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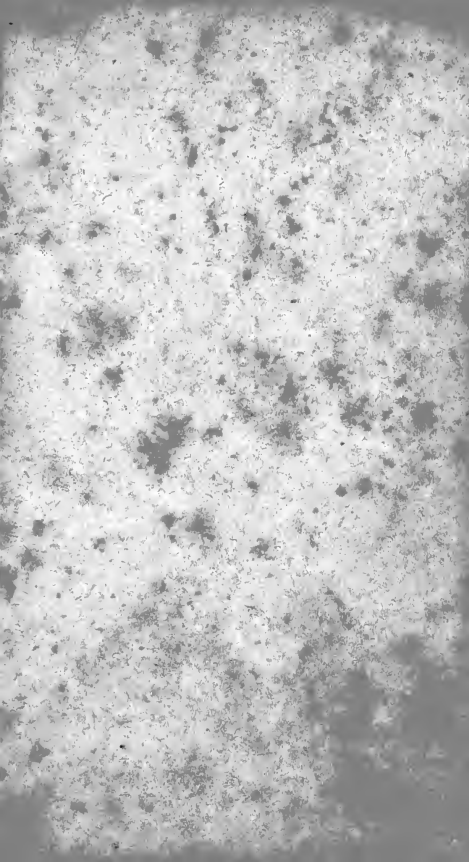
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SONGS OF ZION,

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NEW SELECTION OF HYMNS,

DESIGNED FOR

REVIVAL AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

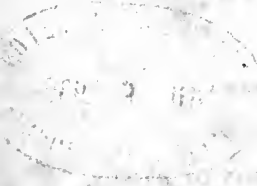
BY DR. S. W. KING.

NEW-IPSWICH, N. H.

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1837.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE

1837

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Compiler of this volume, has been induced to publish it by the repeated solicitations of his brethren, and by his own conviction that a book containing a selection of hymns, adapted to the wants of the christian community was very much needed. Care has been taken to select those hymns which are best adapted to be sung in "*times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.*"

It is fondly hoped that this book may be made useful as an instrument in exciting and perpetuating those glorious revivals of pure religion which so signally characterize this age in which Zion is breaking forth on every side in songs of praise.

Commending this selection to the blessing of Him who is "fearful in praises," it is presented to the Christian public.

S. W. K.

February 28, 1837.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR

The following information was obtained from a review of the records of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, regarding the proposed acquisition of land for the establishment of a national monument in the State of California.

The proposed monument is situated in the County of San Diego, California, and covers an area of approximately 10,000 acres. The land is currently owned by private parties and is being offered for sale to the Government.

The proposed monument is of great scientific and historical interest, and its acquisition would be in the public interest. The monument would contain a large number of prehistoric ruins, including pueblos, pueblositos, and petroglyphs. It would also contain a large number of rare and valuable plants and animals.

The proposed monument is situated in an area of great natural beauty, and its acquisition would be in the public interest. The monument would contain a large number of rare and valuable plants and animals.

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H Y M N S .

H Y M N 1. 7s. & 5s.

1 Rouse ye at the Saviour's call!
Sinners rouse ye one and all
Wake! Or soon your soul shall fall,
Fall in deep despair.

2 Woe to him who turns away,
Jesus kindly calls *to day*,
Come, O sinner while you may,
Raise your soul in prayer.

3 Heard ye not the Saviour's cry?
"Turn O turn why will you die!"
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom!

4 Haste, for time is rushing on!
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb!

By the Saviour's bleeding love,
 By the joys of heaven above,
 Let these words your spirits move;
 Quick to Jesus fly!

Come, and save your souls from death,
 Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath,
 Fly! for life's a fleeting breath,
 Soon, O soon you'll die.

HYMN 2. H. M.

Gracious.

Indulgent God! how kind
 Are all thy ways to me,
 Whose dark benighted mind
 Was enmity with Thee;
 Yet now subdu'd by sovereign grace,
 My spirit longs for thine embrace.

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

3 Preserved in Jesus, when
 My feet made haste to hell;
 And there should I have been,
 But thou dost all things well:
 Thy love was great, thy mercy free,
 Which from the pit delivered me.

4 A monument of grace,
 A sinner, saved by blood—
 The streams of love I trace
 Up to the fountain, God;
 And in his sacred bosom, see
 Eternal thoughts of love to me.

HYMN 3. 7s.

Sinner prepare to meet God.

1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hand endure,
 In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
 Awful terrors clothe his brow!
 For his judgements stand prepar'd—
 Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
 Solid mountains melt like wax.
 What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
 You who glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Lord prepare us by thy grace,
 Soon we must resign our breath;
 And our souls be call'd to pass
 Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice;
 Seek the things that are above;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN 4. C. M.

The holyness of God.

1 Holy and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King:
 Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
 Thrice holy, let us sing.

- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him
 compar'd,
 How mean they look, and dim!
 The fairest angels have their spots,
 When once compared with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,
 And truth is his delight;
 But sinners and their wicked ways
 Shall perish from his sight.
- 4 The deepest rev'ence of the mind,
 Pray, O my soul to God;
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Love of God.

- 1 Come ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift your souls above;
 Let every heart and voice accord,
 To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
 And all his mercies prove;

Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that God is love.

3 In all his doctrines and commands,
His councils and designs—
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd
His love supremely shines.

4 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above—
The joyful and transporting news,
That God the Lord is love.

HYMN 6. C. M.

The scoffer.

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

2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigor spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

3 Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues, you scorn'd before

No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With flames upon your tongues,
When you exchange'd your soul away
For vanity and songs.

HYMN 7. C. M.

The last Resolve.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed
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 prayer,

“ Yet still like Ester I will stay,
 “ And perish only there.

5 “ I can but perish if I go—

“ I am resolved to try;

“ For if I stay away, I know

“ I must forever 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 8: 7s. & 6s.

The Alarm.

1 Stop, poor sinners, stop and think,
 Before you further go;

Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?

On the virge of ruin stop—

Now the friendly warning take—
 Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop
 Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?

Fear ye not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 Which his justice shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?
 Gastly 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?
 Tho' your heart were made of steel,
 Your forehead lin'd with brass;
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass;
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Those who now despise his grace,
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

HYMN 9. L. M.

- 1 Young people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
- 2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the luring scenes of vice;
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And washed my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
- 4 And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 5 Youth like the spring will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may sit at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.

- 6 Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 7 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
- 8 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.
- 10 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in careless pain,

And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

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

12 Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great re-
ward.

HYMN 10. S. M,
Apostacy 2 Pet. ii. 22.

1 Ye who in former days,
Were found at Zion's gate;
Who seemed to walk in wisdom's ways
And told your happy state;

2 But now to sin draw back,
And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
And choose the beaten way;

3 Think not your names above
 Are written with the saints;
 The promise of unchanging love
 Is his who never faints.

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

HYMN 11 7s.

Invitation and warning.

1 Sinners turn, why will you die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why?
 God who did you 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 you die?
 God, the spirit asks you why?
 He who all your lives hath strove
 Woo'd you to embrace his love:
 Will ye no his grace receive?

Will ye still refuse to live?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

HYMN 12. P. M.

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

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

3 From men great skill professing,
 I sought a cure to gain;
 But this proved more distressing,

And added to my pain.

Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace)

Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case :
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed ;
Then bade me look upon him :
I looked—and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death

Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition—
'Tis only look, and live.

HIMN 13. P. M.

The manna Hymn.

1 Brethren, we have met to worship,
 And adore the Lord our God,
 Will you pray with all your power,
 While we wait upon the Lord?
 All is vain, unless the Spirit
 Of the Holy One comes down.
 Brethren, pray, and Holy Manna
 Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
 Slumbering on the brink of woe,
 Death is coming, hell is moving,
 Can you bear to let them go?
 See your fathers and your mothers,
 And their children sinking down.
 Brethren, pray, &c.

3 Don't you see that poor backslider,
 Who was once near heaven's door?
 Now he has denied the Saviour,
 And he's worse than e'er before.
 Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
 If he will confess his wound.
 Brethren pray, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
 Moses' sisters helped him;
 Will you seek the trembling mourner
 Who is struggling hard with sin?
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he will be found.
 Sisters, pray, &c.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
 Let us love each other too,
 Let us join and pray to Jesus,
 Till the Lord makes all things new.
 Soon he'll call us home to glory,
 At his table we'll sit down,
 Christ will gird himself and serve us
 With sweet manna all around.

HYMN 14. S. M.

Morning.

1 We lift our hearts to thee,
 O Day-Star from on high!
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O may no gloomy crime
 Pollute the rising day!

May Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all our stains away!

3 May we this day improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

4 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

HYMN 15. 6s. & 4s.

Hymn to the Trinity.

1 Come thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise,
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus our Lord arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.

Let thine Almighty aid,
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stay'd,
 Lord hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend.
 Come and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success,
 Spirit of holyness,
 On us descend.

4 Come holy comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour;
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 His sovereign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

HYMN 16. P. M.

The Atonement.

Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour?
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 O ! He died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me;
 And to purchase our pardon wi th blood.

2 He was extended—He was, &c.
 Painfully nailed to the cross;
 Here he bow'd his head and died,
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus, &c.
 Three dreadful hours in pain,
 And the solid rocks were rent,
 Through creation's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God-man

4 Darkness prevailed—Darkness, &c.
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
 And the sun refused to shine,
 When his majesty divine,
 Was derdied, insulted and slain.

