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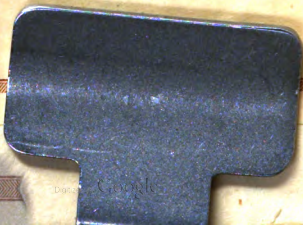




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THE
AFRICAN METHODIST
" EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
General conference,
HYMN BOOK:

BEING A COLLECTION OF HYMNS

DESIGNED TO SUPERSEDE ALL OTHERS HITHERTO
MADE USE OF IN THAT CHURCH.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Let the inhabitants of the rock sing.—ISA. xlii. 11.
Singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord.—
Eph. v. 19.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

BY GEORGE HOGARTH,

General Book Steward of the African Methodist
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PREFACE. *chz*

**TO THE MEMBERS OF THE AFRICAN METHOD-
IST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN—As all the copies of the hymn book hitherto used by us have been disposed of, and as the demand for them has greatly increased, our last General Conference has therefore deeply considered the necessity of presenting to you the present work; containing a more copious selection of hymns, and more judiciously arranged,—each hymn having a text of scripture, and its metre adapted to it; which is calculated to lead the mind on to higher attainments of spiritual devotion and life.

There were in the last edition many errors, which we greatly deplore: but as it is almost an impossibility to prevent some trivial ones from creeping into works of this kind, we have not neglected to use the greatest caution in presenting the present edition to you, (which is the result of our arduous labors,) in as unobjectionable a form as possible.

The present edition is, therefore, by us entitled, **THE CHURCH HYMN BOOK**; and designed to supersede all other hymn books heretofore used by us.

This book contains one of the choicest selections of evangelical hymns anywhere to be found; suited to almost any occasion required in the church: and in presenting it to you, we trust we are placing in your hands a work calculated to elevate your public and private devotion.

Every individual attending our churches should be in possession of a copy of this excellent compilation; as within its pages are to be found hymns suited to almost any condition in life; calculated to lead the soul from the near and

proaches to the abodes of misery and ruin, to the high and elevated summits of blissful immortality and life. And besides, it enables our congregations to become acquainted with our hymns, which greatly facilitates the establishment of order and decorum in the singing department of our public and private worship.

We have, also, the pleasure of informing you, that no personal advantage is concerned in this book, but the public good alone. The profits are to be applied to that noble purpose, specified in our form of discipline; the aid of the sick and worn-out travelling preachers.

We must, therefore, entreat you, if you have any respect for the authority of our Conference, or any regard for the prosperity of our church, of which you are members and friends, to purchase no books used in our church but what are signed by the present bishops; and, as we shall keep a continual supply, all your wants on the most reasonable terms shall be satisfied, as the work will be sold cheap.

We earnestly exhort you to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also; making melody in your hearts continually, in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; that the high praises of God may be set up east, west, north, and south; and we be the happy instruments, in the hands of the Lord, in leading the devotion of thousands, and shall rejoice to join you in time and eternity.

We are your faithful pastors in Christ,

MORRIS BROWN, Sen'r,	}	Bishops of the African
EDWARD WATERS, Jun'r,		Methodist Episcopal church.

THE
AFRICAN METHODIST
HYMN BOOK.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN 1. L. M.

Invitation to Sinners. Luke xiv. 16—23.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message, as from God, receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live!
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

- 5 His love is mighty to compel ;
 His conqu'ring love consent to feel :
 Yield to his love's resistless power,
 And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes ;
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
 His offer'd benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace !
- 7 This is the time, no more delay !
 This is the acceptable day ;
 Come in this moment at his call,
 And live for him who died for all.

HYMN 2. 6,6,6,6,8,8

The Year of Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 8—13. Isaiah lxi. 1—4.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound :
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest,
 Ye mournful souls, be glad :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim :

The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace ;
And, sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

HYMN 3. 3 lines 7's.

*Exhorting to turn to God. Why will ye die ? O house of
Israel ! Ezek. xviii. 31.*

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

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ;
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that you might live.
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
 Will ye slight his grace and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ;
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :
 Will you not the grace receive ?
 Will you still refuse to live ?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why,
 Will ye grieve your God, and die ?
- 4 Dead, already dead, within,
 Spiritually dead in sin ;
 Dead to God, while here you breathe ;
 Pant you after second death ?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die ?

HYMN 4. 10's & 11's.

Faithfulness of God. Matt. xi. 28, 29:

- 1 Thy faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
 So true to thy word, so loving and kind !
 Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
 The foulest offender may turn and find grace.

- 2 The mercy I feel, to others I show :
 I set to my seal that Jesus is true.
 Ye all may find favor who come at his call ;
 O come to my Saviour ; his grace is for all.
- 3 To save what was lost, from heaven he
 came ;
 Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name !
 He offers you pardon, he bids you be free !
 If sin be your burden, O come unto me !
- 4 O let me commend my Saviour to you,
 The publican's friend, and advocate too :
 For you he is pleading his merits and death,
 With God interceding for sinners beneath.
- 5 Then let us submit his grace to receive,
 Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe :
 We all are forgiven for Jesus's sake :
 Our title to heaven his merit we make.

HYMN 5. 10's & 11's.

Thirsting for God. John vii. 37, 38.

- 1 O ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw near,
 He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear !
 From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out his
 hands :
 Now, now, to receive you, he graciously stands.
- 2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
 The vilest and worst may come unto me ;
 May drink of my spirit, (excepted is none,)
 Lay claim to my merit, and take for his
 own.

- 3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes his God and his Lord,
In him a pure river of life shall arise,
Shall, in the believer, spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God, and my Lord ! thy call I obey,
My soul on thy word of promise I stay :
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
I thirst for salvation, salvation by grace.
- 5 O, hasten the hour, send down from above
The Spirit of power, of health, and of love ;
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace ;
Of wisdom, of prayer, of joy, and of praise :
- 6 The spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, and brings us to
God ;
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin.
And opens a fountain that washes us clean.

HYMN 6. L. M.

Prodigal's Return. Luke xv. 23.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day :
All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove ;

- T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bless'd estate ;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host :
All heaven is ready to resound,
" The dead's alive ! the lost is found ! "
- 6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd :
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

HYMN 7. C. M.

Exhorting Sinners to turn to God. Matt. xxiv. 14.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin ;
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks ; and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace !
- 7 With me, your chief ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiv'n ;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

HYMN 8. 8. 7. 4.

Message of the Gospel to Sinners. 2 Cor. v. 20.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh :
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

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

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

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

7 Saints and angels join in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Exhorting Sinners to turn to God. John iii. 16.

- 1 LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you Christ suffer'd pain :
Swearers, for you he spill'd his blood ;
And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
Your basest crimes he bore ;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heav'n ;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sins forgiv'n.
- 4 Believe in him who died for thee ;
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

HYMN 10. L. M.

Gospel liberty proclaimed. Isaiah lli. 1—15.

- 1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake !
No longer in thy sins lie down ;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes ;
Arise, and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliv'rer calls, arise !

16. 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

HYMN 11. C. M.

God's extensive Love and Mercy proclaimed. Isa. lv. 1—3.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 12. L. M.

*The blood of Christ alone efficacious to the cleansing from
Sin. Heb. ix. 19—26.*

- 1 LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
O make me wise betimes, to see
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,

Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace.
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

HYMN 13. C. M.

Exhortation to Sinners. Isalah lvii. 20, 21. lv. 7.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark and leads to death.
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo.

- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace :
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin,
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

HYMN 14. L. M.

"For the bread of God is he which cometh down from Heaven." John vi. 31—33.

- 1 Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh
'Tis God invites the fallen race ;
Mercy and free salvation buy—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
"Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace is free for all."
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise ;
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 " In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife :
Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?
I have the word of endless life.
- 7 " Harken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food :
The sweetness of my mercy share ;
And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 " I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free :
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.
- 9 " Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive ;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

HYMN 15. C. M.

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsting, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow :
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your ev'ry pain :
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

HYMN 16. 8 lines 7's.

Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways. Ezek. xxxiii. 10.

- 1 WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you ?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood ?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny ?
Why will ye resolve to die ?
- 2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn !
By his life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live ;
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite ?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will ye resolve to die ?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
 Dare not think him insincere;
 Now, ev'n now, your Saviour stands;
 All day long he spreads his hands;
 Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
 No, ye will not come to me;
 Me, who life to none deny!
 Why will ye resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
 If to all his bowels move?
 Will you not his *Word* receive?
 Will you not his *OATH* believe?
 See! the suffering God appears!
 Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 "Why will ye resolve to die?"

HYMN 17. L. M.

*Now then we are ambassadors for Christ. 2 Cor. v.
 20, 21.*

1 God, the offended God most high,
 Ambassadors to rebels sends;
 His messengers his place supply,
 And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
 Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
 To cast our arms, our sins, away,
 And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
 And proffer'd mercy, we embrace;
 And gladly reconciled to thee,
 Thy condescending mercy praise.

- 4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
 A full acquittance we receive !
 And criminals, with pardon bless'd,
 We, at our Judge's instance, live !
-

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 18. S. M.

A Penitent's Prayer. Joshua vii. 13. Heb. iv. 12.

- 1 O THAT I could repent !
 O that I could believe !
 Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave !
 Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
 My soul and spirit part ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
 The double grace bestow ;
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go ;
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove ;
 Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
 The balm of pard'ning love.
- 3 For thine own mercy's sake,
 My sin and guilt remove ;
 And into thy protection take
 The pris'ner of thy love ;
 In ev'ry trying hour,
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from temptation's pow'r,
 Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be ;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee :
O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power !
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more !

HYMN 19. 7's, 6's & 8's.

Repentance. Matt. xxvi. 75.

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep :
Let me be by grace restor'd ;
On me be all long suff'ring shown :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through redeeming love,
The humble, contrite heart :
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonders show ;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow ;

If thy bowels now are moved ;
If I now myself bemoan ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

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

5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again :
Speak my paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live ;
Jesus, at the point to die,
" Father," he cried, " forgive !"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done !"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone !

HYMN 20. 7's, 6's & 8's.

Chief of Sinners seeking Salvation. John xx. 21.

- 1 LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch, undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!
- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found
And give the praise to him;
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity;
I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!
- 3 Bless'd are they, entirely bless'd,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breast,
And hear the bridegroom's voice;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!
- 4 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me shalt live;
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive;

To bring fire on earth thou came,
O that it now may kindled be !
I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me !

HYMN 21. C. M.

Christ sufficient to save. Matt. ix. 2, 3.

- 1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat ;
With pitying eyes, behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear :
Bid me stretch out my withered hands,
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent (alas ! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise ;
But, O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

- 7 **Lame, at the pool, I still am found :**
 Give, and my strength employ ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound ;
 The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 **Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,**
 And dark I am within ;
The love of God I cannot see,
 Nor sinfulness of sin.
- 9 **But thou, they say, art passing by,**
 O let me find thee near !
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
 Thou Son of David, hear.
- 10 **Long have I waited in the way**
 For thee, the heav'nly light ;
Command me to be brought, and say,
 " Sinner, receive thy sight."

HYMN 22. 6 lines 8's.

Spiritual light desired by the Mourner. Romans xiv. 17.

- 1 **JESUS, if still the same thou art,**
 If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And make me rich, for I am poor ;
To me be all thy treasures given,
 The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 **Thou hast pronounced the mourners bless'd,**
 And lo ! for thee I ever mourn ;
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
 Till thou, my only rest, return :

Till thou the Prince of peace appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God ;
See the poor fainting sinner, see ;
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4 Ah ! Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray,
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring soul would say :
Answer the deep unutter'd groan,
And show that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom ;
Light in thy light I then shall see ;
Say to my soul, " Thy light is come,
Glory divine is risen on thee ;
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er ;
Look up, and thou shalt weep no more."
- 6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay ;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay ;
Into thy hand my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN 23. 8 lines 8's.

The Penitent's Hope in Prayer. Psalm cxxx. 1.

- 1 STILL out of the deepest abyss
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
To see my Redeemer and die ;

I cannot, I cannot forbear
 These passionate longings for home ;
 O when shall my spirit be there ?
 O when will the messenger come ?

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
 Thine image on earth to regain,
 And then in the grave to lay down
 My burden of body and pain :
 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
 And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
 Appear, to my rescue appear,
 And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
 The arms of thy mercy display,
 And give me to rest from all sin,
 And bear me triumphant away ;
 Away from a world of distress,
 Away to the mansions above,
 The heaven of seeing thy face,
 The heaven of feeling thy love.

HYMN 24. L. M.

Chief of Sinners seeking Salvation. Psalm li. 11.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And shaken off my guilty fears,
 And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
 For many days, and months, and years ;

- 3 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 :
- 4 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 6 From now my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 25. 8 lines 7's & 8's.

Voyage of Life. Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 To the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly ;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O ! the storm is high !
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be ;
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
In a dry, barren place ;
O descend on me, and bring
The sweet, refreshing grace :

O'er a parch'd and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been :
In my utter hopelessness,
Restraining me from sin :
O ! how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and Last, in me perform
The work thou hast begun ;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun ;
Let me hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

HYMN 26. 4,8's & 2,6's.

Love of Christ desired. Luke x. 39.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee !
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The goodness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ in me !

- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light,
Desire in vain its depth to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad,
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !
- 4 O that I could forever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !
- 5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast ;
From care, and sin, and sorrow free
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest !

HYMN 27. 8 lines 7's.

Christ the only Refuge. Heb. iv. 15, 16

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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

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

HYMN 28. S. M.

Burdened Sinner. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 Ah ! whither shall I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint ?
To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
My Saviour bids me come ;
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ?
Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?
Some wicked thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within ;
Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom sin.
- 3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
 Which I have fear'd to see ;
O may I now consent to know
 What keeps me out of thee !
Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying pow'r display ;
Into its darkest corner shine,
 And take the veil away.
- 4 I now believe, in thee
 Compassion reigns alone :
According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done !

In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove ;
Remove it, and I shall declare,
That God is only love.

HYMN 29. L. M.

A praying Penitent. Psalm li. 1.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ,
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 30. C. M.

Mercy of God implored. Colossians iii. 3.

- 1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem ;
Who gave his life, that I might live,
A life conceal'd in him !
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire ;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire !
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more !
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend !
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask, or want, beside,
Of all in earth or heaven ;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

HYMN 31. C. M.

The Royal Comforter. John xiv. 16—26.

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

HYMN 32. C. M.

A Discovery of Spiritual Negligence. Proverbs vi. 6—12.

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants : for one poor grain,
See how they toil and strive ;
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live !

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above ;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

HYMN 33. C. M.

Conviction of Sinners implored. Isaiah lvii. 20—22.

- 1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive ;
Accept the ev'ning sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere :
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor sees his want of thee ?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?

- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain ;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me ?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery ?
- 7 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake ;
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.
- 8 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee !
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity !

HYMN 34. C. M.

Formal Religion described. 2 Timothy iii. 5.

- 1 Long have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain :
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thy altar drew ;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design ;
The length and breadth I never saw,
Nor height of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove :
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means, an idol made :
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance, in the shade.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up ;
'Tis thou must make it new.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Spiritual Darkness. 2 Corinthians iii. 14.

- 1 God is in this, and every place ;
But O ! how dark and void,
To me, 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth, without my God.
- 2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart ;
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

- 3 O thou, who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give :
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.
- 5 A darker soul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore :
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more !
- 6 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

HYMN 36. C. M.

Absence from God. Matthew xvii. 20.

- 1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare ;
God, inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer :
- 2 A sinner welt'ring in his blood,
Unpurg'd and unforgiven :
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregen'rate child of man,
To thee for faith I call ;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall !
- 4 The darkness which, thro' thee, I feel,
Thou only canst remove ;

- Thine own eternal power reveal,
The Deity of Love !
- 5 I am in unbelief shut up,
But grace can let me go ;
In hope, believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
- 6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford ;
Bound and oppress'd, yet thine I am,
The pris'ner of the Lord.
- 7 I would not to thy foe submit ;
I hate the tyrant's chain :
Send forth thy pris'ner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain.
- 8 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply !
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.
- 9 Now, Lord, if thou art pow'r, descend,
The mountain sin remove :
My unbelief and trouble end,
If thou art truth and love !
- 10 Speak, Jesus, speak into my heart,
What thou for me hast done ;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

HYMN 37. L. M.

A Desire to be delivered from the Power of Sin.
Romans vii. 21—23.

- 1 LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee ?

When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?

- 2 Here I repent, and sin again :
Now I revive, and now am slain :
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force :
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

HYMN 38. L. M.

Jesus the Friend of Sinners. Hebrews i. 10—12.

- 1 JESUS, thy far-extended fame,
My drooping soul exults to hear :
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words, and kind ;
Their sorrows cheer'd, their wants reliev'd,
Heal'd the diseas'd and cured the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In ev'ry place and age the same ?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name ?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have ;
The good, the kind Physician, thou

- Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Though eighteen hundred years are pass'd,
Since thou didst in the flesh appear ;
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still thy healing power is here.
- 6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul ?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou wilt make it whole.
- 7 All my disease, my ev'ry sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess :
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect me in holiness.
- 8 That token of thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow ;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

HYMN 39. C. M.

Condescension of Christ. 2 Corinthians viii. 9.

- 1 WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me ?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart ?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love, explain
Thy wonderful design ;
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,
The streaming blood divine ?

- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?
- 5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb ;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
- 7 JEHOVAH, in thy person show
JEHOVAH crucified !
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see ;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

HYMN 40. 8 lines 7's.

Christ sufficient to save. Matthew vii. 7—11.

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

- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
Wait the coming of the Lord ;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word ;
On his word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last ;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.
- 3 Ev'ry one that seeks, shall find ;
Ev'ry one that asks, shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save ;
I shall his salvation see,
I, in faith, on Jesus call ;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpless as I am ;
Surely thou canst make me stand ;
I believe in Jesus' name.
Saviour, in temptation, thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore ;
Thou from sin dost save me now ;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN 41. L. M.

Backsliders convinced. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

- 1 THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat !

- 2 When wrestling in the strength of pray'r
 Thy spirit sunk beneath its load,
 Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
 The wrath of an Almighty God.
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,
 Regard my fearful heart's desire ;
 Remove this load of guilty wo
 Nor let me in my sins expire !
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
 Which bruises now my wretched soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
 Long as eternal ages roll.
- 5 To thee my last distress I bring ;
 The heighten'd fear of death I find ;
 The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind.
- 6 I deprecate that death alone,
 The endless banishment from thee ;
 O save, and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Before private Prayer. Matthew vi. 6.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 I humbly seek thy face ;
 Encouraged by the Saviour's word
 To ask thy pard'ning grace.
- 2 Ent'ring into my closet, I
 The busy world exclude ;
 In secret prayer for mercy cry,
 And groan to be renew'd.

- 3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire ;
See thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
Thy spirit of love and pow'r ;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.
- 5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven ;
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.
- 6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require ;
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.
- 7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

HYMN 43. S. M.

The Sinner's Application to Jesus for deliverance.

John iv. 14.

- 1 AND wilt thou yet be found ?
And may I still draw near ?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's pray'r.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art :
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord !
Lift up a helpless heart.

- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known :
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace :
I know thou canst ; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease !
- 6 I long to see thy face ;
Thy spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

HYMN 44. C. M.

Christ sufficient to save. Matt. xx. 30, 31.

- 1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give ;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.
- 2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul,
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole !
- 3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesus' name submit ;

Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal ;
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesus' name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay ;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey !

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick and poor I am :
— But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesus' name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man :
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have :
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul ;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain :
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white ;
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN 45. C. M.

Reconciliation. Romans xv. 13.

- 1 LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God !
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sin depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.
- 3 Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restor'd.
- 4 Restor'd by reconciling grace,
With present pardon bless'd :
And fitted, by true holiness,
For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown :
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.
- 6 My God, through Jesus pacified ;
My God, thyself declare ;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there.

HYMN 46. C. M.

Miracles performed by Christ. Mark x. 27.

- 1 O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down ;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own !
- 2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
The stubble of thy foe ;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountain flow !
- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will ;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load ;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.
- 5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all ;
Whose threat'ning looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall ?
- 6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence ?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence ?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail ;
Nearer to save thou art ;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

- 8 Lo ! to the hills I lift mine eye ;
Thy promised aid I claim ;
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy fav'rite Jesus' name.
- 9 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care ;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there.

HYMN 47. L. M.

The Spirit of God alone can subdue the stubborn heart.
Jeremiah xvii. 9, 10.

- 1 Oh for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away ;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine !
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt ;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought !) which devils fear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed ;
And that bless'd something much I need :
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

HYMN 48. L. M.

Rest in Christ sought after. Matthew xl. 28—30.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,—
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
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 ev'ry 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 49. 7's.

"Lovest thou me?" John xxi. 15—17.

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

HYMN 50. L. M.

Reverence. 1 Corinthiaps i. 30, 31.

- 1 THE voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice I long to hear;
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!
- 2 Asham'd I must for ever be,
Asham'd the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze.

HYMN 51. 6 lines 8's.

Prayer for Conversion. 1 Timothy i. 15.

- 1 LAY to thy hand, O God of grace!
O God, thy work is worthy thee;
See at thy feet, of all the race,
The chief, the vilest sinner see;
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.
- 2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean,
Shall strangely be brought out of me;
My Ethiop soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity:
I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesus' name.
- 3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And born of God, I sin no more;
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 52. C. M.

The Prodigal Son. Luke xv. 11—32.

- 1 BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat !
- 2 " I die with hunger here, (he cries,)
I starve in foreign lands ;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 " I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face :
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace !"
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love ;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kiss'd his son ,
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.
- 6 " Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
(The father gives command,)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 " A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound ;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 53. C. M.

*"In that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
Romans v. 8.*

- 1 O, if my soul were form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.
- 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree ;
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God !
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN 54. L. M.

*Waiting at the Pool for the moving of the Water.
John v. 2—16.*

- 1 O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy pow'r to feel ;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still !

- 2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
 No need of a physician have :
 But I am sick, and want thine aid,
 And wait thine utmost pow'r to save.
- 3 Thy pow'r, and truth, and love divine,
 The same from age to age endure :
 A word, a gracious word of thine,
 The most invet'rate plague can cure.
- 4 Helpless, howe'er, my spirit lies,
 And long hath languish'd at the pool,
 A word of thine shall make it rise,
 And speak me in a moment whole.
- 5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,
 Or thousands, are alike to thee ;
 Soon as thy loving grace appears,
 My plague is gone, my heart is free.
- 6 Make this the acceptable hour !
 Come, O my soul's Physician, thou !
 Display thy sanctifying pow'r,
 And show me thy salvation now.

HYMN 55. C. M.

"Help thou mine unbelief." Mark ix. 24.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin, how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word :
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

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

HYMN 56. C. M.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Psalm II. 7.

- 1 My God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

HYMN 57. L. M.

The Conversion of Zaccheus. Luke xix. 1—10.

- 1 ONCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
Zaccheus fain the Lord would see ;
Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before, and climb'd a tree.
- 2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
Upward he look'd, and saw him there ;
"Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
Must be thy guest to-day ; prepare.
- 3 "To-day," the pard'ning Saviour cries,
"Salvation to thy house is come ;
On wings of sov'reign love it flies ;
Go, tell the blissful news at home."
- 4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around ;
To ev'ry listening sinner speak ;
Now may thy ancient love abound ;
From ev'ry seat a captive take.
- 5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet ;
Come to the feast his love prepares ;
"The lost are sought and sav'd," how sweet !
And "not the righteous," Christ declares.
- 6 Say, what are you come out to view—
Jesus, who once for sinners died ?
O, hear the Saviour's voice to you,
"Cast sinful, righteous self aside."
- 7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest ?
Dost thou invite thee to my home ?
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
To-day let thy salvation come.

HYMN 58. C. M.

The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd ;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd :
- 3 " Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n !
Thou spotless Lamb of God !
I see thee, bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 " Yet, quickly from these scenes of wo
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 " Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me ;
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
" To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

HYMN 59. C. M.

"O that I knew where I might find him." Job xxiii. 3, 4.

Sins and Sorrows laid before God.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise ;
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN 60. C. M.

Humble pleading for Mercy.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door ;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

- 2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love ;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink—with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell ;
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our num'rous fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore ;
O may thy bowels move !
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive !
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break ;
And breaking, soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, our gracious Friend,
And thy dominion own ;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

HYMN 61. S. M.

"He beheld the city and wept over it." Luke xix. 41.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see ;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee

- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heav'n alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 62. 8 lines, 7's, 6's & 1-8.

The Woman of Canaan. Matt. xv. 22—28.

