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SELECTION OF HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SOCIAL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

AND FOR

PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.

BY J. P. K. HENSHAW, D.D.

SEVENTH EDITION.

Containing nearly Two Hundred additional Hymns,
carefully selected from the best Authors.

BALTIMORE:

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PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE "Selection of Hymns for the use of Social Religious Meetings, and for private Devotions," was originally made by the subscriber to gratify the wishes and aid the religious exercises of some pious females, under his pastoral charge, in Brooklyn, New-York, who were in the habit of meeting together once a week for the purpose of prayer and praise. It was, however, gradually introduced into other praying circles, connected with episcopal congregations, in various places; and four editions, anonymously published, each one larger, and somewhat different from the preceding, have been disposed of.

The extension of the spirit of piety in our country, within a few years past, has been followed by a corresponding increase of meetings for social prayer, and other religious exercises, in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In these meetings, the want which has been widely felt, of more and other hymns than are found in the excellent selection which the church has set forth, and allowed to be used in the public worship of the sanctuary, has been supplied by the introduction of different selections, according to the varying tastes of the clergy, and others who have been concerned in the regulation of the matter.

In compliance with the earnest solicitations of some of his respected brethren in the ministry, who lament this deviation from the uniformity that characterises the worship of Episcopalians, the subscriber has re-

vised, altered, and greatly enlarged his selection, in the hope of its being thereby rendered generally acceptable and useful, not only to the members of his own church, but also, to the lovers of sacred poetry of every name.

In this edition, the hymns are *classified* and *arranged* according to the subjects of which they treat, for more convenient reference and use—several of the hymns contained in former editions, are omitted—many others have been abbreviated—and *nearly two hundred*, carefully selected from the best and most popular collections, have been *added*. Among the additions will be found several valuable hymns, especially adapted to *Missionary Prayer Meetings*, and *Revivals of Religion*.

The compiler has not the vanity to suppose that the selection, as it now is, will be considered faultless; but flatters himself that it will be found to be much better adapted to the end for which it is designed, than it has heretofore been. He now presents it to his Christian brethren, in the hope that it may furnish them with some humble aid in their attempts to comply with the Apostolic precept, "*Speak to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody in your heart to the Lord,*"—and with a prayer that all who use it, may "*Sing with the Spirit and with the understanding also.*"

J. P. K. HENSHAW.

BALTIMORE, 1832.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE HYMNS.

1. *For the Commencement of Social Worship.*—1st, to 27th Hymns.
2. *Before Sermon or Lecture.*—28th to 43d Hymns.
3. *Redemption and Grace.*—44th to 75th Hymns.
4. *Influences of the Holy Spirit.*—76th to 89th Hymns.
5. *Awakening.*—90th to 106th Hymns.
6. *Inviting.*—107th to 126th Hymns.
7. *Penitential.*—127th to 159th Hymns.
8. *Praise and Rejoicing.*—160th to 186th Hymns.
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12. *The Church.*—283d to 288th Hymns.
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14. *Missions.*—318th to 343th Hymns.
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16. *Miscellaneous.*—380th to 425th Hymns.
17. *For the Close of Social Meetings.*—426th to 430th Hymns.
18. *Doxologies.*

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ACCORDING TO THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL

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A
SELECTION OF HYMNS.

FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF
SOCIAL WORSHIP.

HYMN 1. C. M.

On opening a place of worship.

- D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound
 Enforced by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

HYMN 2. L. M.

The presence of Christ with his people.

- J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy seat;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee, where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
 Nor short thine arm nor deaf thine ear;
 Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own!

HYMN 3. III. 2.

I will instruct thee and teach thee.

- L**ORD, behold thy people here
 Come to learn what thou wilt say;
 O in mercy now draw near!
 Meet thy people when they pray:

Thou art God, and thou alone,
Lord, we worship at thy throne.

- 2 Jesus, 'tis on thee we call,
Israel's Saviour, Israel's King ;
Low before thy feet we fall,
Thee, whom angels love to sing.
Saviour, lead us in the way,
Only Thee would we obey.

- 3 Teach us what we do not know,
Lord instruct us in thy will ;
What we learn, O may we do !
To thy voice obedient still !
Close to thee may we abide,
Thee, our Saviour and our Guide.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Social Meetings.—Mal. iii. 16—18.

WHEN sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame ;
The Lord, well pleas'd, an ear affords
To those who fear his name.

- 2 They often meet to seek his face,
And tell what he hath done ;
They sing of free and sov'reign grace,
Through his beloved Son.
- 3 " They shall be mine," Jehovah says,
When I each radiant gem
Collect—and with their mingled blaze
Compose my diadem.
- 4 " With transports then my tender care,
And favour they shall prove :
I'll spare them as a father spares
The children of his love.

- 5 "Assembled worlds will then discern
That saints alone are blest ;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest."

HYMN 5. II. 1.

Social Meetings.—Matt. xvii. 12.

- "WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
Who worships at my throne."
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
'To set the spirit free ;
Impart a kind celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

HYMN 6. C. M.

Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.

- IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet ;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice ;
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word ;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

- 4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt—
 Thy love and mercy known ;
 Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
 And break this flinty stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
 And saints rejoice in thee ;
 Let rebels be subdued by love,
 And to the Saviour flee.

HYMN 7. C. M.

Short devotions the revival of religion.

- L**ORD, in thy presence we appear,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 Before our lips begin to move,
 Our wants to thee are known.
- 2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
 The meaning of a sigh :
 Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
 And bring thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
 While we together meet ;
 Short duties keep religion up,
 And make devotion sweet.

HYMN 8. L. M.

Social Worship.

- A**CCCEPT, O Lord, our songs of praise,
 Thou source of love, thou sinner's friend .
 We bless thee for these means of grace,
 O may thy grace these means attend.
- 2 Thou wilt not, gracious God, despise
 The humble dwelling where we meet ;
 Accept our grateful sacrifice,
 And make our meditation sweet.

- 3 Spirit divine, without thine aid,
 A Gabriel here might preach in vain ;
 Now be thine energies display'd ;
 May every soul instruction gain.
- 4 Dear Saviour, we would make thee room ;
 For thee our ardent spirits pant ;
 Come, O Lord Jesus, quickly come,
 For thou alone art all we want.

HYMN 9. III. 3.

Exhortation to Worship.

- S**AINTS, with pious zeal attending,
 Now a grateful tribute raise ;
 Solemn songs to heav'n ascending,
 Join the universal praise.
- 2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
 Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
 Here his milder grace revealing,
 Here his wrath no thunder rolls.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
 Deed unrighteous, thought of sin ;
 Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
 Grace from God and peace within.
- 4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
 Still the song of glory raise ;
 On the theme immortal dwelling,
 Join the universal praise.

HYMN 10. S. M.

Encouragement in Prayer.

- B**EHOLD the throne of grace !
 'The promise calls me near ;
 There Jesus shows a gracious face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold!

HYMN 11. III. 1.

Seek ye my face.

- L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain!
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

HYMN 12. L. M.

Exhortation to prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight—
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again :
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
'To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

HYMN 13. II. 4.

Hannah : or the Throne of Grace. 1 Sam. 1. 18.

WHEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there :
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad,
But e'er she went away,
Was comforted and glad.
In trouble, what a resting place
Have they, who know the throne of grace.

- 3 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour,
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r ;
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.
- 4 Numbers before have tried,
And found the promise true,
Nor yet one been denied :
Then why should I or you ?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

HYMN 14. L. M.

A welcome to Christian friends.

- 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 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd and died, and reigns for us.

- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 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 15. L. M.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.

PRAY'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;
 Though thought be broken—language lame.
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

HYMN 16. L. M.

On opening a place of worship.

GREAT God, we to thy honour raise
 These walls, to echo forth thy praise;
 Do thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train,
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

- 3 And, in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 17. L. M.

Presence of Christ with his worshippers.

- W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour," will I be,
"Amid this little company ; ,
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
O send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN 18. C. M.

If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

- F**ATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.
- 2 Well pleas'd in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal ;
The peaceful answer of our prayer,
To every conscience seal.
- 3 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven,
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.

- 4 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 19. L. M.

For a Blessing on Ordinances.

- B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train ;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.
- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold ;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay
Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face ;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.
- 4 Here manifest thyself in peace—
Thy faithful mercies now make known :
Oh ! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down !
- 5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art ;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

HYMN 20. L. M.

Preparation for Religious Worship.

- F**AR from my thoughts vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
From flesh and sense, I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right han
To cheer me in this barren land :
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 21. C. M.

The preparation of the Heart.

- L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
O grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
 - 3 Burden'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
 - 4 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts :—

- 5 Give deep humility ;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice, and live ;—
- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;—
- 7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.
- 8 Give these,—and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright,

HYMN 22. S. M.

Access to God through Christ by the Spirit.

GOD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace,
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face :
Through Jesus Christ the just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim :
My offerings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed name.

Jesus, my single eye,
 Be fix'd on thee alone :
 Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high
 Thy will by all be done !

- 2 Spirit of faith, inspire
 My consecrated heart ;
 Fill me with pure celestial fire,
 With all thou hast and art.
 My feeble mind transform,
 And perfectly renew'd,
 Into a saint exalt a worm ;
 A worm exalt to God !

HYMN 23. L. M.

Communion of Saints.

JESUS, thy lovely self reveal ;
 Are we not met in thy great name ?
 Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
 We wait to catch the spreading flame.

- 2 Truly our fellowship below,
 With thee, and with thy Father is ;
 In thee eternal life we know,
 And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 3 In part we only know thee here,
 But wait thy coming from above ;
 Then shall thy saints behold thee near,
 And every soul be lost in love.

HYMN 24. S. M.

Lo, I am with you alway.

JESUS, we look to thee,
 Thy promis'd presence claim ;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name :

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

- 2 Not in the name of pride,
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget ;
We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 3 Present we know thou art ;
But, O, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel !
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love !

HYMN 25. L. M.

God exalted above all praise.

ETERNAL power ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
In vain the tallest angel tries
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.

- 2 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

- 3 God is in heaven, but man below :
Be short our tunes, our words be few :
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 26. S. M.

The Pleasures of Social Worship.

- H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared to this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts :
And in return accepts with smiles,
'The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 27. II. 4.

For God's Blessing in the Sanctuary.

IN loud exalted strains,
The king of glory praise ;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days.
But Zion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of glory ! come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own.
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show,
How God can dwell with men below

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies,
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng,
Imbibe thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song,
Of Seraphim above.
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thine abounding grace.

BEFORE SERMON OR LECTURE.**HYMN 23. L. M.***Before Sermon.*

- T**HY presence gracious God afford ;
 Prepare us to receive thy word ;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy ;
 And may we in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
 Teach us to know and do thy will ;
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

HYMN 29. L. M.*The knowledge of God in the Gospel.*

- G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known ;
 'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame
 May taste his grace and learn his name ;
 'Tis writ in characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.

- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls,
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage !

HYMN 30. C. M.

A Blessed Gospel.

- B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
'Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope ;
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives !

HYMN 31. C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Scriptures.

- F**ATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

- 3 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight :
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Before Sermon.

- A**LMIGHTY God ! Eternal Lord !
Thy gracious power make known :
Touch, by the virtue of thy Word,
And melt the heart of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
 - 3 Let us receive the Word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
 - 4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear ;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

HYMN 33. II. 4.

Salutary Effects of the Gospel.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again :

- But waters earth through every pore
And calls forth all its secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence Divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of Grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.
- 4 "Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways ;
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise ;
The vocal groves shall sing to God,
And every tree consenting, nod."

HYMN 34. C. M.

The Bible a lamp to the feet.

- H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 35. III. 5.

For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power.—1 Thes. i. 5.

MAY the power that brings salvation,
Still exerted in the word,
By its quick'ning operation,
Life impart, and joy afford !
Life to sinners,
Joy to those who know the Lord.

2 Hark, the voice of love, proclaiming
Mercy through a Saviour's blood !
Vain the schemes of human framing,
This alone is owned of God ;
'Tis the Gospel
Points to heaven, and shows the road.

HYMN 36. C. M.

Sanctification and growth.

NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprisoning grave
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save,

2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure
On which our hopes are built,

3 Perfect our souls in every grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil !

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray :
With glory let his name be crown'd
'Through heaven's eternal day !

HYMN 37. C. M.

The light and glory of the Word.

THE spir t breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight :
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

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

HYMN 38. L. M.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.—Rom. i. 16.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his wo ?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind ?

- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
 Or form our spirits fit for heav'n ?
 Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
 Make their own powers and passions clean ?

- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh,
'Tis there, that power and glory dwell
That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name

Hymn 39. II. 4.

Yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22

- Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and wo,
The Gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
 - 3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:

Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will, now come ;
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 40. L. M.

Prayer for Ministers.

FATHER of mercies bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r:
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

- 2 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 3 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.
- 4 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains ;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN 41. C. M.

Praise to the Trinity for a precious Gospel.

BLEST be the name of Zion's King,
For gladsome tidings brought ;
With thankful hearts we join to sing
The love the Father wrought.

- 2 Blest be the Son, whose matchless love
Redeemed us by his blood ;
Who left the Father's seat above,
To bring us near to God.
- 3 Blest be the Spirit's holy grace,
Who gives the life divine,
Who clothes the word with sweet success,
And seals the sinner thine.
- 4 Blest be the undivided Three,
The great mysterious One ;
The message was alone from thee,
We bless thy name alone.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Unfruitfulness lamented.

LONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord :
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

- 2 Oft we frequent thine holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain :
How small a portion of thy grace
Do our false hearts retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation on each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN 43. II. 4.

Ministers a sweet Savour.—2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide !
While Jesus' fragrant Name
Is breathed on every side :
Balmy and rich the odours rise,
And fill the earth and reach the skies.

- 2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its virtue feel, and live ;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive :
They breathe anew, and rise and sing,
Jesus their Lord, their conqu'ring King.
- 3 But sinners scorn the grace,
Which brings salvation nigh ;
They turn their face away,
And faint, and fall, and die !
So sad a doom, ye saints deplore :
They faint and fall to rise no more.
- 4 Yet, Great and Mighty God !
Thy servants all shall be,
In those, who live or die,
A savour sweet to Thee :
Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames of wrath divine.

REDEMPTION AND GRACE.

HYMN 44. C. M.

*God glorious, and Sinners saved.***F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !

How high thy wonders rise !

Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy will :
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms—

4 Here the whole Deity is known ;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
Bright seraphs chaunt Immanuel's name,
And bring their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 45. S. M.

Salvation by Grace from first to last.

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

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way,
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps his grace display,
 Who drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet,
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days :
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 46. L. M.

The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of Christ

- THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the God of love design'd,
 Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
- 2 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans :
 The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
 The King of Glory bows to death.
- 3 But see the wonders of his pow'r,
 He triumphs in his dying hour,
 And while by Satan's rage he fell,
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

- 4 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood :
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

HYMN 47. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 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 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue ;
'Till 'strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 48. C. M.

O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.—Ps. xxxv. 3.

- S**ALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns !
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine,
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my pray'r to praise

HYMN 49. C. M.

Praise for the Fountain opened.—Zech. xiii. 1.

- T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel'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 have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
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 ;
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 50. L. M.

God speaking from Mount Zion.

THE God who once to Israel spoke
 From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
 In gentler strains of gospel grace,
 Invites us now to seek his face.

- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow ;
 He speaks in love from Zion now ;
 It is the voice of Jesus' blood
 Calling poor wand'ers home to God.
- 4 The holy Moses quak'd and fear'd
 When Sinai's thundering law he heard ;
 But reigning grace, with accents mild,
 Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 5 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds—
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
 " Pardon and grace I freely give,
 Poor sinner, look to me and live."

HYMN 51. L. M.

That rock was Christ.—1 Cor. x. 4.