5 When it was finish'd—when, &c.
 And the atonement was made,
 He was taken by the great,
 And embalm'd with spices sweet,
 And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail mighty Saviour—Hail, &c.
 Prince, and the author of peace;
 O! He burst the bars of death,
 And, triumphant from the earth,
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding—There &c.
 Pleading that sinners may live,
 Crying, “Father, I have died,
 O behold my hands and side,
 O forgive them, I pray thee forgive.”

8 “I will forgive them—I will, &c.
 When they repent and believe,
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconcil'd to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive.”

HYMN 17. 5s. 6s.

God's servants should praise him

1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud
And honor the Son;
Our Jesus' praises
The angels proclaim;

Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

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

HYMN 18. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

5 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.

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

HYMN 19. 11s.

Divine Mercy. Psalm Ixxxix. 1.

1 Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue,
 Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
 Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here,
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
 But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
 And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the
way;

No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.

4 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell;
'T was Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the
tree,

That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

5 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the cov'nant love of thy crucifi'd son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

HYMN 20. P. M.

Expostulation.

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

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he di'd for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

- 2 Now he pleads his sweat and blood-
shed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet;
Father save them tho' they're blood red,
Raise them to a heav'nly seat.
Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 3 Sinners; hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent, return and pray.
Sinner can you hate, &c.
- 4 O be wise, before you languish
On the bed of dying strife!
Endless joy or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life!
Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 5 Now he's waiting to be gracious;
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me!
Sinners, can you hate, &c.
- 6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;

Now receive and O, adore him;
 Take a full discharge from sin.
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

7 Come, for all things now are ready:
 Yet there's room for many more;
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store,
 Sinners, can you hate, &c.

HIMN 21. 7s. & 8s.

The Bible a Treasure.

1 Precious Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I want no more.

2 Food to which the world 's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never clogs:
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed!

2 In the hour of dark temptation
 Satan cannot make me yield,
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield ;
 While the Scripture truths are sure
 From his malice I'm secure.

4 Shall I envy thee, thou miser,
 Doating on thy golden store?
 Sure I am, I should be wiser,
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
 Jesus gives me in his word,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword.

HYMN 22. 12s. & 11s.

The Family Bible.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
 Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
 When blest with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on
 high.

I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
 The seats of their offsprings as ranged on each
 hand,

And that richest book which excels ev'ry other,
 That family Bible which lay on the stand.

*The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
 The family Bible that lay on the stand.*

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morn, and at evening could yield us delight,
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
 For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,

All warm from the heart of a family band,
 Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,

Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.

The old fashioned Bible &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;

In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,

And wander unknown on a far distant shore.

Yet how can I doubt a dear saviour's protection,

Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;

Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,

And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

The old fashioned Bible &c.

HYMN 23. L. M.

Reading the Scriptures.

1 Great God! oppress'd with grief and fear,

I take thy book and hope to find

Some gracious word of promise there,

To soothe the sorrows of my mind.

- 2 I turn the sacred volume o'er,
 And search with care from page to
 page;
 Of threat'nings find an ample store,
 But nought that can my grief assuage.
- 3 And is there naught! Forbid, dear
 Lord!
 So base a thought should e'er arise;
 I'll search again, and while I search,
 O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done; and with transporting joy,
 I read the heaven-inspired lines;
 There Mercy spreads its brightest beams,
 And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,
 And mines of gold t'enrich the poor;
 Here's healing balm for every wound
 A salve for every fest'ring sore.

HYMN 24. 6s. & 7s.

- 1 I love the holy Son of God,
 Who once this vale of sorrow trod,

Who bore my sins, a dreadful load,
 Up Calvary's gloomy mountain.
 There on the cross the Saviour hung,
 The sport of many an impious tongue,
 While pain extreme has nature wrung,
 And flow'd life's crimson fountain.

2 The sun would not behold the scene,
 But round him threw night's sable screen;
 Nature was rob'd in mourning mien,
 And sigh'd when Jesus suffer'd.
 But ah! his persecutors stood,
 That wicked, impious, hellish brood,
 Unmoved to see his gushing blood,
 And shocking insults offer'd.

3 O! why did not his fury burn,
 And floods of vengeance on them turn?
 Amazing! see, his bowels yearn
 In soft compssion on them.
 No fury kindles in his eyes,
 They beam with love—and when he dies,
 "Father, forgive," the Sufferer cries
 "They know not"—O forgive them.

4 How ardent ought my love to be
 To Him who's done so much for me;

My constant service faithful, free—
 And all my powers employing.
 I should my cross with pleasure bear,
 And place my all of glorying there,
 In his reproach most gladly share,
 In tribulation joying.

5 And never shall it be concealed,
 He hath to me his love revealed,
 Of all my sins a pardon seal'd—
 I feel his blessed favor.
 In him I do and will rejoice;
 I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
 Until the theme my tongue employs
 In heaven above, forever.

HYMN 25. P. M.

The sufferings of Christ.

1 Throughout our Saviour's life we trace
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
 No period else was seen,
 Till he the spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature's sin.

2 On the cold ground me thinks I see
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me;
 For this I him adore;
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood-drops did force their passage out,
 Through ev'ry opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
 His back with cruel lashes tore,
 Till one the bones might see!
 Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 Press'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their
 game;
 At length his cross they rear;
 And can you see the Son of God
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
 Without one thankful tear?

5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
 He dies with anguish on the tree;
 What tongue his grief can tell?
 The shudd'ring rocks their heads re-
 cline,

The morning sun refused to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout brethren, shout with songs di-
vine,

He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst:

Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
To praise your precious Christ.

HYMN 26. C. M.

1 Arise and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come,

Thy glorious conquering King is near,
To take his exiles home;

The trumpet's thundering thro' the sky,
To set poor sinners free;

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

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
Throughout the earth and sky;

Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh:

Blow out the sun, turn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood;

Whilst every star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.

3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the judge appear;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel, with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

4 The glorious news of gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er,
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more;
The watchmen all have left the walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 27. P. M.

The Christian Pilgrim.

1 Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this lonely vale,

Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
And will not thy courage fail?

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

O hallelujah, O hallelujah,
I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?

O hallelujah, O hallelujah.

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

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

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale;
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound, &c.

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

For I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
 Down the stream she plunged from
 sight;

Gazing still, I saw her rising,
 Like an angel clothed with light.

O, I'm bound, &c.

8 Cease, my heart, this mournful cry-
 ing.

Death will burst this sullen gloom;
 Soon my spirit, fluttering, dying,
 Will be borne beyond the tomb.

For I'm bound, &c.

HYMN 28. C. M.

*Warning to sinners to flee from the wrath
to come.*

- 1 With love of pity I look round
Upon my fellow clay;
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God! what shall I say?
- 2 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners! come away;
The Saviour 's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 3 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.
- 4 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
If destitute of grace;
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face?
- 5 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye.

6 But death and hell must all appear,
 And you among them stand;
 Before the great impartial bar,
 Arrang'd at Christ's left hand.

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

HYMN 29. C. P. M.

John iii. 3.

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

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It pour'd its curses on my head,
 I no relief could find;
 This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 And whelm'd my tortur'd mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast, oppressive load;
 Alas, I read and saw it plain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare;
 Yet when I found this truth remain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The gracious Saviour 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.

HYMN 30 8s. & 7s.

Mourning Souls.

1 Poor mourning souls in deep distress
 Making sad lamentation,
 Find themselves lost in wickedness,
 And under condemnation;

While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
 Do sound with loudest terror,
 And they as naught in God's account,
 Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 O here I am in deep distress,
 Most worn away with trouble;
 Day after day I seek for peace,
 But find my sorrow double.

Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
 Time past you might repented,
 But now you see it is to late,
 So make yourself contented.

3 How can I live, how can I breathe,
 Under this sore temptation,
 Conclude my day of grace is o'er;
 Lord hear my lamentation;
 For I am weary of my life,
 Of pains and bitter crying,
 My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
 My spirit's almost dying.

4 But who is He that looketh forth,
 Sweet as the blooming, morning,
 Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
 'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.

Jesus can clothe my naked soul;
 Jesus for me hath died:
 And now I can with pleasure sing,
 My wants are all supplied.

HYMN 31. C. P. M.

Grace Conquering.

1 Lord thou hast won—at length I yield;
 My heart by mighty grace compelled,
 Surrenders all to thee;
 Against thy terrors long I strove,
 But who can stand against thy love?
 Love conquers, even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
 I still had stubborn been;
 But mercy has my heart subdued,
 A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
 And now I hate my sin.

3 Now Lord, I would be thine alone;
 Come, take possession of thine own,
 For thou hast set me free;
 Released from Satan's hard command,
 See all my powers in waiting stand,
 To be employ'd by thee.

HYMN 32. L. M.

A young convert falling into darkness.

1 When converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fane would they be with Christ above.

2^d With admiration they behold
The love of Christ, that can't be told;
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring;
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

4 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel;
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

5 O foolish child, why didst thou boast,
In the enlargement of thy coast?
Why didst thou think to fly a way,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?

6 Come take up arms, and face the field,
 Come gird on harness, sword and shield,
 Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
 And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

HYMN 33. P. M.

Saints entering Paradise.

1 Hail, ye hosts of seraphs bright!
 I've come to join your number;
 For ever to feel delight,
 With angels and my Saviour.
 My cares have ceased, my pains are
 o'er.

I now have reached the blissful shore,
 And floods of light begin to roll,
 And burst upon my ravished soul.
 O sound his praise ye heav'nly choir,
 Who plucked me from the flaming
 fire.

2 Now ye fleeting things of time,
 No more your false attraction,
 Can move this peaceful breast of mine;
 My joys are everlasting.
 Long I withstood the powers of hell,
 And Jesus was my glorious shield;

Now I've got through the wilderness,
Give glory to my great High Priest.