- 1 LORD, regard my earnest cry ;
 A potsherd of the earth :
 A poor and guilty worm am I,
 A Canaanite by birth.
 Save me from this tyranny ;
 From all the pow'r of Satan save ;
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David, have !
- 2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
 Thou in thy flesh wast sent ;
 Yet the Gentiles now behold
 In thee their Covenant :
 See me then, with pity see,
 A sinner whom thou cam'st to save !
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David, have !
- 3 Still I cannot part with thee !
 I will not let thee go :
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David, show !
 Vilest of the sinful race,
 On thee, importunate, I call :
 Help me, Jesus, show thy grace :
 Thy grace is free for all.

- 4 Nothing am I in thy sight ;
 Nothing have I to plead ;
 Unto dogs it is not right
 To cast the children's bread :
 Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
 That from the master's table fall :
 Let the fragments be my meat ;
 Thy grace is free for all.
- 5 Give me, Lord, the victory ;
 My heart's desire fulfil :
 Let it now be done to me
 According to my will !
 Give me living bread to eat,
 And say, in answer to my call,
 " Canaanite, thy faith is great :
 My grace is free for all !"
- 6 If thy grace for all is free,
 Thy call now let me hear ;
 Show this token upon me,
 And bring salvation near.
 Now the gracious word repeat,
 The word of healing to my soul :
 " Canaanite, thy faith is great :
 Thy faith hath made thee whole !"

HYMN 63. S. M.

Awakening implored. Psalm lxxvii. 1—4.

- 1 Ah, when shall I awake
 From sin's soft, soothing power,
 The slumber from my spirit shake,
 And rise to fall no more !—

Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer !

2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want !
I know that thou wouldst give
More than I can request ;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save ;
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
Not one of all the race
But may return to thee,—
But at the throne of sov'reign grace
May fall and weep like me.

4 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And " Father, Abba, Father ! " cry
And pour a ceaseless prayer ;
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

5 Messiah, Prince of Peace
Into my soul bring in

The everlasting righteousness,
 And make an end of sin !
 Into all those that seek
 Redemption through thy blood,
 The sanctifying Spirit speak
 The plenitude of God !

- 6 Let us in patience wait
 Till faith shall make us whole ;
 Till thou shalt all things new create,
 In each believing soul.
 Who can resist thy will ?
 Speak, and it shall be done !
 Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
 And perfect us in one.

HYMN 64. C. M.

Quickening Spirit and Word. Matt. xvi. 25.

- 1 BE it according to thy word !
 This moment let it be !
 O that I now, my gracious Lord,
 Might lose my life for thee !
- 2 Now, Jesus let thy powerful death
 Into my being come ;
 Slay the old Adam with thy breath,—
 The man of sin consume !
- 3 Withhold whate'er my flesh requires
 Poison my pleasant food ;
 Spoil my delights, my vain desires,
 My all of creature good !

- 4 My old affections mortify ;
Nail to the cross my will ;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill !
- 5 Jesus, my life, appear within,
And bruise the serpent's head ;
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed !
- 6 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord ?
Would I not die this hour ?
Then speak the killing, quick'ning word !
Slay, raise me, by thy power !
- 7 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
With thy dead men arise ;
Awake, and sing out of the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.
- 8 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive !
So shall I live ; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.
- 9 Be it according to thy word :
This moment let it be !
The life I lose for thee, my Lord
I find again in thee.

HYMN 65. C M

Prayer for the Gospel's success. Jeremiah xxiii. 29.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;

Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn ;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart,
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin, declare,
And speak our sins forgiv'n :
By perfect holiness prepare
And take us up to heaven.

SUPPLICATION

SUPPLICATION AND PRAYER.

HYMN 66. 8 lines 7's.

- 1 **HAPPY** soul, that free from harms
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his ev'ry care ;
He who found the wand'ring sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.
- 2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave ;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh !
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near ;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ,
Take on thee my ev'ry care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear ;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice
More and more in thee rejoice ,
More and more of thee receive ,
Ever in thy Spirit live :
- 4 Live, till all thy life I know.
Perfect through my Lord below
Gladly then from earth remove
Gather'd to the fold above :

O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right hand ;
 Take the crown so freely given ;
 Enter in by thee to heaven.

HYMN 67. 7's & 8's.

Holiness. 1 Corinthians xii. 31.

- 1 **MAKER**, Saviour of mankind,
 Who hast on me bestow'd
 An immortal soul, design'd
 To be the house of God :
 Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove ;
 Make me just and good, like thee,
 And full of power and love.
- 2 Bid me in thine image rise,
 A saint, a creature new,
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure and happy too :
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be bless'd ;
 Should, within thine arms divine,
 For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let thy will in me be done ;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,—
 Thee to know, and love alone,
 And rise in raptures higher :
 Thee, descending on a cloud,
 When with ravish'd eyes I see,
 Then shall I be fill'd with God,
 To all eternity.

HYMN 68. 7's, 6's & 8's.

Self-abasement. Luke vii. 41, 42.

- 1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe ;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of guilt, alas ! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye :
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh :
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Which can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor ;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace ;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace ;

Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- 5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart,
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart ;
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,—
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

HYMN 69. 8's, 8's & 6's.

Hoping and longing for Glory. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 COME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see my God ;
Shall cease from all my sin and strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 I shall not always make my moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown,
But I shall live to prove
Thy people's rest, and saints' delight,
The length and breadth, and depth, and
height,
Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top,
See all the land below ;

Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruit of paradise
In endless plenty grow ;

4 A land of corn, of wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing bless'd.
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

5 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess :
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness !

6 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in ;
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love !

HYMN 70. C. M.

Reverence. 1 Peter i. 17.

1 God of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood,
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to thy pardon join
A fear, lest I should ever grieve
Thy gracious Spirit divine.

- 2 If mercy is, indeed, with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love :
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner ;
And let me pass my day below.
 In humbleness and fear.
- 3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see ;
And thou, by rev'rent love unite
 My child-like heart to thee :
Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesus' feet abide ;
So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

HYMN 71. S. M.

Real joy and Pleasure are only found in the presence and service of God. Psalm xvi. 11.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are !

'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of Love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN 72. L. M.

Thirsting for God. 1 Corinthians ii. 2.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain
Is sweet and life or death is gain.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee !
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How bless'd are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live !
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
O wond'rous grace ! O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown !
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow ;
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
" My Lord, my Love is crucified."
- 7 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo ! all our souls we bow ;
To thee our hearts and hands we give ;
Thine may we die ; thine may we live.

HYMN 73. C. M.

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel. Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power !
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear :
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear !
- 4 Appear, as when of old confess'd,
The suff'ring Son of God ;
And let them see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipp'd in blood.
- 5 The stony from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died ;
Show them the tokens of thy love,—
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side !
- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin ;
Thy hands they all, stretch'd out, may see,
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

- 8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,—
“ I suffer'd this for you !”

HYMN 74. 7's, 6's & 8's.

Backsliders restored to Grace, and kept by Christ.
Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

- 1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And given back my hope ;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand
In sore temptation's hour !
Save me with thine outstretch'd hand,
And show forth all thy pow'r :
O be mindful of thy word,
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near,
With speedy care depart :
Sin, be more than hell abhorr'd,
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

- 4 Never let me leave thy breast,
 Nor from my Saviour stray;
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way;
 My exceeding great reward,
 In heav'n above, and earth below;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

HYMN 75. 7's, 6's & 8's.

Stability prayed for. Exodus xxi. 6.

- 1 LORD! and is thine anger gone?
 And art thou pacified?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide?
 Infinite thy mercies are;
 Beneath the weight I cannot move:
 O, 'tis more than I can bear,
 The sense of pard'ning love!
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
 And all my passions sway;
 Keep me, lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way;
 Force my violence to be still,
 And captivate my ev'ry thought;
 Charm, and melt, and change my will,
 And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
 Thy sweet return to feel;
 If even now I find thy pow'r
 Present, my soul to heal;

Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace ;
Never more resist, or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love ;
Freedom, let me never find,
From my dear Lord to move :
That I never, never more
May with my much-lov'd Master part ;
To the posts of mercy's door,
O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone ;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own :
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find ;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye,
Thy weakest servant keep ;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep :
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heav'n ;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiv'n.

HYMN 76. C. M.

Infinite Love. Romans xi. 30—33.

- 1 INFINITE, unexhausted love !
Jesus and love are one ;
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love ?
My loving God to praise ?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sov'reign grace ?
- 3 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined ;
From age to age it never ends—
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breath is known,
Wide as infinity ;
So wide, it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heav'n ;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiv'n,
I see thy mercies rise !
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel tongue can tell ?
Oh, may I to the utmost prove
Thy gift unspeakable !
- 7 Come, quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own !
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne !

- 8 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right ;
Come, quickly, from above ;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN 77. C. M.

Spiritual Light. Psalm iv. 6.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favor, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God, renew,
And keep me evermore.
- 3 Eternal Son of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine ;
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in thy Light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove !
Revived, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee
The God of pard'ning love !
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between.
The Godhead reconciled.
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiv'n ;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heav'n !

HYMN 78. 7's & 6's.

Christ a Rock. Matthew xvi. 18.

- 1 O, ALMIGHTY God of love,
Thy holy arm display !
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day.
Arm my weakness with thy pow'r ;
Woman's Seed appear within !
Be my safeguard and my tower
Against the face of sin.
- 2 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade ;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head ;
Save me from the trying hour,—
Thou my sure protection be ;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.
- 3 Set upon the rock my feet,
Make me surely stand ;
From temptation's rage and heat,
Cover me with thine hand :
Let me in thy cleft be placed ;
Ne'er from my defence remove ;
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 79. L. M.

Love of Christ desired. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace ;

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

HYMN 80. S. M.

The Wanderer seeking after rest. Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- 1 THE praying spirit breathe,—
The watching pow'r impart ;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart ;

My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppress'd !
 Appear, and bid me turn again,
 To my eternal rest.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thine own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace :
 Suffer'd no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

HYMN 81. C. M.

Prayer. Genesis xxxii. 24—31.

- 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day ;
 To all thy tempted followers give
 The pow'r to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast
 In never-ceasing pray'r.
- 3 The spirit of interceding grace,
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart, —
 I will not let thee go.

- 5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And pray'r, in endless praise.

HYMN 82. S. M.

Prayer for stability of Soul. Philippians iv. 13.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my pray'r ;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill :
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss :
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;

A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto pray'r.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'ring less ;
This blessing above all—
Always to pray, I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint,

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee, and thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 83. L. M.

Christ, the way. John xiv. 6.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour, brother, friend,
On whom I cast my ev'ry care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my pray'r.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now thy spirit stays,
And hov'ring, hides me with its wings ;
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart :
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
“Return, and walk in Christ, thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.”
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide,
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk with thee,
From nature's every path retreat :
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;
O reach me out thy gracious hand !
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith on thee I stand.

HYMN 84. S. M.

Fire of the Holy Spirit. Romans xii. 2.

- 1 God of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face ;
Through Jesus Christ, the Just,
My faint desire receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;
My off'rings all be offer'd through
The ever blessed name ;
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone ;
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done.

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

HYMN 85. C. M.

Washed in Christ's blood. John xiii. 8, 9.

- 1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;

'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own :
Wash me, and mine thou art :
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 86. C. M.

Christ the Believer's Life. Romans vi. 4—6

1 JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe :
My vile affections crucify ;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conq'r'or of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive ;
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies :
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

- 4 Reign in me, Lord ; thy foes control ;
 Who would not own thy sway :
 Diffuse thine image through my soul ;
 Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode ;
 O make me glorious all within,
 A temple built by God.

HYMN 87. 2 6's & 4 7's.

Help implored. Psalm lxxviii. 18.

- 1 JESUS, thou art my king,
 To me thy succor bring :
 Christ, the mighty one art thou,
 Help for all on thee is laid ;
 This thy word I claim it now,
 Send me now thy promis'd aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
 O look with pity down !
 Help, O help ! attend my call,
 Captive lead captivity ;
 King of glory, Lord of all,
 Christ, the Lord, be king to me.
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
 And only thee t' obey ;
 Thee my spirit gasps to meet ;
 This my one, my ceaseless pray'r ;
 Make, O make my heart thy seat !
 O set up thy kingdom there !
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory ;

Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe ;
All subdue : through all my soul,
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

HYMN 88. C. M.

Healing of Spiritual Diseases. Isaiah xl. 31.

- 1 LORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promise true :
And lo ! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him, who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges ev'ry stain ;
And gladly linger out below,
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve ;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 For this in steadfast hope I wait ;
Now, Lord, my soul restore ;
Now the new heav'ns and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 89. 8's & 7's.

Excellency of Love. 2 Corinthians iii. 18

- 1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest :
Take away our bent of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave ;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as the hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation ;
Pure and spotless let us be :
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd in thee ;

Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, joy, and praise !

HYMN 90. 8 lines 7's.

Holiness. Romans xii. 1.

- 1 God of all redeeming grace,
 By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield ;
 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable through thy Son,
 While to thee alone we live,
 While we die to thee alone.
- 2 Meet it is and just and right,
 That we should be wholly thine ;
 In thy only will unite,
 In thy blessed service join :
 O that ev'ry work and word
 Might proclaim how good thou art ;
 Holiness unto the Lord
 Still be written on our heart.

HYMN 91. C. M.

The Glory of God our End. Romans xiv. 8.

- 1 LET him to whom we now belong,
 His sov'reign right assert ;
 And take up ev'ry thankful song,
 And ev'ry loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price ;
 The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our hearts' desire :
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
 To all eternity.

HYMN 92. 6 lines 8's.

Waiting upon the Lord to do his will. Acts xxi. 13, 14.

- 1 BEHOLD thy servant, O my Lord !
 I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
 To hear and keep thy ev'ry word,
 To prove and do thy perfect will ;
 Joyful from my own works to cease,
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
 Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
 The deed, the time, the manner choose,
 Let all my fruit be found of thee :
 Let all my works in thee be wrought,
 By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My ev'ry weak, though good design,
 O'errule, or change, as seems thee meet,
 Jesus, let all my work be thine ;

Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight :
Thou, only, hast done all things right.

- 4 Here, then, to thee thine own I leave,
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay :
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey :
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN 93. 6 lines 7's.

Fellowship of Saints. Romans vi. 4.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done ;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive ;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs !
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do ;
Take my heart, but make it new.

- 4 Now, O God, thine own I am,
 Now I give thee back thine own ;
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
 Consecrate to thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I ;
 Happier still if thine I die !
- 5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done ;
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

HYMN 94. S. M.

Reliance on Christ. 1 Peter v. 10.

- 1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
 My sure unerring light,
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
 My counsellor thou art,
 O let me never leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
 Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
 That I may now enlighten'd be,
 And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
 Out of thy hands my cause,
 But rest in thy redeeming love,
 And hang upon thy cross.

- 5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee: O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And ev'ry moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fiery hour—
Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,
And show forth all thy pow'r.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
Me to the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, establish me,
And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd:
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

HYMN 95. S. M.

The Mind of Christ desired. Psalm lxi. 5.

- 1 Lo, in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove;
My potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thine only stamp of love.

Be this my whole desire,
 I know that it is thine :
 Then kindle in my soul a fire,
 Which shall forever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
 To save mankind assert :
 Thine image, love, thy name impress,
 Thy nature on my heart !
 Bowels of mercy, hear,
 Into my soul come down ;
 Let it throughout my life appear,
 That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind,
 O fix in me thy home !
 So shall I cry to all mankind,
 Come to the waters, come !
 Jesus is full of grace ;
 To all his bowels move ;
 Behold in me, ye fallen race,
 That God is only love !

HYMN 96. L. M.

Praise offered to God. Psalm lxi.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest !
 The glories that compose thy name,
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God !
 And I am thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son and servant, bought with blood.

- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, for thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 Ev'n life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford ;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord !
- 5 I'll lift my hand, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Suffering for, and following Christ. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

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

Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 98. L. M.

Praise to Christ. Psalm xxii. 25.

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

HYMN 99. 10's & 11's.

Languishing for Christ. Isaiah liv. 11—13.

- 1 COME, Lord, from above, the mountains remove,
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love :
My bosom inspire, enkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.
- 2 I languish and pine for comfort divine ;
O when shall I say, " My beloved is mine,
I've chose the good part, my portion thou art,
O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart !"
- 3 For this my heart sighs, nought else can suffice :
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price ?
It cannot be bought ; thou know'st I have nought ;
No action or word, or a truly good thought :
- 4 But mercy doth say, though poor, yet you may
Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay :
On Christ who relies, with no other price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.
- 5 The blessing is free : so, Lord, let it be ;
I yield that thy love should be given to me :
I freely receive : thou freely dost give ;
I yield to thy love, in thine Eden to live.
- 6 The gift I embrace, the giver I praise,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's grace ;
It came from above, the foretaste I prove,
And soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

HYMN 100. S. M.

Giving up all for Christ. John vi. 67—69.

- 1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive ?
 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
 I can hold out no more ;
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own the conqueror !
- 2 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign ;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine !
 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove :
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
 With all thy weight of love.
- 3 My one desire be this,
 Thine only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below :
 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art ;
 My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
 Enter and keep my heart !

HYMN 101. 8's double.

Shepherd and Sheep. Ezek. xxxiv. 15.

- 1 THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,

For closer communion I pine ;
I long to reside where thou art :
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined ;
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! show me that happiest place,
That place of the people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a merciful God :
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree ;
My spirit on Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest ;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart :
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN 102. S. M.

*Seeking for Deliverance from Sin through the Blood and
Righteousness of Christ. Psalm li. 10—12.*

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
The feeble creature's cry ;
And show thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high :
From hell's oppressive pow'r,
My struggling soul release ;

And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

- 2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea :
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from thee :
Rivers of life divine
From thee their fountain flow ;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.
- 3 Come, then, impute, impart
To me thy righteousness,
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace :
That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify,
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

HYMN 103. C. M.

Worship of God. Psalm lxxxiv. 2.

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive :
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee our souls we give.
- 3 Heav'nward our ev'ry wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store :

The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

- 4 For more me ask : we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will ;
Turn and beget us, Lord, again ;
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad !
So shall we ever live and move
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN 104. C. M.

God is Light. Malachi iv. 2.

- 1 O SUN of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing !
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam :
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive,
Saviour, thy purchase own :
Bless'd Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
 Co-equal One in Three,
 On thee all faith, all hope be placed
 All love be paid to thee.

HYMN 105. 7's single.

Christ the Tree of Life. John xv. 1, 2.

- 1 Son of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply our ev'ry want!
 Tree of life, thy influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
 Without thee shall droop and die;
 Weak as helpless infancy,
 O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall,
 Send me help for which I call;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend;
 Love me, save me to the end:
 Give me the continuing grace,
 Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN 106. 7's single.

Worshipping God in his appointed way. Isaiah lxi. 3.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow:
 O! do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
'Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 107. 8's double.

*The Christian's greatest Joy when in the presence of
Christ. John xvi. 23, 24.*

- 1 How tedious and restless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have all lost their sweetness to me :
The midsummer sun shines but dim ;
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;

But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always thus high,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

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

HYMN 108. 8's 7's double.

Praise to Christ for his Divine Grace. Rev. v. 9.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love !

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home ;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God :
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood !

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

HYMN 109. L. M.

Primitive Christianity. Rev. 1. 5, 6.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy spirit moves my breast,
Hear and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,

And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

- 3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians liv'd in days of old :
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses !
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet !
- 6 This only thing do I require,
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live ;
- 7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below,—
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And serve the royal heirs of heav'n.
- 8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will ;
Confirm the pray'r, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 9 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
" Thy prayer is heard, it shall be so."
The words have pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 110. 7's, 6's & 8's

Perfect Love. 1 John ii. 5.

- 1 **EVER** fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call !
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my all :
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above ;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days ?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace ?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove ?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart :
With th' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart :
If with love thy heart is stor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the sinner clean !
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off th' entail of sin :

Take me into thee, my Lord,
 And I shall then no longer rove;
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
 My portion here below!
 Nothing would I seek but thee,
 Thee only would I know;
 My exceeding great reward,
 My heav'n on earth, my heav'n above;
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
 Of those that are in thee;
 Son of God, thyself reveal,
 Engrave thy name in me;
 As in heav'n be here ador'd,
 And let me now the promise prove;
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

HYMN 111. C. M.

Seeking after Purity of Heart. Ephesians iii. 17—19.

1 My God, I know, I feel thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 And will not let thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.

- 3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad !
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 5 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume ;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
When enter'd into rest ;
I only live my God t' admire,
My God forever bless'd.
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN 112. 8's double.

Thirsting for God. Psalm xlii. 1, 2.

WHAT now is my object and aim ?
What now is my hope and desire ?

To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire :
 My hope is all centred in thee ;
 I trust to recover thy love ;
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy thee above.

2 I thirst for the life-giving Word—
 My Lord, who on Calvary died :
 A fountain of water and blood,
 Which gush'd from Immanuel's side !
 I gasp for the stream of thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown ;
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN 113. L. M.

Seal of the Spirit. Job xlii. 5.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I wait to prove thy perfect will ;
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye ;
 Display thy glory from above ;
 And all I am shall sink and die,
 Lost in astonishment and love !

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace :
 I would be by myself abhorr'd ;
 All might, all majesty, all praise,
 All glory be to Christ my Lord !

- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height ;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in my sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all !

HYMN 114. 4 lines 7's

All in all. Col. iii. 11.

- 1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole ;
Finish thy great work of grace !
Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak the second time, " Be clean !"
Take away my inbred sin ;
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require ;
Nothing more can I desire :
None but Christ to me be given ;
None but Christ, in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease !
O that all I am might cease !
Let me into nothing fall ;
Let my Lord be all in all !

HYMN 115. C. M.

Rest in Christ. Heb. iv. 1—11.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known :
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns
And thou art lov'd alone.

- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own ;
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !
This, only this, be giv'n ;
Nothing besides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend !
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end !
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode ;
Let all I am in thee be lost—
Let all be lost in God !

HYMN 116. C. M.

Temple of God. John iv. 10—15.

- 1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see :
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality !
- 4 He visits now this house of clay ;
He shakes his future home ;
O wouldst thou, Lord, in this glad day,
Into thy temple come !
- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou wat'rest from on high ;
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
Fill all this mighty void ;

Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
Come, O my God, my God !

- 8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity ;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee !

HYMN 117. C. M.

Desire to be wholly lost in God. Romans v. 8—11.

- 1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone ;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for thy grace,
The gift unspeakable ;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire,
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry sin set free ;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given ;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

HYMN 118. 6 lines 8's.

Fire of the Holy Spirit. Rom. v. 5.

- 1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there !
Thine, wholly thine, alone I am ;
Be thou alone my constant flame !
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone !
O may thy love possess me whole !
My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray !
All pain before thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise ;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee !
- 4 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heav'nly fire ;
And day and night be all my care,
To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 5 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast !

Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

- 6 Still let thy love point out my way :
How wond'rous things thy love hath wro't !
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 7 In suff'ring, be thy love my peace ;
In weakness, be thy love my pow'r,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died !

HYMN 119. 8. 8. 6.

Forgiveness Implored. Romans viii. 15.

- 1 THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Ev'n from mine infant days ;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I never knew,
The justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above ;
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know,
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,

The sense of sins forgiv'n :
 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
 Without the inward witness live,
 That antepast of heav'n.

4 If now the witness were in me
 Would he not testify of thee,
 In Jesus reconcil'd ?
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,
 And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
 I know myself thy child ?

5 Ah ! never let thy servant rest,
 Till of my part in Christ possess'd,
 I on thy mercy feed :
 Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
 Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
 To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
 Or sin, or righteousness remove,
 Thy glory to display :
 My heart of unbelief convince,
 And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.

HYMN 120. L. M.

Dependence on Christ for Deliverance. Psalm lxxlii. 27.

- 1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou ;
 To thee, lo ! now my soul I bow :
 I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
 I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
 Protect me through my life's short day :

- In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me,
As I have need, my Saviour be :
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r ;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign my Saviour—reign alone.
- 5 My suffering time shall soon-be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Christ the way. John xiv. 6—14.

- 1 JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up ?
- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way ;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast on earth below
In heaven above to give,
Give me thine only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join

Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

- 5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 122. C. M.

Earthly pursuits produce no real pleasure. Ps. lx. 11, 12.

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

HYMN 123. L. M.

Self-abasement. John vi. 37.

- 1 **WHEN**, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee !
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love !
- 2 **A** poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near :
O dark ! dark ! dark ! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.
- 3 **Thee**, only thee I fain would find,
And cast the world and sin behind :
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 **When** from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee :
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

HYMN 124. L. M.

The same.

- 1 **WHOM** man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive ;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 2 **Ah !** wherefore did I ever doubt ?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

- 3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure ;
I want, do thou enrich the poor :
Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;
O lift the abject sinner up !
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight ;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might !
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee !

HYMN 125. C. M.

God delights not in vain offerings. Romans viii. 9.