WHEN Israel's tribes were parched with
 thirst,
 Forth from the rock the waters burst ;
 And all their future journey through
 Yielded them drink, and gospel too !

- 2 In Moses' rod a type they saw,
Of his severe and fiery law :
The smitten rock prefigur'd him ;
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.
- 3 But ah ! the types were all too faint,
His sorrows or his worth to paint :
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod ;
But he endur'd the wrath of God.
- 4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
But our's was wounded, torn, and slain ;
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.
- 5 The earth is like their wilderness,
A land of drought and sore distress ;
Without one stream from pole to pole,
To satisfy a thirsty soul.
- 6 But let the Saviour's praise resound,
In him refreshing streams are found,
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

HYMN 52. C. M.

The Saviour.—John iv. 42.

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

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

- 3 Th' Almighty Former of the skies,
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd the incarnate God.
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

HYMN 53. C. M.

Jesus hastening to suffer.

THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When hasting to Jerusalem
He marched before the rest !

- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross ;
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He pants to reach his cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew ;
'Twas love that urged him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can !
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God.

- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here,
Engage our wond'ring eyes ;
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

HYMN 54. III. 1.

*Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his
God.—Isaiah l. 10.*

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears ;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;
'Tarry till thy Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold !
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time :
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
Wait the coming of thy Lord ;
Though it seem to tarry long,
'True and faithful is his word :
On his word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last :
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

- 3 Every one that seeks shall find ;
Every one that asks shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save ;
I shall his salvation see ;
I in faith on Jesus call ;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am :
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesus's name ;
 Saviour in temptation thou—
 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore ;
 Thou from sin dost save me now,
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN 55. C. M.

The unspeakable Gift.

- J**ESUS hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone ;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable ;
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.
- 3 Give me thyself, from every boast,
 From every wish set free ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given ;
 Thy presence makes my paradise ;
 And where thou art is heaven.

HYMN 56. L. M.

*In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure
 the splendours of the Deity.*

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

- 2 'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding place.
- 3 A few more days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.
- 4 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

HYMN 57. L. M.

Jehovah Jesus.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines, eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim:
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel ;
My well plac'd hopes with joy I see ;
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who died for me.
- 6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine,
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation 's sure, and must be mine.

HYMN 58. L. M.

The dying Saviour.

STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies !
Hark, his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side.
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

- 2 But life attends the deathful 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 wo,
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 59. L. M.

The exalted Saviour.

- N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
 O may we feel the sacred flame;
 And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name?
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expired,
 Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
 How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
 Died in the wretched traitor's place;
 O what returns can mortals give,
 For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store;
 Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
 Would still confess the offering poor.
- 6 Yet though for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise,
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 60. L. M.

The intercession of Christ.—Heb. vii. 25.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)
 And now before his father, God,
 Presents the merit of his blood.

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

HYMN 61. S. M.

Christ our sacrifice.

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

- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away:
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay its 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 burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed 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 62. C. M.

Praise to Jesus Christ.

- P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief :
He saw, and (oh amazing love !)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys !
 Strike all your harps of gold :
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 63. C. M.

Faith's review and expectations.

- A**MAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
 That sav'd a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found ;
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears reliev'd ;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come ;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease ;
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

HYMN 64. C. M.

Christ's compassion.

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.

- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
 And, in his measure, feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power ;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

HYMN 65. C. M.

The necessity of renewing grace.

- C**AN aught beneath a pow'r divine,
 The stubborn will subdue ?
 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
 To form the heart anew.
- 2 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise ;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 3 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live !
 A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 4 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine !
 Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
 Almighty Lord, be thine

HYMN 66.

I determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu !

With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood :
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

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

3 Here will I set up my rest ;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart :
Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd !

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end :
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend,

Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

- 5 O, that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove :
Show the length, the breadth, the height
And depth of Jesus' love !
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone apply'd :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

HYMN 67. C. M.

The goodness of God.—Nahum i. 7.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home
When storms of trouble rise.

HYMN 68. III. 3.

Prayer for more Light and Grace.—Isa. ix 2.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and, by thyself revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 Light of Life, and Light's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise:
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
 Come, and bring the gospel-grace!

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

HYMN 69. C. M.

Ye are bought with a price.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my sov'reign die?
 Would he devote his sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for sins that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun his glories hide,
 And grieved, refuse to shine,
 When Christ the mighty Saviour died,
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe :
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Holiness, Justice, and Mercy united.—Psalm lxxxv, 10.

- I**NFINITE grace ! and can it be
 That heav'n's supremes should stoop so low !
 To visit one so vile as me,
 One who has been his bitt'rest foe !
- 2 Can holiness with wisdom join,
 With truth, with justice, and with grace,
 To make eternal blessings mine,
 And sin, with all its guilt, erase ?
- 3 O love ! beyond conception great,
 That form'd the vast, stupendous plan !
 Where all divine perfections meet
 To reconcile rebellious man !

- 4 With grateful song, then let our souls
 Surround our gracious Father's throne:
 And all between the distant poles
 His truth and mercy ever own.

HYMN 71. L. M.

Wisdom and knowledge of God.—Job xii. 13.

- A** WAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
 To him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
 Praise Him, who is all praise above,
 The source of wisdom and of love.
- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
 A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd!
 The stars he numbers, and their names
 He gives to all those heav'nly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
 Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
 Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
 To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 'But in redemption, O what grace!
 Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
 Here wisdom shines for ever bright—
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight!

HYMN 72. L. M.

All in all.—Col. iii. 11.

- I**N Christ I've all my soul's desire;
 His spirit does my heart inspire
 With boundless wishes, large and high,
 And Christ will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my hope, my strength and guide;
 For me he bled, and groan'd, and died:
 He is my sun, to give me light,
 He is my soul's supreme delight.

- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom and my righteousness—
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend;
On him alone I now depend.
- 4 Christ is my King to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.
- 5 Christ is my strength and portion too,
My soul in him can all things do;
Through him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

HYMN 73. C. M.

Excellence.—Cant. i. 3.

- I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
'Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their pray'rs and praise ascend—
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread,
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy—
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

HYMN 74. C. M.

Worthy is the Lamb.

NOW to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid :
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

- 2 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 75. L. M.

To the Trinity.

BLEST be the Father for his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise
Who, in our hearts of sin and wo,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

*INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY
SPIRIT.*

HYMN 76. L. M.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 77.

To the blessed Spirit.

HOLY Ghost, disperse our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light ;
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, oh, hear our supplication.

- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send.
 O thou glory shining down
 From the Father and the Son,
 Grant us thy illumination !
 Rest on all this congregation.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations
 God can give, or we implore;
 Having thy sweet consolations,
 We need wish for nothing more ;
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 Now descending from above,
 Rest on all this congregation !
 Make our hearts thy habitation.

HYMN 78. L. M.

The Covenant.—Ezekiel xxxvi. 25—28.

- T**HE Lord proclaims his grace abroad ;
 Behold I change your hearts of stone
 Each shall renounce his idol-god,
 And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.
- 2 My grace a flowing stream proceeds,
 To wash your filthiness away ;
 Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
 And learn my statutes to obey.
- 3 My truth the great design insures,
 I give myself away to you ;
 You shall be mine, I will be yours,
 Your God unalterably true.

60 INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Yet not unsought or unimplor'd,
 The plenteous grace shall I confer;
 No—your whole hearts shall seek the Lord,
 I'll put a praying spirit there.
- 5 From the first breath of life divine,
 Down to the last expiring hour,
 The gracious work shall all be mine,
 Begun and ended in my pow'r.

HYMN 79. S. M.

The work of the Spirit.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart
 To sanctify the soul—
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith;
 Our doubts and fears remove;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

HYMN 80. L. M.

*The heart purified to unfeigned love of the Brethren by
 the Spirit.—1 Pet. i. 22.*

GREAT Spirit of immortal love,
 Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
 With ardour strong these breasts inflame
 To all that own the Saviour's name.

- 2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure ;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove, descend and bring
The smiling blessing on thy wing :
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

HYMN 81. C. M.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter ! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n ;
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood !
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 82. S. M.

The descent of the Spirit.—Acts ii. 1—4.

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

We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

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

3 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day ;
Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified !

HYMN 83.

The Spirit desired and invited.

FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good ;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood !
Give us that for which he prays :
Father, glorify thy Son !
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the promise down.

- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give !
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive ?
Art thou not the living Head ?
Life to all thy limbs impart ;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.
- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come ;
Glow our hearts to find thee near,
And swell to make thee room ;
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be !
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

HYMN 84. C. M.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit, or fervency of devotion
desired.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

64 INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 85. L. M.

Growing in Grace by God the Spirit.—2 Pet. iii. 18.

- PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heav'nly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 Unchanging sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frosts and storms away ;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thine own.
- 4 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below ;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

HYMN 86. C. M.

Spiritual Light.

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

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 87. C. M.

The sanctifying gifts of the Spirit.

- O** THOU, who once in fiery tongues,
Cam'st down in open view;
Come visit every heart that longs
To entertain thee, too.
- 2 And though not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise;
May we thy calmer comforts find,
And hear thy still small voice.
 - 3 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
Nor power the sick to heal;
Give wisdom to direct our way
And strength to do thy will.
 - 4 We pray to be renew'd within,
And reconcil'd to God;
To have our conscience wash'd from sin,
In the Redeemer's blood.

- 5 We pray to have our faith increas'd ;
 And, O, celestial dove !
 We pray to be completely blest,
 With that rich blessing, love.

HYMN 88. L. M.

The Spirit, the source of true repentance.

- COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love ;
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let thy godlike pow'r be known.
- 2 Speak, Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
 While all their glowing souls are borne,
 To seek that grace which now they scorn
- 3 Oh, let a holy flock await,
 Num'rous around thy temple gate,
 Each pressing on with zeal to be,
 A living sacrifice to thee.
- 4 In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see thy church arise ;
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

HYMN 89. C. M.

Sovereignty of the Spirit.

- THE blessed Spirit. like the wind,
 Blows when and where he please :
 How happy are the men who feel
 The soul-enlivening breeze.
- 2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
 Subdues the power of sin,
 Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
 And plants his grace within.

- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love ;
 Applies redeeming blood ;
 Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
 And brings us home to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
 With light, and life, and joy ;
 None can thy mighty power control,
 Or shall thy work destroy.
-

AWAKENING.

HYMN 90. L. M.

Sinner found wanting.—Dan. v. 27.

- R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye.
 Behold the judgment drawing nigh :
 Behold the balance is display'd,
 Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale God's holy law ;
 Mark with what force its precepts draw ;
 Canst thou the awful test sustain ?
 Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how
 vain !
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,
 And writes in dreadful characters,
 " Tekel ! thy scul is wanting found ;
 With trembling hear the awful sound.
- 4 " Let fear thy sin-bound heart embrace ;
 Let guilty shame o'erspread thy face,
 Conviction through thy conscience roll,
 And deep repentance fill thy soul.

- 5 "One only hope can yet prevail—
 Jesus for thee can turn the scale ;
 Can give thy guilty conscience peace,
 And save thee by his righteousness."
- 6 Dear Saviour, now thy pow'r impart ;
 Convince each unconvinced heart ;
 And thy salvation let them view,
 In justice wrought, and mercy too.

HYMN 91. C. M.

Time is short —1 Cor. vii. 29.

- T**HE time is short ! the season near,
 When death will us remove,
 To leave our friends, however dear,
 And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short ! sinners beware,
 Nor trifle time away ;
 The word of great salvation hear,
 While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short ! ye rebels now
 To Christ the Lord submit,
 To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
 And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short ! ye saints rejoice—
 The Lord will quickly come :
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short ! it swiftly flies—
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wish'd-for land.

- 6 The time is short!—the moment near
 When we shall dwell above ;
 And be for ever happy there,
 With Jesus whom we love.

HYMN 92. S. M.

Few saved.—Luke xiii. 23.

DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
 What multitudes pursue !
 While that which leads the soul to God,
 Is known or sought by few.

- 2 Believers find the way
 Through Christ the living gate ;
 But those who hate this holy way
 Complain it is too strait.
- 3 Obey the gospel call,
 And enter while you may ;
 The flock of Christ is always small,
 And none are safe but they
- 4 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
 Their awful state to see ;
 And make them, ere the storm arise,
 To thee for safety flee.

HYMN 93. S. M.

The harvest is past.—Jer. viii. 20.

- I** SAW, beyond the tomb,
 The awful Judge appear,
 Prepar'd to scan with strict account,
 My blessings wasted here.
- 2 His wrath like flaming fire,
 Burn'd to the lowest hell,
 And in that hopeless world of wo,
 He bade my spirit dwell.

- 3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
 While yet 'tis call'd to-day ;
 Soon will the awful voice of death
 Command your souls away.
- 4 Soon will the harvest close—
 The summer soon be o'er—
 And soon, your injur'd, angry God
 Will hear your prayers no more.

HYMN 94. III. 1.

The two malefactors.—Luke xxiii. 39, 40.

- S**OV'REIGN grace has pow'r alone
 To subdue a heart of stone ;
 And the moment grace is felt,
 Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died ;
 One with vile blaspheming tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death ;
 Perish'd as too many do,
 With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
 Saw the danger of his case ;
 Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,
 Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 "Lord, (he pray'd) remember me,
 When in glory thou shalt be ;"
 "Soon with me, (the Lord replies)
 Thou shalt rest in paradise."

- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need !
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief ;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ, to you, has died in vain.

HYMN 95. II. 4.

The last alarm.

- W**HEN frowning death appears,
And points his fatal dart,
What dark foreboding fears
Distract the sinner's heart !
The dreadful blow
No arm can stay,
But torn away
He sinks to wo.
- 2 Now every hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
He must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God ;
No mercy there
Will greet his ear,
Nor wipe the tear
Of black despair.
- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come ;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heav'n shall be your home.

His mercy nigh,
Now points the path
That leads from death
To joys on high.

HYMN 96. III. I.

The time is short.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 97. C. M.

The accepted time.

NOW 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.

HYMN 98. L. M.

*Inviting—Life the day of grace and hope.—Eccl. ix.
 4—6, 10.*

- L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward ;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue ;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 99. C. M.

The soul —Mark viii. 36.

- W**HAT is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round ?—
 That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found :
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
 That keeps two worlds at strife ;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.

- ? God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son ;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain ;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

HYMN 100. C. M.

Forbearance of God.

- A**ND are we wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel ?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt,
Would sink us down to flames ;
While threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, " Forbear,"
And strait the thunder stays ;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy grace,
Too long indulg'd our sin ;
O that our hearts may bleed, to see
What rebels we have been.

- 5 No more, our lusts, may ye command,
 No more may we obey ;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
 And drive our foes away.

HYMN 101. L. M.

My Spirit shall not always strive.—Gen. vi. 3.

- SAY, 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 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man :
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
- 3 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 102.

The Alarm.

- STOP, 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 you 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 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined 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 103. C. M.

The barren fig-tree : for the end of the year.—Luke xiii

SEE in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stand :
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hand.

- 2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found ;
It stands among the living trees,
Encumbering the ground.

- 3 But lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads
 "The barren fig-tree spare ;
 In mercy stay the threat'ning hand,
 And grant another year.
- 4 "But if all means should prove in vain,
 And still no fruit appear ;
 Then mercy may no longer plead,
 Nor ask another year."

HYMN 104. L. M.

Importunate pleading.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown !
 Why in such dreadful haste to die :
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly ?

- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate ;
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains ;
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling, yet untold.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Hardness of Heart.

THE voice, that bids us all repent,
 I hear with terror oft ;
 But never will this heart relent,
 Till Jesus make it soft.

- 2 The charming voice of bleeding love
 I hear from lips divine ;
 Yet melting strains can never move
 A soul so base as mine

- 3 Almighty God, do thou renew
 This sinful heart of stone ;
 Sweetly my stubborn will subdue—
 Conform it to thy own.

HYMN 106. S. M.