O sound his praise, &c.

3 Jesus looks with smiles of love,
And angels bid me welcome;
The patriarchs and prophets all,
Reach forth the hand of friendship,
My christian neighbors here I find,
My kindred and my nearest friends,
The song of Moses now I'll join,
And heaven and glory, all are mine.

O sound his praise, &c.

4 Now I see my God and King,
With grateful admiration;
His ways, his works, his name I'll sing
In flaming adoration.

His everlasting glories shine,
Diffusing light and joy divine,
To millions in those happy climes,—
And heaven and glory are mine.

O sound his praise, &c.

5 Through the boundless field of light,
My mind is lost to ponder;

I sail through seas of glory bright,
 O glorious scenes of wonder!
 Angelic notes in highest strains,
 Are echoed o'er these heav'nly plains;
 The sacred anthems now I join,
 And heaven and glory all are mine.
 O sound his praise, &c.

HYMN 34. P. M.

The new Convert.

- 1 O how happy are they,
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favour divine
 I had found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When at first I believ'd,
 What true joy I receiv'd,
 What a heav'n in Jesus name.
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know,

And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

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

5 O! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my saviour possest,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 35. 7s.

Hearts of Stone.

1 Hearts of stone; relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body mangled—rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood,

Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Murder'd God's eternal Son.

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

4 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 36. 8s. & 7s.

Bartimeus. Mark x. 48

1 "Mercy, O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartim'us pray'd;
"Others by thy word are sav'd,
Now to me afford thine aid.

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;

Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
 "Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging us'd to live;
 But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord remove this grievous blind-
 ness,
 Let my eyes behold the day!"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
 "Publishing to all arround:
 "Friends is not my case amazing?
 What a saviour I have found!

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis'd by me!
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

HYMN 37. C. M.

Belshazzar. Daniel v. 5, 6.

- 1 Poor sinners! little do they think
With whom they have to do!
They stand securely on the brink
Of everlasting wo.
- 2 Chaldea's king, profanely bold,
The Lord of hosts defi'd;
But vengeance soon his boasts control'd,
And humble all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
(And trembled on his throne,)
Which wrote his sudden, dreadful fall,
In characters unknown.
- 4 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford:
O sinner ere this case be thine,
Begin to seek the Lord.
- 5 The law, like this hand-writing, stands,
And speaks the wrath of God;
But Jesus answers its demands,
And cancels it with blood,

HYMN 38. 11s.

Delay not.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw
near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee
No price is demanded the saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is
free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy
God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou re-
fuse
To wash and be cleansed in his par-
doning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls the
to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the
tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon
pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,
 Long grieved and resisted, may take
 its sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy
 race,
 To sink in the depth of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at
 hand—
 The earth shall desolve, the heavens
 shall fade;
 The dead, small and great, in the judg-
 ment shall stand;
 What power then, O sinner, shall lend
 the its aid!

HYMN 39. L. M.

Reflection.

1 Alas, alas, how blind I've been,
 How little of myself I've seen!
 Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
 Thoughtless of God whom I defied.

2 I heard of heaven, I heard of hell,
 Where bliss and wo eternal dwell;

But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
 And scōrn'd the place where angels
 shine.

3 My angry heart refused the blood
 Of a decending, suffering God;
 And guilty passion boldly broke
 The holy law which heaven had spoke.

4 The alluring world controll'd my
 choice,
 When conscience spoke, I hush'd its
 voice,
 Securely laugh'd along the road,
 Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 Now the Almighty God comes near,
 And makes me shake with awful fear;
 Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
 Nor hear the voice of joy again.

HYMN 40. P. M.

Calvary.

1 As near to Calvary I pass,
 Me thinks I see a bloody cross;
 Where a poor victim hangs;

His flesh with rugged iron tore,
 His limbs all dressed in purple gore,
 Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
 I ask'd who can this victim be
 In such exquisite pain?
 Why thus consign'd to woes? I cried;
 "'Tis I," the bleeding God replied,
 "To save a world from sin."

3 A God for rebel mortal dies;
 How can it be? my soul replies:
 What! Jesus died for me?
 "Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God;
 "I give my life, I spill my blood,
 For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely
 given,
 To bring my wretched soul to heaven,
 And bless me with thy love,
 Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
 Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
 To reign with thee above.

HYMN 41. 12s.

The Chariot.

1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
fire,

As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of clond,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead
are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the
Lord;

And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are
there,

And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory
wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard:

Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are
stirr'd!

From the sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,

All the vast generation of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
all set.

Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met!

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

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness, the wicked are
 driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

HYMN 42. C. M.

Deliverance from sin.

- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness,
 'The sin-subduing power;
 Power to believe, and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd;
 The liberty from sin;
 The grace infus'd the love reveal'd,
 The kingdom fix'd within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
 Thou seest my heart's desire;
 Made ready in thy powerful day,
 Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out oppress'd,
 Impatient to be freed!
 Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
 Till I am saved indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
 So arm me with thy power,
 That I to sin may never cleave,
 May never feel it more.

HYMN 43. S. M.

Watch and pray. Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor once at ease sit down:
 Thy arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou hast got thy crown.

HYMN 44. C. M.

Self-denial. Mark viii. 34.

- 1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand
lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN 45. P. M.

- 1 Hark! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers!

On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers—

Their horses white, their garments
bright,

With crown and bow they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame;
A soldier I will be;

I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

They want no cowards in their band
(They will their color fly)

But call for valiant hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!

All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war;

They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,

His garments stained in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
 And drive the hosts of hell;
 How dreadful is our God in arms!
 The great Immanuel!
 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
 Th' eternal Son of God,
 And march with us to Canaan's land,
 Beyond the swelling flood.

HYMN 46. L. M.

O that my Load.

1 O That my load of sin were gone,
 O that I could at last submit,
 At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove,
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power;
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
 Appear in my poor heart, appear;
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 47. L. M.

- 1 Ye blooming youth, I pray give ear,
 A death bed lamentation hear!
 Ere death shall blast the opening flower,
 O make thy peace and calling sure.
- 2 In pride and wealth and pleasure's
 maze
 I've spent the morning of my days;
 Did oft in gayest circles shine,
 Nor thought my sun would e'er decline.

3 But death has aimed the fatal blow,
 Down to the grave I soon must go;
 Distressing pains my v'itals tare,
 My soul is rack'd with keen despair.

4 My beauty, once my greatest pride,
 The cold and silent grave will hide;
 The rose, so late in sweetest bloom,
 The hungry worm will soon consume.

5 Oft I've adorned this blooming face,
 My limbs have deck'd with sweetest
 grace;
 But though so love'y and so fair,
 The winding sheet I soon must wear.

6 In sinful pleasures I have spent
 The golden moments God hath lent;
 And now beneath his awful frown,
 I soon shall sink in anguish down.

7 Oft I have heard the gospel call,
 But madly have rejected all;
 And now the day of grace is o'er,
 I sink alas! to rise no more.

8 Oft I have felt the inward smart,
 And anguish keen has seized my heart.

And oft, alone, resolved in tears,
To seek the Lord in riper years.

9 But with conviction still I strove,
Dispised a Saviour's offered love,
Refused with sinful joys to part,
And grieved his spirit from my heart.

10 Now soon with me shall time be o'er,
My sun shall rise and set no more;
But sinking down in endless pain,
Shall never, never rise again.

11 Ye blooming youth, a long farewell,
O shun the path that leads to hell,
Seek, now, your slighted Saviour's face,
No more despise his offered grace.

12 No more his loving spirit grieve,
Lest he your precious soul should leave;
O think, that ere tomorrow's sun,
You may forever be undone.

13 O christian friends, a long adieu,
I've been reprov'd and warn'd by you,
Oft have I heard your weeping cry,
"Turn, sinner, turn, why will you die?"

14 But mercy has forever fled,
 I sink among the silent dead,
 My life is o'er, my glass is run,
 Farewell to all below the sun.

HYMN 48. P. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:
 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.

2 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 tost'd my foundering
 bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to
 stem;

When suddenly a star arose;
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's
 thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for ever more,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 49. 8s.

Matt. xxii. 42. John xv. 23.

- 1 “What think ye of Christ?” is the
 test,
 To try both your state and your
 scheme;
 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 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 50. 7s

Learning of Christ. Mat. xi. 29.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,
 Your redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the Judgment hall,
 View the Lord of life arraign'd
 O the wormwood and the gall!
 O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle sublime,
 God's own sacrifice complete:
 "It is finished," hear him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

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

HYMN 51. C. M.

1 I sojourn in a vale of tears:
 Alas! how can I sing?
 My harp doth on the willows hang,
 Untuned in ev'ry string.

2 My music is a captive's strain;
 Harsh sounds my ears do fill:
 How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs
 On this side Zion's hill?

3 Yet, lo I hear the joyful sound!
 Surely, I'll quickly come:

Each word much sweetness doth distil,
Like a full honeycomb.

4 And wilt thou come, my dearest Lord?
And wilt thou surely come?

Yes, on such prospects I can rest,
And shall be soon at home.

5 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,
To fit a place for me;

For 'tis his will, that where he is,
There should his servants be.

6 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
Of Canaan's grapes I taste:

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

HYMN 52. P. M.

1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love!

When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now, I am a soldier;
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er:
 If I continue faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love, I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow;
 I bid you all adieu;
 And oh, my friends, be faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Then, cast your cares on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray:
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when the combat's ended,
 He'll carry you above.

- 5 O do not be discourag'd
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft'ner you request:
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last loud trumpet,
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our redeemer's gone.
- 7 Our ears shall then with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold!
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold!
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing!
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King!