- 1 JESUS, kind Saviour of mankind,
How little art thou known
By sinners of a carnal mind,
Who claim thee for their own ?
- 2 Who blasphemously call thee Lord
With lips and hearts unclean,
But make thee, while they slight thy word,
The minister of sin ?
- 3 Who madly plead for sin's remains ;
While full of slavish fears,
They fancy thou hast purg'd their stains,
And falsely call thee theirs !
- 4 O wretched man, who dares divide
The pardon and the peace !
In vain for thee the Saviour died,
Unless he seal thee his.
- 5 O wretched man, from guilt to dream
Thy harden'd conscience freed !

When Jesus doth a soul redeem,
He makes it free indeed.

6 The guilt and power with all thy art
Can never be disjoin'd,
Nor will God bid the guilt depart,
And leave the power behind.

7 Faith, when it comes, breaks ev'ry chain,
And makes us truly free ;
But Christ hath died for thee in vain,
Unless he lives in thee.

8 What is redemption in his blood,
But liberty within ?
A liberty to serve my God,
And to eschew my sin.

9 What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

10 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin,
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in.

HYMN 126. C. M.

The Compassion of Christ towards Offending Sinners.
Luke xxii. 61.

1 JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving pow'r ;
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
And know their gracious hour.

- 2** Ah! give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume ;
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.
- 3** O, wouldst thou cast a pitying look,
All goodness as thou art,
Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
On each obdurate heart !
- 4** Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5** Open their eyes, thy cross to see ;
Their ears, to hear thy cries ;
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies !
- 6** All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive,
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.
- 7** Turn, and your sins of deepest dye,
He will with blood efface ;
Ev'n now he waits the blood t' apply ;
Be sav'd, be sav'd by grace.
- 8** Be sav'd from hell, from sin and fear ;
He speaks you now forgiv'n ;
Walk with your God, be perfect here,
And then come up to heav'n.

HYMN 127. 10's & 11's.

The Good Part. Luke x. 42.

- 1 O Jesus, my rest, the sinner is blest,
That cometh to thee to be hid in thy breast ;
I come at thy call, before thee I fall,
And own and confess thee my God and my All
- 2 Thou'rt Mary's good part, and needful thou art,
The choice of my soul, and the joy of my heart ;
My comfort, and stay, my life and my way,
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.
- 3 Health, pardon, and peace in thee I possess ;
What more can I have ? I will have nothing less.
I stand in thy might ; I walk in thy light ;
All heav'n I claim in thy God-giving right.

HYMN 128. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit. Jude 20, 21.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;

Hosannas languish on our tongue
And our devotion dies.

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

HYMN 129. C. M.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption. Romans viii. 23.

- 1 ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise ;
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee !
And to thy grace my soul resign,
'To be renew'd by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 4 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within ;
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.

- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne ;
 Call me a child of thine !
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
 To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
 And make my comfort strong ;
 Then shall I say, " My Father, God !"
 With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 130. C. M.

A Prayer for Faith. Psalm xxv.

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

And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

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

HYMN 131. S. M.

Vigilance. Matthew xi. 12.

- 1 O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm !
- 2 O may we all improve
The grace already giv'n,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heav'n.

HYMN 132. 6 lines 8's.

Prayer in the name of Christ. James v. 15, 16.

- 1 O WOND'ROUS pow'r of faithful pray'r !
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace ?
God's hands are bound, or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays :
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, " Let me alone !"
- 2 " Let me alone that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume ;
While Justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom :

My Son is in my servant's pray'r,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

- 3 O blessed word of gospel grace,
Which now we for our Israel plead !
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed ;
O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise !
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesus' name ;
In Jesus' pow'r and spirit pray ;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim !
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away !
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pard'ning love !
- 5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer ;
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our spokesman there !
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiv'n,
And speaks thy rebels up to heav'n.

HYMN 133. L. M.

Godly Fear. Proverbs vii. 2.

- 1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear ;
My utter helplessness reveal ;
Satan and sin are always near ;
Thee may I always nearer feel !
- 2 O ! that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire ;
Pride, in its earliest motions, find,
And mark the risings of desire.

- 3 O ! that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel !
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray ;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

HYMN 134. 6 lines 7's.

Christ, dwelling in Believers. Psalm lxi. 1—4

- 1 Why not now, my God, my God !
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart :
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now ?
- 2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyself to thee I cry ;
Dying, if thou still delay,
Must I not forever die ?
Enter now thy poorest home :
Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

HYMN 135. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

Purity of Heart desired. Mal. iii. 3.

- 1 Now, ev'n now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part ;
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart !

Purge the love of sin away,
 Then I into nothing fall :
 Then I see the perfect day ;
 And Christ is all in all.

- 2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of thine :
 Kindle now the heavenly fire,
 To brighten and refine :
 Purify our faith like gold :
 All the dross of sin remove ;
 Melt our spirits down ; and mould
 Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 136. 6 lines 8's.

Wrestling with God. Gen. iii. 24—31.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
 Whom still I own, but cannot see ;
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee ;
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold :
 Art thou the man who died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 3 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long,
 I rise superior to my pain ;
 When I am weak, then I am strong :

And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

- 4 Yield to me now—for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak, to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be love.
- 5 'Tis love, 'tis love! Thou died'st for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart,
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.
- 6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

HYMN 137. 6 lines 8's.

Watch-night. Matt. xxv. 1—13.

- 1 Oft have we pass'd the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth;
The creature was our soul delight,
Our happiness the things of earth;
But, O, suffice the season past,
We choose the better part at last.
- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,

But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep ;
So many nights on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one hour for God !

3 We can, dear Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our ev'ry hour to thee ;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody ;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And ev'ry heart shall dance for joy.

4 Dear object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice,
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice :
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and let our joys abound,
Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found :
We ask in faith for ev'ry soul ;
O let our glorious joy be full.

6 O may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above these nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circle move,
And gain the highest heav'n of love !

HYMN 138. L. M.

Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Matt. iii. 11.

- 1 AN inward baptism of pure fire,
Wherewith to be baptiz'd I have :
'Tis all my longing soul's desire ;
This only this, my soul can save.
- 2 Strait'ned I am till this be done ;
Kindle in me the living flame :
Father, in me reveal thy Son ;
Baptize me into Jesus' name.
- 3 Transform my nature into thine,
Let all my pow'rs thine impress feel ;
Let all my soul become divine,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 4 Love, mighty love, my heart o'erpow'r
Ah, why dost thou so long delay !
Cut short the work, bring near the hour,
And let me see thy perfect day.
- 1 Behold, for thee I ever wait,
Now let me in thine image shine,
Now the new heav'ns and earth create.
And plant with righteousness divine.
- 6 If with the wretched sons of men
It still be thy delight to live,
Come, Lord, beget my soul again,
Thyself, thy quick'ning Spirit give.

HYMN 139. C. M.

Christ the Believer's Life. 1 John iii. 9.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll :

- Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Ev'ry believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take ;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide,
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art ;
Of joy the swelling flood ;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall ;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our All in All.

HYMN 140. 10's.

The Lord is my King. Psalm cxxxix. 5—12.

- 1 In boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear ;
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer ;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty
heart ;
Cause ev'ry soul to choose the better part.
- Thy presence fills the universal space ;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race :
O visit us with light and life divine ;
Fill ev'ry soul, for ev'ry soul is thine.

- 3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love ;
 He is my King, from him I would not move ;
 Away, then, all ye objects that divert,
 Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.
- 4 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
 My ravish'd heart, hath all your glory stain'd ;
 His loveliness my soul hath prepossess'd,
 And left no room for any other guest.

HYMN 141. C. M.

The Lord knows all our secret thoughts and actions.
 Psalm cxxxix. 7—12.

- 1 LORD, all I am is known to thee ;
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're form'd within :
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,

To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

HYMN 142. S. M.

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 8.

- 1 FATHER, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true ;
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
 My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
 And bid my heart be clean :
 An end of all my troubles make,
 An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
 But by believing thee :
 And waiting for thy blood t' impart
 The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
 Jesus, the grace bestow :
 Now, thy all-cleansing blood apply,
 And make me white as snow.

HYMN 143. C. M.

Penitents Praying. Mark ix. 24.

- 1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
 The sin-subduing pow'r ;
 Pow'r to believe, and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.
- 2 My ardent soul cries out, oppress'd,
 Impatient to be freed !

Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am sav'd indeed.

- 3 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too—
To change this old rebellious heart ;
To conquer and renew ?

HYMN 144. 7's.

Christ dwelling within. Eph. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am,
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.
- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days :
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

HYMN 145. L. M.

Working for God. Phil. ii. 12, 13.

- 1 O THOU who comest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart !
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.
- Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee :

Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

HYMN 146. S. M.

Jabez's Prayer. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

- 1 "O THAT the Lord indeed
Would me, his servant, bless,
From ev'ry evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace!
- 2 "Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land
My portion he divide."
-

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

HYMN 147. L. M.

Revival of the Work. Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee, in their behalf, we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

- 3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The Christian savages remain ;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought ;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh :
They perish, whom thyself hast bought ;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey :
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died—
Hast died to bear their sins away ?
- 6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize ?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans :
The meed of all thy suff'rings, these ;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones.
- 7 Extend to these thy pard'ning grace ;
To these be thy salvation show'd :
O add to them thy chosen race !
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 8 Still let the publicans draw near :
Open the door of faith and heav'n ;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiv'n.

HYMN 148. L. M.

The House of God the Gate of Heaven. Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

- 2 The King of nations we proclaim ;
Who would not our great Sov'reign fear ?
We long to experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.
- 3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait ;
And O, how dreadful is this place !
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate !
- 4 Tremble, our hearts, to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire :
And lo ! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill ;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above ;
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.
- 7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear ;
And let mine eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

HYMN 149. L. M.

Seeing the Lord. Revelations i. 11—20.

- 1 SAY, which of you would see the Lord ?
You all may now obtain the grace :

Behold him in the written word,
Where John unveils the Saviour's face !

2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks
To ev'ry soul that turns his ear ;
Amid the golden candlesticks
He walks, and lo ! he now is here !

3 Present to all believing souls,
They see him with an eagle eye ;
Down to his feet a garment rolls,
Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.

4 A golden girdle binds his breast,
Whence streams of consolation flow,
Milk for his new-born babes, who rest
In him, nor other comfort know.

5 His form is as the Son of Man,
His eyes are as a flame of fire,
They dart a sin-consuming pain,
And life, and joy divine inspire.

6 His spotless purity of soul,
We by a lovely emblem know ;
His head and hair are white as wool,
White are they as the driven snow.

7 Glitter his feet like burnish'd brass,
That long hath in the furnace shone,
Brighter than lightning is his face,
Brighter than the meridian sun.

8 As many waters sound his word ;
Seven stars he holds in his right hand ;

Out of his mouth a two-edged sword
Goes forth ; before it who can stand ?

- 9 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
Lay thy right hand upon our soul ;
Scatter our fears, thy spirit shed,
And all our unbelief control,
- 10 Tell us, " I am the First and Last,
Who lived and died for all, am I ;
And lo, my bitter death is past,
And lo, I live no more to die.
- 11 " I have the keys of death and hell :"
Amen ! thy record we receive,
And wait till thou our spirits seal,
And all in all forever live.

HYMN 150. C. M.

Kingdom of Grace. Romans xiv. 17.

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above ,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God, in persons Three ;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come with pow'r and grace,
To ev'ry heart of man :
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

- 4 Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
Thy peace our passions bind ;
And let us, in thy joy unknown,
The first dominion find.
- 5 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thoughts transcends,
Into our souls bring in ;
- 6 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect pow'r of godliness,
Th' omnipotence of love.

HYMN 151. C. M.

"But holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 Peter i. 21.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love !
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;

And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 152. 6 lines 8's.

Water of Life, or Well of Salvation. John iv. 10—15.

- 1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee ;
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself on me :
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,
Now let me find thee in my heart !
- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness :
Spring up, O Well, in heav'nly pow'r,
In streams of pure, perennial peace ;
In joy, that none can take away,
In life, which shall forever stay.
- 3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblameable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow—
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesus' sake, impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.
- 4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown :
While list'ning to the wretches' cry,
The widows' and the orphans' groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all for them to give.
- 5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from ev'ry stain,

Unspotted from the world and sin,
 My faith's integrity maintain ;
 The truth of my religion prove,
 By perfect purity and love.

HYMN 153. 8 lines 7's & 6's.

Perfect Love. Psalm lxxiii. 8.

- 1 FATHER, see this living clod,
 This spark of heav'nly fire !
 See my soul, the breath of God,
 Doth after God aspire ;
 Let it still to heaven ascend,
 Till I my principal rejoin,
 Blended with my glorious end,
 And lost in love divine !
- 2 Lord, if thou from me hast broke
 The pow'r of outward sin,
 Burst this Babylonish yoke,
 And make me free within ;
 Bid my inbred sin depart,
 And I thy utmost word shall prove,
 Upright both in life and heart,
 And perfected in love.
- God of all-sufficient grace,
 My God in Christ thou art ;
 Bid me walk before thy face,
 Till I am pure in heart :
 Till transform'd by faith divine,
 I gain that perfect love unknown,
 Bright in all thine image shine,
 By putting on thy Son.

- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In council join again,
 To restore thine image, lost
 By frail, apostate man :
 O might I thy form express,
 Through faith, begotten from above,
 Stamp'd with real holiness,
 And fill'd with perfect love !

HYMN 154. S. M.

Spirit of Faith. Ephesians ii. 8.

- 1 SPIRIT of faith, come down ;
 Reveal the things of God,
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood :
 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see :
 Who did for *ev'ry* sinner die,
 Hath surely died for *me*.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word :
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our int'rest in his blood ;
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 " Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God !"
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb !
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his name :

The grace which all may find,
The saving pow'r impart ;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in ev'ry heart.

- 4 Inspire the living faith,
Which, whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes :
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move ;
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

HYMN 155. L. M.

"And call upon me in the day of trouble." Ps. l. 15.

- 1 O God, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart ;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind ;
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find !
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget ;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

- 5 Then ev'ry murm'ring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost :
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide ;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified !

HYMN 156. L. M.

"I cried unto thee, Lord." Psalm cxlii. 5—7.

- 1 O LET the pris'ner's mournful cries,
As incense in thy sight appear !
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.
- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free :
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones !
Lead captive their captivity !
- 3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope ;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransom'd pris'ners up.
- 4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer ;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear !
- 5 Pity the day of feeble things ;
O gather ev'ry halting soul !

And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

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

7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them thy saving health to see,
And let thy mercy find them out;
And let thy mercy reach to me.

8 Hast thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth in vain?
O let thy children see the sun!
Let all their souls be born again!

9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suff'ring members mourn:
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r;
Bid ev'ry struggling child be born!

HYMN 157. 8 lines 7's, 6's, & 1-8.

"Men ought always to pray and not faint." Luke xviii.

1 COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesus' service join:
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine:
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want;
Pray we, ev'ry moment pray,
And never, never faint.

- 2 Place no longer let us give
To the old Tempter's will ;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, " Be still :"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint
Pray we, ev'ry moment pray,
And never, never faint.
- 3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load ;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint :
Pray we, ev'ry moment pray,
And never, never faint.
- 4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare ;
All the promises are sure
To persevering pray'r :
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, ev'ry moment pray,
And never, never faint.
- 5 Pray we on when all renew'd,
And perfected in love :
Till we see the Saviour God
Descending from above,
All his heav'nly charms survey,
Beyond what angel minds can paint,
Pray we, ev'ry moment pray,
And never, never faint.

HYMN 158. 7's.

On the Second Coming of Christ. Haggai ii. 7.

- 1 COME, Desire of nations, come !
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
Hear the Spirit and the Bride :
Come, and take us to thy side.
- 2 Thou, who hast our place prepar'd,
Make us meet for our reward !
Then with all thy saints descend !
Then our earthly trials end.
- 3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days !
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own !
- 4 Now destroy the man of sin :
Now thine ancient flock bring in !
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine !
- 5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Glorious in thy saints appear ;
Speak the sacred number seal'd ;
Speak the mystery reveal'd !
- 6 Take to thee thy royal pow'r ;
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;
Reign, when death no more shall be ;
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN 159. 6 lines 7's.

Christ the Rock of Ages. Psalm lxi. 2.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 160. 7's.

On going on Shipboard.

- 1 LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the wat'ry way ;
In the hollow of thy hand.
Hide, and bring us safe to land.
- 2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined ;
Ev'ry anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

- 3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,
Bid them to each other cleave ;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea ;
Bid them come by faith to thee.
- 4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend ;
Waft our happy spirits o'er,
Land us on the heav'nly shore.
-

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

HYMN 161. S. M.

Internal Religion. 1 John i. 3—11.

- 1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven ?
How can my gracious Saviour show,
My name inscrib'd in heaven ?
- 2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell ;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.
- Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love surpassing far
The love of all beneath,

We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

- 6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove ;
And conqu'rors of the world we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

HYMN 162. C. M.

The power of Faith alone unites us to Christ.
1 John v. 4-8.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
Of his own holiness.

- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean,
 Nor would he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.
- 7 His spirit purifies our frame,
 And seals our peace with God ;
 Jesus, and his salvation, came
 By water and by blood.

HYMN 163. L. M.

*"And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife
 to slay his son." Gen. xxii. 10.*

- 1 ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
 His faith by his obedience show'd ;
 He with the harsh command complied,
 And gave his Isaac back to God.
- 2 His son the father offer'd up,
 Son of his age, his only son ;
 Object of all his joy and hope,
 And less belov'd than God alone.
- 3 O for a faith like his, that we
 The bright example may pursue ;
 May gladly give up all to thee,
 To whom our more than all is due.
- 4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
 Our willing soul thy call obeys ;
 Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
 Freedom, and life—to win thy grace.
- 5 Is there a thing than life more dear ?
 A thing from which we cannot part ?

We can, we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice ;
All things for thee we count but loss ;
Lo ! at thy word our idol dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

7 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain :
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

HYMN 164. C. M.

The will of the Lord be done. Mark xi. 24.

- 1 THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill,
My heart shall be thy throne ;
Thy holy, just, and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.
- 2 I thank thee for the present grace ;
And now in hope rejoice ;
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.
- 3 I have the things I ask of thee,
What shall I more require ?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire.
- 4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home,
Come when thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come !

HYMN 165. S. M.

Watchfulness. Isaiah xxx. 21.

- 1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul !
Say to me now, " Awake, awake,
And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour :
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power !
- 3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepar'd,
And ready may I be,
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.
- 5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near !
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear.
- 6 " Come back ! this is the way !
Come back ! and walk therein !"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin !

HYMN 166. S. M.

Trusting in Christ. Psalm xviii. 2.

- 1 THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,

My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee ;
Be thou my sure abode :
My horn, my rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend :
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end !

HYMN 167. C. M.

An earnest desire to obey and please God. Prov. vii. 2.

1 I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make .
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove,
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 O! may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul :
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN 168. 8. 8. 6.

*Watchfulness necessary, and a regard to the warnings of
Heaven required. Matt. xxvi. 75.*

- 1 **HELP**, Lord, to whom for help I fly ;
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day ;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armor arm,
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near ;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
And feel my warning eye ;
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink !
O save me, or I die !

- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart;
 Recall me by thy pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblameable in grace:
 Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness t' appear,
 Before thy glorious face.

HYMN 169. 4 8's & 2 6's.

Godly fear. Psalm cxix. 34.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude;
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.
- 2 That I may still from sin depart,
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given!
 And let me through thy Spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

HYMN 170. S. M.

Example of Christ. Phil. ii. 5—11.

- 1 THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,

Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew ;
 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And sanctified by love divine,
 Forever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesus, to me impart,
 Thy Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it in my heart !
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee ;
 Soul of my soul remain,
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heavenly Father's will.

HYMN 171. C. M.

A New Heart required by God Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, 27.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;

Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human wo ;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Ederl repossess'd,
From ev'ry sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 172. 7's.

Union with Christ. Heb. xi. 34.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,

Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast ;
See, I pant in thee to rest
Gladly would I now be clean ;
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin ;
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives :
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning graces.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb ;
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our souls do thirst for thee :
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
All our hearts dissolve in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

HYMN 173. S. M.

Watchfulness. Luke xxi. 36

- 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 174. 7's.

" Lovest thou me ?" John xxi. 16.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord or no;
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark and vain and wild ?
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd :
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 175. S. M.

Watchfulness. Colossians iv. 2.

- 1 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed,
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
- 2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above !
And stand against their open hate,
And well dissembled love.
- 3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join :
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.
- 4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel !
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.
- 5 But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To me my weakness show :
- 6 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan,
The never-ceasing prayer.

HYMN 176. S. M.

The Same.

- 1 Give me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,

The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign.

HYMN 177. L. M.

Spiritual Strength required. Psalm lxxiii. 26.

1 O THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul ;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shade of night ;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint ;
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

- 4 With out-stretch'd hands and streaming eyes,
 Oft I begin to grasp the prize ;
 I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray ;
 But ah ! how soon it dies away !
- 5 The deadly slumber soon I feel
 Afresh upon my spirit steal ;
 Rise, Lord ! stir up thy quick'ning power,
 And wake me that I sleep no more.
- 6 Single of heart, O may I be !
 Nothing may I desire but thee :
 Far, far from me the world remove,
 And all that holds me from thy love !

HYMN 178. 7's & 6's.

Dependence on God. Luke xviii. 1.

- 1 To the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills ;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels ;
 Will he not his help afford ?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given :
 God comes down : the God and Lord
 That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,
 And still in God confide :
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide ;
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps :
 Rest in him, securely rest ;
 The watchman never sleeps.

- 3** Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise ;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes ;
He is Israel's sure defence ;
Israel all his care shall prove ;
Kept by watchful Providence,
And ever-waking Love.
- 4** See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near :
Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with his wings thy head ;
Guards from all impending harms ;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.
- 5** Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in ;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art sav'd from sin ;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power ;
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth and evermore.

HYMN 179. L. M.

Prayer. James v. 15—18.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray ;
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak :
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on Him ; thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not ; his merits must prevail :
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

HYMN 180. 4 lines 7's.

Mind of Christ desired. Phil. II. v.

- 1 JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee ;
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside ?
- 2 O how wavering is my mind !
Toss'd about with ev'ry wind !
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart !

- 3 Jesus, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable :
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.
- 4 Grant that ev'ry moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh,
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.
- 5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee ;
Settled peace I then shall find ;
Jesus' is a quiet mind.
- 6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still ;
Meekly on my God reclin'd ;
Jesus' is a gentle mind.
- 7 I shall suffer, and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will ;
Be in all alike resign'd ;
Jesus' is a patient mind.
- 8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;
Fear doth servile spirits bind ;
Jesus' is a noble mind.
- 9 When I feel it fix'd within,
I shall have no power to sin ;
How shall sin an entrance find ?
Jesus' is a spotless mind.
- 10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus and him crucified :

Perfectly to him be join'd :
Jesus' is a loving mind.

11 I shall triumph evermore,
 Gratefully my God adore ;
 God so good, so true, so kind ;
Jesus' is a thankful mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
 I shall to the end endure ;
 Be no more to sin inclin'd ;
Jesus' is a constant mind.

13 I shall fully be restor'd
 To the image of my Lord ;
 Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

HYMN 181. 4 6's & 2 8's.

Rejoicing in hope. 1 John 1. 9.

1 YE ransom'd sinners, hear
 The pris'ners of the Lord,
 And wait till Christ appear,
 According to his word ;
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

2 The Lord, our righteousness,
 We have long since receiv'd ;
 Salvation nearer is
 Than when we first believ'd ;
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

- 3** In God we put our trust :
If we our sins confess ;
Faithful he is and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4** Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near ;
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5** Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow pris'ners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear,
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 6** The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 7** Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN 182. S. M.

Happiness of Heaven. Psalm xlvii.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne :
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas :
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin !
There, from the river of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow ;
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;

We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 183. L. M.

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

- 1 **HAPPY** the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows the Saviour died for me,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise :
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy who his guest retains :
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

HYMN 184. C. M.

Walking in the ways of Christ. Deut. v. 30—33.

- 1 **HAPPY** the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone :
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne !
We in the kingdom of thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 187. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

Believers' triumph in Christ. Acts v. 12.

- 1 **LET** earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate, with me,
The Saviour of mankind ;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 **Jesus !** transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heav'n :

No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
For Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus ! harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love ;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole :
See there my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel he died for me.

6 O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race !
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done ?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call :

To bid their hearts rejoice,
 In him who died for all !
 For all my Lord was crucified,
 For all, for all my Saviour died.

- 8- To serve thy blessed will,
 Thy dying love to praise,
 Thy counsel to fulfil,
 And minister thy grace,
 Freely what I receive to give,
 The life of heav'n on earth I live.

HYMN 186. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

Intercession of Christ. Rom. viii. 15. Heb. vii. 25.

- 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 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me :
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry !
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His 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 pard'ning 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 187. 6 lines 8's.

