Jack - Thought you
might appreciate
the antique Hymnal.
It is prayed and
worn but interesting!

Eulah Cecil

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Lexington, Kentucky

THE

CHRISTIAN HYMN BOOK.

A COMPILATION OF

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY

A. CAMPBELL AND OTHERS.

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY A COMMITTEE.

CINCINNATI:
BOSWORTH, CHASE & HALL
1873

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS Hymn Book is the result of an agreement between ALEXANDER CAMPBELL—the former proprietor of the Christian Hymn Book—and the Christian brotherhood at large as represented in the American Christian Missionary Society. At the annual meeting of the Society in 1864, an overture was made by Mr. Campbell, of the copy-right of the Christian Hymn Book, to be held by certain brethren, in trust, on two conditions: 1. That a committee be mutually agreed on, by himself and the Society, to revise and enlarge the book, so as to meet the general wishes of the brotherhood of Disciples: 2. That the profits arising from the sale of the book be given to the A. C. M. S. This overture was accepted, and the Committee of Revision was immediately appointed. That Committee, having fulfilled their task, now present the fruit of their labors to the public.

It will be seen that, while the former book was made the basis of this, the work of revision and enlargement has been made as thorough as possible. Still, comparatively few hymns have been expunged. After making as complete an exploration as our time would allow, of the realms of Christian Hymnology, we were more than ever convinced of the value of the labor, judgment, and taste, displayed in the compilation of the book we have so long used and cherished. We have met with no book of equal size, that possesses equal merit. The principal changes we have made, are

1. —A new classification of subjects—increasing the facility of reference to hymns on the various subjects of song

2.—An unbroken series of numbers to the hymns, which, while it necessitates the abolition of the formal distinction between Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, enables us to avoid the confusion that constantly grew out of the three series of numbers, which the former classification required.

3.—The numbering of the stanzas of every hymn, for easy reference, when any stanza is omitted in singing.

4.—An arrangement of *meters*, under every heading.

5.—A greatly enlarged number and variety of hymns, suited to the diversified wants of personal, social, and public devotion.

We take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to numerous brethren, for counsel and assistance: especially to Elder WILLIAM BAXTER, whose collected material and original contributions have been cheerfully placed at our disposal.

While we have admitted a few original hymns prepared expressly for this work, the additions have been made mostly from the old authors, or from the new resources furnished by the living authors of our own and other lands. It is believed that the work is brought fully up to the resources and demands of the present time.

Knowing that in Christian families, the Hymn Book is generally the most popular book of sacred poetry, and, not seldom, the sole resource of the family in that department, we have felt the importance of a large variety of the choicest lyrical productions that our language affords We have done what our time and means would allow toward this end. We hope that it may minister to the comfort, strength and purity of the Church of God; throw over many a hearth-stone, and many a weary pilgrim path, the sweet radiance of heavenly song; and give fresh encouragement to the cultivation of all pious sentiments and emotions, alike in the closet, the family, the prayer meeting, and the public assembly.

ISAAC ERRETT,
W. K. PENDLETON,
W T. MOORE,
T. M. ALLEN,
A. S. HAYDEN.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 7, 1865.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 *The works and the word of God.* L. M.
Psalm 19.

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

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

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

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

Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

2 *Divine love displayed, etc.* L. M.

TO thee my heart, Eternal King!
Would now its thankful tribute bring,
To thee its humble homage raise
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blesséd word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths are given;
There Jesus shows the way to heaven;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the laboring conscience peace;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O, may our song
Through endless years thy praise prolong;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more!

3 *Nature and revelation.* L. M.

THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

4 *Strength and peace from the divine word.* L. M

THERE is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 *The Scriptures our light and guide.* L. M.

WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God;
'T is for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a luster all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

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

Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrine is divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favored lands, who have this word!
Ye saints, who feel its saving power!
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguished grace adore.

6 *Their words to the end of the world.* L. M.
Psalm 19: 4.

UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year, does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world;

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its flood of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

7 *Hold fast the form of sound words.* L. M.
2 Tim. 1: 13.

GOD'S law demands one living faith,
Not a gaunt crowd of lifeless creeds;
Its warrant is a firm "God saith;"
Its claim, not words, but living deeds.

2 Yet, Lord, forgive; thy simple law
Grows tarnished in our earthly grasp;
Pure in itself, without a flaw,
It dims in our too-worldly clasp.

We handle it with unwashed hands;
We stain it with unhallowed breath;
We gloss it with device of man's,
And hide thine image underneath.

4 Forgive the sacrilege, and take
From off our souls the unworthy stain;
And show us, for thy Son's dear sake
Thy pure and perfect law again.

8 *The entrance of thy word giveth light.* L. P. M
Psalm 119 : 130.

I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

9 *Thy word is a lamp.* C. M.
Psalm 119 : 105.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

10 *Thy testimonies are my delight.* C. M.
Psalm 119 : 24.

FATHER of Mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thine name adored
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 rich repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

6 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

7 Divine Instructor! gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

11 *A light unto my path.* C. M
Psalm 119 : 105.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

12 *Thy law is my delight.* C. M.
Psalm 119 : 174.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

13 *Revelation welcomed.* C. M.

HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er a sinful world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O, send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid the admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

4 *O, how I love thy law.* C. M
Psalm 119: 97.

O HOW I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 I wake before the dawn of day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage,
How well employ my tongue;
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

15 *Wherewithal shall a young man, etc.* C. M
Psalm 119: 9.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise ;
We hate the sinner's road ;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise.
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

16 *Word of the everlasting God.* C. M

LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed!
True manna from on high!
Our guide and chart! wherein we read!
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!

4 Word of the everlasting God!
Will of his glorious son!
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

17 *Quicken me according to thy word.* C. M.
Psalm 119 : 25.