HYMN 53 P. M.

1 The gospel ship is sailing by,
 The ark of safety now is nigh,
 O sinners, unto Jesus fly,
 Improve your day of grace;
 O there'll be glory, glory, O hallelujah,
 O there'll be glory,
 When we the Lord embrace.

2 The judgment day is rolling on,
 The glass of life will soon be run,
 Creation with her fiery doom,
 The lord will soon appear!
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 When saints shall view him near.

3 Now hark, the trumpet rends the
 skies!
 See slumbering millions wake and rise!
 What joy, what terror and surprise,
 The last great day is come!
 O there'll be glory, &c.
 Around the judgement throne.

4 See nations throng his awful bar,
 Both saints and sinners from afar,

All tribes and kindred now appear,
And wait to hear their doom!

O there'll be glory, &c.

When Christ the Lord shall come.

5 Jehovah now the book unseals!

The clearest light each heart reveals!

The pointed truth each conscience feels!

The amazing throng divide!

O there'll be mourning, mourning,
mourning, mourning,

O there'll be mourning,

When justice shall decide.

6 See parents and their children part!

See husbands and their wives must part!

See brothers and their sisters must part!

To meet again no more;

O there'll be mourning, &c.

The day of mercy's o'er.

HYMN 54 C. M.

Viewing the promised land.

1 On Jordian's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,

To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting rapturous scene,
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines, one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach the healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'll launch away.

HYMN 55. L. M.

The Fig-tree. Mark xi. 20

- 1 One awful word which Jesus spoke
Against the tree that bore no fruit,
More dreadful than the lightning's stroke
Blasted and dry'd it to the root.
- 2 How many who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan binds, and sin deceives,
May with this wither'd tree compare?—
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.
- 3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and
talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.
- 4 Without such fruit as God expects,
Knowledge will make our state the
worse,
The fruitless sinner he rejects,
And soon will blast them with his
curse.

HYMN 56. C. M.

Mary's tears.

- 1 When the repentant Mary came,
And knelt at Jesus' feet,
Weigh'd down by sorrow, sin and shame,
And pour'd the precious sweet—
- 2 The tears of penitence bedew'd
The humble mourner's eye;
Her contrite grief her Maker view'd
And register'd it on high.
- 3 She at her Saviour's footstool bent,
And humbly knelt to pray;
God saw her heart—forgiveness sent
And wiped her sins away.
- 4 Ye who by sin have been misled,
From the bright way to heaven,
And would again its pathway tread,
And wish to be forgiven—
- 5 Do not upon the sacred shrine,
Your glittering off'rings heap,
As if your gems were things divine,
But like the suppliant weep.

6 O! may the storms of sorrow raise
 Your wandering thoughts to heaven;
 May you like Mary, kneel and praise,
 Like Mary—be forgiven.

HYMN 57. P. M.

The end of the world.

- 1 The fields are all white, the harvest
 is near,
 The reapers prepared, with their sickles
 appear,
 To enter the fields, and gather the grain,
 But nature's wild tares, to be burned
 will remain.
- 2 Come then, dying sinner, O think on
 that day,
 When all things in nature shall haste to
 decay;
 When the trumpet shall sound, and the
 angels appear,
 To reap down the earth, both the wheat
 and the tare.
- 3 But hear the sad cry, that ascends to
 the sky,

Of those in distress, who have nowhere
to fly;

But call on the rocks and the mountains
to hide

Their perishing souls, from the woes
that betide.

4 But ah, 'tis in vain, for the mountains
must flee,

The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall
no more be;

The earth too shall quake, the seas shall
retire,

And the world with its contents, be burn'd
up with fire,

5 Then O wretched mortals, look up and
espy

The glorious Redeemer descend from
the sky;

On a chariot of fire to earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending
around.

6 "Come hither, ye nations your sen-
tence receive,

No more saith the Judge, ye my spirit
 shall grieve;
 My judgment is right, and my sentence
 is just,
 Come hither my saints, but depart all ye
 cursed!"

HYMN 58. S. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near:

2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
 And view the 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 59. L. M.

Christ's dying Love. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- 1 See Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne;
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our sov'reign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour King,
The condescensions of his love.
- 4 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, and undone;

O! let his praise each hour employ,
 'Till hours no more their circles run!

5 He died!—ye seraphs, tune your
 songs!

Resound the Saviour's sacred name;
 For nought below immortal tongues,
 Can ever reach the wonderous theme.

HYMN 60. L. M.

1 O what amazing love is this?
 On earth I taste immortal bliss!
 I feel that voice which is divine,
 And know that Jesus Christ is mine.

2 He leads me on the heavenly road,
 And feeds my soul with angels' food;
 My soul, how free his goodness flows!
 His bleeding love no limit knows.

3 My soul hath found my Christ to-day;
 I feel my darkness done away;
 His presence made my bars remove,
 And O, I feast on heavenly love!

4 I fell my sins are all forgiven,
 This is my Christ, my all, my heaven!

My soul begins her lasting theme,
 "All glory to my God, the Lamb!

HYMN 61. H. M.

Psalm lxx. 2.

- 1 O thou that hearest prayer!
 Attend our humble cry;
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessings, from on high;
 We plead the promise of thy word,
 Grant us thy holy spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry;
 If they, with love sincere.
 Their children's wants supply;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy childreu pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father thou—
 We—children of thy grace—
 Oh let thy spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

HYMN 62. L. M.

High-way, Isaiah xxxv. 8, 10.

1 Jesus, my all to heav'n is gone—
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way 'till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's high-way of holiness,
I'll go for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love I shall receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, behold the way to God.

HYMN 63. C. M.

The desert. 1 *Pet. v. 8.*

1 When night descends in sable guise,
 And spreads her gloom around,
 To close the weary trav'ler's eyes,
 And rest him on the ground.

2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,
 The wand'rer faints to hear,
 The wide alarm on every side,
 Which speaks some danger near;

3 So, in this wilderness of life,
 When e'er afflictions come,
 We sink as in a night of grief,
 Far from our shelt'ring home.

4 The tempter's like a lion's roar,
 Sounds thro' the vale abroad;
 Then let us watch, and evermore
 Depend upon our God.

5 From ev'ry other help afar,
 And left without a friend,
 God is a helper ever near,
 And faithful to the end.

HYMN 64. P. M.

“Lead me to the rock.”

- 1 O, Saviour of sinners, when faint and
 depressed,
 With manifold trials and sorrows op-
 pressed,
 I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence
 cry,
 ‘Lead me to the rock, that is higher than
 I!’
- 2 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to
 grieve,
 And the service of Christ, my redeemer
 to leave,
 I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
 The Rock of salvation, that's higher
 Than I!
- 3 When God from my soul shall his
 presence remove

To try by his absence the strength of
 my love,
 I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try
 The power of that Rock, which is higher
 than I!

4 When sorely afflicted, and ready to
 faint
 Before my redeemer, I'll spread my com-
 plaint;
 Mid storms and distresses, my soul shall
 rely
 On Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I!

5 When weak and encompassed with
 numberless foes,
 Attempting my comfort and peace to
 oppose,
 I'll look to the Savior of sinners, and cry,
 Lead me to the Rock, that is higher than I!

6 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad
 in the land,
 And merited vengeance descends from
 thy hand!
 O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protec-
 tion I'll fly,

And hide in the Rock, that is higher
than I!

7 When summoned by death before God
to appear,
By free grace supported I'll yield with-
out fear;
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on
high,
To enter the Rock that is higher than I!

8 'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus,
I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,
Of praising and blessing with angels on
high,
Jesus Christ, the Rock that is higher
than I!

HYMN 65. C. M.

Greatful Remembrance of Christ.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To fell a friend is nigh,—

- 2 Oh! should not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo!
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
“ Meet and remember me!”
- 4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy
shame—
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his record there!

HYMN 66. C. M.

- 1 Beyond the glit'ring starry sky,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless relms of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless numbers shine:
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 They brought his chariot from above,
 To bear him to his throne;
 Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and
 cried,
 "The glorious work is done."

HYMN 67. P. M.

"Go preach the gospel to every creature."
Mark, xvi. 15.

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

2 Go to many a topic isle
 On the bosom of the deep;
 Where the skies forever smile,
 And the blacks forever weep.

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

4 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,
 Ev'ry barren, burning strand,

Bid each dreary region shine,
Lovely as the promised land.

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

6 Circumnavigate the ball—
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all;
Jesus' love is full and free.

HYMN 68. P. M.

The fall of Babylon.

1 Hail, the day so long expected,
Hail, the year of full release,
Zion's walls are now erected
And her watchmen publish peace;
From the distant coasts of Shimar
The shrill trumpets loudly roar.

CHORUS.—Babylon is fallen, is fallen,
is fallen,

Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

2 Hark and hear the people crying,
See the city disappear,

Trade and traffic all are dying
Lo we sink and perish here;
Sailors who have bought her traffic,
Crying from her distant shore.

3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
What is this that's come to pass?
Murmuring like the distant thunder
Crying out, alas! alas!
Swell the sound ye kings and nobles
Priests and people, rich and poor.

4 Lo, her captives are returning,
Up to Zion see them fly,
While the smoke of Babel's burning
Rolls across the darken'd sky;
Now's the day of compensation,
Hope of mercy now is o'er.

5 Tune your harps ye heavenly choir,
Shout ye followers of the lamb,
See the city all on fire,
Clap your hands and blow the flame;
See the ancients of the city,
Terrified at the uproar.

Zion's Children raise your voices,
 And the joyful news proclaim,
 How the heavenly host rejoices,
 Shout and echo back the same;
 Now behold this awful kingdom,
 All consuming in a gore.