Thanksgiving. Psalm xciv. 17—19.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
In all my works, and thee alone :
Thee will I love, till thy pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
Ah ! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain ?
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved ;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved ;

And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light and comes from thee.

- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
Still to press forward in the way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light.

HYMN 188. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

The Kingdom of Christ. Philippians iv. 4.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;

The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit ;
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet :
Lift up your hearts, &c.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up your hearts, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

HYMN 189. 10's & 11's.

Experimental Religion. 2 Cor. i. 3—12.

- 1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive ;
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after
him, go ;
Lo ! onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will
prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within ;
And when I'm to die, Receive me ! I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why :
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind ;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
These blessings ; to seek them will none of you
dare ?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh ?

HYMN 190. C. M.

Believers' Triumph in Christ. Psalm xlii. 4.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights ;
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;

Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 191. C. M.

The Goodness of God. Psalm lxxi. 21—24.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pain thy servants feel
Thou hear'st thy children's cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere :
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

HYMN 192. L. M.

The Works of God. Psalm xix. 1—6.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns (a shining frame !)
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball :
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found :

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 193. C. M.

Holy Trinity. Psalm xix. 1—6.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies ;
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill :
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.
- 2 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ :
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet :
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace :
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

- 4 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

HYMN 194. 6 lines 8's.

Praise offered to God. Psalm cxlvi.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God, who made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure !
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :

My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 195. L. M.

Praise offered to God for and by his Works.

Psalm cxlvii. 1, 2.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames :
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd !
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn ;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts and birds his hands supply
With food and plenty, when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man or warlike horse ?
The piercing wit, the active limb ?
All are to mean delights for him.
- 6 His saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight !
He sees their hope, he knows their fear ;
He looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN 196. L. M

Worship of God. Psalm c.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow, with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men !
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise :
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love :
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 197. C. M.

Easter Sabbath. Luke xxiv. 1—13.

- 1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We bless'd and pious grow :
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 5 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod :
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.
- 6 The Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more ;
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

HYMN 198. C. M.

Salvation. Exod. xv. 2.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- Glory, honor, praise, and pow'r,
Be unto the Lamb forever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !*
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. *Glory, &c*

- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !**
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory, &c.*

HYMN 199. L. M.

Praise offered to God. Psalm cxvii.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,**
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,**
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name !
In ev'ry land begin the song ;
To ev'ry land the strains belong :
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 200. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer. Revelations v. 11. 12.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs**
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,**
To be exalted thus ;

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

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

HYMN 201. 4 lines 7's.

Adoration. Luke ii. 14

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man the well-beloved of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing :
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3 Hail ! by all thy works adored :
Hail ! thou everlasting Lord ;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r and God of love !

4 Christ, our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son :
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement thou ;
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away !
- 6 Pow'rful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood !
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
Fill us with thy righteousness.

HYMN 202. C. M.

Praise due to God from the whole Creation. Ps. cxlviii.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs,
That fill the realms above ;
Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds ! ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore :
- 7 While monsters, sporting to the flood,
In scaly silver shine ;
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name,
To softer notes than these ;
Young zephyrs, breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow :
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honors raise,
And climb the morning sky ;
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise,
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

HYMN 203. 6. 8. 4.

The Covenant of God. Genesis xv. 1.

- 1 THE God of Abr'ham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :

JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !

By earth and heav'n confess'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever bless'd.

2 The God of Abr'ham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand ;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abr'ham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways ;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
'Through Jesus' blood !

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend ;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN 204. C. M.

Adoration of the Saviour. Isaiah lviil. 8.

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore :
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN 205. 8 lines 8's.

God our Trust. Psalm xlviii. 14.

- 1 THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 206. C. M.

An Act of thanksgiving. Psalm lxxxix. 26—37.

- 1 WHEN all the mercies of my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise ?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustains,
And all my wants redress'd ;
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

- 8 Through all eternity, to thee,
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 207. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Glory and Praise to God for his Divine Goodness.
Rev. v. 9—14.

- 1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within ;
I will praise thee :
Where shall I thy praise begin ?
- 2 While the angel-choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM !
I with them would still be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name !
- 3 Now I see with joy and wonder
Whence the healing streams arose ;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause ;
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.
- 4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath shown ;
Pardon'd guilt and purchased favor !
This he makes to mortals known ;

Give him glory,
 Glory, glory is his own.

- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song :
 Hallelujah,
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

HYMN 208. C. M.

The Hope of Heaven. Col. iii. 1—4.

- 1 How happy ev'ry child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiv'n !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heav'n :
 A country far from mortal sight ;
 Yet, O ! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heav'n prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 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 heav'n bestow !
 And when the vessels break,
 Our ransom'd spirits then shall go,
 To grasp the God we seek :

In rapt'rous awe on him I'll gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his gaace
Through all eternity.

HYMN 209. 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 6

Praise of Salvation. Acts vii. 54—60.

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

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

HYMN 210. S. M.

Forms vain without Religion. Psalm li. 10—12.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How glorious is thy name !
 Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
 Throughout creation's frame !
- 2 In native white and red,
 The rose and lily stand,
 And free from pride, their beauties spread,
 To show thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky,
 With unambitious song ;
 And bears her Maker's praise on high,
 Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 Fain would I rise and sing
 To my Creator too :
 Fain would my heart adore my King,
 And give him praises due.
- 5 But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform ;
 That pride which creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.

- 6 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design :
Part of thy favors I forget,
Or think the merit mine.
- 7 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true
Till it be form'd again.
- 8 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above !
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice of love.
- 9 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days ;
And to my God, my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN 211. 4 lines, 10, 10, 11, 11.

Rejoicing of Believers. Eph. iii. 19.

- 1 REJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesus's pow'r, in Jesus's love :
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been :
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast saved us from sin :
The pow'r of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit all fulness in thee.
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy,

To us it is given in Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

- 4 No longer we join, while sinners invite ;
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight ;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain ;
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain
- 5 O might they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste for which they were born :
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heav'n of love.

HYMN 212. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Perfect Love. Deut. iii. 26.

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above !
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul to taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests, and kings.
- 2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen :
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own :
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise :

I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !

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

HYMN 213. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

Angels attendant on the Righteous, while despised by the world.

1 Ye simple souls that stray
Far from the paths of peace,
That unfrequented way
To life and happiness ;—
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God !

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great can see,
Or glorious in our death !

As born to suffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 Poor, pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelmed with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes :
More irksome than a gaping tomb,
Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful despair.

4 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak, and poor,
Above your scorn we rise :
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things ;
For he, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

5 Riches unsearchable,
In Jesus' love we know,
And pleasures, from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow ;
From him the Spirit we receive,
Of wisdom, grace, and pow'r ;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace ;

Our guardians to that heav'nly bliss,
 They all our steps attend :
 And God himself our Father is,
 And Jesus is our Friend.

- 7 With him we walk in white,
 We in his image shine,
 Our robes are robes of light,
 Our righteousness divine :
 On all the mortal kings of earth
 With pity we look down,
 And claim, by virtue of our birth,
 A never-fading crown.

HYMN 214. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4's.

On the Spread of the Gospel. Acts ii. 47.

- 1 HARK ! how the gospel trumpet sounds !
 Through all the earth the echo bounds !
 And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
 Is bringing sinners back to God ;
 And guides them safely by his word
 To endless day.
- 2 Hail ! all-victorious conqu'ring Lord !
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
 Who undertook for sinful man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee may ever reign,
 In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on !
 And when the conquest you have won,
 The palms of vict'ry you shall bear,

And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

- 4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

HYMN 215. C. M.

A knowledge of the Love of God in the soul. Job xix. 25.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me ;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height,
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 3 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

HYMN 216. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7's.

For Ascension Day. Eph. iv. 8.

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

- Hail ! thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favor ;
Life is giv'n through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid :
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There forever to abide !
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare :
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 217. L. M.

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Col. iii. 15, 16.

- 1 Into thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace ;

O King of Glory, hear my call !
 O raise me, heal me by thy grace !
 Now righteous through thy grace I am ;
 No condemnation now I dread ;
 I taste salvation in thy name ;
 Alive in thee, my living head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take thy flight from me away ;
 Still with me let thy grace abide,
 That I from thee may never stray :
 Let thy word richly in me dwell ;
 Thy peace and love my portion be :
 My joy t' endure and do thy will,
 Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord !
 Support my weakness with thy might ;
 Gird on my thigh thy conqu'ring sword,
 And shield me in the threat'ning fight :
 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
 So in thy strength shall I go on ;
 Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
 And glory end what grace begun.

HYMN 218. S. M.

" For in him we live and move and have our being."
 Acts xvii. 28.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are, and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
 Give thanks to God on high,

While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,

Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

The grace to sinners show'd,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb !

5 Spirit of Holiness,

Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel-tongues can tell

Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

7 Eternal triune Lord !

Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon thy love.

When heaven and earth are fled

Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise !

HYMN 219. C. M.

"Not unto us." Psalm cvi. 1.

1 Not unto us, but thee alone,

Bless'd Lamb, be glory giv'n ;

Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heav'n.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing :

To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise ;
Like them, we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays ;
And when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

HYMN 220. 6, 4.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high !
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name :
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won ;
Sing his great name alone ;
Worthy the Lamb.

- 3 While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one
Praising his name ;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless ;
Praise ye his name ;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.
- 6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name :
To him ascribed be
Honor and majesty,
Through all eternity :
Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 221. 6's & 2-8's.

Trinity. 1 John v. 7, 8.

- 1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high ;

Old men and children, praise
 The Lord of earth and sky ;
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King,
 Let all the world proclaim ;
 Let every creature sing
 His attributes and name !
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
 All excellencies meet,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And shall forever sit :
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs :
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth or heaven !
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.

HYMN 222. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer. Luke xi. 1—4.

FIRST PART.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
 Call'd forth this universal frame !
 Whose mercies over all rejoice,
 Through endless ages still the same !—

Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd ;
Thou hearest thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread ;
Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid !
Wisdom, and might, and love, are thine ;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

- 3 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That moves in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye :
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

HYMN 223. L. M.

SECOND PART.

Son of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore
The triumphs of thy love display ;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

- 2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power :**
 Fountain of light and love below !
 Abroad thy healing influence shower,
 O'er all the nations let it flow !
 Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
 In us the work of faith fulfil !
 So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
 Than we on earth, to do thy will.
- 3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield**
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
 Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
 And hearest the young ravens cry ;
 On thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through thee, who know'st our every need ;
 O feed us with thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread.

HYMN 224. L. M.

THIRD PART.

- 1 ETERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,**
 Before the world's foundation slain !
 Sprinkle us ever with thy blood !
 O cleanse, and keep us ever clean !
 To every soul (all praise to thee !)
 Our bowels of compassion move ;
 And all mankind by this may see
 God is in us ; for God is love.
- 2 Giver and Lord of life, whose power**
 And guardian care for all are free,
 To thee in fierce temptation's hour,
 From sin and Satan let us flee :

Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
 In us be all thy goodness show'd ;
 Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
 With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

- 3 Blessing and honor, praise and love,
 Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
 In earth below, and heaven above,
 By all thy works be paid to thee !
 Thrice Holy ! thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.
-

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

HYMN 225. C. M.

Providence. Psalm cxvii.

- 1 HAIL ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 One God in persons three ;
 Of thee we make our joyful boast,
 And homage pay to thee.
- 4 Present alike in every place,
 Thy Godhead we adore :
 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 3 In wisdom, infinite thou art ;
 Thine eye doth all things see :
 And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
 Is fully known to thee.

- 4 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,
Thou dost in heav'n above ;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' Almighty God of love.
- 5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made ;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout the universe.
- 6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign ;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless,
Thy favorite creature, man.
- 7 Wherefore let ev'ry creature give
To thee the praise design'd ;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

HYMN 226. C. M.

Address to the Trinity. Isalah vi. 3.

- 1 HAIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all thy heav'nly host adored,
By all thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim ;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, holy Son, adore ;

Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive !
Which angel choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.

5 Three persons equally divine
We magnify and love :
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heav'nly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three !

HYMN 227. C. M.

Praise to the Trinity. Hab. iii. 2.

1 A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite ;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright :

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above ;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host ! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.
- 6 But God made flesh, is wholly ours,
And asks our noblest strain ;
The Father of celestial pow'rs,
The friend of earth-born man !
- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
For heaven's superior praise !
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resign'd ;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind !
-

TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 228. 7's, 6's & 8's.

" I am determined to know nothing save Christ, and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii. 2.

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

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

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me !
Me to save from endless wo,
The sin-atoning victim died :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !
- 3 Here will I set up my rest ;
My fluctuating heart,
From the haven of his breast,
Shall never more depart :
Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified ?

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

- 5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove :

Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love !
Fain I would to sinners show,
The blood by faith alone applied !
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !

HYMN 229. C. M.

Christ's Compassion for the Tempted. Heb. iv. 15

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh,
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 230. L. M.

Way to Canaan. Isaiah xxxv. 8.

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

Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

HYMN 231. C. M.

Claiming God as the only Source of Happiness.
Psalm lvii 7.

- 1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light ;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee !
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me !
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,

Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 232. 8's & 7's.

Rejoicing in Hope. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed ! be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land :
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

HYMN 233. 10's & 11's.

Believer's Triumph in Christ. Psalm lxxxix. 15—19.

- 1 O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise !
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace !
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him !
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee ;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim :
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy
blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence ;
I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence ;
Since I have found favor, he all things will do ;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

HYMN 234. L. M.

Christ a Rock. Luke ii. 6, 7.

- 1 How do thy mercies close me round !
Forever be thy name adored ;
I blush in all things to abound :
The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep :
Yet he himself becomes my guard ;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears, begone !
What can the Rock of Ages move !
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity ;
Thou never, never wilt forsake,
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

HYMN 235. L. M.

Providence. Isaiah xlii. 16.

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious pow'r,
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast ;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ ! my wisdom art ;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.
- 6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
Enter, and in me ever stay ;
The crooked then shall straight become :
The darkness shall be lost in day !

HYMN 236. 10, 10, 11, 11.

JEHOVAH-JIREH, i. e. *The Lord will provide.*
Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed :
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as it's written, the Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, the Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abr'ham of old :
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure
guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith :
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried,)
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will pro-
vide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;

But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN 237. 6 lines 8's.

Confidence in God. Psalm xxtiii. 1—3.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 238. C. M.

Mysteries of Providence, or Light shining out of Darkness
Acts ii. 16—21.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN 239. L. M.

Trust and Confidence, or looking beyond present appearances. Hab. iii. 17—19.

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
 Fear shall in me no more have place ;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruits deny ;
 Although the olive yield no oil ;
 The with'ring fig leaves droop and die ;
 The fields elude the tiller's toil ;
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race ;
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And not one bud of grace appear ;
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin and only sin is here :

Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see ;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

- 4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus my strength shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind ;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 240. C. M.

Insufficiency of our own righteousness. Romans iii. 20.

- 1 STILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait ;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will ;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, " Be still ! "
- 3 " Be still, and know that I am God ! "
'Tis all I live to know !
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below !
- 4 I wait my vigor to renew,
Thine image to retrieve !
The veil of outward things pass through
And gasp in thee to live.

- 5 I work and own the labor vain,
 And though from work I cease ;
 I strive ; and see my fruitless pain,
 Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless till thou thyself impart,
 Must all my efforts prove ;
 They cannot change a sinful heart,
 They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
 And then the strife give o'er ;
 To thee I then the whole resign,
 And trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in him who stands between
 The Father's wrath and me ;
 Jesus, thou great Eternal Mean,
 I look for all from thee.

HYMN 241. L. M.

*An exhortation to Trust in the Goodness and Providence
 of God. Luke xii. 22—31.*

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear ;
 Thy great Provider still is near ;
 Who fed thee last will feed thee still ;
 Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
 In mercy stoops to hear thy cry :
 His promise all may freely claim,
 " Ask, and receive in Jesus' name."
- 3 His stores are open all, and free,
 To such as truly upright be :

Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

- 4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all ;
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens, daily, he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need ;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear ;
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need
- 7 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;
Let him his righteousness impart ;
Then all things else he'll freely give :
With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest ;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity !

HYMN 242. 4 8's & 2 6's.

Cross taken up. Rev. vii. 9—12. 2 Cor. iv. 17.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure :
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope ;
It lifts the fainting spirit up ;
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant, with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity ;
We soon with open face shall see
The beatific sight ;
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The spirit one and sev'n,
Conspire our rapture to complete ;
And lo ! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heav'n.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus we now sustain the cross,

And at thy footstool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is all in all.

HYMN 243. C. M.

Unity in the Church. John x. 11—14.

- 1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly :
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh, the wolf is nigh !
- 2 He comes of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes ev'ry straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm ;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree !
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 244. L. M.

Suffering. Isaiah lxiii. 3.

- 1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine !
My longing heart implores thy grace :
O make me in thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see !
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow ;
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood !
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heav'n's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

HYMN 245. L. M.

Rest in Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 54.

- 1 JESUS, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thine easy yoke to bear ;

With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill ;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone !
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, " Peace,"
Say to my troubled heart, " Be still ;"
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

5 O death ! where is thy sting ? where now,
Thy boasted victory, O grave ?
Who shall contend with God ? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

HYMN 246. S. M.

" And his kingdom ruleth over all." Psalm clii. 19.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head ;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

- 2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And every care be gone :
 What though thou rulest not,
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose and to command :
 So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand !
 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee ;
 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare ;
 And publish with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN 247. C. M.

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Psalm xxiii. 1—6.

- 1 My Shepherd will supply my need,
 JEHOVAH is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy présence is my stay :
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread :
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days :
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise !
-

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

HYMN 248. S. M.

Fighting. Eph. vi. 11—18.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son :
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd,

But take, to arm you to the fight,
The panoply of God ;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array ;
Legends of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day ;
But meet the sons of night,
And mock their vain design ;
Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul :
Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole ;
But above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield :
Arm'd with that adamant gold,
You're sure to win the field.

HYMN 249. S. M.

Faith Powerful. 1 Thess. v. 17.

1 INDISSOLUBLY join'd,
To battle all proceed ;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head :
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued,

Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

- 2 Jesus hath died for you !
Who can his love withstand ?
Believe ! hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All pow'r to him is giv'n ;
Believe, till freed from sin's remains ;
Believe yourselves to heav'n !
- 3 To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care ;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto pray'r ;
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your ev'ry grace.
- 4 Pray ! without ceasing, pray,
Your Captain gives the word ;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord ;
To God your ev'ry want,
In instant prayer display ;
Pray, always pray, and never faint,
Pray ! without ceasing, pray.

HYMN 250. S. M.

Christ our Captain. Rev. iii. 21.

- 1 HARK ! how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound :

Stand to your arms ! the foe is nigh !
The pow'rs of hell surround ;
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare ;
The day of battle is at hand !
Go forth to glorious war !

2 See on the mountain-top,
The standard of our God !
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood !
His standard-bearer, I,
To all the nations call ;
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh !
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory ;
All pow'r to him is giv'n ;
He ever reigns the same :
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,
Are all in Jesus' name.

4 Only have faith in God,
In faith your foes assail,
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the pow'rs of hell :
From thrones of glory driv'n,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, fall'n from heav'n,
They rule the lower world.

HYMN 251. C. M.

Christian Soldier. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

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

HYMN 252. C. M.

Heaven the Believer's Refuge. John xiv. 1—3.

- 1 **WHEN** I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall ;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all :

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 253. C. M.

" For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."
Romans i. 16.

1 I'm not asham'd to own the Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 254. C. M.

Christ reigneth. Psalm cx. 1. 1 Cor. xv 24—26.

- 1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
"Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet."
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
Enthron'd at God's right hand?
- 3 Nature is subject to thy word
All power to thee is given,
The uncontroll'd, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.
- 4 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Master, thy right maintain!
O let not thy usurping foes
In me thy servant reign!
- 5 Come, then, and claim me for thine own:
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!
- 6 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway;
And, sitting at thy feet,

Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

7 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above ;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.

8 Thy love the conquest more than gains ;
To all I shall proclaim,
" Jesus, the King, the Conqueror, reigns :
Bow down to Jesus' name ?"

9 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

HYMN 255. S. M.

Christ our Captain. 1 Timothy vi. 12.

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power ;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne ;
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,

And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

3 That bloody banner see !
And in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me ;
My fellow-soldiers, fight !
In mighty phalanx join'd,
To battle all proceed ;
Arm'd with unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands ;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force ;
'Tis seized by violent hands :
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies !
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize !

5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood ye must the entrance gain ;
Yet, O disdain to fear !
"Courage !" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew ;
"Toil ye shall have ; yet all despise,—
I have o'ercome for you."

6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror ;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war :

This is the victory !

Before our faith they fall :

Jesus hath died for you and me :

Believe, and conquer all !

HYMN 256. 8 lines, 7's & 6's.

David and Goliath. 1 Sam. xvii.

- 1 Who is this gigantic foe
That proudly stalks along,
Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armor strong ?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies ;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.
- 2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.—
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within ;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.
- 3 In the strength of Jesus' name,
I with the monster fight ;
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might :
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove ;
Still my helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.

- 4 With my sling and stone, I go
To fight the Philistine ;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin :
On his promise I rely,
Trust in an almighty Lord ;
Sure to win the victory,
For he hath spoke the word.
- 5 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe ;
Faith the word of power applies
And lays the giant low :
Faith in Jesus' conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone,
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.
- 6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,
Your routed foe pursue ;
Shout his praises to the skies,
Who conquers sin for yon :
Jesus doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords ;
Saves you not with sword and spear,—
The battle is the Lord's.
- 7 Every day the Lord of Hosts
His mighty power displays ;
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
The threat'ning Gittite slays :
Israel's God let all below
Conqueror over sin proclaim ;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jesus' name.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 257. 4 8's & 2 7's.

"The voice of my beloved." Cant. ii. 8—13.

- 1 THE voice of my beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain-top he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills:
Gently doth he chide my stay,
"Rise, my love, and come away."
- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
The rain is gone, the winter's past,
The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
The warbling choir enchants our ear;
Now with sweetly pensive moan,
Coos the turtle-dove alone.

HYMN 258. C. M.

Knocking at the Door of the Heart. Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.
- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of ev'ry sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, thou heav'nly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove ;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

HYMN 259. ' C. M.

Talking with God. Luke xxiv. 31, 32.

- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice :
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek :
'T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my ev'ry hour employ,
Till I thy glory see !
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heav'n in thee.

HYMN 260. 4 8's & 2 6's.

Following Christ. Luke vi. 12.

- 1 How happy, gracious Lord, are we !
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude :
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and pray'r.
- 2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd below :
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.
- 3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise :
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs,
In everlasting lays.
- 4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy cry,
A bright harmonious throng,
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat,
The new eternal song.

HYMN 261. L. M.

"God is our refuge and strength." Psalm xli. 1—10.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow !
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

HYMN 262. C. M.

Salvation by Grace free for all Men. 1 Thess. iii. 12, 13.

- 1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry soul abound ;
A vast unfathomable sea
Where all our thoughts are drown'd !
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains
His goodness must endure.

HYMN 263. 7's & 6's.

Faith powerful. Rom. x. 6—8.

- 1 OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high ?
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky ?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the morning star.
- 2 OFT I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop ?
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up ?

Could I but my heart prepare
 By unfeign'd humility,
 Christ would quickly enter there,
 And ever dwell in me.

- 3 But the righteousness of faith
 Hath taught me better things ;
 "Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
 While Christ to me it brings ;
 "Christ is ready to impart
 Life to all for life who sigh :
 In thy mouth and in thy heart
 The word is ever nigh."

HYMN 164. L. M.

, *Christ's Divinity.* 1 John 1. 7.

- 1 THE day of Christ, the day of God,
 We humbly hope with joy to see,
 Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
 Of an expiring Deity.
- 2 Who did for us his life resign :
 There is no other God but One ;
 For all the plenitude divine
 Resides in the eternal Son.
- 3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
 O may we to his day remain !
 Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
 Our souls from ev'ry sinful stain.
- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure !
 The purchased Comforter impart !
 Apply thy blood to make us pure ;
 To keep us pure in life and heart !

- 5 Then let us see the day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny,
Thy sov'reign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High.
- 6 When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

HYMN 265. L. M.

Atonement. 1 John 1, 2.

- 1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day ;
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from his Father's bosom came ;
Who died for me, ev'n me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, even for *my* soul was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

HYMN 266. C. M.

Omniscience. Matt. iii. 12.

- 1 COME, thou omniscient Son of man,
Display thy sifting pow'r ;
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And thoroughly purge thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, th' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven ;
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heav'n.
- 3 Look through us with thine eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase,
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.
- 4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove :
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.
- 5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From ev'ry sin set free :
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfected by thee.

