,
 And with yon bright angelic forms,
 She lives, to die no more.
- 5 Why, should I vex my heart, or fast ;
 No more *she'll* visit me ;

My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And I *her* face shall see.

- 6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove ;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

HYMN 254. C. M. *Dobell.*

Death of a Child. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **G**OD hath bereav'd me of my child ;
His hand in this I've view'd ;
It is the Lord, shall I complain ?
" He doth what seems him good !"
- 2 I know the Lord does all things well ;
His will has always stood ;
It is the Lord, I this can tell,
He doth what seems him good !
- 3 'Twas God who gave my child to me,
Th' appointed time *he* stood ;
It is the Lord, I plainly see,
He doth what seems him good !
- 4 Yet nature feels—but ah, *he's* gone—
For *him* my tears have flow'd ;
It is the Lord, his hand I own,
He doth what seems him good.
- 5 Support my sinking spirit up
Under this heavy load,

It is the Lord, and he is just,
He doth what seems him good.

6 It is on thee my hope is stay'd,
I know thou art my God ;
It is the Lord, his hand I'll bless,
He doth what seems him good.

7 Uphold me, Lord, by grace divine,
And cleanse me with thy blood ;
I now resign my all to thee,
Since all things work for good.

HYMN. 255. C. M. *Olding.*

Death of a young Person. Psalm cii. 23.

1 **M**Y Father calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go :
With cheerfulness I bid farewell
To ev'ry thing below.

2 My tender parents, kind and dear
I bid farewell to you ;
Tho' nature feels, and I can find
'Tis hard to say, adieu !

3 Ye friends and kindred lov'd me much,
Ye hold me near your heart ;
And still I feel that I can love,
And find it hard to part.

4 Ye brothers, sisters, me you love,
And love I also feel ;

I see your tender passions move—
Your grief you can't conceal.

5 But do not weep or grieve for me
You know I must go home ;
I was upon a visit here,
And now I must return.

[6 Farewell, thou world, with all thy toys
For thou hast been to me
A world of transitory joys,
Of sin and vanity.]

HYMN 256. C. M. *Cruden—altered.*

Death uncertain. Eccl. ix. 10.

1 **C**OME, O my soul, look up and see
How swift the moments run !
Swift as the wheel of time whirls round
My closing day brings on.

2 Few clocks, for aught I know, may strike,
Before my funeral knell,
Which, by its doleful, sounding tongue,
Shall my departure tell.

3 ' When the grim king of terrors calls,
May I triumphant stand ;
And find my Saviour then my friend,
To guide me with his hand.

5 Then shall my spirit soar away
To heav'n, and see his face .

And sing with all the ransom'd throng,
The wonders of his grace,'

HYMN 257. C. M. *Anon.*

Farewell.

- 1 **Y**E fleeting charms of earth, farewell !
Your springs of joy are dry ;
My soul now seeks another home—
A brighter world on high.
- 2 Farewell, ye friends, whose tender care
Has long engag'd my love ;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.
- 3 Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,
Where pains and sorrows grow ;
Welcome the day that ends my toil,
And ev'ry scene of woe.
- 4 No more shall sin disturb my breast—
My God shall frown no more ;
The streams of love divine shall yield
Transports unknown before.
- 5 Fly, then, ye interposing days—
Lord, send thy summons down ;
The hand that strikes me to the dust,
Shall raise me to a crown.

HYMN 258. P. M. *Pope.**Dying Saint to his Soul.* 1 Cor. xv. 54—57.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, 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 !
 Heav'n 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 ?

HYMN 259. C. M. *Steele.**And yet there is Room.* Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bount'ous store,
 For ev'ry 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 Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.]
- [4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come :
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.]
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love :
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extacies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room !

HYMN 260. S. M. *Dobell.*

Behold now is the accepted Time. 2 Cor. vi. 2

- 1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace ;
 Now, sinners, come without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day ;
 To-morrow it may be too late,
 Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come ;
 And ev'ry 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.
- 5 At length around thy throne
 They shall thy face behold ;
 While thro' eternity they'll strive
 Their raptures to unfold.