Grieve not the Spirit.—Eph. iv. 30.

- 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 oppress'd ?
- 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.

INVITING.

HYMN 107. C. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.—John vii. 37.

- T**HE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
 Attend the heav'nly 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 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain ;
 (Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey ;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay !
- 5 Dear Saviour draw reluctant hearts,
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts
 And drink, and never die.

HYMN 108. L. M.

Weary souls invited to rest.—Mat. xi. 28.

COME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
 Come and accept the promis'd rest ;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;
 O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
 How rich the gift ! how free the grace !

- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart :
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 109. L. M.

All things are ready.

- COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all :
Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live :
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 5 His love is mighty to compel ;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 7 This is the time ; no more delay ;
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

HYMN 116. III. 3.

The brazen serpent.

- A**S the serpent, rais'd by Moses,
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite :
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight.
- 2 Hear his gracious invitation :
"I have life and peace to give ;
I have wrought out full salvation :
Sinner, look to me and live.
- 3 "You had been for ever wretched,
Had I not espous'd your part ;
Now, behold my arms outstretched,
To receive you to my heart.
- 4 "Well may shame, and joy, and wonder.
All your inward passions move ;
I could crush you with my thunder,
But I speak to you in love."
- 5 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death ;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith.

HYMN 111. C. M.

And yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms—
He calls, he bids you come!
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms—
But see, there yet is room!
- 3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of no less joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 112. C. M.

Jesus knocking at the door.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?

Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?

- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
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'd;
 And crowds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heav'nly 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. L. M.

Ho, every one that thirsteth.—Isa. iv. 1.

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

HYMN 114. C. M.

*The encouragement young persons have to seek Christ.
 Prov. viii. 17.*

YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you ;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
 Is sure my love to gain ;
 And those that early seek my grace,
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see.
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 For here true bliss I find.

HYMN 115. II. 3.

Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin.--1 John i. 7.

- H**O ! all ye trembling sinners, hear
 The pard'ning voice of Christ, and live ;
 With humble confidence draw near ;
 Jesus commands you to believe :
 Believe, and all your sins are gone—
 Believe, and heaven is all your own.
- 2 If all the sins that men have done
 In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
 Since worlds were made, or time begun,
 Were laid on one poor sinner's head
 The stream of Jesus' precious blood,
 At once could cleanse the dreadful load.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Successful Resolve.—Esther iv. 16.

COME humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
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 But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my pray'r,
Yet still, like Esther, I will stay,
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."]

6 "But should I die with mercy sought,
When I the king have tried:
I there should die, (delightful thought!)
Where ne'er a sinner died."

HYMN 117. III. 5.

The gracious invitation.—Matt. xi. 28.

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

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh :
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 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 glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies,
" It is finish'd !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful courts of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 118. C. M.

The Lord's call—2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

- L**ET us adore the grace that seeks
 To draw our hearts above!
 Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
 And every word is love.
- 2 "Come forth," he says, "no more pursue
 The path that leads to death;
 Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
 Look, and be sav'd by faith.
- 3 My sons and daughters you shall be,
 Through my atoning blood;
 And you shall claim and find in me,
 A Father and a God."
- 4 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart,
 By thine Almighty voice,
 That we may now from sin depart,
 And make thy love our choice.

HYMN 119. II. 4.

The Gospel Trumpet.

BLOW 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 mournful 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.

HYMN 120. L. M.

Blessed are they that mourn.—Mat. v. 4.

WHY, mourning soul, why flow these tears ?
 Why thus indulge thy doubts and fears ?
 Look to thy Saviour on the tree,
 Who bore the load of guilt for thee.

- 2 Then cease thy sorrows, banish grief,
Though thou of sinners art the chief;
The wounds that make poor sinners grieve,
Are heal'd when they in Christ believe.
- 3 Whom Jesus wounds, he wounds to heal—
O, 'tis a mercy thus to feel;
There's none can mourn while dead in sin
Thine are the marks of life within.
- 4 Be of good cheer; on him rely;
He'll pass thy great transgressions by;
And guide thee safely by his grace
'Till thou shalt stand before his face.
- 5 There shalt thou sing his dying love,
With all the ransom'd throng above,
And in exalted, joyful lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

HYMN 121. S. M.

Behold, now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. vi. 2.

NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And 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 spread their wings,
 And bear the news above.

HYMN 122. II. 3.

Invitation to Christ.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
 moan

Hath taught each scene the note of wo;
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow.
 Behold, the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound!

- 3 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
 On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
 In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
 Safe in the mercy of thy God:
 Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
 O hear, believe and bless the Lord!
- 4 As spring the winter, day the night,
 Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
 Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay,
 Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
 And waits to claim thee for her own.

HYMN 123. III. 1.

Redeeming Love.—Psalm cxi. 9.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus's name;
 Ye who Jesus's kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 3 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin ;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

HYMN 124. III. 1.

The faithful appeal.—Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.

- SINNERS**, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker asks you why ?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands ;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God your 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 125. III. 2.

Come and welcome.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear !
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid.
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
 See with richest dainties stor'd ;
 To thy Father's bosom prest,
 Yet again a child confest ;
 Never from his house to roam,
 Come and welcome, sinner come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end ;
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
 Safe your spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to my eternal home
 Come and welcome, sinner come.

HYMN 126. III. 1.

The promise of Christ.—John vi. 37.

COME, 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 oppress'd,
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.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 127. C. M.

The contrite heart.

THE 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.

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 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
 When in thy house of pray'r ;
 But still in bondage I am held,
 And 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 128. S. M.

*The shining light.***M**Y former hopes are dead—

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 129. C. M.

*The Penitent's return.***H**OW sad our state by nature is !

Our sin how deep it stains !

And Satan binds our captive souls

Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace

Sounds from the sacred word :

Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,

And trust a faithful Lord.

- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

HYMN 130.

Jesus the Prince and Saviour.—Acts v. 31.

- SAVIOUR, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from 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.

HYMN 131.

The chief of sinners.—1 Tim. i. 1.

LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness!

I, a wretch undone and lost,

Am freely sav'd by grace;

Other title I disclaim;

This, only this, is all my plea:

I the chief of sinners am,

But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream;
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,

And give the praise to him;

Meanest follower of the Lamb,

His steps I at a distance see;

I the chief of sinners am,

But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,

And thou in me wilt live;

I shall feel thy death apply'd;

I shall thy life receive:

Yet when melted in the flame

Of love, this shall be all my plea,

I the chief of sinners am,

But Jesus died for me.

HYMN 132. S. M.

Bethesda's Pool.—John vi. 2—4.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.

- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove !
- 3 But my complaints remain ;
I feel the very same ;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 " Poor sinful, dying soul,
Why linger here and die !
Only consent to be made whole,
You need no longer lie."
- 5 " The Saviour passing by
Well knows your sinking state,
And while the Saviour is so nigh,
The sinner need not wait."
- 6 " Jesus is full of grace,
He never will permit,
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet."

HYMN 133. C. M.

Imploring Mercy.—Luke xviii. 13.

LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door ;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favour I implore.

- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich forgiving love ;
O take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

- 3 Without thy grace, I sink oppress
Down to the gates of hell :
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore
O may thy bowels move :
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heav'n appear,
To join thy saints above ;
I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

HYMN 134. L. M.

Woman of Canaan.—Matt. xv. 27.

- B**EHOLD a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
With which thy children here are fed.
- 2 Do not the humble suit deny,
Of such a guilty wretch as I ;
But let me feed on crumbs, though small,
Which from thy bounteous table fall.
- 3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own ;
By sin and guilt I am undone ;
Yet will I wait, and plead, and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

HYMN 135. L. M.

Deep humiliation.

CAN such a wretch for pardon sue !
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.

- 2 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 3 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.
- 4 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
- 5 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

HYMN 136. II. 3.

Access to the Father through Christ.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who liv'd and died for me:
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

- 2 If drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face,
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal;
Thy co-eternal Son display,
And speak my darkness into day.

- 3 The gift unspeakable impart :
 Command the light of faith to shine ;
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine ;
 Now bid the new creation be ;
 O God, let there be faith in me !

HYMN 137. S. M.

Prayer for repentance.

- O** THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble contrite heart :
- 2 A heart with grief oppress
 For having griev'd my God ;
 A troubled heart that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire :
 With true sincerity of wo
 My aching breast inspire ;
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
 And melt my hardness down :
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone !

HYMN 138. III. 1.

The sufferings of Christ pleaded.—1 John i. 7.

- L**ORD ! thou know'st my wretched case ;
 Thou the curse of sin remove ;
 Save me by thy richest grace,
 Save me by thy pard'ning love.

- 2 Let me hear the welcome sound,
 Speak if still thou canst forgive;
 Speak, and let the lost be found
 Speak, and let the dying live.
- 3 By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
 By thy depth of grief unknown,
 Save me, prostrate at thy feet,
 Save, O save thy ransomed one.
- 4 By thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By thy precious death I pray,
 Hear my humble heart-felt cries;
 Take, O take my sins away.

HYMN 139.

The compassion of Jesus.

- O** THOU meek and gentle Lamb!
 Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest still the same,
 And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
 Wretched sinners to receive:
Thou hast once for sinners died,
 That all may turn and live.
- 2 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
 My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
 However late, I turn:
Yes! I yield, I yield at last,
 Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
 On my atoning God.

HYMN 140. L. M.

Seeking pardon.--Psalm xxvii. 8.

LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall :
 Opprest with fears, to thee I call :
 Reveal thy pardoning love to me,
 And set my captive spirit free.

- 2 Hast thou not said, " Seek ye my face !"
 The invitation I embrace ;
 I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give !
 O let me see thy face, and live.
- 3 I'll seek thy face with cries and tears,
 With secret sighs and fervent prayers ;
 And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
 And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 4 Then venture, O my soul, in prayer,
 For none can perish pleading there :
 The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
 Shall wash my load of guilt away.

HYMN 141. L. M.

The death of Christ for sinners.

THE Lord of life, the Saviour dies,
 For mortal crimes, a sacrifice :
 What love, what mercy, how divine !
 Jesus, and can I call thee mine ?—

- 2 Be all my heart, and all my days
 Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
 And let my glad obedience prove,
 How much I owe, how much I love.
- 3 Let humble, penitential wo,
 With painful pleasing anguish flow ;
 And thy forgiving love impart
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

HYMN 142. C. M.

The Effort.

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest ;
 By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame ;
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
 My promis'd grace receive ;"
 'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
 I can, I do believe.

HYMN 143. L. M.

The Penitent's Prayer.

- O** LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn ;
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,
 O leave me, leave me not to die ! .

- 2 I strove against thee, Lord, I know,
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy law;
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.
- 3 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath thy shelt'ring wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
E'en me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The Sinner's cry for help.

- F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
 Could they but see thy face :
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace !

Hymn 145. C. M.

Absence from God.

- O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble cry ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye :
 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn !
 Thyself hast bid me seek thy face ;
 Thyself hast said, Return.
 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 Thy word of promise cannot fail,
 My tow'r of safe retreat.
 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray ;
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy Spirit's voice impart
 A taste of joy divine !

Hymn 146. C. M.

The healing Saviour.

- 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 applied,
With trembling, for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears, he cried,
“ 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 147. L. M.

The Penitent's Supplication.

- T**HOUGH I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
 - 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
 - 4 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 5 O may thy love inspire my tongue :
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 148. C. M.

Penitential—Jer. iii. 22.—Hos. xiv. 4.

- H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the Lord !
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return :"
 Dear Lord, and may I come ?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O take the wand'rer home ?
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove ?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r
 How glorious, how divine !
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

HYMN 149. L. M.

The Pool of Bethesda.—John v. 2—4.

- H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I
 Here in thy ways forgotten lie ?
 When shall the means of healing be
 The channels of thy grace to me ?

- 2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin ;
But I, a helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou cov'nant-angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown ;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool ;
I would, thou know'st I would be whole ;
O let the troubled waters move
And minister thy healing love.

HYMN 150. L. M.

Penitential.

- O** 'THAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus's feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart.
 - 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
 - 4 But thou must give the will and power :
My heart from ev'ry sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 151. L. M.

The Penitent pardoned.

GUILTY and vile, before my God,
 I dread the vengeance of thy rod;
 My sins like lofty mountains grown,
 Might justly bring thy vengeance down.

2 Thy justice dreadful glory claims,
 And bids me sink to endless flames;
 And while I hear thy thunders roar,
 I own thy justice, and adore.

3 Jesus, to thee alone I fly;
 And wilt thou let a sinner die
 Whilst trusting on thy sacred blood
 I seek no other way to God?

4 Thy tender heart will sure forgive,
 And bid a guilty sinner live;
 For all that come, thy grace is free,
 For Saul, and Magdalen, and me.

HYMN 152. L. M.

Shame and confusion of face belong to me.

I OWN my guilt, my sins confess;
 Can men or devils make them more?
 Of crimes already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.

2 Were the black list before my sight,
 While I remember thou hast died,
 'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
 To seek salvation at thy side.

3 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear:
 And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
 I'll be the first who perish'd there.

HYMN 153. II. 4.

Who can tell?—Jonah iii. 9.

GREAT God! to thee I make
My wants and sorrows known;
And with an humble hope,
Approach thine awful throne:
Though by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair—for who can tell?

2 O thou, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit, form
Thy glorious image there!
My heart subdue, my fears dispel;
I must repent—for who can tell?

3 While conscience thunders loud,
To thee alone I fly—
Fall down before thy face,
And mightily will cry;
Though fears prevail that I should dwell
In endless flames—yet who can tell?

4 God hath an ear to hear,
While I've a heart to pray:
To him, I will submit,
And give myself away:
If he be mine, all will be well,
For ever so—and who can tell?

HYMN 154. II. 3.

Christ desires not the sinner's death.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree:
What means that strange expiring cry;
(Sinners he prays for you and me;)

"Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
They know not that by me they live!"

- 2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray
Take all, take all my sins away.

- 3 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen son of man,
May taste the grace that found out me:
That all mankind with me may prove,
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

HYMN 155. L. M.

Inconstant heart lamented.

AH wretched, vile ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

- 2 In vain, I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;
There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,
That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I will return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn:
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

- 5 O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid ev'ry vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

HYMN 156. L. M.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

- O** FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams 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 show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Come, shed thy influence abroad;
'Tis thy rich grace, and that alone
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

HYMN 157. C. M.

Joy in heaven over the penitent.

- W**HEN his lost sheep the shepherd finds,
He calls his friends around;
"Rejoice with me, my friends," he cries,
"My wand'ring sheep is found."
- 2 Far more exalted joys arise,
When a lost sinner turns,
And in the anguish of his soul,
His past offences mourns:
- 3 Transports of unexpected bliss
Pervade th' angelic choir;
"Another wand'rer found," they sing,
And sweep the sounding lyre.

- 4 The reconciled Father joys
 To see the sinner weep,
 And Jesus, with extended arms,
 Welcomes his ransom'd sheep.
- 5 Lord, we like sheep have gone astray,
 Restore us to thy fold ;
 And there, that we no more may rove,
 Thy helpless wand'ers hold.

HYMN 158. L. M.

Separation from sin.

- M**Y God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee :
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And all my purest joys forego ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 159. L. M.

Pleading for God's forbearance.

- S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay ;
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 And long in vain thy grace receiv'd ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd :

- 3 Yet oh ! the mourning sinner spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand ;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.
-

PRAISE AND REJOICING.

HYMN 160. II. 2.

Praise.

- I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train ,
 His truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind--
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 4 He loves his saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

HYMN 161. S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 162. C. M.

JESUS—*Precious to them that believe.*—1 Peter ii. 7.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
'That earth and heav'n 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 my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
And dying, clasp thee, in my arms
The antidote of death.

HYMN 163. C. M.

The thankful heart.

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

2 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell ?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable !

- 3 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
 Possession of thine own ;
 My longing heart vouchsafe to make
 Thine everlasting throne.

HYMN 164. L. M.

Praise.

- W**HILE here on earth I'm call'd to stay,
 I'll praise my God from day to day ;
 Jesus hath wash'd away my sin,
 And made my soul complete in him.
- 2 When I am brought before his throne,
 I'll sing the wonders he hath done ;
 And join with all the ransom'd race,
 To praise the riches of his grace.
- 4 Through all eternity I'll view
 My Jesus, and admire him too ;
 Praise shall attune my warbling tongue,
 And grace, free grace, be all my song.

HYMN 165. III. 5.

Love to Christ.

- O** THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin ;
 Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win,
 I will praise thee,
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour ;
 He hath brought salvation near ;
 Manifests his pard'ning favour ;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body,
 Shall his glorious image bear.

- 3 While the angel choirs are crying
 Glory to the great I AM !
 I with them will still be vying,
 Glory ! glory to the Lamb !
 O how precious,
 Is the sound of Jesus' name !

HYMN 166. II. 3.

I had pity on thee.

WHAT am I, O thou glorious God !
 And what my father's house to thee ?
 That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
 On me, the vilest reptile, me !
 I take the blessing from above,
 And wonder at thy boundless love.

- 2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
 And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve ;
 Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye ;
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, "Live !"
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in thy mercy found.

- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pard'ning God !
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving name abroad ;
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

HYMN 167. C. M.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.—Nehemiah viii. 10

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil ;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

- 2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 3 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine !
- 4 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 5 No more, believer, mourn thy lot ;
O thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 168. II. 4.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame :
Tell all above, and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.

- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What he endur'd, oh, who can tell ?
To save our souls from death and hell.

- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead ;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led :
 Up through the sky the conqu'ror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love :
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve :
 Our hearts—our all to thee we give :
 The gift, though small, do thou receive.

HYMN 169. IV. 4.

Exceeding great and precious promises.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,

Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word !
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said ?

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

- 2 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 days may demand shall thy strength
 ever be.

- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee ; O be not dis-
 may'd,
 For I am thy God and will still give thee
 aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

- 4 " When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 " Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove,
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And then when gray 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 re-
pose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

HYMN 170. C. M.

What shall I render.—Psalm cxvi. 12, 13.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what can'st thou give ?

- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

HYMN 171. L. M.

The Christian's Hope.

- W**HAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 'This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go—
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

HYMN 172. III. 5.

Hope encouraged.—Ps. lxxii. 5.

- O** MY soul, what means this sadness !
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness ;
 Bid thy restless fears begone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2** What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and grieve thee day by day ;
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay ;
 Thou shalt conquer
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3** Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within ;
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin :
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.
- 4** Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou treadst the thorny road ;
 His right hand shall still defend thee ;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
 Therefore praise him—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

HYMN 173. C. M.

The name of Jesus.—Solomon's Song, i. 3.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
 In a believer's ear ?
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 174. L. M.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tong
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

- 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes :
My rising fears he did control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul !
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand ;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow and from sins :
The work that mercy undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

HYMN 175. C. M.

Praise to Jesus Christ.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus !
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us !
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine !
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 176. C. M.

Christ Lord of all.

ALL hail, the great Immanuel's name !

Let angels prostrate fall ;

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
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 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.

5 Let ev'ry tribe, and every tongue
That bound creation's ball.
Now shout, in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

HYMN 177. IV. 2.

Adoration.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 178. IV. 3.

The greatest of these is Love.

BY *Faith* we are come to our permanent home;

By *Hope* we the rapture improve;

By *Love* we still rise, and look down on the
For the heav'n of heav'ns is love. [skies,

- 2 What a rapturous song, when the glorified
In the spirit of harmony join: [throng
Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and
lyres;

And the burden is—mercy divine.

- 3 Hallelujah they cry, to the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM—
To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again—
HALLELUJAH TO GOD AND THE LAMB.

HYMN 179. IV. 1.

I will never fail thee, nor forsake thee.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
affright, [unite,

Though friends should all fail, and foes all
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

- 2 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power: The Lord will provide.

- 3 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us
through ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-
vide.

HYMN 180. II. 3.

Christ all in all.

- T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine !
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love :
To me, with thy great name are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The med'cine of my broken heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply,
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my all in all.

HYMN 181. C. M.

The Christian's confidence.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall ;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all :
- 4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
 Shall find eternal rest ;
 Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 182. L. M.

Will ye also go away.

THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
 My refuge, my Almighty Friend—
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?

- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go—
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and wo,
 One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Thy Name my inmost pow'rs adore ;
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
 Depart from thee !—'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin—deep despair !

- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine :
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN 183. IV. 2.

Longing for Christ.

- T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone ;
 O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom not having seen, I adore ;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r ;
- 3 Dissolve thou the bonds that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee ;
 O strike off the adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
 When array'd in glory, I shine ;
 And no longer pierce with my sins
 The bosom on which I recline.

HYMN 184. III. 3.

Praise for Redemption.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
 For the bliss thy love bestows ;
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows :
 Help, O God, my weak endeavour :
 This dull soul to rapture raise :
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.

- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away :
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express :
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 185. IV. 1.

God's servants should praise him.

- Y**E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name ;
The Name, all victorious,
Of Jesus, extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have :

The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God
 Who sits on the throne—
 Let all cry aloud
 And honour the Son :
 Of Jesus's praises
 The angels proclaim :
 Fall down on your faces
 And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
 And give him his right ;
 All glory and power,
 And wisdom and might :
 All honour and blessing,
 With angels above ;
 And thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite love.

HYMN 186. S. M.

Praise to Christ.

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

2 Sing of his dying love ;
 Sing of his rising power ;
 Sing, how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way—
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
 In Christ, the exalted King.
- 5 Soon we shall hear him say,
 “Ye blessed children, come;”
Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.
-

*CHRISTIAN LIFE AND
EXPERIENCE.*

HYMN 183. L. M.

The Christian.

- H**ONOUR and happiness unite
 To make the Christian's name a praise:
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
 That fills the remnant of his days!
- 2 A kingly character he bears,
 No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a close.

- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation shines upon his face :
 His robe is of th' ethereal dye ;
 His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honours he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth ;
 The King of kings, himself, maintains
 Th' expenses of his heavenly birth.
- 5 The noblest creature seen below,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;
 God gives him all he can bestow,
 His kingdom of eternal love !
- 6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought !
 Methinks from earth I see him rise ;
 Angels congratulate his lot,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !

HYMN 183. L. M.

Choosing the better part.

- B**ESET with snares on ev'ry 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 189. C. M.

Holy Fortitude.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
Though others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign—
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 190. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee!
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!

- 2 Asham'd of *Jesus*! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of *Jesus*! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
 Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of *Jesus*! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No; when I blush—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of *Jesus*! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 'Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain!
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That *Christ* is not ashamed of me!

HYMN 191. L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

I SEND the joys of earth away—
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.

- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And whilst I listen to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes :
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 192. C. M.

Old things are passed away.

- L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart ;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own,
 A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes ! though of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will ;
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
 I had refus'd thee still.

HYMN 193. L. M.

The narrow way.

WHAT thousands never knew the road !
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known !
 None but the chosen tribes of God,
 Will seek or choose it for their own.

- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end ;
 One only leads to joys on high ;
 By that my willing steps ascend,
 Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.
- 3 The joy that fades is not for me,
 I seek immortal joys above ;
 There, glory without end, shall be
 The bright reward of faith and love.

HYMN 194. C. M.

Love to the creature is dangerous.

HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.

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

HYMN 195. C. M.

Pearl of great price.—Matt. xiii 46.

- 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 Should earth's vain treasures all depart—
Of this dear gift possess,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.

- 4 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 196. III. 1.

Self examination.

- '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 and 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 that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus 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 197. S. M.

The Christian's wants.

- J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest pray'r.
- 2 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee, when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

- 5 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name.
- 6 I want a just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 7 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil ;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what 's thy perfect will.
- 8 I want, I know not what—
I want my wants to see ;
I want—alas! what want I not,
When thou art not with me ?

HYMN 198. C. M.

Watchfulness and prayer.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

- O** GRACIOUS God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid !
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart—
My guardian and my guide.

- 4 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
 And bid the tempter flee ;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

HYMN 199. C. M.

God seeth in secret —Matt. vi. 6.

- O**UR heavenly Father's piercing eye
 Sees through the darkest night ;
 In deep retirement He is nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There let that piercing eye survey
 Our duteous homage paid,
 With every morning's dawning ray,
 And every evening's shade.
- 3 O God ! may thy own heavenly fire
 The incense still inflame ;
 While my warm vows to Thee aspire,
 Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love,
 My soul in secret bless ;
 So shalt Thou deign in worlds above,
 Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN 200. L. M.

Life of the soul.—John xiv. 9.

- W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my loving Lord ?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky ?

- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell—
Immoveable the promise stands;
Not all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose,
If Jesus is for ever mine;
Nor death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break an union so divine.

HYMN 201. S. M.

Dependence.

- T**O keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never *may*!
- 4 Man's wisdom is, to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store ;
Grace issues from his throne ;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

HYMN 202. C. M.

Praise for Faith.

- OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou giver of all good !
Not heav'n itself a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith too, the blood receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain ;
Else sweetly, as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.
- 3 Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And weak, as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.
- 4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure !
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
We could expect a cure.
- 5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more :
To thee our all we owe ;
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious, too.

HYMN 203. L. M.

The struggle between Faith and Unbelief—Mark ix. 24

JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
 In thee, believing, we rejoice;
 Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
 While faith contends with unbelief.

- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
 And keep our fainting hopes alive;
 But guilt and fears and sorrows rise,
 And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
 While saints lie mourning in the dust;
 Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
 Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
 Reveal the glories of thy name;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispers'd by opening light.

HYMN 204. III. 1.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the Refuge.

JESUS, 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;
 O 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 sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 205. III. 5.

The Grave ; or, Christ a guide through death to glory.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;

Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 206. C. M.

Jehovah our righteousness.—Jer. xxiii. 6.

- M**Y God, how perfect are thy ways !
But mine polluted are ;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my pray'r.
- 2 If I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 Divine desire, that holy flame,
Thy grace creates in me ;
Alas ! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow ;
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.
- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine ;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

HYMN 207. C. M.

Waiting Faith.

THE saints should never be dismay'd
Nor sink in hopeless fear ;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

- 2 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine
Are taught us in his word !
May ev'ry deep felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.
- 3 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait :
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

HYMN 208. L. M.

The Christian's race.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die,

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 209. III. 2.

That Rock was Christ.

ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee,
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN 210. L. M.

Living to Christ.—Phil. i. 21.

LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
 That leads the soul away from God;
 This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
 To live and die entirely thine.

2. On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him, my life, my all receive ;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call ;
He will my ev'ry want supply,
In time, and through eternity.
- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear ;
Soon shall I end my trials here :
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain—
To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 5 Soon will the saints in glory meet ;
Soon walk through ev'ry golden street ;
And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

HYMN 211. C. M.

Holy zeal and diligence.

WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th' advances which I make,
With heav'n itself in view !

- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal ;
Great God, my love inflame ;
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive ;
And all these pow'rs employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive ?

HYMN 212. III. 3.

Ebenezer.—1 Sam. vii. 12.

- S**AVIOUR, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure
 Sung by raptur'd saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
- 5 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 213. C. M.

The Leper.—Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- O**FT as the leper's case I read,
 My own describ'd I feel;
 Sin is a leprosy indeed,
 Which none but Christ can heal.
- 2 Awhile I would have pass'd for well,
 And strove my spots to hide;
 Till it broke out incurable,
 Too plain to be denied.

- 3 Then from the saints I sought to flee,
And dreaded to be seen ;
I thought they all would point at me
And cry, " Unclean, unclean !"
- 4 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd ?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.
- 5 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by ;
To him, though fill'd with shame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.
- 6 Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do :
O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew !
- 7 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounc'd the healing word ;
" I will ; be clean : " and while he spoke,
I felt my health restor'd.
- 8 Come, lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove ;
He *can* relieve, for he is pow'r ;
He *will*, for he is love.

HYMN 214. C. M.

Perplexity relieved.

UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
Which to salvation led ;
I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others 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 joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;
'Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay ;
Through 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 now must give it up,"
I cried in deep despair ;
How could I dream of dawning hope,
From what I cannot bear !
- 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 215. L. M.

Recollections of first love.

- O** WHERE is now that glowing love,
That marked our union with the Lord!
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known,
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on Him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with Him we lov'd—
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved.
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

HYMN 216. L. M.

Following Christ.

- 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 way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin nor sorrow shall be there.

- 4 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Opprest with unbelief and sin.
- 5 The more I strove against their pow'r
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 6 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 7 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 217. L. M.

My soul thirsteth for God.

- I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows ;
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

HYMN 218. C. M.

Living to Christ.

- O**H, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my Lord:
Then while my hours glide swift away,
I'd lean upon his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

HYMN 219. C. M.

Walking with God.

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly 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 once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 220. III. 1.

Happiness.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name !
Where's thy seat, O tell me where ?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, " It is not there."
Not the wisdom of the wise,
Can inform me where it lies :
Not the grandeur of the great,
Can the bliss I seek create.

- 2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below!
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows:
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.
- 4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, O may I walk with thee,
Then into thy presence die!
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove;
Heaven below and heaven above.

HYMN 221. C. M.

Remember me.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
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 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
For good remember me.
- 4 If on my face for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 5 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 222. III. 1.

Lovest thou me?—John XXI. 16.

HARK, 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 wounded 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 toward 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 shall 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 ;
Oh for grace to love thee more !

HYMN 223. S. M.

The love of Jesus.

- MY** Jesus thou hast taught
This heart to love but thee ;
The sweetest joys below are fraught
With emptiness to me.
- 2 If sorrow shades my eyes,
It is when thou art fled ;
Deep in the dust my spirit lies,
And mourns its comforts dead.
- 3 The world has lost its power
To soothe this inward pain ;
To me it is a faded flower,
That cannot bloom again.
- 4 But when thy smile appears,
To chase my gloom away,
How bursts my song ! how sink my fears ;
My night is turn'd to day.

- 5 Then, Lord, no more permit
 This heart from thee to rove ;
 O that I might for ever sit
 At thy dear feet, and love.

HYMN 224. C. M.

The reign of Grace.

- H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast !
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear :
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease :
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 When join'd to that harmonious throng
 That fills the choirs above,
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,
 And ev'ry note be love.

HYMN 225. C. M.

*Chief among Ten Thousand ; or, The Excellencies of
 Christ.—Cant. v. 10—16.*

- T**O Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring :
 When he's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing ?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
 And on his glories dwell ;
 Think of the wonders of his grace,
 And all his triumphs tell.

- 3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have :
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine !

HYMN 226. III. 3.

Love Divine.

- L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus ; thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 3 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

- 4 Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away ;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.
- 5 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secur'd by thee ;
- 6 Change from glory into glory,
'Till in heaven we take our place ;
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 227. C. M.

Christian Love.—Gal. iii. 28.

- H**AIL, everlasting Prince of peace !
Hail, Governor divine !
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway,
What gentle laws are thine !
- 2 Thy tender heart with love o'erflowed,
Love spoke in every breath ;
Vigorous it reign'd through all thy life,
And triumphed in thy death.
 - 3 All these united charms how strong
Our stubborn hearts to move !
And this the proof of love to thee,
"That we each other love."
 - 4 O be the sacred law fulfilled
In every act and thought :
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.

- 5 Be all our hearts dilated wide
 By our Redeemer's grace,
 And in one grasp of fervent love,
 His followers all embrace.

HYMN 228. S. M.

Christian Love—Gal. iii. 28.

LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread:
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ, their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love abound:
 Heirs of the same inheritance
 Should be in union found.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
 Be banish'd from our sight:
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who in the Lord delight.
- 4 Then will the church below,
 Resemble that above;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

HYMN 229. C. M.