HYMN 267. L. M.

Perfect Love. 2 Cor. vii. 1—5.

- 1 He wills that I should holy be ;
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,
Accomplish'd in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, ev'ry whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine !
- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will :
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at thy pow'r,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move :
Hasten the long expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

HYMN 268. L. M.

Fire of the Holy Spirit. 1 Kings xviii. 31—39

- 1 THOU God that answerest by fire,
On thee, in Jesus' name, we call,
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let us on thy Spirit fall.
- 2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies ;
Now, for the honor of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice !
- 3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
Consume our stony hearts within ;
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.
- 4 Its body totally destroy !
Thyself the Lord, the God approve,

And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heav'n might fall !
Our sins its ready victims find :
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind.

6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore
The Lord ! He is the God, confess :
He is the God of saving pow'r ;
He is the God of hallowing grace !

HYMN 269. C. M.

Penitents praying for a removal of the Mountain of Sin.
Psalm li. 9, 10.

1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain sin remove ;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in :
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt :
Remove from hence, to sin I say,
Be cast this moment out.

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued !
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, thou,
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

HYMN 270. S. M.

Meekness desired. 1 Chron. xviii. 9.

- 1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my ev'ry thought ;
My whole of sin remove ;
Let all my works in thee be wrought ;
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee,
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and temper'd zeal,
Let me enforce thy call ;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.
- 5 O may I love like thee ;
In all thy footsteps tread :

Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

- 6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove :
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

HYMN 271. C. M.

Unity of Brethren. Psalm cxxxiii. 1—3.

- 1 Lo ! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love !
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring,
Descend on ev'ry soul ;
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and revives the whole.
- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

HYMN 272. S. M.

Blessed are the Peace-makers. Matt. v. 9.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,

Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN 273. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven. Rev. xxii. 2—5.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 274. 8 lines 8's.

The Holy City, New Jerusalem. Rev. xxi. 1—7.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:

From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord.
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air,
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem near :
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal, her buildings are clear :
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood ;
And brightly her builder displays,
And shines with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night ;
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light ;
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo ! by reflection they shine ;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward !
In Jesus, in heaven they live ;
They reign in the smiles of their Lord.

The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face :
And all the enjoyment above,
Consists in the rapturous gaze !

HYMN 275. C. M.

"And shewed me that great City, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." Rev. xxi. 10—27.

- 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 pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden 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 so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence !
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;

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

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

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

HYMN 276. 8 lines 8's.

Heaven Desired. Isaiah xxxiii. 17—24.

1 I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above ;
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love :
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God !

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word,
The breadth of Immanuel's land,
Survey by the light of my Lord :
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above ;

No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove :
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give ;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN 277. C. M.

The Promised Land. Rev. xxi. 3—4.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight ;
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay !
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 278. 4 8's & 2 6's.

Pilgrimage of Believers. Isaiah xxxv. 8. Matt. vi. 21.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature love !
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue ;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant

For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honors, wealth and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here ;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim :
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscrib'd with Jesus' name.

5 No foot of land do I possess ;
No cottage in this wilderness :
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below ;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

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

7 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are ~~there~~,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !

Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

HYMN 279. C. M.

" If we love one another, God dwelleth in us."
 1 John iv. 12.

- 1 WHEN shall I see the welcome hour,
 That plants my God in me !
 Spirit of health, and life, and pow'r,
 And perfect liberty.
- 2 Love only can the conquest win,
 The strength of sin subdue,
 Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
 And form my soul anew !
- 3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
 While sanctified by grace,
 I only for his glory burn,
 And always see his face.

HYMN 280. L. M.

A propitious Gale longed for.

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

HYMN 281. L. M.

Agur's Wish. Prov. xxx. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—
 " My God, two favors I require ;
 In neither my request deny,
 Vouchsafe them both before I die.
- 2 " Far from my heart and tents exclude
 Those enemies to all that's good ;—
Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
 And *Falsehood's* pestilential breath.
- 3 " Be neither wealth nor want my lot ;
 Below the dome, above the cot,
 Let me my life unanxious lead ;
 And know not luxury nor need."
- 4 Those wishes, Lord, *we* make our own ;
 Oh, shed in moderation down
 Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
 Expiring, tunes thy praise in death !
- 5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
 May we with thankfulness receive
 Th' exub'rance—still our God adore,
 And bless the needy from our store !
- 6 Or, should we feel the pains of want,—
 Submission, resignation, grant ;
 Till thou shall send the wish'd supply,
 Or call us to the bliss on high.

HYMN 282. C. M.

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

- 1 ASHAM'D of Christ !—my soul, disdain
 The mean, ungen'rous thought :

- Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought ?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came :
For us endur'd the painful cross—
For us, despis'd, the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay ;
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—
Can ne'er His love repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight :
Their lives to him are dear ; their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this !
Who nobly suffers now for him
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,—
Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 283. 4 lines, 10's & 11's.

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

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform :
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in times past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death :
And can he have taught me to trust, in his
name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to
shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?—he told me no less :
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their
Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might
live !
His way was much rougher and darker than
mine :
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !

HYMN 284. S. M.

*"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle
were dissolved."* 2 Cor. v. 1—10.

1 WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands—
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure ;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure ;
O were we enter'd there,
To perfect heaven restored !
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord !

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray :
O might the tabernacle fall !
O might we 'scape away !
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas ! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.

Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light!

- 5 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face!
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given!
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

HYMN 285. 8 lines 7's.

The Saints before the throne of God. Rev. vii. 13—17.

- 1 Who are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun—
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood!
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more ;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray ;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead :
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN 286. C. M.

The Saints glorified. Rev. vii. 13—17.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears :
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came :
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HYMN 287. C. M.

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.
-

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP AND SOCIETY
MEETING.

HYMN 288. S. M.

Meeting of Believers on earth. Phil. iii. 7, 8.

- 1 AND are we yet alive ?
And see each other's face !
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace !
Preserv'd by pow'r divine,
To feel salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last ;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hide our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost ;
Till we shall sin no more ;
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,

And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we but Jesus gain.

HYMN 289. 2 12's & 2 9's.

Singing the Praises of God. Isaiah li. 10—31.

- 1 COME, away to the skies !
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born :
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return !
- 2 We have laid up our love,
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below ;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.
- 3 Now with singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heav'nly Father bestow'd ;
We our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we were,
First created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain
Throughout time and eternity thine.
- 5 We with thanks do approve
The design of thy love,

Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name ;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, O ! there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapt'rous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

8 In assurance of hope
We to Jesus look up,
Till the banner's unfurl'd in the air ;
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, " It is he !"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 290. 10, 5, 11.

Pilgrimage of Believers. Heb. xi. 13—16.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies ;
Of heavenly birth, tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

- 2** At Jesus's call, we give up our all ;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below :
No longer we pine for the country behind ;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.
- 3** A country of joy, that has no alloy ;
We thither repair,
Our hearts and our treasures already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land ;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near !
- 4** The rougher our way, the shorter our stay ;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies :
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past ;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

HYMN 291. 11's & 9's.

Pleasantness of Religion. 2 Kings ii. 11.

- 1** COME and let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To partake of the banquet above !
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.
- 2** Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to out-ride
All the storms of affliction beneath !
With the prophet we soar
To the heav'nly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

- 3 As by faith we are come
To our permanent home,
And by hope we the rapture improve :
And by love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heav'n of heav'ns is love.
- 4 Who on earth can conceive
In what pleasure we live
In the palace of God, the great King !
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heav'nly company sing !
- 5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join ;
When the celestial choirs
With hearts, voices, and lyres,
Do all sing of his mercy divine.
- 6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM !
To the Lamb that was slain,
And now liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
- 7 See the Lamb on the throne,
Lo ! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads ;
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

- 8 Let our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name,
And our bodies his glory display ;
Through a day without night,
We will feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day !

HYMN 292. C. M.

Fellowship of Saints. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart,
Whate'er of sin in us be found,
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow ;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

- 6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride :
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

HYMN 293. 4 6's & 2 9's.

Seal of the Spirit. Gal. vi. 2.

- 1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t'approve,
Thy providence t'obey ;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place ?
And why together brought
To see each other's face ;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee ?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain ;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love !
- 4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear ;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

- 5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through ;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day !
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away—
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast !

HYMN 294. 4 lines 7's.

Unity in the Church. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove :
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give ;
Show how true believers live.

- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depth of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 295. C. M.

Unity of the Church. Rom. xii. 10.

- 1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd ;
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our pray'r is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever t'wards each other move,
And ever move t'wards thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave ;

- O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee receive !
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
 Thy spotless charity ;
 O let us still, we pray, possess
 The mind that was in thee !
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove ;
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love.
- 8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
 Into their paradise ;
 And thence on wings of angels ride
 Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove ;
 In earth, in paradise, in heav'n,
 Our All in All is love.

HYMN 296. 8 lines 7's.

Meeting of Believers on Earth. Eph. iv. 14—18.

LOVE FEAST.

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns divine.
 Give we all, with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord :
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
 Sing as in the ancient days ;
 Antedate the joys above,
 Celebrate the feast of love.

- 2** Strive we, in affection strive !
Let the purer flame revive :
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God :
We like them may live and love,
Call'd we are their joys to prove :
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3** Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same,
One in ev'ry time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace ;
We for Christ our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted land :
We our dying Lord confess ;
We are Jesus' witnesses.
- 4** Witnesses that Christ hath died ;
We with him are crucified :
Christ hath burst the bands of death ;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe ;
Christ is now gone up on high ;
Thither all our wishes fly ;
Sits at God's right hand above ;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN 297. 8 lines 7s.

The Same.

- 1** COME, thou high and lofty Lord ;
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word :
Humbly stoop to earth again ;
Come and visit abject man !

Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast !
For thyself our hearts prepare !
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim :
We are met in thy great name :
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here !
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;
Thou thyself within us move !
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound ;
Let us in thy bowels sound !
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness ;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind :
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete :
Make us all for glory meet ;
Meet t'appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light ;
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb ;
Let us lean upon thy breast ;
Love be there our endless feast.

HYMN 298. C. M.

Renewing of a Covenant. Jer. i. 4.

- 1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord :
- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' pow'r,
His name to glorify ;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind :
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now !
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN 299. L. M.

Admitting a Member. 1 John i. 7.

- 1 BROTHER in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,

Enter and show thyself approved ;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 'Scaped from the world, redeem'd from sin,
By fiends pursued, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.

3 Welcome from earth !—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give !
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.

4 Say, is thy heart resolved as ours ?
Then let it burn with sacred love :
Then let it taste the heav'nly pow'rs ;
Partaker of the joys above.

5 Jesus, attend, thyself reveal !
Are we not met in thy great name ?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

6 Thou God that answerest by fire,
The spirit of burning now impart ;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of each heart.

7 Truly our fellowship below,
With thee and with the Father is ;
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliss.

8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above ;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And then shall all be lost in love.

HYMN 300. 8 lines 7's.

Visiting a Friend. Luke xix. 9.

- 1 **PEACE** be on this house bestow'd,
 Peace on all that here reside ;
 Let the unknown peace of God
 With the man of peace abide !
 Let thy Spirit now come down :
 Let the blessing now take place :
 Son of peace, receive thy crown,
 Fulness of thy gospel grace.
- 2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
 Let me thy forerunner be :
 O be mindful of thy word,
 Visit them and visit me !
 To this house, and all herein,
 Now let thy salvation come !
 Save our souls from inbred sin—
 Make us thine eternal home !
- 3 Let us never, never rest,
 Till the promise is fulfill'd :
 Till we are of thee possess'd,
 Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd :
 Till we all, in love renew'd,
 Find the pearl that Adam lost,
 Temples of the living God,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

HYMN 301. 4 8's & 2 6's.

*All our efforts are vain unless God be with us.**Psalm cxxvii. 1.*

- 1 **EXCEPT** the Lord conduct the plan,
 The best concerted schemes are vain,
 And never can succeed ;

We spend our wretched strength for nought ;
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst, thyself, inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim ;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name !

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet ;
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways ;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Nor in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined ;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will !
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our love and faith abound !
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine !

That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heav'nly light divine !

HYMN 302. C. M.

*Meeting of Believers on Earth. Ezek. xxxvii. 11—14.
John xx. 27.*

- 1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give !
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd ;
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, O ! thyself reveal !
Son of the living God, appear !
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
" The Holy Ghost receive."
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet !
Jesus, the crucified ;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive !
Speak, and the tokens show ;
" O be not faithless, but believe,
In Me, who died for you !"

HYMN 303. 11's.

Comfort for the Church in trouble. Isa. liv. 11.

- 1 O ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can
save ;
Surrounded with trouble, with terror dismay'd,
With toiling and rowing, thy strength is decay'd ;
Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who stands at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r will defend,
Till he, all victorious, thy warfare shall end.
- 2 O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy he cries,
What though high the surges t'affright thee arise ?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tossings and tempests, I'll bring you to land :
Forget thee I will not, I care for thy name ;
Engraved on my heart it shall ever remain ;
The palms of my hands when I look on, I see
The wounds I received when I suffer'd for thee.
- 3 The fearful, the faithless, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r.
Through great tribulation my people I'll bring,
And when they reach heav'n the louder they'll sing.
I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most nigh me, my flesh and my bones ;

And all thy afflictions, though great is the pain,
For thee are most needful, not one is in vain.

- 4 The day of eternal salvation draws near,
When Jesus, our leader, will dry ev'ry tear ;
Our bodies and souls shall his glory partake,
When the trumpet shall sound and the nations
awake.
Fight on, ye old soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
charged,
The war will be over, your treasure enlarged :
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may
roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.

HYMN 304. S. M.

Praise for Conversion. Psalm lxi. 16.

- 1 COME ye, that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell,
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again,
My anguish roused me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind ;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

- 5 At length to God I cried ;
 He heard my plaintive sigh,
 He heard, and instantly he sent
 Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he raised,
 My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
 Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
 The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 O may I ne'er forget
 The mercy of my God ;
 Nor ever want a tongue to spread
 His loudest praise abroad.

HYMN 305. 7 6's & 1 8.

Working for God. Psalm lv. 22. Luke x. 41, 42.

- 1 Lo ! I come with joy to do
 The Master's blessed will !
 Him in outward works pursue,
 And serve his pleasure still.
 Faithful to my Lord's commands,
 I still would choose the better part ,
 Serve with careful Martha's hands,
 And loving Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,
 Nor feel my happy toil :
 Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
 Supported by his smile ;
 Joyful thus my faith to show,
 I find his service my reward ;
 Ev'ry work I do below,
 I do it to the Lord.

- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now, my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above;
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employ'd,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.
- 5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heav'n begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace;
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

HYMN 306. C. M.

For he is our Peace. Eph. ii. 14.

- 1 GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.

- 2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn wills control,
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy,
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control,
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

HYMN 307. 7's.

Redeeming Love.

- 2 Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

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

HYMN 308. S. M.

For the Fallen. Heb. iv. 1.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry ;

And gather in the souls sincere,
That from their brethren fly !

2 Scatter'd through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock ;
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the Rock !

3 O wouldst thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart !
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,—

4 One spirit and one mind,
The same that was in thee !
O might we all again be join'd
In perfect harmony !

5 Jesus, at thy command,
We know it shall be done :
Take the two sticks into thy hand !—
The two shall then be one.

6 One body and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove,
And live in thee like them of old,
The life of spotless love.

HYMN 309. L. M.

The Day of Pentecost. Acts ii. 1—14.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

- 2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.
- 3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had enter'd heav'n ;
Had now obtained the promise due,
Fully by God the Father giv'n.
- 4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given ;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heav'n
- 5 Ah ! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine ;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.
- 6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord !
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place
- 7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind ;
Great grace be now upon us all.
- 8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

PARTING OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

HYMN 310. C. M.

Meeting and Parting of Believers. 1 Cor. II. 2.

- 1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part !
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified !
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart :
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 311. 4 6's & 2 8's.

Christian Race. Heb. xii. 1.

- 1 Jesus, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs ;
Matter of all our praise,
Subject of all our songs ;
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd ;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heav'n about us still.
- 3 O let us then go on,
In all thy pleasant ways,
And arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race !
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heav'nly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And grief and death and pain,
And parting are no more :
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thine exiles home !
The heav'ns shall pass away :
The earth receive its doom ;
Earth we shall view, and heav'n destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void !

- 6 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of him in spotless peace :
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

HYMN 312. C. M.

Parting on earth, and Meeting of Believers in Heaven.
Eph. ii. 6. Col. iii. 3, 4.

- 1 God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace !
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In ceaseless songs of praise ;
- 2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart :
We met, O Jesus, in thy name ;
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind :
Our minds continue one :
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul ;
No pow'r can make us twain :
And mountains rise and oceans roll,
To sever us, in vain.
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh ;
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We each to other fly.

- 6 In Jesus Christ, together we
In heav'nly places sit :
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God ;
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.
- 8 The heav'nly treasures now we have
In a vile house of clay :
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.
- 9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Sion's hill !
- 10 Him, eye to eye, we there shall see ;
Our face like his shall shine ;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.
- 12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through :
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

- 13 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home !
Come, O Redeemer, come away !
O Jesus, quickly come.

HYMN 313. S. M.

Corner Stone. Rev. ill. 4, 5.

- 1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart,
The friends of Jesus are !
- 2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite !
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below ;
And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquest go.
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies :
And lo ! we see the vast reward,
Which waits us in the skies !
- 5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That heaven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end ! -
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain !

Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet;
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the first born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

10 Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The foll'wers of their faith and pray'r,
Who now in bodies live.

11 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain top.

12 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

HYMN 314. C. M.

A Minister or Brethren parting on earth. Acts xx. 36—38

1 DEAR friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part;

I go away, but here you stay ;
But still we're join'd in heart.

2 Your love to me has been so free,
Your conversation sweet ;
How can I bear to journey, where
With you I cannot meet !

3 Yet I do find my heart inclin'd
To do my work below ;
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.

4 I leave you all, both great and small,
To Christ's encircling arms,
Which can you save from hell's dark grave,
And shield you from all harms.

5 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
That you and me, and all may be
The children of the light.

6 If I'm call'd home, while I am gone,
Indulge no grief for me ;
My soul shall go where pleasures flow,
And blest forever be.

7 I long to go ; then farewell wo,
My soul shall be at rest,
No more complain or sigh again,
But be forever blest.

8 There we shall meet in bliss complete,
And long together dwell,
To love the Lord with one accord ;
So, brethren, all farewell.

THE BEAUTIES OF RELIGION.

HYMN 315. C. M.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. iii. 2.

- 1 WHY should this earth delight us so ?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea forever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise ?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground ?

HYMN 316. S. M.

The Church the honor and safety of a nation.
Psalm xlviii. 1—14.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !

- The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Sion, God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.
- 5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests, roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

HYMN 317. S. M.

The same. Psalm xlviii. 1—14.

SECOND PART.

- 1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
The saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well—
- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

HYMN 318. L. M.

A description of Christ. Cant. v. 9—16.

- 1 THE wond'ring world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so :
"What are his charms," say they, "above
The objects of a mortal love ?"
- 2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white ;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free ;
Red with the blood he shed for me ;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells ;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound ;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.
- 6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold ;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.
- 8 His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove :
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.
- 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints ;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet adored ;

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 319. L. M.

The Church professeth her Faith. Cant. vi. 1—13.

1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell ;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown ;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move ;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are ;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my Love.

HYMN 320. S. M.

Salvation by Grace from the first to the last. Eph. ii. 5

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- [3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- [5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

ON READING THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 321. C. M.

"Search the Scriptures." John v. 32.

- 1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live and move and breathe ;
One bright, celestial ray dart down
And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe,)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear ;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know ;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

HYMN 322. C. M.

The Scriptures. Psalm cxix. 72.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be,
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.
-

ON THE WORSHIP OF GOD, AND SPREAD O
THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 323. C. M.

" Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom."
Col. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God ;
Once more his blessings ask ;
O may not duty seem a load !
Nor worship prove a task.

- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

HYMN 324. L. M.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord."
Isaiah li. 9.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Thine own immortal strength put on !
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake ;
And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days appear !
The sacred annals speak thy fame ;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care,

There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

- 5 Where pure essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

HYMN 325. L. M.

Public Worship. Psalm lxxxiv. 1—12.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

HYMN 326. L. M.

On opening a Place of Worship. 1 Kings viii. 22-31.

- 1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards these sacred courts in peace ;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade
To fill thy worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise !
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 327. 7's & 6's.

On laying the Foundation of a Chapel. 1 Cor. iii. 11 -13.

- 1 THOU, who hast in Sion laid
The true Foundation stone,
And with those a covenant made,
Who build on that alone :
Hear us, Architect divine !
Great Builder of thy church below :
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.
- 2 Earth is thine, her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains ;
Heaven thy awful presence fills ;
O'er all thy glory reigns :
Yet the place of old prepared,
By regal David's favor'd son,

Thy peculiar blessings shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.

- 3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord :
Sound throughout its courts His praise,
His saving name record ;
Dedicate a house to him,
Who once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrow'd, suffer'd, to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit send
The consecrating flame ;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name ;
That great name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone ;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

HYMN 328. L. M.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. Psalm lxxxvii 1—7

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assembly of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;

Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

CONVINCED OF BACKSLIDING.

HYMN 329. 4 lines 11, 9, 11, 9.

Serious Reflections on past Spiritual Enjoyments.
2 Pet. iii. 17.

FIRST PART.

- 1 How happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !
- 2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
The angels could do nothing more,

Than 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 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain ;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat .
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

HYMN 330. 4 lines, 11, 9, 11, 9.

Serious Conviction for having driven away the Spirit of God. Rev. ii. 5.

SECOND PART.

- 1 Ah ! where am I now ?
 When was it, or how,
 That I fell from my heaven of grace ?
 I am brought into thrall ;
 I am stript of my all :
 I am banish'd from Jesus's face !
- 2 Hardly yet do I know
 How I let my Lord go,
 So insensibly starting aside ;
 When the tempter came in
 With his own subtle sin,
 And infected my spirit with pride.
- 3 But I felt it too soon,
 That my Saviour was gone,
 Swiftly vanishing out of my sight ;
 My triumph and boast
 On a sudden were lost,
 And my day it was turn'd into night.
- 4 Only pride could destroy
 That innocent joy,
 And make my Redeemer depart ;
 But whate'er was the cause,
 I lament the sad loss
 For the veil is come over my heart.
- 5 Ah ! wretch that I am ;
 I can only exclaim,
 Like a devil tormented within ;

My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and sin.

6 Nothing now can relieve ;
Without comfort I grieve :
I have lost all my peace and my power ;
No access do I find
To the Friend of mankind ;
I can ask for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I see ;)
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turned out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Through a desert of sorrows I rove ;
How great is my pain
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love !

9 I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see :
But I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

HYMN 331. 7's, 6's & 1-8.

A Prayer for Restoring Grace. Heb. iii. 13.

1 JESUS, friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray ;

From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay :
Speak, O speak the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore ;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace ;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face ;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore ;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart ;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart :
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning power :
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

4 From th' 'oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free :
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity :
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er :
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

- 5 For this only thing I pray,
 And this will I require,
 Take the power of sin away,
 Fill me with chaste desire ;
 Perfect me in holiness ;
 Thine image to my soul restore :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

HYMN 332. 8 lines 8's.

Balm of Grace. Matt. viii. 25.

- 1 How shall a lost sinner, in pain,
 Recover his forfeited peace ?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release ?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me ?
 And, O ! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee ?
- 2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
 If still thou art able to save,
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave :
 The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And show me the life-giving blood :
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
 Come quickly, to help a lost soul,
 To comfort a mourner, appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole ;

The balm of thy mercy apply,
Thou seest the sore anguish I feel ;
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
O save or I sink into hell !

- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The pow'r of thy passion below :
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore ;
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner a sinner no more !

HYMN 333. C. M.

A desire to be restored again into the Love of God.
Job xxix. 2—5.

- 1 O THAT I was as heretofore,
When warm in my first love !
I only liv'd my God to adore,
And seek the things above.
- 2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And freely by his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.
- 3 Butter and honey did I eat,
And lifted up on high,
I saw the clouds beneath my feet,
And rode upon the sky.
- 4 Far, far above all earthly things,
Triumphantly I rode ;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talked with God.

- 5 Where am I now, from what a height
Of happiness cast down !
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.
- 6 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain !
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden now regain ?

HYMN 334. C. M.

Unfaithfulness acknowledged. Gen. v. 24. Job xxxi. 2—5.

- 1 Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O'holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 335. C. M.

Christ is all and in all. Col. iii. 11.

- 1 Oh why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove :
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love ?
- 2 I forc'd thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside ;
Ah, Lord ! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.
- 3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place !
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
- 4 O could I lose myself in thee ;
Thy depth of mercy prove ;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea,
Of unexhausted love !
- 5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies :
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes ?
- 6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall ;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be All in All.