HYMN 261. P. M.

The New Convert.

- 1 **O** HOW happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,

And have laid up their treasures above :
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I soon found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When at first I believ'd,
What true joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name .

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know ;
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

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

- 6 I then rode on the sky,
 Freely justifi'd I,
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
 My glad soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the world was quite under my feet.)
- 7 O ! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possest,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 262. L. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed ;
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk this narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon you'll walk the golden street :
 Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
 Sound thro' the earth yea, down to hell,
 To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
 The trumpet louder still proclaim,

- The world must hear and know their
The separation day is come. [doom,
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;]
While Christ the Judge their joy pro-
claims, [names.
Here comes my saints, I know their
- 6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heaven, come, sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glitt'ring robes the sun outshine,
See saints and angels join in one
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
And join in one eternal song ;
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN 263. 5 & 11.

New Year.

1 COME, let us anew

Our journey pursue,

Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the Master appear!

His adorable will

Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve [love.
 By the patience of hope and the labour of

2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 ' I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
 to do.'
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 ' Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne.'

HYMN 264. S. M. *Fellows*:

Naaman healed. 2 Kings, v. 1—14.
 1 **W**HEN Syria's leprous chief
 From fair Damascus came,
 Fir'd with the hopes of sure relief,
 By great Elisha's fame—

- 2 The holy prophet stood
Attentive to his strain,
And bid him wash in Jordan's flood,
And instantly be clean.
- 3 [The means of cure appear'd
So humbling to his pride,
With high disdain the warrior heard,
And sternly thus reply'd :
- 4 " To wash in Jordan's streams,
" I can't approve as meet, [lave
" When Pharpar's streams are known to
" My own Damaseus feet.
- 5 " What business have I here,
" Far from my native place ?
" Could not I wash in water there,
" And there receive the grace ?")
- 6 Thus men neglect the use
Of means which God makes known,
And in their room would introduce
Inventions of their own.
- 7 O give me wisdom, Lord,
Thy holy ways to prize,
And follow thy commanding word,
However men despise.

HYMN 265. L. M. *Fawcett.**Promises.* Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED soul, to Christ draw near;
The Saviour'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 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss—
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

HYMN 266. C. M.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, 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 pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been ;
Such dazzling views of human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus, so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence !
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus my Lord to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
 I leave you in God's care,
 And if I never more see you,
 Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 When we've been there ten thousand
 Bright shining as the sun, [years,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

HYMN 267. L. M. *Haweis.*

Think upon me. Neh. v. 19.

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness
 I lift my heart to thee ; [flows,
 In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart
 My sins lie heavily ;
 My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
 In love, remember me.
- 3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
 Shame and reproaches be ;
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.
- 4 The hour is near—consign'd to death,
 I own the just decree ;
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry—remember me.

HYMN 268. P. M. *Newton.*

The Lord will see, or provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 **T**H^O' troubles assail and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.
- 2 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old ;
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold :
For tho' we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 3 [When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.]
- 4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain—
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our spirits have pli'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.]
- 5 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim ;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name.
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r—the Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro' :
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will provide.

HYMN 269. S. M. *Fellows.*

Minister's Address to new Members.

- 1 **D**E^AR friends, as you have own'd
The Saviour for your Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word ;

- 2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake—
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
And all her joys partake.
- 3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your increasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r,
- 4 [With humbleness of mind,
Amongst her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is,
With God, of highest price.]
- 5 Never offend or grieve
Your brethren in the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.
- 6 Highly in love esteem
Your pastor in the Lord;
He breaks the bread of life to you,
And labors in the word.

HYMN 270. C. M. *Needham.*

The rich Fool surprised, Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls, who think to grasp
A solid bliss below!
Bliss! the fair flow'r of paradise,
On earth can never grow.

- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,
T' increase his worldly store ;
Too narrow now he find his barns,
And covets room for more.
- 3 "What shall I do ?" distrest, he cries ;
"This scheme will I pursue ;
"My scanty barns shall now come down—
"I'll build them large and new.
- 4 "Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
"My soul enjoy her ease ;
"Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
"Shall yield what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when lo ! from
Th' Almighty made reply ; [heav'n
"Thou fool, for whom dost thou provide,
"Since thou this night shalt die !"
- 6 Teach me, my God, that earthly joys
Are but an empty dream ;
And let me find my all of bliss
In thee, the good Supreme.

HYMN 271. C. M. *Brown.*

Worth of a Soul. Mark viii. 36.

- 1 **V**AIN world, thy cheating arts give
Thine offers I despise : [o'er,
In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store,
To catch my wand'ring eyes.

- 2 Bribe me no more with glitt'ring toys,
 To catch my soul away ;
 Nor seek, by such delusive joys,
 To tempt my feet astray.
- 3 I cannot part with gold for dross,
 Nor solid good for show !
 Nor drink your bliss, to mourn my loss
 In everlasting woe !
- 4 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear ;
 I all thy charms defy ;
 And rate my precious soul too dear,
 For all thy wealth to buy.

HYMN 272. 10, 8s. *J. N. Brown.*

Praise for the Guardianship of GOD:

Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **U**NTO Him, unto Him who is able to keep,
 Our souls from each ruinous snare ;
 Unto Him, the Good Shepherd who guardeth the sheep,
 Consign'd to his vigilant care.
- 2 Unto Him who is worthy of infinite trust,
 Whose wisdom admits no surprise ;
 Whose love from the depths of Eternity burst,
 Let the song of thanksgiving arise.
- 3 Unto Him who is able our souls to present,
 Unblemish'd and pure at His throne ;
 With a joy and triumph whose boundless extent,
 Will be only surpass'd by His own ;

- 4 Whose power can each purpose of mercy fulfil,
 To the helpless who on Him repose ;
 Who speaks, and the Universe bows to His will,
 As of old at His will it arose ;
- 5 Unto Him who has pledg'd His own life to defend,
 Every step of our passage to Heaven ;
 Let the incense of Time and Eternity blend—
 Be all glory and gratitude given !

HYMN 273. P. M. *Ovington's Sel.*

Longing for a place at God's right hand.

2 Thes. i. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN thou my righteous Judge shalt
 come,
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Tho' vilest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call ?
- 3 Dear Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
 Be thou my only hiding-place,

In this th' accepted day ;
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall
 To see thy smiling face ; [sound,
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions
 With shouts of sov'reign grace. [ring

HYMN 274. C. M. *Blycs.*

The Last Tempest.

- 1 **W**HEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
 And tempests rend the skies ;
 Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
 In harsh disorder rise ;—
- 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
 And strike a tuneful song ;
 My harp all trembling in my hand,
 And all inspir'd my tongue.
- 3 I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders roll,
 " And shake the sullen sky ;
 " Your sounding voice from pole to pole,
 " In angry murmurs try.
- 4 " Let the earth totter on her base,
 " And clouds the heavens deform ;

“Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
“And rush the final storm !”

5 Come quickly, blessed HOPE, appear—
Bid thy swift chariot fly ;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

6 Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,
I'd bear a joyful part ;
All hallelujah on my tongue—
All rapture in my heart.

HYMN 275. 8, 7, 4s. *Swain.*

Judgment. Jude, 14, 15.

1 **L**O, he comes, array'd in veng'ance,
Riding down the heav'nly road ;
Floods of fury roll before him—
Who can meet an angry God ?
Tremble, sinners,
Who can stand before his rod ?

2 Lo, he comes in glory shining :
Saints, arise and meet your king !
Glorious captain of salvation,
Welcome, welcome, hear them sing !
Shouts of triumph
Make the heav'ns with echoes ring !