Brotherly love.—Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word!

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above ;
May each a brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 230. L. M.

Holiness and grace.—Tit. ii. 10—13.

- SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtue shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 231. II. 1.

Walking with God.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude ;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart ;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given !
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

HYMN 232. S. M.

Duties.

- A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give ;
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 233. C. M.

Desires after Holiness.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of grace divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 234. III. 1.

Living to Christ.

- W**HEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resign'd to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes;
Only in thy wisdom wise.
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might.
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

- 4 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

HYMN 235. L. M.

Hatred of sin.

- H**AD I a throne above the rest,
 Where angels and arch-angels dwell,
 One sin, unslain, within my breast,
 Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.
- 2 The pris'ner sent to breathe fresh air,
 And blest with liberty again,
 Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
 One link of all his former chain.
- 3 But O! no foe invades the bliss,
 When glory crowns the christian's head;
 One view of Jesus as he is,
 Will strike all sin for ever dead.

HYMN 236. II. 1.

Blessed is he whose iniquity is forgiven.—Psalm xxxii. 1.

- H**OW blest is he, whom God forgives,
 The man who by his favour lives,
 And hopes to see his face;
 The child of God by heav'nly birth,
 He scorns the highest place on earth,
 For yonder higher place.
- 2 The God he serves, is God alone,
 He fills yon bright, eternal throne,
 The power and kingdom his;
 He rules, he reigns with sov'reign sway,
 And they who will not, must obey:
 His arm almighty is.

- 3 When he forgives, then peace is felt,
The peace that cannot dwell with guilt,
The sacred peace of God;
And hope, that lifts the soul on high,
That points to yonder world of joy,
And lightens every load.
- 4 How blest is he whom God forgives;
The man who by his favour lives,
In hope already blest;
But O what joys await him there,
Where, saved from sin, from toil, from fear,
He gains his heav'nly rest!

HYMN 237. L. M.

Hope in darkness.

O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enliv'ning beams depart!

- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day,
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will *never* rise?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky:
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O, for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

HYMN 238. C. M.

Lively hope and gracious fear.

- I** WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth ;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God hath breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me, from above,
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain,
Has promis'd it to me ;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege !
To thee for help I call ;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me, lest I fall !
- 6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own :
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

HYMN 239. L. M.

Zion's Traveller.

AS when a weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'er looking hill,
His heart revives, if, cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still.

- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith his mansion in the skies ;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there with Jesus he's to dwell,
To spend an everlasting day ;
There shall he bid his cares farewell,
For he shall wipe his tears away.

HYMN 240.

Rest in heaven.

- R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy destin'd 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 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize :
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies :
There, is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heav'n :
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be giv'n.

HYMN 241. C. M.

Resignation.

- M**Y God, my Father ! blissful name !
O may I call thee mine !
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine !

- 2 This can my every fear control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye.
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art good, and just, and wise :
O bend my will to thine.
- 4 If pain and sorrow rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 5 Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

HYMN 242. C. M.

Resignation.

- S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod ;
I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
Where wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to rest above ?
- 3 How short are all my suff'rings here,
How needful ev'ry cross !
Avaunt, thou unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred name ;
 My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
 For ever is the same.

HYMN 243. L. M.

Trust in Christ under affliction.—Matt. xi. 28—30

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
 The source of inexhausted love,
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Through earth beneath, and heav'n above !

- 2 Jesus ! the weary wanderer's rest !
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 3 Affliction's cup I take from Thee,
 In deep submission to thy will ;
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 My soul shall find it precious still.
- 4 Be thou, my meek instructor, nigh :
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

HYMN 244. C. M.

Submission.—Heb. xii. 7.

DEAR Lord, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

- 3 No—let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant:
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

HYMN 245. L. M.

Trials the Christian's lot.—Deut. viii. 2.

- T**HROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,
 Far distant from my blissful home;
 Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
 And guard me in this dang'rous way.
- 2 Temptations every where annoy,
 And sins and snares my peace destroy;
 My earthly joys are from me torn,
 And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
 Which leads us to the mount of God?
 Are these the toils thy people know,
 While in the wilderness below?
- 4 'Tis even so—thy faithful love
 Doth all thy children's graces prove,
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
 That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN 246. C. M.

Contentment.

FATHER, 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 and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.
-

*DEATH, JUDGMENT, AND
ETERNITY.*

HYMN 247. II. 1.

Time and Eternity.—Psalm xxxix. 4, 5.

- L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible !
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell !
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late,
By free and sov'reign grace.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
O tell me, Lord—shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy joy, and holy fear,
 To make my calling sure !
 Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
 Then shall I all thy will perform,
 And to the end endure !

HYMN 248. C. M.

Eternity.

GREAT God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 Th' eternal state of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.

- 2 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
 Attends on ev'ry breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !
- 3 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road ;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God !

HYMN 249. L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

WHY should we start and fear to die !
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are,
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 250. C. M.

Let thy presence go with me.

- D**EATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there;
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.
- 2 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms:
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 3 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow stream divides
The heav'nly land from ours.
- 4 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 5 O, could I make my fears remove,
These gloomy fears that rise;
And see the Canaan which I love,
With faith's illumin'd eyes!

- 6 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
 I would forget to breathe,
 And lose my life amidst the charms
 Of so divine a death.

HYMN 251.

The dying Christian.

- V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;
 Oh, 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 252. C. M.

The dead who die in the Lord.

IN vain our fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saint,
 When he resigns his breath.

- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say, " He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her heavenward flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil,
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His presence always view ;—
And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise Him too.

HYMN 253. C. M.

A funeral thought.

- H**ARK! from the tombs a mournful sound ;
My ears attend the cry :
" Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 " Princes this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs !
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
Must lie as low as ours."
 - 3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more ?

- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 254. C. M.

Death and Eternity.

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

HYMN 255. S. M.

Support in death.—Psalm xxiii. 4.

BEHOLD the gloomy vale
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

- 2 Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay ;
His rod my trembling feet sustains—
His staff defends my way.
- 3 Dear shepherd, lead me on ;
My soul disdains to fear ;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown
Now life's great Lord is near.

HYMN 256. C. M.

At the funeral of a young person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour ;
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O may we fly, to Jesus fly !

Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power ;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour

HYMN 257. IV. 2.

Death of a Sister.—Rev. xiv. 13.

'TIS finish'd ! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled ;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now ;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.

3 Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

4 Then let us forbear to complain,
That she is now gone from our sight ;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

HYMN 258. L. M.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."

HOW blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

HYMN 259. L. M.

The day of the Lord.

- G**OD with one piercing glance looks through
Creation's wide extended frame;
The past and future in his view,
And days and ages are the same.
- 2 Sinners who dare provoke his face,
Who on his patience long presume,
And trifle out his day of grace,
Will find he has a day of doom.
 - 3 Hark! from the sky, the trump proclaims
Jesus the Judge approaching nigh!
See, the creation wrapt in flames,
First kindled by his vengeful eye!

- 4 When thus the mountains melt like wax—
 When earth, and air, and sea, shall burn;
 When all the frame of nature breaks,
 Poor sinner, whither wilt thou turn ?
- 5 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above !
 Since all below to ruin tends :
 Here may we trust, obey, and love,
 And there be found amongst thy friends.

HYMN 260.

The Second Advent.

- H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near,
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul.
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face !
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own :
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord !
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
 Hail him, their triumphant Lord !
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High :
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns :
 Ever, ever, ever, ever,
 Ever, and for ever reigns.

- 5 The Father praise, the Son adore,
 The Spirit bless for evermore :
 Salvation's glorious work is done,
 We welcome Thee, great Three in One !
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome Thee, great Three in One.

HYMN 261. III. 5.

The same.

- L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth again !
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought, and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
 Still his dazzling body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation,
 To his ransom'd worshippers :
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars !
- 4 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne ;
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own,
 Jah, Jehovah !
 Everlasting God, come down !

HYMN 262. III. 5.

*Doom of the wicked. Luke xiii. 28.***S**EE th' Eternal Judge descending—

View him seated on his throne !

Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,

Stand and hear thy awful doom—

Trumpets call thee !

Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain ;

While in anguish thus lamenting,

That he ne'er was born again,

Greatly mourning,

That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,

With the marks of dying love ;

Oh, that I had sought his favour,

When I felt his Spirit move—

Golden moments,

When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder !

Hope and sinners here must part :

Louder than a peal of thunder,

Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart !"

Lost for ever,

Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart !"

HYMN 263. L. M.

*I sing of mercy and judgment.***B**EFORE the great Jehovah's bar,

Soon must assembled worlds appear,

And ev'ry word, and deed, and thought,

Shall into judgment then be brought.

- 2 Then all shall hear their righteous doom,
Of wrath, or endless joys to come ;
And each receive his just reward,
Of bliss or vengeance, from the Lord.
- 3 Dear Lord, it was thine highest joy
To save where sin did once destroy ;
While thund'ring vengeance rolls above,
We trust in thy redeeming love.
- 4 Hail God of unexampled grace !
All heaven shall sound thy endless praise
High glories to the dying Lamb,
Who death, by his own death o'ercame.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah,
Worthy the Lamb, praise the Lord,
Hallelujah. Amen.

HYMN 264. L. M.

Judgment.—Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

HOW great, how terrible that God
Who shakes creation with his nod !
See ocean, earth, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame !

- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck ?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown ?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down !
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry—
In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever, O for ever lost !

- 4 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend ;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 265. III. 5.

The Second Advent.

- D**AY of Judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound !
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round—
How the summons,
Will the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in Majesty divine !
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, this God is mine !
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation ;
“Hence accursed—hence depart—
Thou with Satan,
And his angels have thy part.”

- 5 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "come near, ye blessed,
 Take the kingdom I bestow;
 You for ever,
 Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches
 May this thought our courage raise!
 Swiftly God's great day approaches—
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise—
 We shall triumph,
 When the world is in a blaze.

HYMN 266. S. M.

Day of Judgment.

- A**ND will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day:
 When earth and heav'n before his face
 Astonish'd shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.

- 5 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled ;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

HYMN 267. II. 7.

The same.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before :
 Prepare, my soul to meet him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepar'd to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :

Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 268. III. 1.

"I know you not."—Luke xiii. 24—27.

SEEK, my soul, thè narrow gate,
 Enter ere it be too late ;
 Many ask to enter there,
 When too late to offer pray'r.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
 And for ever bar the skies :
 Then, though sinners cry without,
 He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
 "Lord ! we have profess'd thy name :
 We have eat with thee, and heard
 Heavenly teaching in thy word."

4 Vain, alas ! will be their plea,
 Workers of iniquity ;
 Sad their everlasting lot—
 Christ will say, "I know you not."

HYMN 269. S. M.

Life and death everlasting.

O WHERE shall rest be found !
 Rest for the weary soul ?—

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh :
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 For evermore undone.

HYMN 270. II. 1.

The pilgrim.

NOTHING on earth I call my own;
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.

- 2 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!
- 3 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest!
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN 271. L. M.

Rising to God.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time ;
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth ?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God ?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
 That sets our longing souls at large ;
 Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
 And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
 Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
 And the sweet expectation now
 Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

DAILY DEVOTION.

HYMN 272. L. M.

"I have set God always before me."— Psalm xvi. 9.

SAVIOUR ! when night involves the skies
 My soul, adoring, turns to thee !
 Thee, self-abas'd in mortal guise,
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.

- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
 When crimson gleams the east adorn,
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell;
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To thee my soul triumphant springs;
 Thee, thron'd in glory's endless blaze,
 Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of ev'ning steal,
 To death and thee my thoughts I give;
 To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel;
 To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 273. L. M.

Morning and Evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 274. C. M.

Private devotion.—Matt. vi. 6.

FATHER Divine, thy piercing eye
 Sees through the darkest night,
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.

- 2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.
- 3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN 275. S. M.

Morning hymn.

- SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul,
Its heavenly Parent sing ;
And to its great original,
The humble tribute bring.
 - 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near !
 - 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 276. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

- A**RISE, my soul! with rapture rise!
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power!
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee!
- 3 But can it be? that Power divine
Is thron'd in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise:
- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 'Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 277. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

- G**LORY to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my pow'rs with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 278. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

- G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 - 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

HYMN 279. S. M.

Evening Hymn.

- T**HE day is past and gone ;
The ev'ning shades appear ;
Oh ! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when 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 280. C. M.

For Family Worship.

- O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear,
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray ;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease ;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace !

- 5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led ;
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 6 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way ;
'Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

HYMN 281. IV. 2.

Evening.

- I**NSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of mine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A soy'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 282. C. M.

Evening.

- I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care,
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face ;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
 - 3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love ;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
 - 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.
-

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 283. L. M

God the glory and defence of Zi...

- H**APPY the Church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
Thy holy courts are his abode—
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits,
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
 - 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage ;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

- 4 Then let us still in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell :
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 284. C. M.

The Church described.—Cant. vi. 10.

- SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet-blushing dawn ;
When with her living light she paints
The dew drops of the lawn :
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides :
- 3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendent wings :
- 4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe !
- 5 This is the church by heav'n array'd,
With strength and grace divine ;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

HYMN 295. S. M.

Prayer for more Labourers.

LORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servant's cry ;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.

- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view ;
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
 The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more
 Into thy church abroad,
 And let them speak thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure Gospel word,
 The word of general grace ;
 Then let them preach the common Lord,
 Saviour of human race.
- 5 O let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove ;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 'Thine all-redeeming love !

HYMN 283. III. 3.

Zion, or the City of God.

BLEST inhabitants of 'Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God,
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings ;
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

- 2 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasures,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasures,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 287. S. M.

The Ark.

- L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found ;
- 2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill

HYMN 288. S. M.

The kingdom of God.

- I** LOVE thy kingdom Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.
- 2 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King :
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.
-

FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

HYMN 289. S. M.

The Lord's Day.

- W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise and pray.

3. One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
'Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 290. L. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- C**OME, gracious Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, holy Sprit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

HYMN 291. C. M.

Evening of the Lord's Day.

- F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love—
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

HYMN 292. II. 3.

The Lord's day.

- G**REAT God ! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected pow'rs :
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours :
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne !
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore :
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more !
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above !
- 3 Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine.
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 293. L. M.

For Good Friday.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the death of Christ my Lord :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 294. II. 1.

For Good Friday.

“ **’T**IS finish’d,” the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow’d his dying head ;
 O wondrous loving pain !
 Come, sinners, and mark well the word ;
 There view the conquests of our Lord,
 Complete for helpless man.

- 2 *Finish’d* the righteousness of grace,
Finish’d the pain that bought our peace ,
 The sinner’s debt is paid ;
 Accusing law cancell’d by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.

- 3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
 The law no longer can condemn ;
Faith a release can show !
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go.
- 4 O unbelief, injurious bar !
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.

HYMN 295. H. 3.

For Good Friday.

- 'TIS** done, th' atoning work is done !
 Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies ;
 All nature feels th' important groan,
 Loud echoing through earth and skies ;
 The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black !
- 2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 While Jesus meekly bows his head ;
 The rocks resent his mortal pain,
 The yawning graves give up their dead ;
 The bodies of the saints arise,
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.
- 3 And shall we not his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan ?
 O Saviour ! let thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone :
 To second life our souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no

HYMN 293. C. M.

The Cross.—For Good Friday.

- M**Y Saviour hanging on the tree,
In agonies and blood,
Methought once turn'd his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair:
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 4 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.
- 5 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."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 297. III. 3.

Our Great High Priest.—For Good Friday.

- G**REAT High Priest, we view thee stoop-
ing,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with sorrow press'd.

- 2 Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus !
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us ?
- 3 On the cross thy body broken,
Cancels ev'ry penal tie :
Tempted souls, produce this token
All demands to satisfy.
- 4 All is finish'd, do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord ;
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.
- 5 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
Since for us thy blood was spilt :
Gracious Saviour, take us wholly—
Take and make us what thou wilt.