HYMN 336. S. M.

Jesus full of grace and truth. John i. 1—14.

- 1 O JESUS ! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan,
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banish'd one.
- 2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Wilt thou not bid me rise ?
Speak, and my soul shall live !
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive.
- 4 For thine own mercy's sake
Relieve my wretchedness,
And O my pardon give me back,
And give me back my peace !
- 5 Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven :
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven.
- 6 Thy utmost mercy show ;
Say to my drooping soul,
In peace and full assurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

HYMN 337. C. M.

Backsliders Restored. Job xlii. 5.

- 1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry :
Thee only would I know ;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow !
 - 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity !
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
 - 3 But art thou not already mine ?
Answer if mine thou art !
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart !
 - 4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live !
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.
 - 5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide :
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.
-

DIVINE GOODNESS IN REDEMPTION.

HYMN 338. C. M.

Atonement. Matt. xxvii. 51, 52.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree,

- How vast the love that him inclined,
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark ! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
" Receive my soul ! " he cries :
See, where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head, and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

HYMN 339. 6 lines 8's.

Love of Christ to Sinners. Phil. III. 8.

- 1 O LOVE divine ! what hast thou done ?
Jesus, my Lord, hath died for me ;
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree :
Th' atoning Lamb for me hath died,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace !
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his !
Come feel, with me, his blood applied ;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God :
Believe, believe the record true,

Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood :
Pardon for all flows from his side,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream ;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him ;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

HYMN 340. L. M.

The Love and Goodness of God. Isaiah lii. 1—15.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n ;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone,
I shed my tears and make my moan ;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry ;

Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?

HYMN 341. 10, 11, 10, 11.

Christ our Sacrifice. Heb. vii. 25.

- 1 ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh :
To you, is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your ransom and peace, your surety he is,
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 For what you have done, his blood must atone
The Father has punish'd for you his dear Son :
The Lord, in the day of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away
- 3 He answered for all, O come at his call,
And low at his cross, with astonishment fall ;
But lift up your eyes at Jesus's cries,
Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.
- 4 He dies to atone for sins not his own,
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath
done :
Yet all may receive the peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, " My Father, forgive."
- 5 For you and for me he pray'd on the tree ;
His pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free ;
The sinner am I, on Christ I rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 6 My pardon I claim ; a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name ;

He purchased the grace which now I embrace •
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

- 7 His death is my plea, my Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd
for me :
Acquitted I was, when he on the cross,
In agonies died to carry my cause.

HYMN 342. L. M.

*The Suffering and Crucifixion of Christ. Matt. xxvii.
26—53.*

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man !
The man of griefs condemn'd for you !
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue !
- 2 See ! how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound !
The ploughers made long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage ;
His innocence to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage :
Hark ! how they clamor for his blood !
- 4 To us our own Barabbas give ;
Away with him, (they loudly cry :)
Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify !
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood !

His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

6 See, there ! his temples crown'd with thorn !
His bleeding hands extended wide !
His streaming feet transfixt and torn !
The fountain gushing from his side !

7 Where is the King of Glory now !
The everlasting Son of God !
The Immortal hangs his languid brow :
The Almighty faints beneath his load !

8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies :
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown :
I caused those mortal groans and cries ;
I kill'd the Father's only Son !

HYMN 343. L. M.

On the Resurrection of Christ. Col. ii. 14, 15.

1 He dies, the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load :
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see ;
Jesus, the dead, revives again !

The rising God forsakes the tomb :
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise,)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains !
 Say, " Live forever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave !"

HYMN 344. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer. Mark xv. 42—47.

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

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

HYMN 345. C. M.

Good Friday. John xix. 34.

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

HYMN 346. 10's & 11's.

Praise to Christ for having redeemed us. 1 Tim. i. 15.

- 1 YE heav'ns, rejoice, in Jesus's grace,
 Let earth make a noise and echo his praise ;

Our all-loving Saviour hath pacified God,
And paid for his favor the price of his blood.

- 2 Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound,
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound :
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.
- 3 Atonement he made for every one,
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done;
Shout all the creation below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.
- 4 His mercy hath brought salvation to all,
Who take it unbought, he frees them from thrall,
Throughout the believer, his glory displays,
And perfects forever the vessels of grace.

HYMN 347. L. M.

Christ Crucified. John xix. 26, 27, & 33, 34.

- 1 WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me ;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart;
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes :
But see ! he bows his head and dies !
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood ;

**Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.**

- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains—
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.**
- 5 Oh ! that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.**
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms my ear ;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.**

HYMN 348. 7's.

"It is good to be here." John xix. 15—18. Luke xxiii. 34.

- 1 Let me dwell at Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away !
While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me !**
- 2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt ;
Ah, my soul, he bore the load,
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.**
- 3 Hark ! his dying word, "Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live :
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."**

- 4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross ;
Now I see the bleeding cross ;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee !
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul :
Lord, accept and claim the whole !
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

HYMN 349. C. M.

Redemption through Christ. Matt. xxvii. 35. John xi. 57.

- 1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell ;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell :
- 3 Jesus, our God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed gues*
- 4 The Lord, how glorious is his face,
How kind his smiles appear !
And oh ! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear !

- 5 "For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died :
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side !
- 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.
- 7 "Justice unsheathed its fiery sword,
And plung'd it in my heart ;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.

SECOND PART.

- 1 "When hell and all its spiteful powers,
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.
- 2 "But while I bled, and groan'd and died,
I ruin'd Satan's throne ;
High on my cross I hung, and spied
The monster tumbling down.
- 3 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh and blood,
And live eternal ages blest
For 'tis immortal food."
- 4 Victorious God ! what can we pay
For favors so divine ?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.

- 5 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
 The tribute of our tongues ;
 But themes so infinite as these,
 Exceed our noblest songs. :

HYMN 350. C. M.

"It is finished." John xix. 30.

- 1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
 He conquer'd when he fell :
 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done ;
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When through the regions of the dead
 He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
 Sits our victorious Lord ;
 To heaven and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
 Await their several crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 351. C. M.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension. Luke xxiv. 45-52.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
 That clothed himself in clay,

- Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose,
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes!
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN 352. L. M.

"For unto us a child is born." Isaiah ix. 6, 7.

- 1 THE lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly light:
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright
- 2 The virgin's promised son is born,
Behold the expected child appear;

What shall his names or titles be ?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored :
The Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.

5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN 353. C. M.

Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King. Heb. i. 4.

1 WE bless the *Prophet* of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our *High Priest* above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted *King*,
How sweet are his commands !
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name
 Who saves by different ways ;
 His mercies lay a sovereign claim
 To our immortal praise.

HYMN 354. C. M.

Simeon embracing Christ in his arms. Luke ii. 25—35.

- 1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here,
 O make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
 The good old man was fill'd,
 When fondly, in his wither'd arms,
 He clasp'd the holy child !
- 3 " Now I can leave this world," he cried ;
 " Behold, thy servant dies ;
 I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 " This is the light prepared to shine
 Upon the Gentile lands,
 Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
 To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms !
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
 How sweet my minutes roll !
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

HYMN 355. L. M.

"He is despised and rejected of men." Isaiah lli. 3—5.

- 1 EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see !
Sinks, and expires, the Son of God !
- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done,
Who could thy sacred body wound ?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I,—I alone have done the deed !
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn ;
My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail and fix'd the thorn.
- 4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid ;
To heal me thou hast borne my pain ;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
- 5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay ;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.
- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for thee :
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart forever be !

- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
 O may I learn from thee, my God ;
 And love, with softest pity join'd,
 For those that trample on thy blood.
- 9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast :
 Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest.

HYMN 356. L. M.

"And the earth did quake, and the rocks rent."
 Matt. xxvii. 51, 52.

- 1 O THOU dear suffering Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move !
 Help me to catch thy precious blood ;
 Help me to taste thy dying love !
- 2 Give me to feel thy agonies,
 One drop of thy sad cup afford :
 I fain with thee would sympathize,
 And share the sufferings of my Lord !
- 3 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convuls'd while her Creator died :
 O let my inmost nature shake,
 And die with Jesus crucified !
- 4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
 Their horrors to the upper skies :
 O that my soul might burst the shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !
- 5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part :

O rend with thine expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart !

HYMN 357. L. M.

" Saying, the Lord is risen indeed." Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high !
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame :
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 3 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates :
Ye everlasting doors give way.
Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious power possess ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

HYMN 358. 7's.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 ANGELS ! roll the rock away !
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey ;
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. **Hallelujah.**
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ; angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise !
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. **Hal.**
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes !
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph, up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high. **Hal.**
- 4 Heav'n displays her portal wide !
Glorious hero, through them ride !
King of Glory ! mount the throne—
Thy great Father's and thy own. **Hal.**
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs !
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres !
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong ! **Hal.**
- 6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell !
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ? **Hal.**

HYMN 359. 7's.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to day !
Sons of men and angels say !

- Raise your joys and triumphs high !
Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king !
“ Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?”
Once he died, our souls to save ;
“ Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?”
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head ;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What, though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n !
Praise to thee by both be giv'n !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the resurrection—thou.

HYMN 360. S. M.

Christ our Sacrifice. Heb. x. 14.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,

Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

- 3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

HYMN 361. S. M.

" This is He that came not by water only, but by water and blood." 1 John v. 6.

- 1 THIS, this is He that came
By water and by blood !
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.
- 2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow !
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.
- 3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins,
And our forgiveness seal.
- 4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 362. 6 lines 8's.

Christ administering his last Supper to his disciples
Luke xxii. 19.

- 1 In that sad memorable night,
 When Jesus was for us betray'd,
He left his death-recording rite,
 He took, and bless'd, and brake the bread,
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent express'd :
- 2 "Take, eat, this is my body giv'n,
 To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ;
 Do this, my dying love to show.
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me."
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,
 To crown the sacramental feast,
And full of kind concern look'd up,
 And gave to them what he had blest :
"And drink ye all of this," he said,
"In solemn mem'ry of the dead.
- 4 "This is my blood, which seals the new
 Eternal covenant of my grace ;
My blood so freely shed for you,
 For you and all the sinful race :
My blood that speaks your sins forgiv'n,
And justifies your claim to heav'n."

HYMN 363. S. M.

The Lord's Supper. Matt. xxvi. 26—28.

- 1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.
Our Passover was slain,
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largest grace.
- 2 This eucharistic feast
Our ev'ry want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice ;
By faith his flesh we eat,
Who here his passion show,
And God, out of his holy seat,
Shall all his gifts bestow.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord ;
As though we ev'ry one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.
- 4 O God ! 'tis finish'd now !
The mortal pang is past :
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last !
We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise,

The cross on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the skies.

HYMN 364. 7's & 6's.

"That Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 1—4

- 1 Rock of Israel, cleft for me,
For us, for all mankind,
See, thy feeblest followers, see,
Who call thy death to mind :
Still the fountain of thy blood
Stands for sinners open'd wide,
Now, just now, my Lord and God
I wash me in thy side.
- 2 Now, ah ! now, we all plunge in,
And drink the purple wave ;
This is the antidote for sin,
'Tis this our souls shall save :
With the life of Jesus fed,
Lo ! from strength to strength we rise,
Follow'd by our Rock, and led
To meet him in the skies.

HYMN 365. C. M.

*Christ appears to some of his disciples while on their way
to Emmaus. Luke xxiv. 13—32.*

- 1 O THOU, who this mysterious bread
Didst in Emmaus break,
Return herewith our souls to feed,
And to thy followers speak.
- 2 Unseal the volume of thy grace,
Apply thy gospel word :

Open our eyes to see thy face,
Our hearts to know thee, Lord.

3 Of thee we still commune, and mourn
Till thou the veil remove :
Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn
With flames of fervent love.

4 Enkindle now the heav'nly zeal,
And make thy mercy known,
And give our pardon'd souls to feel
That God and love are one.

HYMN 366. C. M.

" This do in remembrance of me." Luke xxii. 19.

1 Jesus, at whose supreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.

2 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now, thyself reveal ;
And make thy nature known,
Affix the sacramental seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

4 The tokens of redeeming love,
O let us all receive !
And feel the quick'ning spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

- 5 The cup of blessing blest by thee,
 Let it thy blood impart :
 The bread thy mystic body be,
 And cheer each languid heart.
- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings,
 Let us herewith receive ;
 Sate the hungry with good things,
 The hidden manna give.

HYMN 367. 7's.

Christ sheweth his power. Isalah lviii. 1—6.

- 1 Who is this that comes from far,
 Clad in garments dipt in blood,
 Strong, triumphant traveller—
 Is he man, or is he God ?
- 2 " I, that speak in righteousness,
 Son of God and man I am,
 Mighty to redeem your race ;
 Jesus, is your Saviour's name."
- 3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
 Dyed as in a crimson sea ?
 They that in a wine-vat tread
 Are not stain'd so much as thee.
- 4 " I, the Father's fav'rite Son,
 Have the dreadful wine-press trod ;
 Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
 All the fiercest wrath of God."

HYMN 368. 4 lines 7's.

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come." 1 Cor. xi. 26.

- 1 JESUS, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy followers here.
- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find ;
Drink thy blood, for sinners shed ;
Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare ;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the crucified !
- 4 All the power of sin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love :
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

HYMN 369. S. M.

Partaking of the Lord's Supper. Luke xxii. 19, 20.

- 1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word :
Here in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet thee, Lord.
- 2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear ;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

- 3 Whate'er the Almighty can
 To pardon'd sinners give,
 The fulness of our God made man,
 We here with Christ receive.

HYMN 370. C. M.

[*"My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed."*
 John vi. 48—58.

- 1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
 Fitted by heavenly art,
 As channels to convey thy love
 To every faithful heart.
- 2 The living bread sent down from heav'n,
 In us vouchsafe to be ;
 Thy flesh for all the world is giv'n,
 And all may live by thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
 And let us drink thy blood,
 Till all our souls are fill'd below,
 With all the life of God.
- 4 Determin'd nothing else to know
 But Jesus crucified,
 I will not from my Jesus go,
 Or leave his wounded side.

HYMN 371. C. M.

Remembrance of Christ's Sufferings and Death.
 1 Cor. xi. 23—26.

- 1 THAT doleful night before his death,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,

Did almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee :
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
“ For me, he died for me ! ”

3 These sacred signs, thy sufferings, Lord,
To our remembrance brings :
We eat and drink around thy board,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing “ Hosanna to the Lamb,”
The Lamb that died for me !

HYMN 372. C. M.

An invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
O stay not back, though fear alarms !
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above !

- 4 There with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye happy souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 373. C. M.

Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 3 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name ;

HYMN 374. S. M.

"This do in remembrance of me." 1 Cor. xi. 24, 25.

- 1 GLORY to God on high ;
Our peace is made with heav'n ;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiv'n.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin ;
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad ;
Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord ;
And ev'ry heart be glad.
- 4 The Father gives the Son ;
The Son his flesh and blood :
The Spir't applies, and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

HYMN 375. S. M.

The Lord's Supper. Luke xxi. 15—20.

- 1 COME, all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word.

Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified :
“In memory of my dying love,
Do this,”—he said,—and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will ;
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood,—
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honor'd name ;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb !
In proof that such we are,
His sayings we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below
We thus our right maintain ;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain.—
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed ;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 376. 8 lines 8's.

Incarnation. Luke ii. 6—14.

- 1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd :
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord !
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth ;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heav'n was open'd on earth :
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of Peace.
- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit descend,
And set up in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end ;
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearance to know ;

Thy quiet and peaceable reign,
 In mercy establish below !
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.

- 5 No horrid alarm of war
 Shall break our eternal repose ;
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN 377. S. M.

Thanks rendered to the Father for the gift of his Son.
 Isalah vii. 14. Haggai ii. 7.

- 1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne,
 And thank thee for the precious gift
 Of thine incarnate Son ;
 The gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world thy goodness tell,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Jesus, the holy child,
 Doth by his birth declare,
 That God and man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are :
 Salvation through his name
 To all mankind is giv'n,

And loud his infant cries proclaim,
A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

- 3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end :
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our Friend :
Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we his grace may gain,
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.
- 4 His kingdom from above,
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart :
Chang'd in a moment, we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.
- 5 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increase !
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
Come, thou desire of nations, come,
And take us up to God !

HYMN 378. 2 11's & 2 9's.

Praise to Christ. Matt. II. 10, 11.

- 1 ALL hail ! happy day,
When enrob'd in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth :

For how can we refrain
Now to join the glad strain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth ?

2 O how boundless that love,
First begotten above,
And thro' Jesus to sinners made known !
Lift, O lift up your voice,
And exulting rejoice,
For Jehovah to earth is come down !

3 All ye angels of God,
Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM,
Now we also will join
In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb.

4 Unto Christ we will sing,
As our High-Priest and King,
And our Prophet to teach us the road :
He is more than all this,
For Almighty he is ;
And we own him our Saviour and God.

5 To our Jesus's praise
Let us spend all our days ;
For 'tis he who our surety hath stood :
He hath sojourned below,
That his mercy might flow,
And he purchas'd our pardon with blood.

6 O may ev'ry return
Of this once blessed morn,
Be forever remembered with joy !

Now sweet accents of praise,
All our voices shall raise ;
Hallelujahs shall be our employ !

7 Let the echo prolong
The harmonious song,
Hallelujahs again and again ;
He now kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

8 Blessed Jesus, while we
Pay our tribute to thee,
Let us worship, admire, and adore :
Now accept as thy crown,
What before was thine own,
Hallelujahs and praise evermore !

HYMN 379. 7's.

The Incarnation of Christ. Haggai ii. 7.

1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King :
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconcil'd :"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb ;
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead sec,
Hail the incarnate Deity !

Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings :
Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head :
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN 380. C. M.

Angels' Song. Luke ii. 8—14.

“ SHEPHERDS, rejoice ; lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away,
News from the regions of the skies—
Salvation's born to-day.

2 “ Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you !
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 “ No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things ;

A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne :
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,
The heavenly armies throng :
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When we forget to praise !

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn :
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN 381. C. M.

*Glad tidings brought to the Shepherds, by Angels, of the
Birth of Christ. Luke ii. 9—14.*

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high ;
And thus address'd their song :

6 "All glory be to God on high ;
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease."

HYMN 382. 11's.

The Birth of Christ. Luke ii. 11—16.

1 HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of Life to meet ;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and Saviour
O, come, and let us worship at his feet.

- 2 O, Jesus ! for such wondrous condescension,
 Our praise and reverence are an offering meet ;
 Now is the WORD made flesh, and dwells among
 us,
 O, come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 Let the celestial courts his praise repeat ;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest ;
 O, come, and let us worship at his feet.
-

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

HYMN 383. 3 lines, 5's & 1 11.

Christian Race. Heb. xl. 13—16.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear !
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love
- 2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day of his coming, may say,
 " I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
 do."

O that each from his Lord, may receive the glad
word,

“Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

HYMN 384. 4 6's & 2 8's.

“Spare it yet another year.” Luke xiii. 7, 8.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise !
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground !
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice drew the sword
To cut the fig-tree down ;
The pity of our Lord,
Cried, “ Let it still alone ! ”
The Father mild inclines his ear
And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace ;
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space :
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo ! we see another year !

- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound ;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 385. C. M.

New Year's Day. Psalm xxxix. 4, 5.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for thy daily sins,
 In Christ so freely giv'n.

HYMN 386. C. M.

" So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom." Psalm xc. 12.

- 1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
 All praise to him belongs ;
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs :
 His providence hath brought us through
 Another various year ;
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care ;

To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are :
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

- 3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
And all our consecrated pow'rs,
A sacrifice to thee ;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
To saints on earth forgiv'n,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

HYMN 387. S. M.

The Return of Spring celebrated.

- 1 From winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears,
With blooming beauty graced.
- 2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the solar beams !
And to refresh the ground, the rain
Descends in gentle streams.
- 3 Great God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise :
Thy pow'r and love in concert reign,
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 4 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,

While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men, enrich the land.

- 5 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son ;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.
-

BAPTISM.

HYMN 388. C. M.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."
Matthew iii. 11.

- 1 CELESTIAL Dove, descend from high,
And on the water brood :
Come, with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
The water and the blood.
- 2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal :
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figure still.
- 3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew :
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

HYMN 389. S. M.

Christ a Fountain. Acts xxii. 16.

- 1 My Saviour's pierced side,
Pour'd out a double flood ;

By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.

2 Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin ;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide ;
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side !

HYMN 390. L. M.

At the Baptism of Adults. Matt. xviii. 19.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordain'd by thee !
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy gracious ministry.

2 Father, in these reveal thy Son :
In these for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure baptizing grace.

3 Jesus, with us thou always art :
Effectuate the sacred sign ;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits, thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

HYMN 391. C. M.

At the Administration of Infant Baptism. Matt. xlii. 15

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant, proves
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father giv'n;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

HYMN 392. 6 7's.

The Same. Mark x. 16.

- 1 LORD of all, with pure intent,
From their tenderest infancy,
In thy temple we present
Whom we first received from thee:
Through thy well-beloved Son,
Ours acknowledge for thine own.
- 2 Seal'd with the baptismal seal,
Purchas'd by th' atoning blood,

Jesus, in our children dwell,
 Make their heart the house of God :
 Fill thy consecrated shrine,
 Father, Son, and Spirit divine.

HYMN 393. C. M.

Children dedicated to Christ. Matt. xix. 13—15.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms :
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
 " Nor scorn their humble name :
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 'Thine let our offspring be.

PASTORAL.

HYMN 394. L. M.

" And he beheld the multitude as sheep having no shepherd."
 Mark vi. 34.

- 1 JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold !
 See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,
 Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
 Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

- 2 **Lost** are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, in weariness, and want :
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 **Thou**, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming shepherd art ;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 **Give** the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preacher's crowd,
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 **Open** their mouth and utterance give,
Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in him who died for all.
- 6 **In ev'ry messenger reveal**
The grace they preach divinely free ;
That each may by the Spirit tell,
" He died for all who died for me."
- 7 **A double portion, from above,**
Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart ;
Shed forth thy universal love,
In ev'ry faithful pastor's heart.
- 8 **Thine only glory let them seek,**
O let their hearts with love o'erflow ;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

HYMN 395. S. M.

"Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more laborers." Luke x. 2.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry,
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view :
"The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace ;
Then let them preach the Saviour, Lord,
To all the human race.
- 5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

HYMN 396. S. M.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings," &c. Isaiah lll. 7.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

- 2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are ;
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns in triumph here !"
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound :
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light :
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 397. L. M.

Encouragement to Ministers to go forth and preach the Gospel. Isaiah xl. 1—8.

- 1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord ;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

- 2 Go into ev'ry nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show :
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark ! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare !
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.
- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;
Sinners, repent, the call obey :
Open your hearts to make him room ;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear his way through all ;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain ;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord display'd,
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

HYMN 398. C. M.

Obedience to Christ's commands to labor in his vineyard.
Prov. xiii. 4.

- 1 LET us go forth, 'tis God commands ;
Let us make haste away,
Offer to Christ our hearts and hands :
We work for Christ to-day.
- 2 When he vouchsafes our hands to use,
It makes the labor sweet :

If any now to work refuse,
Let not the sluggard eat.

- 3 Who would not do what God ordains,
And promises to bless ?
Who would not 'scape the toils and pains
Of sinful idleness ?
- 4 In vain to Christ the slothful pray ;
We have not learnt him so ;
No—for he calls himself the way,
And work'd himself below.
- 5 Then let us in his footsteps tread,
And gladly act our part ;
On earth employ our hands and head,
But give him all our heart.

HYMN 399. L. M.

God's Presence implored in the Work of the Ministry.
Rev. i. 20.

- 1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near,
Us with thy flaming eye behold,
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Thy high commission let them prove,

Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear,
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them a tongue to speak thy word ;
Thou speakest to the churches now :
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

HYMN 400. L. M.

Preacher concerned to save Sinners. 2 Cor. v. 14.

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain ?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord ?
- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God, Most High !
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear ?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Softener thy truth, or smoothe my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my Lord, by thee ?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread ?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
A man ! an heir of death ! a slave
To sin ! a bubble on the wave !

- 5 Yea, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head :
Since in all pain thy tender love,
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

HYMN 401. C. M.

Name of Christ dear to Sinners. John I. 29.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky !
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners giv'n ;
It scatters all their guilty fear ;
It turns their hell to heav'n.
- 3 Jesus, the pris'ners fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace ;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, " Behold the Lamb !"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name !
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold, behold the Lamb !",

HYMN 402. S. M.

Victory over Death desired. 2 Tim. iv. 7.

- 1 "I ~~THE~~ good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare !
The victory by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past ;
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last !
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd :
"Kept by the pow'r of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd."
- 4 Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was giv'n,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heav'n.