HYMN 69. 7s

Sovereign Grace.

1 Sovereign grace has power alone
 To subdue a heart of stone;
 And the moment grace is felt,
 Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was Crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died;
 One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death;
 Perish'd, as too many do,
 With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,
 Saw the danger of his case,

Faith received to own the lord.
Whom the scribes and preists abhor'd

5 "Lord" he prayed "remember me"
When in glory thou shalt be:"

"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise.

6 This was wonderous grace indeed,
Grace bestowed in time of need!
Sinners. trust in Jesus name,
You shall find him still the same.

HYMN 70. P. M.

Shouting God's Praise.

1 O God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.

2 O Jesus! hope of glory come,
And make my heart thy humble home:

For the short remnant of my days,
 I long to sing and shout thy praise:
 Lord, give me now a heart to pray,
 And live rejoicing every day;
 To give thee thanks in every thing,
 To sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
 Lord give me strength to shout and pray,
 And praise thee with my latest breath,
 Until my voice is lost in death;
 Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
 My body follow to the tomb;
 And as you march that solemn road,
 Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below, and I above,
 Will sing and shout the God we love.
 Until that great and solemn day,
 When Christ shall call our slumb'ring
 clay.

Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
 And shout, O death where is thy sting?
 O grave where is thy victory?
 We'll shout in vast eternity.

HYMN 71. L. M.

The usefulness of The Scriptures.

1 When Israel thro' the desert past,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lusture all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven:

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love and kindles ours:

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts:
It comforts and instructs us too.

HYMN 72. S. M.

1 Blest comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love

Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath,
Make ev'ry cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh, fill thou ev'ry heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 73. 8s. & 7s.

To the Blessed Spirit.

1 Holy Ghost dispel 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, O hear our supplication.

2 From that hight 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 upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou blest of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;

Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:

Come, with unction and with power,
On our souls thy graces shower;

Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

HYMN 74. L. M.

Take not thy holy spirit, &c. Ps. li. 11.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,

Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight:

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness
griev'd:

3 Yet Oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

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

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me in thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 75. P. M.

Desire of the Church.

1 How long by Babel's stream,
Shall Israel weep?

De

How long our mournful harps,
On willows sleep?

When will the conqueror come,
And wipe away our tears?

And save his chosen ones
From all their fears?

2 Jesus, we look to thee,
God's glorious son;
Thou hast o'er death and hell
The victory won;—

Come and triumphant prove
O'er Zion's every foe;—
Lead us, where living streams
Of mercy flow.

3 Oh may we love thee more,
And watch and pray;
And from thy bleeding side
No longer stray;—

Then shall we hear thy voice,
In every trying hour,
Cheering our hearts, while storms
Around us lower.

4 And when our pilgrimage
On earth is o'er,

And all the ransomed stand
 On Jordan's shore—
 Fearless the gloomy waves
 Shall we with songs pass through,
 While fields of glory bright
 Appear in view.

HYMN 76. P. M.

1 This morning most sweetly the gales are all
 blowing,

Directly the breeze is from Mount Calvary;
 The sepulchre is open, the odours are flowing,
 Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs, breathe gently on
 me.

On this lovely morning the Saviour was rising,
 The chains of mortality fully dispising;
 His sufferings are over, he's done agonizing—
 This morning my Saviour will think upon me.

2 And now to the place that's appointed for pray-
 ing,

For worship that's social I'll quickly repair;
 In service so pleasing, there needs no delaying;
 The stone is roll'd back, and my Lord will be
 there.

Rouse quickly, my soul, shake off thy dull
 slumbers,

In melody raise all your heavenly numbers;

For Jesus is pleas'd, when recounting his mem-
bers,

He finds you like Mary thus early at prayer.

3 With faith in full action, we meet at the chap-
el;

There humbly we ask for a power divine:

Immanuel puts all our souls in a rapture,

And graciously causes his glory to shine;

Our hearts are enliven'd, affections engag'd

Devotion inspires us, and sinners amaz'd,

Behold with what zeal Christian warfare is wag'd,

Against the fell monster and all his designs.

4 Then trusting in Jesus, our head and our lead-
er,

We'll march on to glory without any fear;

Each Sabbath revolving brings one Sabbath near-
er,

To that blessed morning when he shall appear.

His sign in the east he soon will be displaying,

The nations to judgment will then be all gather-
ing,

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

Till praises unceasing shall call us from pray-
er.

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

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

With the head of the Church in full view before
us,

We'll show ourselves valiant in every alarm.
Then each soul inspire, O God, with devotion,
And when these dull bodies shall cease from
their motion,

Receive us, O Jesus, to thy blessed arms.

HYMN 77. P. M.

1 Farewell, dear friends, I must be
gone,

I have no home to stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss,
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That we soon all shall meet above.

Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for
 heaven;

You've counted all things here but dross;
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you;
 Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.

Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
 It grieves my heart to leave you here;
 Eternal vengeance waits for you;
 O turn and find salvation near.

O turn, O turn, O turn,

And find salvation near.

HYMN 78. S. M.

The awakend sinner's reflection.

1 O am I born to die,
 With a polluted soul?

Ah! hurried to eternity,

As swift as time can roll.

2 I just begin to see;
 Ah! Lord, what shall I do?
 How shall a wretched sinner flee
 From everlasting wo?

3 I dare no longer stay
 So nigh the jaws of hell;
 Yet how to go or find the way
 To Christ, I cannot tell.

4 O Lord though I am vile,
 Receive me as I am;
 Let heaven's immortal goodness smile
 On me, through Christ the Lamb.

HYMN 79. P. M.

1 Dark and thorny is the desert
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
 Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
 Lie the fields of endless day:
 Fiends loud howling through the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go,
 And the fiery darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way?

Does your strength begin to fail you?

And your vigor to decay?

Jesus, Jesus will go with you:

He will lead you to the throne;

He who dyed his garments for you,

And the wine press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,

He who bids the planets roll:

He who rides upon the tempest,

And whose sceptre sways the whole,

Round him are ten thousand angels,

Ready to obey command,

They are always hovering round you,

Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,

Lie the fields of endless rest;

Love, and joy, and peace forever

Reign and triumph in your breast.

Who can paint the scenes of glory

Where the ransomed dwell on high?

There on golden harps forever

Sound redemption through the sky.

HYMN 80. C. M.

Efficacious grace, Psalm xlv. 3, 5.

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

HYMN 81. C. M.

Matt. vii. 13, 14.

- 1 Sinners, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless wo;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls,
The road to ruin go!
- 2 But yonder see that narrow way
Which leads to endless bliss;
There see a happy chosen few,
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.
- 3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend;
The bible is their precious guide,
And God himself their friend.
- 5 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not for ten thousand worlds
Be banish'd from thy sight.

HYMN 82. C. M.

Jerusalem.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!

When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;

Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;

Such dazzling views by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?

What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of
grace;

And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory 's gone,
Him will I go and see;

And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
 I leave you in God's care;
 And if I never more see you,
 Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand
 years,
 Bright shining as the sun;
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Then when we first begun.

HYMN 82. S. M.

The gospel pool, John, v. 2, 9

1 Beside the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor,
 From time to time my hapless 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 How often have I thought,
 Why should I longer lie?
 Surely the mercy I have sought,
 Is not for such as I.

5 But whither can I go?
 There is no other pool,
 Where streams of sov'reign mercy flow,
 To make a sinner whole.

6 Here then, from day to day,
 I'll wait, and hope, and try;
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
 Yet suffer him to die?

HYMN 83. P. M

1 See the eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Fathers throne;
 Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
 That he's with the Father one.

Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner now lamenting
 At the sight of fiercer pain;
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he weeps and cries in vain;

Greatly mourning
That he n'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
O! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his spirit-move!

Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all;

Golden moments,
How neglected did thy roll.

5 There I see my godly neighbors,
Who were once dispis'd by me,
Now they're clad in dazling splendor
Waiting my sad fate to see;

Farewell neighbors!
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.

6 Hail, ye ghosts that dwell in dark-
ness,

Groaning, rattling of your chains!

Christ has now pronounc'd my sentence
 Down I'm rolling,
 Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me
 Hell is not a fabled thing;
 Now I see my friends in glory,
 Round the throne they ever sing,
 I'm tormented
 With an everlasting sting.

HYMN 84. L. M.

Advice to youth.

1 Now is the time, O lovely youth,
 To think on your Creator, God;
 Attend the words of sacred truth,
 While in the day of youthful blood.

2 But if you foolishly delay,
 And hearken to the tempter's breath,
 To walk in the destructive way,
 'Till age comes on, or sudden death—

3 O think what dreadful risk you run—
 To hazard your immortal soul,
 To be eternally undone,
 And plung'd where endless sorrows roll.

4 Young sinners then a warning take,
 Now in your precious days of youth;
 All flatt'ring vanities forsake,
 And take th' advice of sacred truth.

HYMN 85. 8s & 7s.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

1 Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r;
 He is able, he is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify,
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh;
 Without money, 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, this he gives you,
 'Tis the spirit's rising beam.

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

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

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

HYMN 86. C. M.

The prodigal's return.

The prodigal with streaming eyes,
 From folly just awake,
 Reviews his wand'rings with surprise.
 His heart begins to break.

- 2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land;
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.
- 3 With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servants place.
- 4 Far off He saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn;
The Father ran with arms of love
To welcome his return.
- 6 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tun'd their harps anew;
The prodigal is found!

HYMN 87. C. M.

John xii. 21.

- 1 Tell us, ye servants of the Lord,
Where's your great master found?
Him would we see, whose powerful word
Can heal our ev'ry wound.