HYMN 293. L. M.

Christ dying, rising, and rejoicing.

- 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 Ye saints, approach ! the anguish view,
Of him who groans beneath your load
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious 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 !

- 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 Deliv'rer 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, instruct, and save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

HYMN 299.

Easter.

UPRISING from the darksome tomb,
See the victorious Jesus come!
Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the pris'n,
And angels tell, the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels, tell the
Lord is ris'n.

- 2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live;
God's righteous law is satisfied;
And justice now is on your side.
Justice, justice, &c.
- 3 Your surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood,
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, &c.

- 4 Believers, hail your rising head,
 The *First-begotten* from the dead :
 Your resurrection 's sure, through *His*,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.
 Endless, endless, &c.

HYMN 300. III. 2.

Easter.—Isaiah lxiii.

WHO is this that comes from Edom ?
 All his raiment stained with blood :
 To the slave proclaiming freedom ;
 Bringing and bestowing good ;
 Glorious in the garb he wears ;
 Glorious in the spoils he bears ?

- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Trav'ling onward in his might ;
 'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
 To his people is the sight !
 Jesus now is strong to save !
 Mighty to redeem the slave.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?
 'Tis the blood of many slain :
 Of his foes there 's none remaining,
 None the contest to maintain.
 Fall'n they are no more to rise ;
 All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty victor, reign for ever :
 Wear the crown so dearly won :
 Never shall thy people, never
 Cease to sing what thou hast done :
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;
 Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

HYMN 301. II. 4.

The resurrection of Christ.—For Easter.

THE great Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead,
And over hellish foes,
High rais'd his conquering head :
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
'The joyful news to bear :
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say :
" Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead ;
He rose to day."

4 Ye mortals catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell.
With Christ we rise ;
With Christ we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

HYMN 302. L. M.

Trinity Sunday.

OH holy, holy, holy Lord ;
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name ador'd ;
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

- 2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day !
- 3 Oh Holy Spirit, from above
In streams of light and glory giv'n,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 Oh God Tri-une! to thee we owe
Our every thought—our every song ;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 303. II. 4.

Trinity Sunday.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above :
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too.
Who sav'd us by his blood
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God ! to thee
Be endless honours done ;
The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one :
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN 304. C. M.

Christmas.—Luke ii. 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

HYMN 305. III. 3.

Christmas.

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

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king :
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring'
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne !

HYMN 306. III. 1.

Christmas.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord :
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Mild he lays his glory by ;
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

- 6 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

HYMN 307.

For Christmas.

- H**ITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
 To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet ;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
 O come and let us worship at his feet.
- 2 Oh Jesus, for such wondrous condescension
 Our praise and reverence are an off'ring
 meet ;
 Now is the word made flesh, and dwells
 among us,
 O come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 Let the celestial courts his praise repeat :
 Unto our God be glory in the highest,
 O come and let us worship at his feet.

HYMN 308. III. 3.

The song of the Angels at Bethlehem.

- H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy ;
 " Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most high !

- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our Great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

HYMN 309. IV. 5.

Christmas Hymn.

FROM the regions of love,
Lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news
How the babe was attended;
Go, shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy
See your God in a manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb;
Who obtain'd our redemption;
We'll praise him evermore
When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation ;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation :
When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout their Redeemer
While heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given,
Now glory to God
Is re-echo'd through heaven :
Around the whole earth
Let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory,
Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Enraptur'd I burn
With delight and desire,
A love so divine
Sets my soul all on fire :
Around the bright throne
Now hosannas are ringing ;
O when shall I join them,
And be ever singing !
Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 Triumphantly ride
In thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love
O, Jesus, all glorious !

Thy banner unfurl,
 Bid the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour,
 Their king and defender,
 Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 310. L. M.

Birth of Christ.—Isaiah ix. 6, 7.

TO us a child is born from heav'n;
 To us the Son of God is giv'n;
*The Government of worlds he made,
 Upon his shoulders shall be laid.*

- 3 *His name, the Wonderful* shall be,
 His wonders heav'n and earth shall see
*The Counsellor of truth and grace,
 Who leads in paths of righteousness.*
- 4 *The mighty God*, that glorious name,
 His works and words join to proclaim:
*The Everlasting Father, He—
 And the whole Church his family.*
- 5 *The Prince of Peace*, on David's throne;
 And nations yet unborn shall own
 His sov'reign and his gracious sway,
 Proud of the honour to obey.
- 6 *Justice and Judgment* he'll maintain—
 'To everlasting ages reign:
*And his blest empire shall increase,
 'Till time, with all its movements, cease.*

HYMN 311. II. 4.

Birth of Christ.

AWAKE, awake, arise,
 And hail the glorious morn ;
 Hark ! how the angels sing,
 " To you a Saviour's born : "

Now let our hearts in concert move,
 And ev'ry tongue be tun'd to love.

- 2 He mortals came to save
 From sin's tyrannic pow'r ;
 Come, with the angels sing,
 At this auspicious hour ;
 Let ev'ry heart and tongue combine,
 To praise the love, the grace divine.
- 3 The prophecies and types
 Are all this day fulfill'd ;
 With Eastern sages join,
 To praise this wondrous child ;
 God's only Son is come to bless
 The earth with peace and righteousness.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
 For our Immanuel's birth !
 To mortal man good will,
 And peace and joy on earth !
 With angels now we will repeat
 Their songs, still new and ever sweet.

HYMN 312.

The Star in the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning, [aid ;
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 Star of 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 slumbers reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 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?
- 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.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

HYMN 313. III. 1.

For the New Year—Time how swift.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fix'd 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 314. C. M.

New-Year—Prayer for a blessing.

- N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone !
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free ;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

- 4 Send down thy spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more ;
And sinners may now learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

HYMN 315. C. M.

New Year.

- COME, Lord, and bless the rising race !
Make this a happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.
- 2 Dear youth, we know your sinful state—
May God your hearts renew !
We should awhile ourselves forget,
To pour our pray'r for you.
- 3 We see, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching awful doom !
Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come !
- 4 Dear Saviour, let this new born year
Spread an alarm abroad ;
And cry in ev'ry careless ear,
" Prepare to meet thy God !"

HYMN 316.

New Year.

- 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
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of
 love.

- 2 Our life is a dream ;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away ;
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's near.
- 3 Oh, 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 !"
 Oh, 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 317. L. M.

Help obtained of God.—Acts xxvi. 22.

GREAT God we sing thy mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand :
 The op'ning year thy mercy shows :
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God !
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
 - 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
'Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
 - 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.
-

MISSIONS.

HYMN 318. C. M.

Advent—The coming and office of Christ.—Luke iv. 18, 19.

- H**ARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
 - 3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
'T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 319. C. M.

Zion's Feast.—Isaiah xxv. 6.

- O**N Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare ;
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance giv'n,
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heav'n !
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

- 5 But, O what draughts of bliss unknown,
 What dainties shall be giv'n,
 When with the myriads round the throne
 We join the feast of heav'n !
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the soul ;
 And springs of life that never dry,
 In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 320. L. M.

Millennium.—Isaiah xi. 4—9. Rev. xx. 5—10.

- L**OOK up, my soul, with sweet surprise,
 Toward the joyful, coming day,
 When Jesus shall descend the skies,
 And form a bright, a dazzling ray.
- 2 Nations shall in a day be born,
 And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly ;
 The saints shall know no clouds return,
 Nor sorrow mixing with their joy.
- 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
 Together, in his peaceful reign ;
 And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
 Of pinching wants no more complain.
- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
 Shall boast their sev'ral rights no more ;
 But join in sweetest harmony,
 Their Lord, their Sov'reign, to adore.

HYMN 321. L. M.

The Jubilee.

- C**APTAIN of thine enlisted host,
 Display thy glorious banner high ;
 The summons send from coast to coast,
 And call a num'rous army nigh.

- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great Sabbatic day ;
Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his wish'd for prey !
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign :
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The myst'ry to the heart explain.
- 4 Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight,
The travail of thy soul regain,
Before the blind make darkness light,
And crooked paths do thou make plain.

HYMN 322. L. M.

Universal praise.—Psalm cxvii.

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

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truths attend thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more !

HYMN 323. H. 4.

Spread of the Gospel.

HARK ! 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 324. L. M.

Prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit.

- O** SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify.
Till ev'ry people call him Lord.

HYMN 325. IV. 1.

Spread of the Gospel.

- H**OW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise,
How just, King of saints,
And true are thy ways !
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy name !
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme !
- 2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown ;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne :
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's ev'ry people
Confess thee their God.

HYMN 326. II. 6.

The reign of Christ.

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

- 2 He comes, with 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 descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall 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 327. C. M.

Preaching the gospel to every creature.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

- 2 But, Lord, thy richer love has sent
 'Thy gospel to mankind,
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
 Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the gospel rays;
 And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
 The temples of thy praise.

HYMN 328. C. M.

The angel's flight.—Rev. xiv. 6.

- 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 holy Son;—
 Then let *us* to the nations show
 The wonders he has done.

HYMN 329. II. 4.

Prayer for the nations in darkness.

SOV'REIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy pow'r and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word;
Thy Spirit give;
Let heathens live
And praise the Lord.

2 On lands that lie beneath
Foul superstition's sway,
Whose horrid shades of death
Admit no heav'nly ray,
Blest Spirit ! shine,
Their hearts illumine ;
Dispel the gloom
With light divine.

3 Father, who to thy Son
Thy steadfast word hast giv'n,
That through the earth shall run
The news of peace with heav'n,
Extend his fame ;
Thy grace diffuse ;
And let the news
The world reclaim.

4 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee ;
The travail of his soul,
Soon let the Saviour see ;
O God of grace !
Thy pow'r employ,
Fill earth with joy,
And heav'n with praise.

HYMN 330. L. M.

Prayer for Israel.—Rom. x. 1.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
 Restore the long lost, scatter'd band,
 And call them to their native land.

- 2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
 O God of Israel, hear our pray'r,
 And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love ?
 Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn !
 And wilt thou ne'er, appeas'd, return ?
- 4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
 And wake to joy each grateful heart,
 While Israel's rescu'd tribes in thee
 Their bliss and full salvation see.

HYMN 331. L. M.

Prevalence of the Gospel anticipated.

THOUGH 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 with righteousness and peace,
 In mild and lovely forms display
 The glories of the latter day.

HYMN 332. II. 3.

Christians debtors to the Gentiles.

CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know
 Which soothes the heart in every wo,
 While heathens helpless, hopeless lie ;
 No ray of glory meets their eye :—
 O give to their desiring sight
 The hope that Jesus brought to light !

- 2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace,
 Which cheers believers in their race ;
 Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
 See millions hastening to the tomb :—
 To heathen lands that grace convey,
 Which trains the soul for endless day.
- 3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
 In which the soul is cleansed for God ;
 Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
 Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell :—
 O strive that heathens soon may view
 That precious blood which cleanseth you !

HYMN 333. III. 4.

Come behold the Works of the Lord.—Psalm xlv. 8

COME and see what God is doing,
 His are works of power and grace ;
 Round the world his word is going,
 Giving light to every place ;
 'Tis a day expected long,
 Theme of old prophetic song.

- 2 Long the nations were benighted ;
 And the darkness had been still,
 But the lamp that God has lighted
 Now is set upon a hill ;

Many now enjoy the light,
And with rapture hail the sight.

- 3 Higher still, and higher place it,
Show it to the world around ;
Never should we cease to raise it,
While a nation still is found—
One to whom it is not given
To enjoy the light of heaven.

HYMN 334. L. M.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Rev. xxii. 2.
Matt. x. 8.

GO forth, and plant the sacred tree,
The Tree of Life—'tis God's command ;
For health and healing it shall be,
A blessing meant for every land.

- 2 In every soil and clime it grows :
Beneath the sun its fruit is found :
It thrives amidst the winter snows,
When all is waste and dead around.
- 3 Speed then your way to every land !
Convey to all the gift of heaven :
We thus obey our Lord's command,
We freely give what's freely given.

HYMN 335. III. 3.

"Come and help us !"

HARK ! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky ?

'Tis the cry of heathen nations—

"Come and help us, or we die !"

- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians ! hear their dying cry ;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

HYMN 336. III. 5.

The influences of the Spirit.

WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
 Can the heathen world reclaim ?
 Men may preach, but till thou favour,
 Heathens will be still the same :
 Mighty Spirit !
 Witness to the Saviour's name.

- 2 Thou hast promis'd by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days :
 Come, and bless bewilder'd nations,
 Change our pray'rs and tears to praise ;
 Promis'd Spirit !
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.
- 3 All our hopes, and pray'rs, and labours,
 Must be vain without thine aid :
 But thou wilt not disappoint us—
 All is true that thou hast said :
 Faithful Spirit !
 O'er the world thine influence shed.

HYMN 337. L. M.

Conversion of the world.

LOOK down, O God, with pitying eye,
 And view the desolations round ;
 See what wide realms in darkness lie,
 And hurl their idols to the ground.

- 2 Lord, let the gospel-trumpet blow,
 And call the nations from afar ;
 Let all the isles their Saviour know,
 And earth's remotest ends draw near.

- 3 Let Satan's cruel kingdom shake,—
 The realms of darkness, and of sin ;
 Messiah now his empire take ;
 In ev'ry soul his reign begin.

HYMN 338. C. M.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion."

- D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 They come, they come :—thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.
- 4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God his works destroy,
 With songs thy ransomed shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

HYMN 339. L. M.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
 And wait the smilings of thy face,
 Assemble round the mercy-seat,
 And plead the promise of thy grace,
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
 Thy sov'reign mercy to intreat ;
 And feel some animating hope,
 We shall divine acceptance meet.

- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to Gentile lands ;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched pris'ner's bands ?
- 4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea
His vast dominions shall extend ?
That ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend ?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd children home.

HYMN 340. L. M.

Zion's increase prayed for.—Isaiah li. 9.

- A**RM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake !
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
" I am Jehovah ! God alone !"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side
- 4 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

- 5 Almighty God ! thy grace proclaim,
 In ev'ry land of ev'ry name !
 Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
 And crown thee Saviour, Lord of all.

HYMN 341. III. 5.

The Light to lighten the Gentiles.

- L**IGHT of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, thy blessings bring :
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in thy wing :
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 2 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before Him,
 Serve the living God alone ;
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 3 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ;—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land ;
 Lord be with them,
 Always to the end of time.

HYMN 342. II. 4.

All nations bowing to Christ.

- W**ITH songs of grateful praise
 Surround Jehovah's seat ;
 The goodness of his ways
 Through all the earth repeat ;

His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from his throne
Eternal flows.

- 2 He bids his light arise,
And sends his Gospel forth ;
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north ;
His mighty grace
Its power imparts,
And willing hearts
His truth embrace.
- 3 Then far as isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round ;
Arabia raise
The song divine,
And Afric, join
T' exalt his praise.
- 4 Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honours bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel King ;
Remotest lands
Their homage pay,
Till all obey
His high commands.

HYMN 343. L. M.

Fulfilment of the promises to the Gentiles.

BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

- 2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exil'd captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 3 Come, let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part ;
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 4 Invite the world to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love ;
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.

HYMN 344. L. M.

Doing good.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race ?

- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives ;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank :
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

HYMN 345. III. 3.

The knowledge of Christ.

WHILE the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim ;
Let his friends of ev'ry station,
Gladly join to spread his name.

- 2 May his kingdom be promoted—
May the world their Saviour know ;
Be my all to him devoted—
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations—
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine--victorious love.

HYMN 346. L. M.

The reign of Christ.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Where he displays his healing power ;
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

HYMN 347. II. 6.

Missionary Hymn.

- 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 ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
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 ! oh, Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt 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 348. III. 1.

The new song.—Rev. xiv. 2, 3.—xix. 6.

HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness 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 passed away :
 Then the end ;—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.
-

FOR TIMES OF REVIVAL.

HYMN 349. L. M.

Prayer for grace.

- O** SUN of Righteousness, arise,
 With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
 Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
 And souls awake to life divine.
- 2 On all around let grace descend,
 Like heav'nly dew, or copious show'rs,
 That we may call our God our friend,
 That we may hail salvation ours.

HYMN 350. C. M.

Joy, over one sinner that repenteth.

- O**H, how divine, how sweet the joy,
 When but one sinner turns,
 And with a humble, broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns !
- 2 Pleas'd with the news the saints below,
 In songs their tongues employ ;
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,
 And heaven is fill'd with joy.

- 3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
 The conscious sinner's moan ;
 Jesus receives him in his arms,
 And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire :
 " The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyre.

HYMN 351. C. M.

Great joy in that city.—Acts viii. 8.

- H**OW much the drooping hearts revive
 Of those who fear the Lord ;
 When sinners dead are made alive
 By his reviving word !
- 2 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
 When souls receive the word ;
 When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
 Return and love the Lord.
- 3 The Church of God their praises join,
 And of salvation sing ;
 'They glorify the grace divine
 Of their victorious King.
- 4 In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
 Around the throne rejoice ;
 But sinners sav'd should swell the song
 With loudest, sweetest voice.

HYMN 352. III. 3.

Prayer for a Revival.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again ;

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.

2 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 !
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :
 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 353. L. M.

Zion's increase prayed for.—Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
 Thy ministers' and people's pray'r ;
 Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise
 Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
 Heal all the breaches, grant us peace ;
 Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
 With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

- 3 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live ;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 4 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness ;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.
- 5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping, sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's pray'r.

HYMN 354. II. 1.

Revival Blessings.

- T**HE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes ;
The lilies grow and thrive ;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.
- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
 - 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me ;
Who come to Christ may live.

- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve :
None are too late if they repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.
- 5 Come, brethren you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our trouble and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high ;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.
- 8 There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

HYMN 355. III. 3.

Christ at the Door.

JESUS stands, oh, how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every door;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor.

2 See me bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while I kindly call you,
Hear—and be for ever blest.

3 Will you spurn my richest mercy,
Spurn—and sink to endless pain;
Or to realms of bliss and glory
Rise, and with me ever reign?

HYMN 356. IV. 4.

Encouragement to repenting sinners.

O FLY, mourning sinner, saith Jesus to
me,
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will free;
From the chains that have bound thee, my
grace shall release,
And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows
shall cease.

2 Too long, guilty wanderer—too long hast
thou been
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved,
and deceived,
While my counsel thou'st spurn'd, and my
Spirit hast grieved.

- 3 Though countless thy sins, and though
 crimson thy guilt,
 Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood
 freely spilt ;
 Come sinner, and prove me ; come, mourner,
 and see
 The wounds that I bore, when I suffer'd for
 thee.
- 4 Thou doubt'st not my power—deny not my
 will ;
 Come needy—come helpless, thy soul I will
 fill ;
 My mercy is boundless ; no sinner shall say,
 That he sued at my feet—but was driven
 away.

HYMN 357. L. M.

The love and power of Christ.

- R**EJOICE, for Christ the Saviour reigns ;
 He spreads his triumphs all abroad ;
 And sinners, freed from endless pains,
 Own him their Saviour, and their God.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
 Daily at Zion's gate arrive ;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 Oh, may his conquests still increase,
 And ev'ry foe his power subdue ;
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glories show.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below, from all above ;
 In lofty songs exalt his name ;—
 In songs as lofty as his love.

HYMN 358. L. M.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

TO-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 359. C. M.

The Influence of the Holy Ghost.

LET songs of praises fill the sky !
Christ our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within :
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men ;
The fallen soul His temple makes,
God's image stamps again.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit ! from above,
With thy celestial fire :
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire !

HYMN 360. II. 1.

The New Birth.

- A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
Expos'd to endless wo ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim
The sinner must be born again,
Or else to ruin go.
- 2 Amaz'd 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 mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find :
This fearful truth renew'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load :
Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.

- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
 Yet when I found this truth remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd this way,
 And felt his pity move :
 The sinner by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;
 All hail the Lamb who once was slain ;
 Unnumber'd millions, born again,
 Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 361. III. 2.

The Lord crucified for our sins.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 See his body, mangled—rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood,
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done !
 Crucified God's only Son.

- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix'd him there,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierc'd him with a seldier's spear ;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 For a sinful world he dies.

- 3 Will you let him die in vain,
 Still to death pursue your Lord :
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood ?
 No ! with all my sins I'll part,
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

HYMN 362. IV. 4.

Why will ye die ?—Ezek. xviii. 31.

- O** TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you
 die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying
 away ;
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as
 you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so
 free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to re-
 ceive,
 O how can you question, if you will believe ?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not
 come ?
 'Tis you he bids welcome ; he bids you come
 home.
- 4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your
 pain ?
 To bear up your spirit when summon'd to
 die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

- 5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air ?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare ;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and
free.
- 6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour
your heart :
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part ;
O how can we leave you ? why will you not
come ?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

HYMN 363. III. 1.

Rest for the weary.

- COME, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promised rest ;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.
- 2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood :
To the son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.
- 3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All you want in Jesus find :
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.
- 4 Debtors, who have nought to pay,
Come to Jesus, haste away ;
All your sins on him were laid,
All your debts the Surety paid.
- 5 "It is finish'd," lo ! he cries,
Ere on yonder cross he dies ;
O believe the record true,
Jesus died for such as you.

HYMN 364.

The warning voice.

- S**INNER, hath a voice within
 Oft whisper'd to thy soul,
 Bid thee leave the ways of sin,
 And yield to God's control ?
- 2 Hath it met thee in the path,
 Of earthly vanity,
 Pointed to the coming wrath,
 And warn'd thee now to flee ?
- 3 Sinner, 'twas a heavenly voice ;
 The Spirit's gracious call,
 Bade thee make a better choice,
 And seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Hear the call to life and light ;
 Regard the warning kind :
 If that call thou always slight,
 Thou mercy ne'er shalt find.
- 5 Soon thy season will be o'er,
 The Spirit cease to strive ;
 Thy slumbers he will break no more ;
 His love then do not grieve.
- 6 Sinner, should this very day
 Thy last of mercy be !
 Should'st thou grieve him now away,
 Hope ne'er may beam on thee.

HYMN 365. III. 3.

Expostulation.

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 this Saviour ?

Will you thrust him from your arms ?

Once he died for your behaviour,

Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee ;

See, what kindness, love and pity,

Shine around on you and me.

Sinners, can you hate, &c.

3 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.

4 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 366. C. M.

Looking forward to heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see

The place of thine abode ;

I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee

Up to thy seat, my God !

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;

But to abide in thine embrace,

Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,

And drink immortal vigour in,

With wonder and with love.

4. Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal All.
- 5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss ;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.
- 6 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 367. IV. 3.

Zion's pilgrim.

- I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise ;
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great ancient of
days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 O, had not he pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt :
You all would have lived, would have died
too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 3 What was there in you, that could merit
esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must
sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight."

- 4 Twas all of thy grace we were brought to
obey ;
While others were suffered to go
The road, which by nature, we chose as our
way,
That leads to the regions of woe.
- 5 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

HYMN 368. III. 1.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—
Ruth i. 16.

PEOPLE of the living God !

I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found :
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren ! where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave ;
Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

HYMN 369. IV. 3.

Happiness of the believer.

HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Oh, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 'Twas 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 Saviour of sinners adore.

3 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption thro' faith in his name;
Oh, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

HYMN 370. C. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

- 2 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 371. IV. 5.

Free Grace.—Zech. iv. 7.

THE voice of free grace,
 Cries escape to the mountain;
 For all that believe,
 Christ hath open'd a fountain,
 For sin and uncleanness,
 And every transgression,
 His blood flows most freely
 In streams of salvation:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Who has brought us a pardon,
 We'll praise him again,
 When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded,
 To the Saviour repair,
 Now he calls you in mercy—
 And can you forbear?
 Though your sins are increas'd
 As high as a mountain,
 His blood can remove them;
 It streams from the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Now Jesus, our King,
 Reigns, triumphantly glorious;
 O'er sin, death, and hell,
 He is more than victorious.
 With shouting proclaim it;
 O trust in his passion;
 He saves us most freely—
 O, precious salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 With joy shall we stand,
 When escap'd to the shore,
 With harps in our hands,
 We'll praise him the more;
 We'll range the sweet plains
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation
 For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 372. C. M.

Asking the way to Zion.—Jer. l. 5.

- 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 favour 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.

HYMN 373. L. M.

Christian fellowship.

- 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 374.

Church Union.—Col. ii. 2.

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

CHORUS.

“A Saviour!” let creation sing
 “A Saviour!” let ail 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 those who’ve gone before,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heav’ns 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!
 Lord, pour a mighty flood;
 O! 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,
 We sinners, sav’d by grace,
 From glory unto glory chang’d,
 Behold thee, face to face!

Cho. “A Saviour!” &c.

HYMN 375. C. M.

Anxious hopes and fears.

MY soul would fain indulge a hope
 To reach the heavenly shore;
 And when I drop this dying flesh,
 Then I shall sin no more.

- 2 I hope to hear, and join the song,
That saints and angels raise ;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But oh—this dreadful heart of sin !
It may deceive me still ;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then for ever close,
Probation at an end ;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come then, O blessed Jesus come,
To me thy Spirit give ;
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

HYMN 376.

The home of the soul.

MID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints, [saints :
How sweet to my soul is communion with
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
home.

- 2 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my
day ;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

- 3 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face ;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
- 4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine ;
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at
home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my
home.

HYMN 377.

The same.

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

- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms ;
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

U Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home !

HYMN 378. L. M.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

- COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love ;
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let thy Godlike power be known.
- 2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
 While all their glowing souls are borne,
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 Oh, let a holy flock await,
 Numerous around thy temple gate ;
 Each pressing on, with zeal, to be,
 A living sacrifice to thee.
- 4 In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see thy Church arise ;
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

HYMN 379. L. M.

The presence of the Lord in the Sanctuary.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace,
 Thy saints behold thy smiling face ;
 And oft have seen thy glory shine,
 With power and majesty divine :

- 2 But soon, alas ! thy absence mourn,
And pray, and wish thy kind return •
Without thy life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 3 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry ;
Our graces droop, our comforts die ;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again, to our admiring eyes.
- 4 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 380. L. M.

Request.—1 John v. 13

THOU who for sinners once wast slain,
Once dead, but now alive again ;
Give me to know, to taste, and prove
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.

- 2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
And know myself an heir of heav'n ;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

HYMN 381. III. 1.

True Religion.—James i. 27.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

- 2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity ;
 If the Saviour is my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

HYMN 382. S. M.

" Jesus wept."

- 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,
 The wond'ring angels 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 383. C. M.

" Prayer for Spiritual Blessing."

- E**TERNAL God ! we look to Thee !
 To Thee, for help, we fly :
 Thine eye alone our wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord ! let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our footsteps guide :
 That love will all vain love expel ;
 That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Oh ! let thy grace supply :
 The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

HYMN 384. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of all ! we bow to Thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven, adored ;
But present still, through all thy works,
The Universal Lord.

- 2 For ever hallowed be thy Name,
By all beneath the skies ;
And let thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage let us yield,
With hearts resigned to 'Thee ;
And as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be !
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before Thee we confess :
Oh may they be forgiven ;
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heaven.
- 6 Still let thy grace our lives direct,
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory 's due to Thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

HYMN 385. L. M.

For a Female Friendly Society

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
 In Him our spirits shall rejoice ;
 Assembled here, with sweet accord,
 Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.

- 2 Since He regards our low estate,
 And hears his handmaids when they pray,
 We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
 Where none are ever turned away.
- 3 The poor are his peculiar care,
 To them his promises are sure ;
 His gifts "the poor in spirit" share,
 O may we always thus be poor !
- 4 God of our hope, to Thee we bow,
 Thou art our refuge in distress ;
 The Husband of the widow Thou,
 The Father of the fatherless.
- 5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
 To bear each other's burdens here ;
 Suffer and do thy righteous will,
 And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst Thou not give thy Son to die
 For our transgressions, in our stead ?
 And can thy goodness aught deny
 To those for whom thy Son hath bled ?
- 7 Then may our union, here begun,
 Endure for ever, firm and free ;
 At thy right hand may we be one,
 One with each other, and with Thee.

HYMN 386. L. M.

Prayer for a Sick Minister.—John xi. 3.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
 We bow our suppliant spirits down :
 View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
 And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
 And all our trembling lips would tell ;
 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
 And yield our wo-fraught hearts relief.

3 With pow'r benign thy servant spare,
 Nor turn aside thy people's pray'r ;
 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 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 father live.

5 Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
 In ev'ry breast his image lies ;
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
 And pray'rs and tears, can nought prevail,
 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
 And guide him safe to endless day.

HYMN 387. L. M.

The Good Shepherd.

JEHOVAH is our shepherd's name,
 Then what have we, though weak, to fear?
 Our sin and folly we proclaim,
 If we despond while he is near.

- 2 When Satan threatens to devour ;
When troubles press on ev'ry side ;
Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r,
He can defend, he will provide.
- 3 See the rich pastures of his grace,
Where, in full streams, salvation flows !
There he appoints our resting place,
And we may feed secure from foes.
- 4 There, 'midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
'The sheep around in safety lie ;
The wolf in vain with malice swells,
For he protects them with his eye.
- 5 Dear Lord, if I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free ;
To trust, and love, and praise is mine,
The care of all, belongs to thee.

HYMN 338. L. M.

Looking upwards in a storm.

GOD of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Did'st thou not hear and answer pray'r,
But a pray'r-hearing answ'ring God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
I have an advocate with thee ;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 389. L. M.

Peace after a Storm.

- W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!
- 3 But O, my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 4 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 390. C. M.

Retirement.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With pray'r and praise agree ;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 Does she commune with God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of love divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour—thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love
 A boundless, endless, store,
 Shall echo through the realms above
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN 391. L. M.

Hope encouraged by a view of the divine perfections.—
 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind !
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind ?
 Am I not safe if God is nigh ?

- 2 He holds all nature in his hand :
That gracious hand on which we live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this dying frame,
On him alone my hopes recline ;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread ! how bright they
shine !
- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
Unchanging faithfulness and love !
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave ;
A present help in time of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

HYMN 392. L. M.

Vanity of the World.

- G**OD gives his mercies to be spent—
Your hoard will do your soul no good ;
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.
- 2 The world's esteem is but a bribe ;
To buy their peace you sell your own ;
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you
known.

- 3 The joy that vain amusements give,
 Oh ! sad conclusion that it brings !
 The honey of a crowded hive,
 Defended by a thousand stings.
- 4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
 That live upon her treach'rous smiles ;
 She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.
- 5 God knows the thousands who go down
 From pleasure, into endless wo ;
 And with a long despairing groan,
 Blaspheme their Maker as they go.
- 6 O fearful thought ! be timely wise—
 Delight but in a Saviour's charms ;
 And God shall take you to the skies,
 Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

HYMN 393. C. M.

Exhortation to praise the Lord.

- SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice ;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand :
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

- 4 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

HYMN 394. L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring 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 Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my peril o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

HYMN 395. L. M.

A propitious gale longed for.

- 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 the auspicious gale!

HYMN 396. C. M.

Omniscience of God.—Psalm cxxxix.

- O**NE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies:
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.
- 3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd
Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee?
- 5 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dy'd in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.

- 6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
He pleads, before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wondrous love—what mysteries,
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

HYMN 397. C. M.

Happiness of saints departed —Rev. xiv. 1—3.

- H**OW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free !
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see !
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb,” aloud they cry,
“ That brought us here to God,”
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.
- 3 They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where’er they see him go ;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.
- 4 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise giv’n ;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the streets of heav’n.