HYMN 403. C. M.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn. Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands :
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

- 3** They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego ;
For souls which must forever live,
In raptures or in wo—
- 4** And to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there ;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear !
- 5** May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 404. C. M.

At a Minister's leaving his people.—Paul's farewell Charge. Acts xx. 26, 27.

- 1** WHEN Paul was parted from his friends
It was a weeping day ;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.
- 2** Ere long they met again with joy,
(Secure, no more to part,)
Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3** Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet ;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.
- 4** But, they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd ;

Will tremble, when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here :
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view ;
Oh ! hear their pray'r, their message own,
And save their hearers too.

HYMN 405. L. M.

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel. Matt. x. 7—16

1 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove,
And let your heav'n taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

HYMN 406. L. M.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Mark xvi. 15—20.

- 1 "Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
 Explain to them my sacred word,
 Bid them believe, obey, and live.
- 2 "I'll make my great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 Go cast out devils in my name ;
 Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
 pheme.
- 4 While thus ye follow my commands,
 I'm with you till the world shall end :
 All power is trusted in my hands,
 I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
 On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode ;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 407. 7. 6.

A sweet refreshing Shower. Acts ii. 1—4, & iii. 19.

- 1 HOLY God, and hast thou sent
 Me here to preach to-day ?
 O baptize my soul with fire,
 And point me out the way.

When I draw the gospel bow,
Jesus, let thine arrows fly ;
May each sinner feel this day
That thou for him didst die.

Lord, we have assembled here,
To hear what thou wouldst say ;
Some come from the east and west,
Yea, north and south, to pray ;
If I'm sent to preach thy word,
Holy God ! display thy power,
And may we have a pentecost,
A sweet refreshing shower.

3 Sinners, Lord, are trembling now,
The tears are trickling down ;
Keen conviction decks their brow,
While they behold thy frown.
O for justifying grace,
O for thy converting power !
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

4 Here's backsliding Peter, too,
That left the narrow way,
O my Lord, shall they be damn'd ?
Shall they be devils' prey ?
If there's mercy for their souls,
O now reach them by thy pow'r !
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing show'r.

5 Here are some, though justified,
Who feel their inbred sin,
And they long to see the day,
When they shall be made clean.

O for sanctifying grace !
 O for purifying pow'r !
 Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,
 A sweet refreshing shower.

- 6 Lord of heav'n and earth, descend,
 And feed thy lambs to-day,
 Help us in thy name to preach,
 To hear, to sing, and pray.
 O for streams of grace and love !
 O for floods of life and power !
 Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,
 A sweet and gospel show'r.

HYMN 408. C. M.

Enlisting Soldiers. Rev. vi. 2.

- 1 **HARK!** listen to the trumpeters,
 They call for volunteers ;
 On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
 Behold the officers :
- 2 Their horses white, their armors bright,
 With courage bold they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,
 To march to Canaan's land.
- 3 It sets my heart quite in a flame
 A soldier thus to be :
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,
 And fight for liberty.
- 4 We want no cowards in our bands
 That will their colors fly :
 We call for valiant-hearted men,
 Who're not afraid to die.

- 5 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear !
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.
- 6 They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.
- 7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell ;
How dreadful is our God t' adore,
The great Immanuel !

SECOND PART.

- 1 SINNERS, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The Eternal Son of God ;
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.
- 2 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Where fruits immortal grow ;
With angels all array'd in white,
And our Redeemer know.
- 3 We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world ;
While Satan, and his army too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.
- 4 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh ;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.

- 5 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
 And leave the world on fire ;
 And all surround the throne of love,
 And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 409. 7's.

A Minister visiting his Brethren. Acts xv. 26

- 1 BRETHREN, I am come again,
 Let us join to pray and sing ;
 Joseph lives, and Jesus reigns,
 Praise him in the highest strains.
- 2 Several months and years are past,
 Since we met together last—
 Many of our friends are gone
 To their long eternal home.
- 3 Brethren ! tell me how you do :
 Does your love continue true ?
 Are you waiting for your King,
 When he shall return again ?
- 4 If you wish to know of me,
 What I am and what I be—
 Here I am, behold who will,
 Sure I am a Christian still.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below,
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

FOR A SICK PERSON.

HYMN 410. L. M.

For a Sick Person. James v. 14—16.

- 1 SEE, gracious Lord, with pitying eyes,
Beneath thy hand a sufferer lies,
Thy mercy, not thy anger, proves ;
And sick is he whom Jesus loves.
- 2 His, to thine own afflictions, join,
Accept, exalt, and call them thine ;
Thy passion, which remains, fulfil,
And suffer in thy members still.
- 3 His sickness feel, endure his pain,
His burden bear, his cross sustain :
Grieve in his griefs, and sigh his sighs,
And breathe his wishes to the skies.
- 4 Enter his heart, possess him whole,
Inspire and actuate his soul ;
Himself, no longer let it be
That suffers, or that lives, but thee.
- 5 Thyself, through sufferings perfect made,
Conform him thus to thee his Head ;
Refine, and raise his virtue higher,
When tried and purified by fire.
- 6 So when his eyes behold thee near,
And thou his hidden life appear ;
Bright in thy likeness shall he shine,
And glorious all, and all divine.

HYMN 411. S. M.

Submission under Affliction.

- 1 Dost thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend ?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
- 2 Dost thou through death's dark vale
Conduct to heav'n at last ?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.
- 3 Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent ;
If the chastisement comes in love
My soul shall be content.

HYMN 412. 8's.

For a sick-chamber.

- 1 THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace ;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The glorious and beautiful place.
- 2 To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God ;
Enraptur'd we entered his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
- 3 The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne ;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who loved us, and made us his own.

- 4 Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set us,—once rebels,—on high.
- 5 Faith clave to the crucified Lamb ;
Hope, smiling, exalted its head ;
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.
- 6 What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around ;
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.
- 7 Sweet moments ! if aught upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is when the hearts of the flock,
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.
- 8 But ah ! these sweet moments are fled,
Pale sickness compels me to stay,
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hasting away.

PAUSE.

- 9 My God ! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wise ;
O help me submissive to wait,
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.—
- 10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardor and zeal,—
With success and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

- 11 Or shouldst thou in bondage detain,
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!—
- 12 Where Jesus, the sun of the place,
Refulgent incessantly shines,
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.
- 13 There—there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight;
There—there the day never is clos'd,
With shadows, or darkness, or night:
- 14 There myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
While transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.
- 15 Enough then—my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain;
Since ere long I to heav'n shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

HYMN 413. S. M.

*The benefit of Sanctified Affliction; or, God bringing his
People into the Covenant under the Rod. Ezek. xl. 37.*

- 1 How gracious, and how wise,
Is our chastising God!
And oh! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That ev'ry stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

- 3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign sway ;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine ;
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.
- 6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.
-

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

HYMN 414. C. M.

Human life is short and uncertain. Job. xvi. 22.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave :

Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo,
Depends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN 415. C. M.

Judgment Day. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought;
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 416. S. M.

Reflections on death. Matt. xvi. 26.

- 1 AND am I born to die ?
To lay this body down ?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
A land of deepest shade
Unpierc'd by human thought ;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot !
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be !

Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave must rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb,
 With triumph or regret ?

A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet ?
 Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar ?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there ?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast ?

Shall I be with the damned cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest ?
 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell ;
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else depart to hell.

SECOND PART.

1 O THOU that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who diedst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery !

Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal ;

So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will ;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN 417. 4 lines 8's & 2 6's.

Preparation for Judgment. 2 Pet. i. 10.

- 1 AND am I only born to die ?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?
What after death for me remains ?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay,
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,
Against that fatal day !
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
Nor worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone ;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy ;
But oh ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place !

Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?

- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies !
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness !
Ah ! write the pardon on my heart :
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

HYMN 418. S. M.

Preparation for Judgment. Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down :
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,

With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears—
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come :
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom !"

4 O may we then be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

HYMN 419. L. M.

Judgment Described. Rev. xxi. 3.

1 He comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe ;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near :
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
How welcome to the faithful soul !

2 From heav'n, angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;

**The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !**

- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our Lord who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.**

HYMN 420. 8, 7, 4.

The Coming of the Judge. Matt. xxv. 31—46.

- 1 Lo he cometh ! countless trumpets,
Blow before the bloody sign,
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See the crucified shine.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !**
- 2 Now his merit by the harpers,
Through th' eternal deep resounds ;
Now resplendent shine his nail prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds.
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
They who pierc'd him,
Shall at his appearing wail.**
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him, must, ashamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment, come to judgment,
Come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of Man.**
- 4 Saints, who love him, view his glory,
Shining in his bruised face,**

His dear person on the rainbow,
 Now his people's heads shall raise.
 Happy mourners, happy mourners, happy
 mourners,
 Lo ! in clouds, he comes, he comes.

- 5 Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear ;
 All his people once despised,
 Now shall meet him in the air.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Now the promis'd kingdom's come.
- 6 View him smiling, now determin'd
 Ev'ry evil to destroy ;
 All the nations now shall sing him
 Songs of everlasting joy,
 O come quickly ! O come quickly ! O come
 quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

HYMN 421. 8, 7, 4.

Judgment Described. Rev. i. 7.

- 1 Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train ;
 Hallelujah !
 God appears with man to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty !
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,

Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3** The dear tokens of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears :
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !
- 4** Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne !
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own :
Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God, come down.

HYMN 422. C. M.

Hell Described. Luke xvi. 24—28.

- 1** TERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I,
Of all, alas, whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die ?
- 2** While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive ;
- 3** Shall I, amidst a ghastly band
Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet ?

- 4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,
 Shall I be doom'd to hell ?
 While they sing hymns of praise above,
 Must I in torments dwell ?
- 5 Ah ! no ; I yet may turn and live,
 For still his wrath delays ;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,
 From ev'ry sin depart ;
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.
- 7 I will improve what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus giv'n ;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with God in heaven.

HYMN 423. 6 lines 4 8's & 2 6's.

Preparation for meeting God the business of life.
 Matt. xxv. 31—46.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth I cry :
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die !
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand
 Secure insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell !

- 3 O God ! my guilty soul convert,
And deeply on my wretched heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness !
- 4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above !
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight ;
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 424. C. M.

Eternity of God. Psalm xc. 1—17.

- 1 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 6 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come :
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN 425. S. M.

Triumph over Death. Job xix. 25—27.

- 1 AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Be heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love :
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 426. C. M.

The sufferings of the present life are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us.

Rom. viii. 18.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high !
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest ;

That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliv'rer come :
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away :
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN 427. 8 lines, 8's & 7's.

The dying Christian Encouraged. 2 Tim. iv. 8.

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended ;
All thy mourning days below ;

Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go.

- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live a life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 428. 8 lines 8's.

Reflections upon the Remains of a Triumphant Believer.
Job iii. 17—19.

[To be sung in either the Masculine or Feminine gender.]

- 1 AH ! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our *brother*, bereft
Of all that could burden *his* mind ;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !

- Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex *him* again :
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er .
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids *he* so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep :
The fountain can yield no supplies ;
These hollows from water are free :
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe ;

And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become !
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

HYMN 429. 8 lines 8's.

Voyage of life, and victory over death. 2 Tim. iv. 6—8.

- 1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain ;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above ;
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Outflying the tempest and wind ;
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death ;
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past ;

The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

HYMN 430. 8 lines 8's.

At lying down. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 AND can I in sorrow lay down
My weary and languishing head,
Nor think on the souls that are gone,
Nor envy the peaceable dead !
The peaceable dead are set free :
The good which I covet they have,
An end of their sorrows they see,
And bury their cares in the grave.
- 2 Their souls are impassive above,
And nothing of mortals they know,
Unless on an errand of love
They visit a mourner below ;
With pity angelical view
A spirit imprison'd in pain,
And long for his happiness too,
And wait for his bursting the chain.
- 3 Ye souls of the righteous, appear,
If any are waiting around,
To look on a spectacle here,
In iron and misery bound ;
Survey the sad children of men,
The purchase of mercy divine,
And say if ye ever have seen
A soul so afflicted as mine.
- 4 When will the affliction be o'er ?
When will the fierce agony cease ?

With those that are gather'd before,
 I press to the haven of peace :
 I would as a shadow remove,
 And suddenly vanish away,
 Escape to the spirits above,
 Ascend to the regions of day !

HYMN 431. 6 lines 8's.

On the Death of a Child. 1 Peter i. 24, & Job xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 AND is the lovely shadow fled,
 The blooming wonder of her years !
 So soon enshrin'd among the dead,
 She justly claims our pious tears,
 Who to those heav'nly spirits join'd,
 Hath left a wretched world behind.
- 2 Her early, short-liv'd excellence,
 With meek submission we bemoan,
 Snatch'd in a fatal moment hence,
 Gone from our arms, to Jesus gone,
 To heighten, by her swift remove,
 The grief below, and joy above.
- 3 In vain the dear departing saint
 Forbids our gushing tears to flow,
 " Forbear, my friends, your fond complaint,
 From earth to heaven, I gladly go,
 To glorious company above,
 Bright angels, and the God of love.
- 4 " O praise him, and rejoice for me,
 So happy, happy in my God !
 So soon from all my pain set free,
 And hasten to that blest abode,

With swift desire my steps pursue ;
And take the prize prepared for you.

- 5 " Meet am I for the great reward,
The great reward I know is mine ;
Come, O my sweet redeeming Lord,
Open those loving arms of thine,
And take me up thy face to see,
And let me die to live with thee."
- 6 The prayer is seal'd, the soul is fled,
And sees her Saviour face to face :
But still she speaks to us, though dead,
She calls us to that heavenly place,
Where all the storms of life are o'er,
And pain and parting are no more.

HYMN 432. 10's & 11's.

The Christian Triumphant in Death. Eccl. xii. 7.

- 1 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done ! the spirit is fled ;
The prisoner is gone, the Christian is dead ;
The Christian is living through Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honor and praise are Jesus's due :
Supported by grace, he fought his way through ;
Triumphantly glorious, through Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and
hell.
- 3 Then let us record the conquering name ;
Our Captain and Lord with shouting proclaim ;
Who trust in his passion, and follow our Head,
To certain salvation we all shall be led.

- 4 O Jesus ! lead on thy militant care :
 And give us the crown of righteousness there ;
 Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze ;
 Or prostrate adore thee, in silence of praise.
- 5 Come, Lord, and display thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away to mansions on high :
 The kingdom be given, the purchase divine :
 And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

HYMN 433. 8 lines 8's.

The Triumphs of a Believer over Death. Rev. xiv. 13

- 1 HOSANNA to Jesus on high !
 Another has enter'd his rest :
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast :
 The soul of our *sister* is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above :
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays ;
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odors of grace !
 He looks—and his servants in light,
 The blessing ineffable meet :
 He smiles—and they faint at his sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name :

The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be summon'd away—
 My merciful God—Is it I ?

- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart ;
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper thy call to my heart :
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions above.

HYMN 434. 7's & 6's

"I am in a strait betwixt two." Phil. i. 21—23.

- 1 **HAPPY** who in Jesus live,
 But happier still are they,
 Who to God their spirits give,
 And 'scape from earth away :
 Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
 Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh ;
 O 'tis better to depart,
 'Tis better far to die.
- 2 Yet, if so thy will ordain,
 For our companions' good,
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load ;
 Till we have our grief fill'd up,
 Till we all our works have done,

Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

- 3 To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
And waiting at thy feet :
When wilt thou the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see ?
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die to thee.

HYMN 435. C. M.

Reflections on being brought to Judgment. Eccl. xii. 14.

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say ?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart,
Shall shortly be made known ;
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live ;
With what religious fear :
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful pow'r bestow !
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near !

And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN 436. L. M.

Death the Gate to Bliss. Psalm xxiii. 4.

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there !
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 437. C. M.

Day of Judgment. 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17. Matt. xxv. 46.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the awful trumpets sounds
The sleeping dead to raise,
And calls the nations under ground :
O how the saints will praise !
- 2 Behold the Saviour ! how he comes
Descending from his throne,
To burst asunder all our tombs,
And lead his children home.

- 3** But who can bear that dreadful day,
To see the world in flames ;
The burning mountains melt away,
While rocks run down in streams !
- 4** The falling stars their orbits leave,
The sun in darkness hide :
The elements asunder cleave,
The moon turn'd into blood :
- 5** Behold the universal world
In consternation stand !
The wicked into hell are turn'd,
The saints at God's right hand.
- 6** O then the music will begin,
Their Saviour God to praise ;
They are all freed from every sin,
And thus they'll spend their days.

HYMN 438. S. M.

Parting for Eternity. Eccl. xii. 5—7.

- 1** A SOLEMN march we make,
Towards the silent grave :
A lodging all must quickly take,
And carnal pleasures leave
- 2** O what a striking scene,
In this cold grave appears !
A mortal turn'd to dust again,
Quite spun out all his years.
- 3** And we who now attend,
Must soon resign our breath ;
God will the solemn summons send,
By dreadful, ghastly death.

- 4 If I the next should be,
That crumble with the dust ;
My soul—what then becomes of thee !
Hast thou a lot with Christ ?
- 5 Since I attended here,
My moments swiftly glide ;
And death upon their wings they bear,
As quick perpetual tide.
- 6 Now let me home return,
And strive my soul to save ;
Lest I in hell should ever burn,
And with the damned rave.
- 7 Jesus, despised friend !
I'll slight thy love no more ;
Dear Saviour, now thy Spirit send,
Which I so griev'd before.
- 8 Then I'll prepare to meet
My Jesus at his bar,
For ever worship at his feet,
And sing his praises there.

HYMN 439. C. M.

Lamenting the Loss of a Child. Job i. 20, 21. Eccl. xii. 6.

- 1 WAKE up, my muse, condole the loss
Of those that mourn this day ;
Let tears distil on ev'ry face,
And every mourner pray.
- 3 The tyrant, Death, came rushing in,
His power and might to show,
Out of this world this child did take,
And laid its visage low.

- 3 No more the pleasant child is seen
 To please its parent's eye,
 The tender plant so fresh and green,
 Is in eternity.
- 4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
 The pitcher burst in twain,
 The cistern wheel hath felt the stroke,
 The pleasant child is slain.
- 5 The winding-sheet doth bind its limbs,
 The coffin holds it fast,
 To-day it's seen by all its friends,
 But this must be the last ;
- 6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
 The nations great and small,
 And you and I before him stand,
 And at his presence fall.

HYMN 440. 8, 7, 4.

The Day of Judgment. Rev. xi. 8—17.

- 1 Lo ! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes, the Judge severe,
 Hell is trembling, earth is quaking,
 Sinners shriek with awful fear,
 Come to judgment,
 Stand your awful doom to hear.
- 2 See ! the world in flames is burning,
 Hills and mountains fly away !
 The moon is blood, the stars are flaming,
 Comets blazing through the sky.
 Thunders rolling !
 Sinners now for help they cry.

- 3 From the general conflagration
Mount the righteous up on high,
Gain the hope of their salvation,
Live with God no more to die.
Hallelujah !
Glory to the Lamb, they cry.
- 4 Stop, my soul ! look back and wonder,
See the wicked left behind,
Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
For a moment's ease to find ;
Doom'd to sorrow,
In the lake of hell confin'd.

HYMN 441. L. M.

The prosperous Saint. Rev. vii. 13—17.

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

- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
When Christ himself these words proclaims,
Here come my saints, I know their names.
- 6 Ye everlasting gates, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heav'n, now sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood !
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine ;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.
- 9 They've fought the fight, their race is run ;
Their joys are now in heav'n begun,
Their tears are gone, their sorrows flee,
No more afflicted now like me.
- 10 Here I am now in prison bound,
And trials wait me all around ;
O wouldst thou, Lord, now burst the chain,
How I would join to praise thy name !

HYMN 442. L. M.

On the Death of a Minister. Gen. xiv. 8, & xlix. 33.
Acts vii. 60, & xiii. 36.

- 1 AND is my loving brother fled ?
And is he number'd with the dead ?

Then come, my brethren, drown your cries,
He's gone to Christ above the skies.

- 2 His suff'rings are forever o'er,
He's landed on that happy shore,
Where storms and tempests ne'er can come;
He's gone to his eternal home.
- 3 My fellow-laborers, we are spared,
Then let us stand upon our guard;
That we like him may live and die,
Ascribing praise to God on high.
- 4 His fervent pray'rs, his melting words,
Were like so many silken cords;
His heaving breast and flowing eyes,
Could move his hardest enemies.
- 5 O Christian friends, your loss deplore,
Our Pastor sighs and weeps no more.
Come, follow that dear guide of yours,
Rememb'ring how he spent his hours.
- 6 Sinners, remember how he strove
Your hearts to win with Jesus' love;
And thunder'd loud your souls t' alarm,
But oh! he never meant you harm.
- 7 Come, let his dying language move
Your hearts to seek your Saviour's love;
Then him pursue in holiness,
Till him you meet in endless bliss.
- 8 There, martyrs set with crowns of gold;
The prophets and the saints of old;
And ministers of every name,
Who died for Christ amidst the flame.

HYMN 443. C. M.

Death and Eternity. Luke xvi. 22, 23.

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

HYMN 444. C. M.

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable. 2 Peter iii. 10.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,

- When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *depart* ?
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What ! to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die !
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly !
- 5 O ! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love.
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands !
- 8 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

HYMN 445. C. M.

"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Acts viii. 2.

- 1 **WHY** do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 **Why** should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 **The** graves of all the saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?
- 4 **Then** let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid his kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 446. 7's.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. xiv. 13

- 1 **HARK !** a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead !
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed !
Them the Spirit hath declared,
Blest, unutterably blest :
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is our endless rest.

- 2 Follow'd by their works they go,
Where their Head has gone before ;
Reconcil'd by grace below,
Grace hath open'd mercy's door.
Justified through faith alone,
Here they know their sins forgiven ;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd and made meet for heav'n.

HYMN 447. C. M.

*" The small and the great are there, and the servant is free
from his master." Job iii. 19.*

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry :
" Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs ;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours."

Great God ! is this our certain doom !
And are we still secure !
Still walking onward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more !

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

HYMN 448. L. M.

Death. Job xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 ~~SHRINKING~~ from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet ;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die—my father's God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see :
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me !
- 3 O that without a ling'ring groan,
I may the welcome word receive !
My body, with my charge, lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And certified that thou art mine,
My spirit calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence **cheers** ;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears !

HYMN 449. L. M.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." Job vii. 6.

- 1 PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

- 2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare,
In that eternal house above :
And, O my God, shall I be there ?

HYMN 450. L. M.

Death of Youth. Isa. xl. 6—8.

- 1 THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heav'n must recompense our pains :
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 451. C. M.

*"Now consider this, ye that forget God." Ps. l. 21, 22.
 "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."
 1 Thess. v. 2, 3.*

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

HYMN 452. L. M.

*"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night."
 2 Pet. iii. 10—12.*

- THE** great archangel's trump shall sound,
 (While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
 And make the greedy sea restore.
- The** greedy sea shall yield her dead,
 The earth no more her slain conceal ;

- Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness :
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd !
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down ;
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

HYMN 453. C. M.

"And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." Rev. xvi. 17—21.

- 1 Wo to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown ;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And show'r his judgments down.
- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest show'rs :
To meet your God, prepare !
For, lo ! the seventh angel pours
His phial on the air.

- 3 Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found ;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.
- 4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe ?
When heav'n and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear ?
- 5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave, beyond the pow'r
Of hell our spirits hide ;
- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene ;
For lo ! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in !

HYMN, 454. 7's & 6's.

The Second Coming of Christ. 1 Thes. iv. 15—17.

- 1 Jesus, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend :
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend :
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise ;
Then we that yet remain,

Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air,
 All wrapt up to heav'n shall be,
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.

- 3 Who can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords ?
 Joy unutter'd we possess,
 In these reviving words .
 Happy, while on earth we breathe,
 Mightier bliss ordain'd to know :
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death
 To the third heav'n we go !

HYMN 455. S. M.

Christ's coming to judge the World. 1 Thes. iv. 15—17

- 1 BEHOLD ! with awful pomp,
 The Judge prepares to come,
 Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump ;
 And wakes the gen'ral doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
 Her dissolution mourns,
 Blushes of blood the moon deface ;
 The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread ;
 The frightened dead arise,
 Start from the monumental bed,
 And lift their ghastly eyes.

- 4 Horrors all hearts appal,
 They quake, they shriek, they cry ;
 Bid rocks and mountains on them fall ;
 But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 Ye wilful, wanton fools,
 Let dangers make you wise :
 Carnal professors, careless souls,
 Unclose your sleeping eyes.
- 6 'Tis time we all awake,
 The dreadful day draws near .
 Sinners, your proud presumption check,
 And stop your wild career.
- 7 Now is th' accepted time,
 To Christ for mercy fly ;
 O turn, repent, and trust in him,
 And you shall never die.
- 8 Great God, in whom we live,
 Prepare us for that day :
 Help us in Jesus to believe,
 To watch, and wait, and pray.