- 2 We would see Jesus for we know
His sovereign grace alone
Can on us hearts of flesh bestow,
And for our sins atone.
- 3 We would see Jesus, does not he
Bid contrite sinners come?
And to such guilty souls as we
Proclaim, "there yet is room?"
- 4 Millions have hast'ned to his arms,
And now resound his name;
Him would we see whose endless charms
Our anxious hearts inflame.
- 5 We would see Jesus, for his saints
May lean upon his breast;
Pour out with confidence their complaints,
And find celestial rest.
- 6 We would see Jesus, and would pray
For those unhappy friends,
Who choose, alas! that crooked way
Which in perdition ends.
- 7 We would see Jesus gracious friends,
from him derive our bliss;

And wait till we the heaven's ascend,
And see him as he is.

HYMN 88. 5s & 6s.

Come sinners attend, Ex. iii. 14.

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

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

3 But still if you cry,
"O what is his name?"

You have the reply,
 I AM THAT I AM;
 Though blind, lame, and feeble,
 And helpless you lie,
 He's willing and able
 Your wants to supply.

4 Then only believe,
 And trust in his name;
 He will not deceive,
 Nor put you to shame;
 But fully supply you
 With all things in store;
 Nor will he deny you
 Because you are poor.

HYMN 89. 7s.

Praise for Conversion, Psalm lxxvi. 16.

1 Ye that fear the Lord, attend,
 Whilst with gratitude I tell,
 How his interposing hand;
 Sav'd me from the lowest hell.

2 When my sins appear'd in view,
 Numberless and infinite;
 All my works and duties too,
 Filthy in Jehovah's sight.

- 3 When my conscience groan'd beneath
 Sinai's dire avenging rod;
 When my doom, eternal death,
 Thunder'd from the law of God:
- 4 Then, O then the Saviour came,
 Stood between the law and me,
 Satisfy'd its highest claim,
 And sustain'd its penalty.
- 5 O what bliss divine I felt,
 When my ransom I could see,
 Bearing all my sin and guilt
 In his body on the tree.
- 6 Bless the Saviour, all above:
 Swell the chorus—ye below
 Who enjoy his sov'reign love,
 And his tender mercies know.

HYMN 90. C. P. M.

Revival blessings.

- 1 The Lord into his garden comes,
 The spices yield their rich perfumes;
 The lilies grow and thrive;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,

From Jesus flow to ev'ry 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 comes 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 troubles and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.

6 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 35. 8s. & 6s.

Private Retirement. World Renounced.

1 Tell me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
 (The things I lov'd, before:)
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
 Of careless ease and blooming health,
 For they have all their snares:
 Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,

And see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs
For these are triffling things:
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts,
Extravagance and waste:
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome
bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me a bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
This sure, unerring word;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord,

HYMN 92. C. M.

Church Union, Col. ii. 2.

- 1 Our souls, by love together knit,
 Cemented, mixt in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one
 voice,
 'Tis heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have burn'd, while Jesus
 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, L. M.

“ A Saviour!” let creation sing!
 “ A Saviour!” let all heaven ring!
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness on our souls he pours,
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining them who're gone be-
 fore,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.
"A Saviour," &c.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners, sav'd by grace;
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face!

HYMN 93. 8s.

Union Hymn.

- 1 From whence doth this union arise
That hatred is conquer'd by love!
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove.

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

HYMN 94. L. M.

1 Like Israel, safe upon the shore,
 Who thought the conflict all was o'er.
 Young converts view the frightful train
 Of all their foes for ever slain.

2 But soon, with sick'ning heart survey
 The perils of the desert way;
 The pow'r of sin revives again,
 And all their hopes seem false and vain.

3 The morning sun that shone so bright
 Is shrouded in the gloom of night;
 Hopeless the victor's crown to win,
 They yield ere they the fight begin.

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

HYMN 95. C. M.

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

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the troubled 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 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 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.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 96. P. M.

- 1 There is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy forever roll;
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I hope to rest my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A light has shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of trials;
 But it's the path that leads to God;
 Then like a valiant soldier,
 I'll dauntless keep the happy road,
 Now I must gird my sword on,
 My helmet, breast plate, and my shield,
 And fight the hosts of Satan,
 Until I gain the heavenly field.
- 3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand:
 O come along, dear sinner,
 And see Immanuel's happy land.
 To all that stay behind me,
 I bid a long, a long farewell!
 O come, or you'll repent it,
 When you do reach the gates of hell!

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before!
 O how I stand and tremble,
 To hear the dismal waters roar!
 Whose hand shall then support me,
 And keep my soul from sinking there?
 From sinking down to darkness,
 And to the regions of despair?

5 The waves shall not affright me,
 Although they're deeper than the
 grave;
 If Jesus will stand by me,
 I'll ride on Jordan's waves:
 His word has calm'd the ocean;
 His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
 O may this friend be with me,
 When through the gate of death I
 sail.

6 Then come thou king of terrors,
 And with thy weapons lay me low!
 I soon shall reach that region;
 Where everlasting pleasures flow;
 Now, Christians I must leave you,
 A few more days to suffer here;

Through grace I soon shall meet you;
My soul exults, I'm almost there.

7 But Oh the thoughtless company
That crowds the road that leads to woe;
For them I'm fill'd with sympathy;
I soon must bid them all adieu!

O sinners must I leave you!
No more to join your social band?
No more to stand before you,
Till at the judgement seat we stand?

8 Soon the archangel's trumpet,
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature, -
Shall in a moment cease to roll.

Then shall I see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels, come
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

HYMN 97. 8s & 7s.

Love Divine, Luke vii. 47.

1 Hail, my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

2 Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgive'n—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
 My redeemer's tenderness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
 While astonish'd, I admire
 God's free grace, and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

HYMN 98. C. M.

The year of the Redeemed, Isa. lxiii. 4.

- 1 Come, welcome this new year of
 grace,
 Proclaim'd through Jesus' blood;
 The happy year of our release,
 To seal our peace with God.
- 2 We early wander'd from our God,
 In the dark maze of sin;
 The year of the redeem'd is come,
 To bring us back again.
- 3 We hear the gospel's joyful sound
 Proclaim the jubilee;
 The year of the redeem'd is come,
 To set the ransom'd free
- 4 Ye aged saints, who have long sigh'd
 To see this happy day,
 The year of the redeem'd is come,
 To wipe your tears away.
- 5 Ye lovely youth who late have known
 The sweets of pard'ning grace,
 The year of the redeem'd demands
 Your noblest acts of praise.

HYMN 99. 8s. & 7s.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

1 Christians, hear the Saviour call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make this way your choice.
 Jesus says, let each believer
 Be baptized in my name;
 He himself in Jordan's river
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.

2 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo! our captain leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesus' grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

HYMN 100. H. M.

Justification by faith.

1 Arise my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,

The bleeding sacrifice

In my behalf appears:
 Before the throne my surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary,
 Now pour effectual prayers,
 And strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
 The dear anointed One,
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His-spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, father cry.

HYMN 101. P. M.

1 Hark brethren, don't you hear the
 sound?

The martial trumpet now is blowing,
 Men in order listing round,
 And soldiers to the standard flowing:
 Bounties offer'd, joy and peace,
 To ev'ry soldier this is given;
 And when from toil and war we cease,
 A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
 And felt the hand of dire oppression;
 All their debts are freely paid,
 And they endow'd with large posses-
 sion;
 All that's sick, or blind, or lame,
 Maladies are also heal'd,

Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,
 Receive a pardon freely sealed.

3 The battle is not to the strong,
 The burden is on the captain's shoulder;

None so aged or so young,
 But he may list and be a soldier;
 Those who cannot fight or fly,
 Beneath this banner find protection,
 None who on his name rely,
 Shall be reduced to base subjection,

4 You need not fear the cause is good;
 Come who will list and be a soldier?

In this cause the martyrs bled;
 And shouted vict'ry in the fire;
 In this way let's follow on,
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
 How through Christ we gained the
 crown,
 And fought our way through grace to
 glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
 Behold the army's now in motion;

Some by faith behold the crown,
 And almost grasp their future portion,
 Shout the victory, sing aloud,
 Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumb-
 ling,
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's kingdom down is tumb-
 ling.

HYMN 102. 7s.

In darkness, Ps. xxx. 6. 7.

- 1 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixed no more to move;
 Then my Saviour was my song,
 Then my soul was filled with love;
 Those were happy, golden days
 Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
 Now I feel my sins anew;
 Now I feel the stormy hōur!
 Sin has put my joys to flight;
 Sin has turn'd my day to night.

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

HYMN 103. 8s. 7s. & 4s.

Hope encouraged, Ps. xlii. 5.

- 1 O my soul what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
 Bid thy restless fears begone;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong tempta-
 tions
 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 tread'st the thorny road;
 His right hand shall still defend thee;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
 Therefore praise him—
 Praise the grate redeemer's name.

5 Oh, that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who forever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his lovè!
 Happy songsters!
 When shall I your chorus join?

HYMN 104. 5s. & 6s.

Luke xii. 24.

1 Kind Teacher and Lord!
 Thy wisdom we bless,
 Who dost in thy word
 This precept express;
 May we from the heavens
 This counsel receive,

Consider the ravens,
And learn to believe.

2 They sow not, nor reap,
Nor gather in store,
Have nothing to keep,
Yet never are poor;
If God, in the heavens,
Made nothing in vain,
Consider the ravens,
And never complain.

3 Your every need
He'll surely supply,
And all his saints feed
With bread from the sky;
On him, in the heavens
Continue to call,
Consider the ravens,
And trust him for all.