3 [Now despisers, look and wonder !
Hear the dreadful sound depart,

- Rattling like a peal of thunder,
 Thro' each guilty rebel's heart !
 Lost forever,
 Hope and sinners here must part !
- 4 Still they hear the awful sentence,
 Hell resounds the dreadful roar ;
 While their heart-strings twine with an-
 guish,
 Trembling on the burning shore !
 Justice seals it—
 Down they sink to rise no more !
- 5 How they shrink, with horror viewing
 Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide !
 Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,
 Plunge them down the rolling tide !
 Now consider,
 Ye who scorn the Lamb that di'd !]
- [6 Hark ! ten thousand harps resounding !
 Form'd in bright and grand array :
 See the glorious armies rising,
 While their captain leads the way !
 Heav'n before them
 Opens an eternal day.]

HYMN 276. L. M. *Watts.*

Praise to our Creator. Psalm c.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy

Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we
stray'd,

He brought us to his fold again.

3 [We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal fame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?]

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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.

HYMN 277. L. M. *Brown.*

Sickness and Death.

1 **M**Y soul, the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on th' important day,
When in the icy arms of death
I must give up my vital breath.

2 Look forward to the moving scene ;
How wilt thou be affected then ?

- When from on high some sharp disease
Resistless shall my vitals seize.
- 3 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow ;
The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death.
- 4 When clammy sweats thro' ev'ry part,
Show life's retreating to the heart ;
Its last resistance there to make,
And then the breathless frame forsake.
- 5 When all eternity's in sight—
The brightest day, or blackest night ;
One shock will break the building down,
And let thee into worlds unknown.
- 6 O come, my soul, the matter weigh !
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay !
And how the unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity !

HYMN 278. C. M. *Doddridge.*

Christian warrior animated and crown'd.

Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK ! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's
From his triumphant seat ; [voice
'Midst all the wars' tumultuous noise,
How pow'rful and how how sweet !
- 2 " Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
" Nor fear the mortal blow ;

- “ Who first in such a warfare dies,
 “ Shall speediest vict’ry know.
- 3 [“ I have my days of combat known,
 “ And in the dust was laid ;
 “ But thence I mounted to my throne,
 “ And glory crowns my head.
- 4 “ That throne, that glory, you shall share :
 “ My hands the crown shall give :
 “ And you the sparkling honors were,
 “ While God himself shall live.”
- 5 Lord, tis ’enough ; our souls are fir’d
 With courage and with love :
 Vain are the assaults of earth and hell,
 Our hopes are fixt above.]

HYMN 279. C. M. *Collyer*

1 Sam. xv. 32.

- 1 **W**HEN, bending o’er the brink of life,
 My trembling soul shall stand,
 Waiting to pass death’s awful flood,
 Great God, at thy command !
- 2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
 And close my sightless eyes ;
 When shatter’d by the weight of years
 This broken body lies :
- 3 When ev’ry long lov’d scene of life
 Stands ready to depart ;

When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart :

- 4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave !
- 5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head ;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed !
- 6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath !
And, in thy fond embraces, lose
“ The bitterness of death ! ”

HYMN 280. 7s.

Heaven. John xiv. 2.

- 1 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love !
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tort'ring pain and heavy wo.
- 2 Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,

- Tales of wo they could not speak.
 But, these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never—never weep again !
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark—their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
 Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
 Where no grief can entrance find,
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,
 Sooth'd the anguish of the mind !
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturb'd repose—
 There no cloud can intervene
 There no angry tempest blows !
 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
 Night is lost in endless day—
 Sorrow—in eternal rest !

HYMN 281. C. P. M.

The True Convert.

- 1 **W**HEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace ;
 Trembling I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The power of changing grace.

- 2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree :
 Who would believe such lips could praise?
 Or think from dark and winding ways,
 I e'er should turn to thee ?
- 3 These eyes that once abus'd the light,
 Now list to thee their wat'ry sight,
 And weep a silent flood ; [pray'r,
 These hands are rais'd in ceaseless
 Oh, wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood.
- 4 These ears, that once could entertain
 The midnight oath, the festive strain,
 Around the sinful board ;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest their joys,
 And long to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part ;
 Go on, bless'd Lord, to cleanse my heart,
 That drossy thing refine ;
 That grace may nature's pow'rs control,
 And a new creature, body, soul,
 Be all and wholly thine.