HYMN 456. 8 lines 8's.

On the Death of a Widow. 1 Tim. v. 5.

- 1 GIVE glory to Jesus, our Head,
 With all that encompass his throne ;
 A widow, a widow indeed,
 A mother in Israel is gone !
 The winter of trouble is past ;
 The storms of affliction are o'er ;
 Her struggle is ended at last,
 And sorrow and death are no more.

- 2 The soul has o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky ;
Advanced to her holy estate ;
And pleasure that never shall die :
Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their happy abode ;
As stars in the firmament bright,
As pure as the angels of God.
- 3 Behold ! what a triumph is there,
Where all in his praises agree ;
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see !
The glory of God and the Lamb,
(While all in the ecstasy join,)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.
- 4 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise ;
When, lo ! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face ;
The jôy, neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great ;
But, lo ! the whole company faint,
And heav'n is found—at his feet.

HYMN 457. C. M.

The Majesty of God. Psalm xcvi. 1—7.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore ;
Let death and hell through all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne,
 There all his stores of lightning lie,
 Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
 And from his awful tongue
 A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
 He once defied the Lord ;
 But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
 And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
 To blast the rebel-worm,
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.

HYMN 458. L. M.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
 Eccl. xii. 1-7.

- 1 Now in the heat of youthful blood
 Remember your Creator, God ;
 Behold, the months come hastening on,
 When you shall say, *My joys are gone.*
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,

Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

- 3 The dust returns to dust again,
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name—
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 459. L. M.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
Eccl. xii. 1—7.

- I 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 :
I sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
And ranged th' alluring scenes of vice ;
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
And took my load of guilt away ;
He gave me glory, peace, and heav'n,
And thus I found the heav'nly way ;
And now with trembling sense I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

- 3** Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By helpless limbs, or conqu'ring death ;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark ;
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks,
Will wither like the blasted rose ;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 4** Ye heedless ones, that wildly stray,
The grave will soon become your bed ;
Where silence reigns and vapors play,
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonely place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing at the spears of grass
'That o'er your body shall have grown.
- 5** But, O the soul, where vengeance reigns,
It sinks in groans and ceaseless cries,
It rolls amidst the burning flames,
In endless woes and agonies.
There, swallow'd up in blackest night,
Where devils howl and thunders roar ;
To rage in keen despair and guilt,
Till thousand, thousand years are o'er.
- 6** O fellow-youth, this is the state
Of all that do free grace refuse ;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose :
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your Lord,
But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great reward.

HYMN 460. L. M.

Life the time to prepare for Death. Eccl. ix. 4—11.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 461. C. M.

The Believer's Triumph over Death and the Grave.
1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have
My quiv'ring lips shall sing,
*Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?*
- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

HYMN 462. C. M.

The fear of Death is taken away from the Believer.
Psalm xxiii. 4.

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 463. C. M.

Believers secure in Christ when he shall judge the World.
Rev. xxi. 1—4.

- 1 By faith we find the place above,
The Rock that rent in twain :
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the cleft remain.
- 2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee ;
We sink into thy side ;
Assured that all who trust in thee,
Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound ;
The latest lightnings glare ;
The mountains melt ; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air !
- 4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst the general fire ;
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire !
- 5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd,

And no created thing remains,
Throughout the flaming void.

6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks th' almighty word :
His *fiat* is obey'd ! 'tis done ;
And Paradise restored.

7 So be it ! let this system end !
This ruinous earth and skies :
The new Jerusalem descend !
The New Creation rise !

8 Thy power omnipotent assume !
Thy brightest majesty !
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me !

HYMN 464. 4 8's & 2 6's.

The Believers secured in Christ at the Judgment.
Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 How happy are the little flock,
Who safe beneath their guardian-rock,
In all commotions rest !
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd unto thee,
Before the floods descend ;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
 Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
 And bid our hearts arise :
 Earth's basis shook confirms our hope,
 Its cities' fall but lifts us up
 To meet thee in the skies.
- 4 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
 The war proclaims the Prince of Peace,
 The earthquake speaks thy pow'r ;
 The famine all thy fulness brings,
 The plague presents thy healing wings,
 And nature's final hour.
- 5 Whatever ills the world befall,
 A pledge of endless good we call,
 A sign of Jesus near ;
 His chariot will not long delay :
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 "Triumphant Lord, appear."
- 6 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
 The word and mystery to fulfil,
 Thy confessors to approve :
 Thy members on thy throne to place,
 And stamp thy name on ev'ry face,
 In glorious heav'nly love !

HYMN 465. P. M.

The Midnight Cry. Matt. xv. 6.

- 1 YE virgin souls, arise !
 With all the dead awake ;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take :

Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all,
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend ;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye—that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love,—
Jesus shall claim you for his bride :
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne ;—
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel pow'rs,
In glorious joy to live ;

Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

- 7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound :—
To see our Lord appear
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 466. L. M.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

- 1 **WHAT** scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast :
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest :
Death strikes the blow ; he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss ;—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace :
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene ;
No terrors in his looks are seen ;

His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

- 6 Lord! make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear:
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

HYMN 467. 8, 7, 4.

The Grave; or, Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heav'n,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 468. C. M.

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised by the Spirit. Rom. viii. 11.

- 1 WHY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust ?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just ?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave ?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his pow'r to save ?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints ?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints ?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun,
Burst through each sable cloud :
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me ;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing ;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

HYMN 469. L. M.

The Books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
METHINKS I hear the trumpet sound,

**That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.**

**2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.**

**3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with important fates of men ;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.**

**4 To ev'ry soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward :
Sinners in vain lament and pine ;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.**

**5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve :
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.**

HYMN 470. S. M.

The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.
Matt. xxv. 41.

**1 And will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?**

**2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound ;
And, through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around ?**

- 3 " Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day ;
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away ?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead ;
Hark from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled !
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head.

HYMN 471. 8, 7, 4.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 DAY of Judgment,—day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

- 2** See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Saviour !
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3** At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea :
All the pow'rs of nature shaken,
By his looks prepare to flee :
Careless sinner !
What will then become of thee ?
- 4** Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part !"
- 5** But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed !
" See the kingdom I bestow ;
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."
- 6** Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise ;
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise !
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze !

HYMN 472. C. M.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
For all the pious dead !
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their dying bed.
 - 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest :
How calm their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from ev'ry snare :
 - 3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, deck'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.
 - 4 Their tongues, great Prince of Life, shall join
With their recover'd breath,
And all th' immortal host ascribe
Their victory to thy death.
-

MORNING AND EVENING.

HYMN 473. 6 lines 8's.

Morning. Psalm xlii. 2—4.

- 1 WHERE is my God, my joy, my hope,
The dear Desire of nations, where ?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,
To thee directs her morning pray'r ;
And spreads her arms of faith abroad,
To embrace my hope, my joy, my God !

- 2 Mine eyes prevent the morning ray,
 Looking and longing for thy word ;
 Come, O my Jesus, come away,
 And let my heart receive its Lord ;
 Which pants and struggles to be free,
 And breaks to be detained from thee.
- 3 Appear in me, bright Morning Star,
 And scatter all the shades of night
 I saw thee once, and came from far,
 But quickly lost thy transient light !
 And now again in darkness pine,
 Till thou throughout my nature shine.
- 4 In patient hope, I now take heed
 To the sure word of promis'd grace ;
 Whose rays a feeble lustre shed,
 Faint glimmering through the darksome place ,
 Till thou thy glorious light impart,
 And rise the Day-Star in my heart.
- 5 Come, Lord, be manifested here,
 And all the devil's works destroy ;
 Now, without sin, in me appear,
 And fill with everlasting joy ;
 Thy beatific face display,
 Thy presence in the perfect day.

HYMN 474. S. M.

Morning. 2 Pet 1 19.

- 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 let thy orient beams,
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error, and of vice,
Which shade the universe !
- 3 How beauteous nature now !
How dark and sad before !
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime,
Pollute the rising day !
May Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all their stains away !
- 5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past ;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

HYMN 475. 6 lines 8's.

Scriptures opened by Inspiration. Deut. vi. 7.

- 1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still :
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will ;
And search the oracles divine,
And every heart-felt word be mine.

- 2** O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be ;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me ;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3** Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day !
- 4** Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long :
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue ;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to thy church above.

HYMN 476. C. M.

Evening. Psalm vi. 9.

- 1** LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am forever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2** And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3** I pay this evening sacrifice :
And when my work is done,

Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hands in safety keep my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

HYMN 477. C. M.

Sabbath. Psalm v. 1—8.

1. LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at the Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand,
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 O may the Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.
- 5 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

HYMN 478. L. M.

Devotion to God. Psalm lxxiii. 5—7.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command ;
To thee devote my nights and days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 479. C. M.

"And is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. iv. 12, 13.

- 1 ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night :
Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss
Of Uncreated light.
- 2 Each thought and deed, his piercing eyes,
With strictest search survey ;
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 When thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest :
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep :
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we, with calm and sweet repose
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn uncloze,
And bless thee, ever bless'd.

HYMN 480. C. M.

*"Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and the
lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."*
Psalm cxli. 2.

- 1 Now, from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide ;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require :
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 481. L. M.

The Lord visits his servants in the night seasons.
Psalm xvi. 7—9.

- 1 **THUS** far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 **MUCH** of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 **I** lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 **THUS** when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 482. C. M.

"Day unto day uttereth speech." Psalm xix. 2, 3.

- 1 **ONCE** more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 **NIGHT** unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound :
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
 But yet his wrath delays.
- ' O God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasing night.
-

THE S A B B A T H .

HYMN 483. L. M.

The Sabbath. Deut. v. 12—15. Psalm cxvi. 7.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun ;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest for wearied minds ;
 Provides a blest foretaste of heav'n,
 On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies ;
 And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- This heavenly calm within the breast,
 Is the best pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the Church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- ' With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
 Creation's scene, redemption's plan ;

With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste

- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts pass away ;
How sweet ! a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 484. S. M.

" For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand "
Psalm lxxxiv. 10, & Luke xxiv. 1.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise :
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King, himself, comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
That's spent in guilt and sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 485. L. M.

The Sabbath a delight. Isaiah lviii. 13—17.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,

To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part ;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry hour find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 486. C. M.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Rev. i. 10.

- 1 MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.
- 2 Spirit of faith my heart to raise,
And fix on things above ;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

HYMN 487. 6 lines 8's.

"Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord."
Psalm xl. 11. 1 Sam. i. 9—19.

- 1 THE Saviour meets his flocks to-day,
Shall I in sloth abide at home ?

- Shall I behind the people stay,
 When Jesus kindly bids me come ?
 I'll go : it is a place of prayer,
 In hope that God will meet me there.
- 2 How long did faithful Hannah wait,
 And serv'd the Lord for many years,
 Attending at the temple gate,
 With fasting, and with many tears ?
 She seldom left the house of pray'r,
 Till God was pleased to meet her there.
- 3 Then oh ! my Lord, give me the pow'r ;
 And, like the saints, I'll watch for thee ;
 In earnest wait the joyful hour,
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me :
 Now give the justifying grace,
 And, sav'd from sin, show me thy face.
- 4 Remove temptation, O my Lord ;
 And let mine enemies be slain,
 Which would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again ;
 And always ready may I stand,
 To take my seat at thy right hand.

HYMN 488. C. M.

Christ's Resurrection. Psalm cxviii. 24.

- 1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;

To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

B I R T H D A Y .

HYMN 489. 11's & 9's.

Devotion to God. Psalm lxxi. 5—8.

- 1 AWAY with our fears ! the glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born !
From Jehovah I came, for his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.
- 2 Thee, Jesus, alone, the Fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here :
And cheerfully sing my Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.
- 3 With thanks I rejoice in thy fatherly choice,
Of my state and condition below :

If of parents I came, who honored thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace, from my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend :

Hitherto hast thou been my Preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares, and temptations and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through !

O the blessings bestow'd by a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new !

6 What a mercy is this ! what a heaven of bliss !
How unspeakably happy am I !

Gather'd into thy fold, with thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die !

7 O the goodness of God, in employing a clod,
His tribute of glory to raise ;

His standard to bear, and with triumph declare,
His unspeakable riches of grace !

8 O the fathomless love, that has deign'd to approve,
And prosper the work of my hands !

With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands !

9 Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these,
And inquire from what quarter they came ?

My full heart it replies, they are born from the
skies,

And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honor and praise, to the Father of **grace**,
To the Spirit and Son, I return ;
The business pursue he hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy, my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim ;
'Tis worth living for this, to administer **bliss**,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days I spend in his **praise**,
Who died the whole world to redeem ;
Be they many or few, my days are his due,
And they are all devoted to him.

HYMN 490. 7's.

A Birthday Hymn. Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 I my Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
With a grateful heart I own
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not ;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I may all to thee resign ;
Father, let thy will be mine :
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r ;
Guard me in the trying hour ;
Let thy unremitting care
Save me from the lurking snare.

- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.
-

PARENTS AND MASTERS.

HYMN 491. 4 8's & 2 6's.

Duty of a Master to his family. Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 I AND my house will serve the Lord :
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear :
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set :
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeas'd and reconciled,
A follower of my God :
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
 A vessel fitted for thy use
 Into thy hands receive :
 Work in me both to will and do :
 And show them how believers true,
 And real Christians live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply,
 And lo ! I come to testify
 The wonders of thy name
 Which saves from sin, the world and hell,
 Whose virtue every heart may feel,
 And every tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner, sav'd myself from sin,
 I come my family to win,
 To preach their sins forgiv'n ;
 Children, and wife, and servants seize,
 And through the paths of pleasantness,
 Conduct them all to heav'n.

HYMN 492. 6 lines 8's.

Parents requesting aid in bringing up their children.
 Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1 Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom we for our children cry !
 The good, desir'd, and wanted most,
 Out of thy richest grace supply ;
 The sacred discipline be given,
 To train and bring them up for heav'n.
- 2 Error and ignorance remove,
 The blindness of their heart and mind ;
 Give them the wisdom from above,
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind ;

In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And give them thoughts divinely true.

- 3** Answer on them the end of all
Our cares and pains and studies here ;
On them recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character !
Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradise restor'd.
- 4** Unite, what long has been disjoined,
Knowledge and vital piety,
Learning and holiness combin'd,
And truth, and love, let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine to die and live.
- 5** Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide ;
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified ;
Thy pow'r and love diffus'd abroad ;
And may they live to die for God.

HYMN 493. S. M.

Family Worship. Psalm lxi. 8.

- 1** THE power to bless my house,
Belongs to God alone ;
Yet rendering him my constant vows,
He sends his blessings down.
- 2** Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his word ?

- 3 To ask with faith and hope,
The grace his Spirit supplies,
In pray'r and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice ?
- 4 Let each his sin eschew
Through thy restraining grace,
Our Father Abr'ham's steps pursue,
And walk in all thy ways.
- 5 Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which thou hast made,
Which thou hast bought with blood divine
To ask thy promis'd aid.
- 6 Me and my house receive,
Thy family t' increase,
And let us in thy favor live,
And let us die in peace.

HYMN 494. L. M.

Family Religion. Psalm lv. 17.

- 1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace !
From thee they spring ; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be still, sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come,
And sanctify our humblest home.
- 3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows :
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

- 4 So may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name ;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.
-

A WEDDING HYMN .

HYMN 495. C. M.

A Wedding Hymn. Gen. xxiv. 17. John ii. 1, 2.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast ;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands !
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best !
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each their share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.

- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca, give
 A pattern chaste and kind ;
 So may this married couple live,
 And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here,
 O make thy face to shine ;
 Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
 Than richest food or wine.
-

DISMISSION.

HYMN 496. 7's & 8's.

The Dismission. 2 Thess. iii. 18.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us now depart in peace ;
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase :
 Fill each breast with consolation ;
 Up to thee our hearts we raise :
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise,
 Hallelujah !

HYMN 497. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 498. S. M.

- 1 To THEE, eternal Three,
 In will and essence One,
 Be universal honors paid,
 Co-equal honors done.

HYMN 499. L. M.

At Dismission.

- 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.

HYMN 500. C. M.

Sanctification and Growth. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 Now may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' impris'ning grave
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save—
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built—
- 3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil !
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We ev'ry blessing pray ;
With glory let his name be crown'd
Through heaven's eternal day !

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL
SONGS.

HYMN 501. C. M.

A Camp Meeting Hymn.

- 1 YE weary, heavy laden'd souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye travellers through the wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore,
Through chilling winds and beating rains,
The waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you—
Take courage and be bold.
- 2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear,
Through the enchanting ground ;
Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear,
And dragons often roar,
But while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
Who mourns her absent mate,
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows to relate.
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.
- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the sky,
Black Jordan's billows roar !

Which often make the pilgrims fear
They never will get o'er.
But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain,
To fright our souls let Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land,
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.
The wintry time is past and gone,
Sweet flowers do appear,
The fiftieth year is now roll'd round,
The great Sabbatic year.

6 O what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes !
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies.
Bright angels whisp'ring me away,
O come, my brother come,
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.

7 By faith I see my gracious God,
On his eternal throne,
At his right hand the loving Lamb,
The Spirit, Three in One.
O that my faith were strong to rise
And bear my soul away,
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
In one eternal day.

8 Farewell, my brethren, in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound ;

And should we never meet again,
Till Jubal's trump shall sound,
I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore,
In oceans of eternal bliss,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 502. L. M.

- 1 My Saviour's name I'll gladly sing,
He is my Captain and my King ;
Where'er I go his name I'll bless,
And strive to live a Methodist.
- 2 The devil's camp I'll bid adieu,
And Zion's peaceful ways pursue ;
Come, sinners, join with me and list,
And fight like valiant Methodists.
- 3 It is religion makes the man,
The world may try to make it vain ;
But I would give the world for this,
To be in heart a Methodist.
- 4 I am a soldier of the cross,
All earthly things I count but dross ;
My soul is bound for endless rest,
I'll never leave the Methodists.
- 5 Come now with me, and you shall know,
What a dear Saviour can bestow ;
His love to me I can't express,
Although I'm call'd a Methodist.
- 6 A better church cannot be found,
Their doctrine is both pure and sound,

One reason which I give for this,
The devil hates the Methodists.

- 7 They're humble, loving, and sincere,
They labor night and day in prayer ;
I hope the Lord will them increase,
And turn the world to Methodists.
- 8 The world, the flesh, and Satan's crew,
Are up in arms against us too ;
They can't prevail—the reason's this,
The Lord defends the Methodists.
- 9 We shout too loud for sinners here ;
But when in heav'n we shall appear,
Our shouts shall make the heavens ring,
And all the saints in glory sing.

HYMN 503. 11's.

- 1 O how I have longed
For the coming of God—
And sought him by praying,
And searching his word.
With watching and fasting
My soul was oppress'd,
Nor would I give over
Till Jesus had bless'd.
- 2 The news of his mercy
At length I did hear ;
According to promise
He answer'd my pray'r—
And glory is open'd
In floods on my soul !
Salvation from Zion's
Beginning to roll.

- 3 The news of his mercy
Is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying
And praying to God ;
Their mourning and praying
Is heard very loud,
And many's found favor
In Jesus's blood.
- 4 Here's more, my dear Saviour,
That fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden
Enormously great.
Oh, raise them, my Jesus,
To tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah
With angels above.
- 5 I'll sing, and I'll shout,
And I'll shout and I'll sing,
O God, make the nations
With praises to ring—
With loud acclamations
Of Jesus's love,
And carry us all
To the city above.
- 6 We'll wait for his chariot,
It seems to draw near,
O come, my dear Saviour,
Let glory appear :
We long to be singing
And shouting above,
With angel's o'erwhelmed
In Jesus's love.

HYMN 504. 7. 6.

- 1 **COME**, my friends, and let us try,
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by ;
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts thee down ?
Who are those that grieve thee ?
Speak and let the worst be known ,
Speaking may relieve thee.
- 2 **O !** I sink beneath the load
Of my nature's evil ;
Full of enmity to God,
Captur'd by the devil.
Restless as the troubled sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful ;
Plagued with ev'ry sore disease,
How can I be cheerful ?
- 3 **Think** on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying ;
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.
- 4 **This** by faith I sometimes view,
And these views relieve me ;
But my sins return anew ;
These are they that grieve me
Oh ! I'm leprous, stinking, foul,
Quite throughout infected,

Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected ?

5 Think how loud thy dying Lord,
Cried out, " It is finish'd :"
Treasure up that sacred word,
Whole and undiminish'd.
Doubt not : he will carry on
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun ;
Why then this dejection ?

6 Faith, when void of works, is dead,
This the Scriptures witness ;
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness ?
All my powers are deprav'd,
Blind, perverse, and filthy ;
If from death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy ?

7 Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower ;
Look on Jesus, kind and strong,
Mercy's join'd with pow'r ;
Ev'ry work that thou must do,
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and in thee too,
Of his special favor.

8 Jesus' precious blood once spilt,
I depend on solely,
'To release and clear from guilt,
But I would be holy.

He that bought thee on the cross
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.

HYMN 505. 7's & 6's.

- 1 THERE we shall reign with Jesus,
On that delightful shore,
And shout with the redeemed,
Our trials all are o'er :
The wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest :
There we shall reign with Jesus,
Eternal ages blest.
- 2 We shall be like the angels,
In that immortal throng,
And shout aloud Salvation—
'Twill be our lasting song :
They sing creating goodness,
And we redeeming love ;
And this shall be our business,
In that bright world above.
- 3 This love so freely flowing,
It animates our heart :
This love is still abounding
In ev'ry place and part ;
This love can ne'er be ended,
Though faith and hope may cease ;
This love can ne'er be bounded,
But ever will increase.
- 4 This love through endless ages,
It ever is the same ;

'Tis this our heart engages,
 To love and serve the Lamb ;
 Unites us all together,
 And makes us of one soul :
 It is the Balm of Gilead,
 That makes the wounded whole.

HYMN 506. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 THE Son of man they did betray :
 He was condemn'd and led away.
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day :
 Look on Mount Calvary.
 Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious Sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood ;
 From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
 And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold in agony he dies ;
 O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
 Come, see his torturing pain.
 The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight :

The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
When Christ, the Lord, was slain.

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

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel, around him stand,
And mocking, say, " Come, save the land,
Come, try yourself to free."
A soldier pierced him when he died ;
Then healing streams came from his side ;
And thus my Lord was crucified,
Stern justice now is satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me !

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

- 7 'Tis done ! the dreadful debt is paid
The great atonement now is made ;
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood ;
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ, your smiling God.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthroned above the sky ;
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be giv'n ;
While heav'n above his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing—his grace abounds ;
I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in heav'n.

HYMN 507. L. M.

- 1 Ye happy souls, whose peaceful minds,
Are freed from pain and fear ;
Ye objects, whom kind heav'n design'd
To be its constant care ;
To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,
Press'd by my dismal state,
O can you with me sympathize,
While I my case relate ?
- 2 I once was happy in the Lord,
My soul was in a flame,

I did delight to hear his word,
 And praise his holy name :
 But now the gospel's hid from me,
 Though often I do hear—
 The law denounces death on me,
 And thunders out despair.

3 But wo is me, those joys are past,
 Those blissful scenes are o'er,
 I'm like a city quite laid waste,
 To be rebuilt no more ;
 In vain I sigh, in vain I mourn,
 In vain I seek for rest :
 I fear the dove will ne'er return
 To my poor troubled breast.

4 The devil waiting me around,
 To make my soul a prey ;
 I wait to hear the trumpet sound—
 Take, take the wretch away ;
 I linger, sigh, I mourn and cry,
 Sleep now has left mine eyes,
 And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,
 And that without disguise

5 O that I were some bird or beast,
 Were I a stork or owl,
 Some lofty tree should bear my nest,
 Or through the desert prowl.
 But I have an immortal soul,
 Within this house of clay,
 That either must with devils howl,
 Or dwell in endless day.

- 6 One evening, pensive as I lay
Alone upon the ground,
As I to God began to pray,
A light shone all around—
These words with pow'r went through my heart,
"I've come to set thee free,
Death, hell, nor grave shall never part,
My love, my child, from thee."
- 7 My dungeon shook, my chains flew off,
"Glory to God," I cried :
My soul was fill'd, I cried "enough,
For me the Saviour died.
The winter's past, the rain is gone,
Sweet flowers do now appear :
The morning's brought a glorious sun,
And banish'd ev'ry fear."
- 8 Hail, mighty Prince ! eternal Lord,
Who left the blazing throne,
Eternal truth attends thy word
Thou art the Father's Son ;
When on the brink of hell I lay,
Enclosed in blackest night,
Thou, Lord, didst hear the sinner pray,
And brought my soul to light.
- 9 All you that's grov'ling in your chains,
Without one spark of hope,
Though inexpressible your pains,
You still be looking up.
Though winds may blow, and storms may rise,
A dark and gloomy night,
The morning sun will clear the skies,
With sweet prevailing light.

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