HYMN 398. C. M.

Affliction ; or, meditation on God’s love.—Psalm civ. 34.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
’Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee !

HYMN 399. S. M.

What shall a man profit, &c --Mark viii. 36, 37.

WHAT does the worldling gain

By all his vain pursuits?

His very pleasure gives him pain,

And mis'ry are its fruits.

2 What anxious cares corrode

The mind intent on wealth;

His mammon oft becomes a load,

Which robs him of his health.

3 Does he his end attain,

And in full affluence roll?

What does the sordid creature gain,

When God demands his soul?

4 His spirit still must live,

Which justice will demand!

What would the impious wretch now give,

To wrest it from his hand?

5 My soul, to heaven aspire,

And seek thine all in God:

Nor e'er pollute thy pure desire,

By trifles on the road.

HYMN 400. L. M.

Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.

BBROAD is the road that leads to death,

And thousands walk together there;

But wisdom shows a narrow path,

With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"

Is the Redeemer's great command;

Nature must count her gold but dross,

If she would gain this heav'nly land.

- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain—
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 401. C. M.

Love to the Law and the Gospel.

- W**HEN from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns,
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.
- 2 God, on the table of his heart,
Inscribes his love and fear ;
He loves the law in ev'ry part,
But takes no refuge there.
- 3 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Conspire to set him free :
Reflect, my soul, admire and view,
What God hath done for thee.

HYMN 402. III. 1.

Prayer that Christ may dwell in our hearts

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine thyself impart :
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart ;
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Son of God, appear ! appear !
To thy human temples come.

- 2 Come in this accepted hour;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less;
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace.

HYMN 403. IV. 2.

What think ye of Christ?

- “**WHAT** think ye of Christ?” is the test,
 To try both your state and your schome;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 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 lost.
 So guilty—so helpless am I,
 I could not confide in his word,
 Unless I could make the reply,
 That Christ is “My Lord and my God.”

HYMN 404. C. M.

Winter.

- S**EE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the verdant ground !
But spring will soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties round.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns ;
And fruitless I remain ;
When will the gentle spring return,
The graces grow again ?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise !
This frozen heart remove :
O, hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy love !

HYMN 405. C. M.

Spring.

- B**LEAK winter is subdu'd at length,
And forc'd to yield the day ;
The sun has wasted all his strength,
And driven him away.
- 2 And now long wish'd for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene !
The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.
- 3 Where e'er we tread, beneath our feet
The clust'ring flowers spring :
The tuneful birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.
- 4 But ah ! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt ;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

- 5 Oh ! would my Saviour from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I;
No song more loud than mine.

HYMN 406. L. M.

Lightning in the night.

- A** GLANCE from heav'n with sweet effect
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers ;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.
- 2 So lightning in the gloom of night,
Affords a momentary day ;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which soon as seen, are snatch'd away.
- 3 The lightning's flash did not create
The op'ning prospect it reveal'd !
But only show'd the real state
Of what the darkness had conceal'd.
- 4 Just so, we by a glance discern
The glorious things within the veil,
That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith till light prevail.
- 5 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night ;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

HYMN 407. II. 4.

*Providence of God in the Seasons.—Ps. lxxv. 11.
Acts xiv. 17.*

HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring !

Bright suns arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows,
Through earth and skies.

- 2 The morn with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles :
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills :
The evening breeze
His breath perfumes,
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

- 3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms :
He spreads th' autumnal feasts,
And rides on wintry storms :
His gifts divine
Through all appear
And round the year
His glories shine.

HYMN 408. L. M.

Institution of the Lord's supper.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !

- 3 "This is my body broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food :"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine ;
"This the new covenant in my blood :"
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end ;
Meet at my table and record
The kindness of your dying friend ;
The love of your departed Lord."

HYMN 409. L. M.

Confirmation.

- O** HAPPY day that stays my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond ! that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done ;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine ;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest ;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast ?
- 5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 410. L. M.

Intercession for young Christians.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun ;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And lead thy feeblest children on.

- 2 Their wants thou knowest and their names ;
Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
Be tender of thy new born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 In safety lead thy little flock
From hell, the world, and sin secure,
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

HYMN 411. C. M.

Prayer for the Young.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love !
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there 's a stone
Within the youngest breast ;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh ! join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

HYMN 412. S. M.

Prayer for Youth.

- G**REAT God ! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray ;
Oh may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way !
- 2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow !
- 3 Make their defenceless youth
'The object of thy care ;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 Their hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly 'Thine.
- 5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

HYMN 413. C. M.

Youthful piety.

YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flow'r, though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 2 'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign :
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 414. S. M.

Confidence in God.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame ;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control :
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 415. C. M.

The Christian's hope.

WHILE through this changing world we
roam,

- From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And where is perfect love.
- 4 Ah ! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found ;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

- 5 Henceforth our conversation be
 With Christ before the throne ;
 Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
 And know as we are known.

HYMN 416. C. M.

St. John xiv. 6.

- T**HOU art the way—to thee alone
 From sin and death we flee ;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart ;
 Thou only canst inform the mind
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm,
 And those who put their trust in thee
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 417. S. M.

Philippians, ii. 12, 13.

- H**EIRS of unending life,
 While yet we sojourn here,
 O let us our salvation work
 With trembling and with fear.
- 2 God will support our hearts
 With might before unknown ;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all his own.

- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do ;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too !

HYMN 418. S. M.

The Family Altar.

- I**N all my ways, O God,
 I would acknowledge thee ;
 And seek to keep my heart and house
 From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a tent,
 An altar will I raise ;
 And thither my oblations bring,
 Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
 My household, Lord, should be
 Devoted to thyself alone,
 A nursery for thee.

HYMN 419. L. M.

Family Religion —Gen. xviii. 19.

- F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace ;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand
 They have been and are still sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised ;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows ;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Obey thy precepts, and thy grace.

- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name !
While pleased and thankful we remove,
To join the family above.

HYMN 420. C. M.

Duty of Secret Prayer.—Matt. vi. 6.

- F**ATHER of heaven ! Thy piercing eye,
Darts through the blackest night ;
In deep retirement 'Thou art nigh,
The dark with Thee is light.
- 2 With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade,
May thine all-searching eye survey
My secret homage paid.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to Thee aspire,
In my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the presence of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt Thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN 421. L. M.

For a Charity or Sunday-school Anniversary.

- F**ROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part ;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away :
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day

- 3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number marked to fall ;
Be young and old prepared alike :
The warning is to each and all.
- 4 This sole occasion then is ours !
This day we ne'er again shall see !
Lord God, awaken all our powers
To spend it for eternity !
- 5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand :
On Thee for all things we rely ;
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew :
Send children, teachers, in our place—
More humble, docile, faithful true—
More like thy Son, from race to race.

HYMN 422. C. M.

Sunday-school Anniversary.

- T**HY throne, O God ! in righteousness
For ever shall endure ;
We bow before it—deign to bless
The children of the poor.
- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share ;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.
- 3 Strangers to Thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gather'd from the world, became
The children of thy choice.

- 4 'Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.
- 5 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and
taught,
The children of thy grace.
- 6 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And we and they in heaven appear
The children of thy love!

HYMN 423. C. M.

By the children of a Sunday-school.

- O** LORD our God, thy light and truth
To us thy children send,
That we may serve thee in our youth,
And love thee to the end.
- 2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wand'ring heart and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.
- 3 But friends and guardians now, through
grace,
Our heedless steps restrain:
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.
- 4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs:
O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wings!

- 5 Arise—and o'er this vale of tears,
 Shine unto perfect day :
 Still heavenward, through our following
 years,
 Pointing thy servants' way !

HYMN 424. S. M.

Children numbering their days.

THE pure and peaceful mind,
 The meek and lowly heart,
 The patient will to thine resign'd,
 God of all power, impart.

- 2 Young though in years we be,
 In health and spirits strong,
 What is the life of man to thee
 The longest is not long.
- 3 A thousand years, a day,
 Are equal in thy sight:
 Our generations pass away,
 Like watches of the night.
- 4 Lord, make us timely wise
 To know our call of grace ;
 And with the moment, as it flies,
 Run our appointed race.

HYMN 425. C. M.

Children praising Christ.—Matt. xxi. 15, 16.

THOUGH in the temple some are found
 Who bid us hold our peace ;
 Hosanna ! loud our lips resound,
 To Christ the God of Grace.

- 2 Hosanna ! ever be our cry,
 To David's Son and Lord :
 Save ! now thou art exalted high ;
 Thy gracious help afford.

- 3 Out of the mouths of very babes
Thou hast ordained praise :
To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
We now our voices raise.
- 4 Hosanna! still we'll cry aloud,
To Christ enthroned on high ;
May we at last surround the throne,
And Hallelujah cry !
-

*FOR THE CLOSE OF SOCIAL
MEETINGS.*

HYMN 426. III. 1.

At parting.

- A**S the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on ev'ry place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 For a season call'd to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.
- 3 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender shepherd of thy sheep !
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 4 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

HYMN 427. C. M.

After Sermon.—Matt. xiii. 3—23.

NOW, Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown,
 Be it thy servant's care,
 Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
 By humble, fervent pray'r.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
 And water too in vain :
 Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
 Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
 Begin this song divine ;
 Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase,
 And be the glory thine.

HYMN 428. II. 4.

Praise to the Saviour.

JESUS, accept the praise
 That to thy Name belongs !

Matter of all our lays,
 Subject of all our songs ;
 Through thee we now together came,
 And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
 But still in spirit join'd,
 T' embrace the happy toil,
 Thou hast to each assign'd ;
 And, while we do thy blessed will,
 We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on,
 In all thy pleasant ways,
 And, arm'd with patience, run
 With joy th' appointed race !
 Keep us and every seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heavenly goal.

- 4 There we shall meet again,
 When all our toils are o'er,
 And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more :
 We shall with all our brethren rise,
 And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

HYMN 429. L. M.

Praise for the privileges of the Gospel.

- H**APPY the saints whose lot is cast,
 Where oft is heard the gospel sound ;
 The word is pleasant to their taste,
 A healing balm for every wound.
- 2 With joy they hasten to the place,
 Where they their Saviour oft have met,
 And while they feast upon his grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 3 This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours ;
 May we the privilege improve,
 And find these consecrated hours,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 430. L. M.

Parting Hymn.

- C**OME, christian brethren, ere we part
 Join every voice and every heart ;
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore ;
 And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren we shall meet again.

HYMN 431. L. M.

Prayer at parting.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 432. C. M.

After sermon.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound!
- 3 Salvation: O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 433. C. M.

Praise to the Lamb.—Psalin cxv. l.

NOT unto us, but thee alone,
 Blest Lamb, be glory giv'n
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 And carried on in heav'n.

- 2 'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays ;
And when we reach thy blissful throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

HYMN 434. III. 2.

The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer ;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove,
Preparations for above ;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace ;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

- 3 BREAD of heaven ! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread ;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.

- 4 Vine of heaven ! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis thy wounds my healing give :
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life ! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

HYMN 435. L. M.

After Sermon.

LORD ! now we part in thy blest Name,
 In which we here together came ;
 Grant us our few remaining days
 To work thy will and spread thy praise.

- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
 Thee, Lord ! our strength and righteousness ;
 And grant us all to meet above,
 Where we shall better sing thy love !

HYMN 436. III. 3.

After Sermon.—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 437. S. M.

On leaving the House of God.

THY word, Almighty Lord,
 Where'er it enters in,
 Is sharper than a two-edged sword
 To slay the man of sin.

- 2 Thy word is power and life ;
 It bids confusion cease,
 And changes envy, hatred, strife,
 To love, and joy, and peace.

- 3 Then let our hearts obey
 The gospel's glorious sound,
 And all its fruits, from day to-day
 Be in us and abound.

HYMN 438. III. 4.

Parting Hymn.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

HYMN 439. II. 4.

Prayer for a Blessing.—Rev. xxii. 20.

TO thee, our wants are known,
 From thee are all our pow'rs ;
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours :
 Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
 And to thy word a blessing give.

- 2 [O grant that each of us,
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear !
 And follow thee to heav'n our home ;
 E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come !]

DOXOLOGIES.

Common Metre.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Long Metre.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heav'n adore.
 Be glory, as it was of old
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

Short Metre.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit glory be ;
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
 To all eternity.

III. 1.

Sing we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love :
 Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore ;
 Be glory as in ages past,
 And now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

II. 4.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son ;
And to the Holy Ghost,
Be equal honours done :
Our mercies thee their author claim,
And honour to th' eternal name.

II. 1.

Ye saints of God, your voices raise,
And sing th' eternal Father's praise,
And glorify the Son :
Give glory to the Holy Ghost,
And join with all th' angelic host,
To bless the great Three-One.

III. 3.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son ;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises,
With the elders round the throne.

II. 4.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

TABLE

Of Peculiar Metres, with reference to a suitable
Tune in "The Baltimore Collection of Church
Music."

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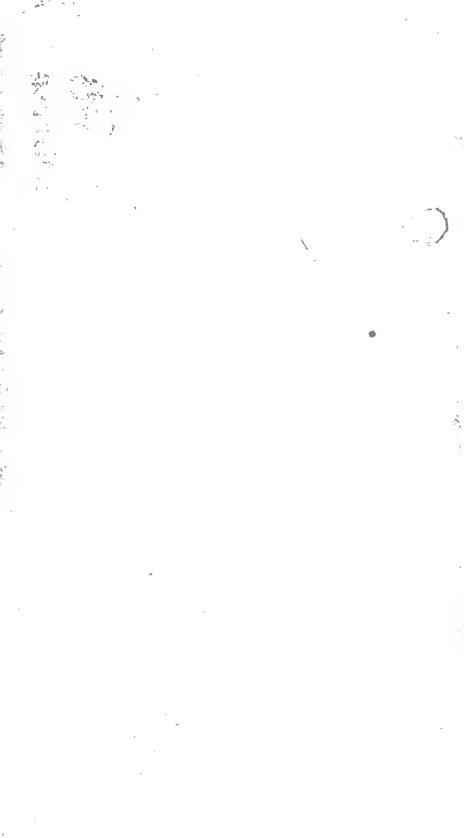
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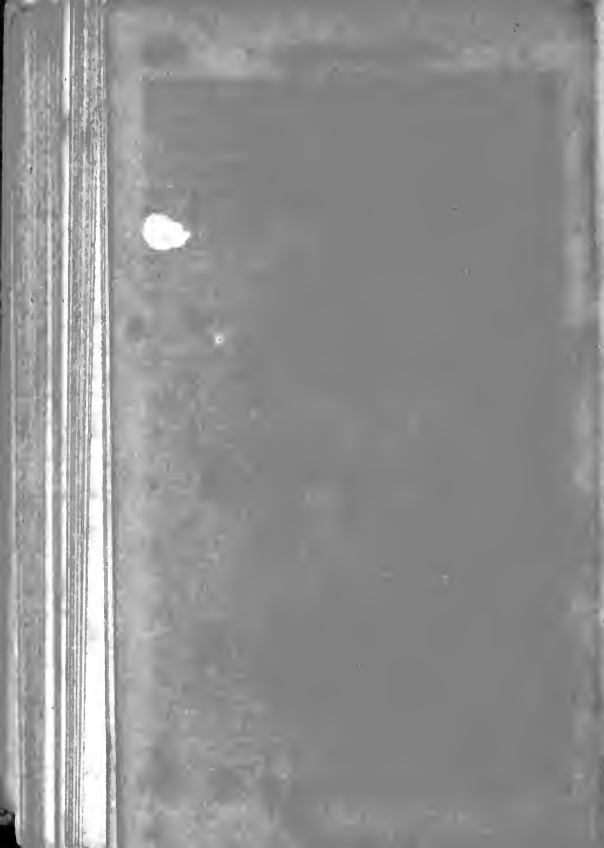
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