HYMN 282. 8, 7s. *J. N. Brown.*

For opening a Conference Meeting,
 Ephes. iv. 4, 1.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, dearest brothers
 Welcome, welcome, sisters dear ;

- Each one's joy the joy of others,
Springs and smiles to meet you here.
- 2 ONE the HOPE of our high calling,
ONE the SAVIOUR that we own :
He will keep our feet from falling,
As we travel towards his throne.
- 3 But ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM, knowing,
Children of ONE FATHER'S heart ;
But ONE SPIRIT in us glowing,
What should keep our souls apart ?
- 4 Meeting in the name of JESUS,
We his gracious promise claim ;
He from sin and sorrow frees us,
And reveals His charming name.
- 5 While our fervent prayer is rising,
While our choral hymn ascends,
Sweet communion realizing,
Rapture with instruction blends.

HYMN 283. 7, 5s. *J. N. Brown.*

For the same. Ephes. vi. 10, 13.

- 1 **F**RRIENDS, for whom a Saviour di'd,
Friends, who have a Heavenly Guide,
Welcome here, for side by side,
We must take our stand :
Now's the hour for us to meet,
Girt in panoply complete,

Sharing in communion sweet,
An immortal band.

2 See ye not the world is set,
Hostile to salvation yet ;
Heed ye not the subtle net,
By the Tempter spread :
Know ye not the senses still,
War against the hallow'd will,
Aiming all the heart to fill—
Will ye be misled ?

3 Friends, to holy conflict wake,
Every spell of ruin break,
Rouse ye for the Saviour's sake,
Can ye slumber more ?
Arm ! the standard blazes high—
Hark ! 'tis Jesus' battle cry—
On ! salvation now is nigh—
Rest forevermore !

HYMN 284. 7s. *J. N. Brown.*

The meeting of Long Absent Friends.

1 **H**AVE we all here met again?
Have we all here met again ?
Hope oft shed a doubtful ray ;
Love maintain'd an anguish'd sway.
Death and sorrow strove in vain—
For we all have met again.

2 When by distance sever'd far,
We have watch'd the evening star ;

When the moon with gentle reign,
 Silver'd o'er the sleeping plain,
 In the cool and silence there,
 Friendship breath'd for you her prayer.

3 When at midnight's awful hour,
 We have felt Reflection's power ;
 When the storm its thunders pour'd,
 When the deep around us roar'd,
 Still the heart to friendship true,
 In that hour remember'd *you*.

4 Guarded by our FATHER'S hand,
 Safe alike by sea or land ;
 From the weary long sojourn,
 We at last in peace return.—
 So when Death dissolves our chain,
 May we meet in HEAVEN again.

HYMN. 285. 8, 6s. *J. N. Brown.*

The Christian Farewell. Col. 1. 5.

1 **M**Y friends, the parting hour is come,
 The painful parting hour :
 And yet, tho' unknown scenes may rise.
 While absence long endures ;
 Still in the purest strongest ties,
 My heart is bound to yours.

2 My friends, 'tis sweet indeed to think,
 When we the time review,
 Our social moments were not spent,

In rude unhallow'd mirth ;
 But joys of heavenly richness lent
 Their happiness to earth.

- 3 My friends, I bid you all farewell,
 Farewell, my friends, farewell.
 And if I never see you more,
 While we on earth remain ;
 Oh, may we meet on Canaan's shore,
 And never part again.

HYMN 286. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day ;
 But glory remains when the light fades away :
 Begin, ye admirers of Jesus' love,
 Who died to redeem us, and raise us above.
- 2 Remember the night, when his sorrows began,
 The horror of darkness, that fell on the man :
 Why so faint and so slow does your gratitude move,
 To the Lamb that was wounded that sinners might live.
- 3 Remember the spot where in anguish he lay,
 The sins which he bore from his people away ;
 Now faith rises high, we exult in his love
 Who died to redeem us but now is above.
- 4 We'll go to the land where our Saviour is gone,
 And saints shall rejoice in the fruits of the Son.
 And the angels shall sing, Hallelujah, Amen.
 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

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