4 Your wants may be great,
And friends may be few;
Yet on him still wait,
Whatever you do:
For he, in the heavens,
Well knows what you need,
ES

Consider the ravens,
His children shall feed.

5 O doubt not his care,
His truth or his love,
Which kindly you share,
And constantly prove;
When you, against heaven,
To murmur begin,
Consider the ravens,
And blush for your sin.

6 Still, Lord, while below
A pilgrim I stay,
Thy bounty bestow,
Thy kindness display;
To thee in the heavens,
I'll lift up my voice,
Consider the ravens,
And always rejoice.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Description of the children of God.

1 What poor despised company
Of travellers are these,

That walk in yonder narrow way
 Along that rugged maze?

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
 All children of a king;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
 And why so much despis'd?
 Because of their rich robes unseen,
 The world is not appriz'd.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
 That rugged thorny maze?
 Why that's the way their leader trod,
 They love and keep his ways.

5 Why must they shun the pleasant
 path,
 That worldlings love so well?
 Because that is the road to death,
 The open road to hell.

6 What, is there then no other road,
 To Salem's happy ground?
 Christ is the only way to God,
 None other can be found.

HYMN 106. P. M.

Attend ye Saints.

1 Attend, ye saints, and hear me tell
 The wonders of Immanuel,
 Who saved me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And give me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
 Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
 He look'd on me with pitying eye,
 And said to me as he pass'd by,
 "With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
 And look'd this way and that, to fly,
 It grieved me so that I must die;
 I strove salvation for to buy:
 But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
 My dear redeemer took me in,
 And with his blood he washed me clean;
 And oh! what seasons I have seen
 Since first I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
 And went from house to house to pray,

And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our king,
Who brought our souls to union.

7 Oh come backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day;
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below
And quit these climes of pain and woe,
And then we'll all to glory go,
And then we'll see, and hear and know,
And feel a perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your
lays,
And give to Jèsus endless praise;
And oh my soul, look on and gaze!
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
To give you heavenly union.

10 Oh could I, like an angel, sound
 Salvation through the earth around,
 The devil's kingdom to confound;
 I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
 And spread this glorious union.

HYMN 107. 7s. & 6s.

Driving to port.

1 Though hard the winds are blowing,
 And loud the billows roar;
 Full swiftly we are going,
 To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
 The storms that round us swell,
 Are aiding to restore us,
 To all we love so well.

3 So sorrow often presses,
 Life's mariner along;
 Afflictions and distresses,
 Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
 The storms of life we meet,
 The sooner and the nearer
 Is heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
 Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
 You only bear the weary
 More quickly home to rest.

HYMN 108. P. M.

Meet and right.

1 Meet and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The God of truth and grace.
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born son of light,
 In choral symphonies,
 Praise by day, day without night,
 And never, never cease;
 Angels and archangels, all
 Praise the mystic Three in One;
 Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
 O'erwhelm'd before thy throne!

3 Vieing with that heavenly choir,
 Who chant thy praise above;
 We on eagles wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love;
 Thee, they sing, with glory crown'd;
 We extol the slaughter'd Lamb:
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die;
 Jesus full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turned to heaven.

HYMN 109. C. M.

The happy debtor.

1 Ten thousand talents once I ow'd,
 And nothing had to pay;
 But Jesus freed me from the load,
 And took my debt away.

- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score;
Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.
- 3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe,
Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For present peace and promis'd heav'n,
No angel can conceive.

HYMN 110. 11s.

- The Lord will provide, Gen. xxii. 8, 10.*
- 1 Tough troubles assail, and dangers, affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or store house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;

Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,

In this our strong tower for safety we'll hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This 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 111. P. M.

1 Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we cannot dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart,

But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within,
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
 Christ will also conquer these,
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your father calls—come home.

HYMN 112. S. M.

Watchfulness and prayer.

1 A charge to keep I have;
 A God to glorify;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky:
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do My master's will.

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

HYMN 113. 8s.

Faith conquering, Rom. i. 17.

1 The moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucify'd Lord,
 His pardon at once he receives—
 Redemption in full through his blood.
 'Tis faith that still leads us along,
 And lives under pressure and load,
 That makes us in weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
 It treads on the world and on hell,
 It vanquishes death and despair;
 And oh! let us wonder to tell,
 It wrestles and conquers by pray'r;

Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend;
 To hope his foregiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.

3 It says to the mountain, "Depart,"
 That stands between God and the
 soul;—

It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole;
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN 114. 8s. & 7s.

Sitting at Jesus' feet, Luke vii. 48.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend:
 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

2 Truly blessed in this station—
 Low before his cross I'll lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye;
 Here I'll sit—forever viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood:
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

HYMN 115. P. M.

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

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls:
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we three meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
 Thin'd by many a toil-spent day;

When arround this youthful pine,
 Moss shall creep and ivy twine ;
 (Long may this lov'd bow'r remain;)
 Here may we three meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its waisted lamps are dead,
 When in cold, oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth and fame are laid;
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

HYMN 116. P. M. ♣

1 Why stand ye here idle,
 My friends, all the day?
 Your moments are fleeting,
 They'll soon pass away!
 The market is open,
 The store you may see,
 Then come, take and welcome,
 All things here are free.

2 Here's mercy and pardon,
 Here's love and free grace,
 Here's strong consolation,
 Here's grate joy and peace,

Here's hope for the hopeless,
 The weary find rest,
 Here's all things in plenty,
 For poor and distress'd.

3 Here are clothes for the naked,
 Here all may be clad,
 Here's bread for the hungry,
 Here souls may be fed;
 Here's manna from heaven,
 This food is divine;
 Fat things full of marrow,
 And wine well refin'd.

4 Here's oil milk and honey,
 A plenty in store,
 Sufficient for thousands,
 Yea, millions and more;
 Here's balm for the wounded,
 Here's strength for the weak,
 Here cordials divine
 Are prepared for the sick.

5 Then come, all ye needy,
 Ye poor and distress'd,
 Come and receive freely,
And be ever blessed;

Oh come without money,
 To Jesus and buy,
 Then love him and praise him
 Forever on high.

HYMN 117. 11s. 6s. & 11s.

Sweet home.

1 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
 I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to
 trace;

In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
 Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they 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.*

2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
 The Saviour invites me I'll go to his arms;
 At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
 While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O when shall I share the fruition of home.*

5 The days of my exile are passing away;
 The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
 "Well done faithful servant, sit down on my
 throne,
 And dwell in my presence, forever at home."

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home*

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

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.*

HYMN 118. L. M.

Gathsemane.

1 'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow,
 The star is dim'd that lately shone;
 'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
 The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all removed
 Immanuel strives alone, with fears;
 E'en the disciple that he lov'd
 Heeds not his master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
 The man of sorrow weeps in blood:
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,
 Is borne the song that angels know;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

HYMN 119. 7s.

Prayer for a revival.

1 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!
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth!
 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below,
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single lief they show.

4 Younger plants—the sight how pleas-
 ant,
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frost has nipp'd them in their bud!
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 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 power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 120. P. M.

1 Jesus to every willing mind,
 Opens a heavenly treasure;
 In him the sons of sorrow find
 Sources of real pleasure;
 See what employments men pursue;
 Then you will own my words are true,
 Jesus alone unfolds to view
 Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
 Fading and transitory:
 Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
 Or a delusive story:
 Luxury leaves a sting behind,
 Wounding the body and the mind;
 Only in Jesus can we find
 Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Learning, that boasting, glittering
thing,

Scarcely is worth possessing,
Riches forever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing;
Fame like a shadow flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Naught but religion can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty with all its gaudy show,
Is but a painted bubble;
Short are the triumphs wit bestow,
Full of deceit and trouble;
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire;
Religion can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

HYMN. 121. 5s. & 11s.

Crucifixion to the world.

1 O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store!

The time for such trifles with me now is
o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;

To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live;

And me in that number will Jesus re-
ceive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;

Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the
glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
what he can bestow,

What light, strength, and comfort, go
after him go,

6 And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry;

For Jesus hath lov'd me I cannot say
why.

7 And now I'm in care,
My neighbors may share

These blessings, to seek them will none
of you dare!

8 In bondage, O why!
 And death, will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace
 is so nigh?

HYMN 122. C. M.

Christian love.

- 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 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part:
 When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart:
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and
 pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
 Through ev'ry bosom flow;
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 123. L. M.

1 'Tis hard, when we are sick and poor,
 And they who lov'd us, love no more—
 When riches, friends, and health are
 gone,
 To say, "O Lord! thy will be done,"

2 'Tis hard, when they in death are
 laid,
 O'er whom we watch'd, and wept, and
 pray'd;
 The wife—the parent—sister—son,
 To say, "O Lord! thy will be done."

3 'Tis hard, when in our soul's distress,
 All, all around is wilderness,
 And herb and quick'ning stream are
 none,
 To say, "O Lord! thy will be done."

4 And yet how light such sorrows be,
 To his in dark Gethsemane,

Who drank the cup with stifled groan,
And said, "O Lord! thy will be done."

HYMN 124. P. M.

The exiles of Eden.

1 There fell from God's favor two exiles of Eden,
They wandered thro' deserts of sorrow and pain,
They were banish'd from paradise the place of
their freedom,

And we their posterity are apt to complain;
O never again in the green shady bowers,
Where our first parents dwelt shall we spend
the sweet hours,
Nor taste of the fruit, nor smell of the flowers,
Nor sound to the number of Eden again.

2 O sad is our fate, cry these heart wand'ring
strangers,
The brutal creation more happy than we,
Surrounded with troubles, temptations and dan-
gers,

If God had been just, could such evils e'er be?
Hush all these complaints, let us mend our be-
haviour;

We need not go mourning in exile forever,
If we but repent and believe in the Saviour,
Who died to redeem us and lives to restore.

3 His character is lovely, it shines forth with
splendor,

He invites our attention to joys most sublime;
He's moved with compassion, his heart is most
tender,

His blood has atoned for the world of mankind.
Come all ye despondent with hearts now relent-
ing.

Convicted, condemned, with sorrow repenting.
Come just as you are with your souls all con-
senting,

Accept of salvation in Jesus' name.

4 Come all ye fond youth that are doting on
beauty,

Who revel in ball-rooms and gamble by night,
Yet strangers to happiness, neglectors of duty,
In Jesus I find a superior delight;

His voice is sweet music, his person endearing,
To my spirit the wine of his kingdom is cheer-
ing;

My heart it is leaping, my soul persevering,
My saviour, my Suitor, my partner in love.

5 He offers you pardon, he waits to embrace
you;

Here's pleasure forever, come follow the Lamb;
Religion's a calling that will not disgrace you,
An honor from heaven, arising to fame.

Come all ye ambitious, who rise by gradation,
Salvation's the glory of every nation;

Come now and receive it, and take your high
station,
In heaven be crowned on Jesus' throne.

6 Come all ye vain tiplers, who often get heady,
Who sup at the tavern and lodge in the street,
You reel on a precipice, you ought to be steady,
Or soon you will tumble and fall in the deep,
Where liquids are plenty and you'll not be crav-
ing,
Where devils torment and the damned are rav-
ing,
Where billows of justice and vengeance are wav-
ing,
O'erwhelming your souls in the torments of hell.

7 Come, all ye poor misers who're rich in your
coffers,
I doubt much if ever you lib'ral will be,
Except ye repent and take Christ at his offer;
Your treasure 'tis useless when death turns the
key:
You've ground down the poor to accumulate
riches,
Such impious conduct your character impeaches,
The root of all evil your spirit bewitches,
To make life pernicious and die in contempt.

8 Come all ye proud Deists, who boast of your
reason,
Who will not believe what you can't comprehend.

Come, meet your opponent, let's argue a season,
 And see how the contest will turn in the end,
 You've erected a babel, come now and defend it;
 Comprehend your existence or else not pretend
 it,

Here rises a mountain you cannot ascend it;
 You're swamped in the valley, or lost in despair.

9 Come all ye bold Atheists, who glory in error,
 Deny the true God and pay homage to chance;
 Be true with conviction, and tremble with terror,
 Or you on to ruin do swiftly advance:

By chance there's a God and by chance there's
 a Saviour,

By chance there's a hell and you'll heir it for-
 ever;

By chance there's a heav'n for each true believer,
 By chance there are angels and cherubs above.

10 The church of the first borne to bliss have
 attain'd

Tho' once they were exiles that wander'd in
 time,

Eternity's before them, the myst'ry's explained;
 The glories of heaven unfolding in prime:

Again they're restored to the most pleasing bow-
 ers;

In the presence of God now they spend their
 sweet hours;

Their souls are enraptur'd with heav'nly powers,
 To sing the sweet anthems of Eden regain'd.

HYMN 125. 8s. & 7s.

Prayer meeting.

- 1 Christian worship how inviting
Is the social praying band,
Happy concert thrice delighting,
Bound to Canaan's holy land.
- 2 See how joyful they assemble,
At the consecrated hour,
How they Heaven's host resemble,
While they God Most High adore.
- 3 See them in sweet concert moving,
Each their humble part fulfil,
Bound to love, each other loving,
Thus they do the Saviour's will.
- 4 Now they bow in adoration
Low before Jehovah's throne,
Giving honor and Salvation
To the High and Holy one.
- 5 Now they rise in hymns symphonious
All as one their spirits rise;
Sweep the golden harps harmonious,
Strung by seraphs in the skies.

6 Now they pour out fervent prayer,
 Plead the all-atoning blood,
 Father, Son, and Spirit's there,
 'Tis in truth the house of God.

HYMN 126. 11s. & 12s.

The bower of Prayer.

- 1 To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors
 to part,
 And go from my lov'd home, afflicts not my
 heart,
 Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
 From that blest retreat where I've chosen to
 pray.
- 2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar
 have spread,
 And woven their branches, a roof o'er my head,
 How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
 And poured out my soul to my Saviour in pray-
 er.
- 3 The early shrill notes of the lov'd nightingale
 That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
 To call me to duty, while birds in the air
 Sung anthems of praises, as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the breezes perfumed by the
pine,

The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to meet,
And bless, with his presence, my humble re-
treat!

Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
And gave me a foretaste of heaven in prayer.

6 Dear bow'er, I must leave you, and bid you
adien,

And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
I know my dear Saviour resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

HYMN 127. L. M.

1 Away my doubts, begone my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,
The wonders that my Saviour wrought,
O how delightful is the thought;

2 The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above;
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

3 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing
theme,

'Twas not a fancy nor a dream;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marvelous in my eyes.

4 Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought;
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

5 He cleans'd my soul he chang'd my
dress

And clothed me with his righteousness
He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoiced as if in heaven.

6 How was I struck with sweet sur-
prise,

While glory shone before my eyes:
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away!

7 The world with all its pomp withdrew
'Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming grace was all my theme,
And life appeared an idle dream.

8 The powers of hell in vain combin'd
To tempt or interrupt my mind;
I saw and sung in joyful strains,
The monster Satan held in chains.

9 These are the wonders I record,
The marvelous goodness of the Lord;
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace!

HYMN 123. C. M.

At the meeting of christians.

1 Well met dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful hearts and voice.

2 But O! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heav'nly dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad,
To warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heav'n most
sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heav'nly dawn,
 When there with thee we dwell,
 But when thy presence is withdrawn,
 A palace proves a hell.

5 Then O! dear Jesus condescend
 To meet us with a smile;
 Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send,
 And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That at the close, each one may say,
 "We've met not here in vain;
 For we have tasted heav'n to-day,
 Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 129. 5s. 6s. & 11s.

1 'Tis pleasant to sing
 The sweet praises of our King,
As here in this valley of sorrows we
 move;
 'Twill be pleasanter still,
 When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour, our
 Master, above.

2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On thy bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to
 thine;
 While born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph to Zion we
 move.

3 On Canaan's fair land
 We shortly shall stand
 With crowns on our heads, and with
 harps in our hands;
 Our harps shall be tun'd,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd,
 Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall
 resound.

HYMN 130. C. M.

The hour of prayer.

1 If there's a time completely blest,
 Abstract from worldly care,
 Wherein the soul may sweetly rest,
 It is the hour of prayer.

- 2 If there's a time when we can tread
The world with every snare
Beneath our feet and think them dead,
It is the hour of prayer.
- 3 If there's a time the soul may rise
Above the vale despair,
And view its God with sweet sur-
prise,
It is the hour of prayer.
- 4 If there's a time when God looks
down
With special grace and care,
When mercy smooths stern justice's
frown,
It is the hour of prayer.
- 5 If there's a time when Satan feels
To yield in deep despair,
'Tis when he sees the Christian kneel,
Within the "bower of prayer."
- 6 Christian, can you forget this hour?
Can you its blessings spare?
If not each day go to your "bower,"
Improve the hour of prayer.

HYMN 131. C. M.

Met for social worship.

- 1 Here in thy presence, gracious God,
We've met to seek thy face;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O may this be a happy hour,
To ev'ry mourning soul;
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole,
- 3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,
Each stupid soul inflame,
And sacred love our tongues inspire,
To praise thy worthy name.
- 4 Let ev'ry soul the Saviour see,
And taste his love divine;
And ev'ry heart forever be
United, Lord with thine.

HYMN 135. 7s.

The sunrise prayer meeting.

1 Haste, the day dawns, haste away;
Join the band that loves to pray,
Sweet it is, and blest employ,
Full of comfort, rich in joy.

2 Haste, before the sun's full ray
Bids the twilight flee away;
Haste, and seek the Saviour's face,
Share his love, and feel his grace.

3 O my soul! 'tis good to be
In such blissful company;
Wouldst thou flee from ev'ry snare?
Hide thee in the house of prayer.

4 Jesus loves to meet his saints,
Loves to soothe their bitterest plaints;
Deigns to hear the humblest groan,
All our griefs he makes his own.

5 O, then rise and haste away,
And with prayer begin the day;
Let it float in every breath,
Sweet in life, the calm of death.

6 Soon the voice of prayer shall die,
 In the rapturous song on high;
 We shall shout on Canaan's shore,
 Hallelujah, evermore.

HYMN 133. 7s. & 6s.

Mal. iv. 2.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings,
 It is the sun that rises,
 With healing in his wings:
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new:
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

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

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 134. C. M.

Happy Child of Grace.

1 How happy ev'ry child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiv'n;
 This earth, he says, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven,
 A country far from mortal sight;
 Yet, O! by faith I see

The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow-
ers,

And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessel break;
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

HYMN 135. 6s. & 5s.

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

When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose;
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river!

When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever!

Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill;
And fears of parting chill—
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!

May we all there unite,
Happy forever!

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our Music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;

Soon will peace wreath her chain,
 Round us forever;
 Our hearts will then repose—
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close—
 Never—no, never!

HYMN 136. S. M.

- 1 Once more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name,
 Record his mercies, every heart;
 Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 Receive his sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow;
 Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
 And practise what you know.

HYMN 137. L. M.

- 1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord—
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
 Wash all our works in Jesus blood;
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

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