O LORD, thy precepts I survey ·
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

2 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

18 *The law of the Lord is perfect.* S. M.
Psalm 19 : 7.

O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts:
Commands our hope and fear:
O may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there!

19 *The books of nature and Scripture.* S. M.

BEHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all his starry works, on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land,
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands! rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

20 *My Bible.* 7s.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine:
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
Suffering in this wilderness;
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

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

21 *Book of grace.* 8s, 7 & 4.

BOOK of grace, and book of glory!
Gift of God to age and youth;
Wondrous in thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth.

2 Book of love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit sighing,
Consolation finds in thee;
As it hears the Saviour crying—
"Come, come to me."

4 Book of life! when we reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

22 *The word more precious than gold.* P. M.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword:

Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

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

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

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

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then, with ease, I drive him from me;
Satan trembles at the word:
'T is a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
I am rich—'t is he is poor.
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword!

23 *The family Bible.* 12s & 11s.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high!

I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand;
And that richest of books which excelled every other,
The family Bible that lay on the stand:
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blesséd Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night;
Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of the family band,
Has raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blesséd Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more:
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand:
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blesséd Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

GOD: HIS BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

24 *Great is the Lord.* L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord! 't is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

Great is the Lord! and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
His wisdom vast, and knows no bound;
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned

3 He loves the meek, rewards the just,
Humbles the wicked in the dust,
Melts and subdues the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

4 His saints are precious in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and loves his image there.

25 *Eternity of God.* L. M.

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood—
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

26 *"How unsearchable are thy judgments."* L. M.

Rom. 11: 33.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound:
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly trust thee still.

27 *Omnipresence of God.* L. M

FATHER of spirits! nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night:
One glance from thy all-piercing eye,
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy
Where naught impure shall enter in.

28 *The Lord reigneth.* L. M.
Psalm 96: 10.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

29 *Psalm* 100. L. M

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to keep.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he 's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

30 *Of him are all things.* L. M
Rom. 11: 36.

O SOURCE divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not love supreme in thee

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know thee truly but in this—
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

31 *In him we live and move.* L. M.
Acts 17: 28.

UNCHANGEABLE, all-perfect Lord!
Essential life's unbounded sea!
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thought,
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,
By thee was to existence brought.

2 High is thy power above all hight;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, holiness and might,
Can by no finite mind be known.
What our dim eyes could never see,
Is plain and naked in thy sight;
What thickest darkness vails to thee,
Shines clearly as the morning light.

3 Thine, Lord, is holiness, alone:
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne,
Love ever dwells at thy right hand.
And to thy love and ceaseless care,
Father! this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great source of life! doth flow.

32 *The all-seeing God.* L. M.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty hight.
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

33 *Psalm* 139. L. M.

LORD, thou hast formed mine every part,
Mine inmost thought is known to thee;
Each word, each feeling of my heart,
Thine ear doth hear, thine eye doth see.

2 Though I should seek the shades of night,
And hide myself in guilty fear,
To thee the darkness seems as light,
The midnight as the noonday clear.

3 The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
All own thee ever present there;
Where'er I turn, thou still art nigh,
Thy Spirit dwelling everywhere.

4 O may that Spirit, ever blest,
Upon my soul in radiance shine,
Till welcomed to eternal rest,
I taste thy presence, Lord, divine!

34 *God praised in all his works.* L. M. 6 lines.

THOU art, O Lord, the boundless source,
Whence all our thousand blessings flow;
And nature, through her endless course,
Proclaims thy love to all below;

While all above join in the strain
Of ceaseless praises to thy name.

2 The sun on golden chariot rides,
And sends to earth his rays of light;
While darkness from his brightness hides,
And vanishes from human sight;
This sunlight, when it comes to earth,
Declares thy goodness gave it birth.

3 The moon and stars, that rule at night,
And smile upon this world of wrong,
Bear on each trembling chord of light
The notes of this sweet, sacred song:
"Thou, Lord, didst make all things that move;
All are the creatures of thy love."

4 Then help my poor, unworthy heart
To join aloud in nature's praise;
And may my song, in every part,
Proclaim the wonders of thy ways;
And when I reach the heavenly plains,
I'll sing thy love in nobler strains.

35 *Lord, thou hast searched me, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 139: 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-observing eye 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 formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest all I mean.

4 O let thine arms surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

36 *Holy, holy, holy Lord.* C. M.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubin and seraphim,
Continually do cry—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
When heavenly hosts obey;
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou th' eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

37 *His praise endureth forever.* C. M.
Psalm 111: 10.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought
How glorious in our sight;
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame,
How wise th' eternal mind;
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

8 *O God, my heart is fixed.* C. M.
Psalm 57: 7.

O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame:
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

39 *The Infinite One.* C. M.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

4 Great God! how infinite art thou,
What worthless worms are we;
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

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40 *He trieth the reins.* C. M.
Psalm 7: 9.

GREAT God! thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The Holy and the Just,
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crush me to the dust—

3 O how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed,
And may thy Spirit firmly 'grave
This truth within my breast.

4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind the immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

41 *The Lord is great.* 11s & 8s.

THE Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven adore
And ye who tread this earthly ball; [him,
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

The Lord is great; his majesty how glorious
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victo-
He rules and reigns for evermore. [rious,

3 The Lord is great; his mercy how abound-
Ye angels, strike your golden chords; [ing!
O praise our God, with voice and harp resound-
The King of kings, and Lord of lords. [ing.

42 *The love of God.* C. P. M.

MY God! Thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in thy word I see it shine,
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There, Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

IN CREATION.

43 *The heavens declare the glory of God.* L. M.
Psalm 19 : 1.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 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,

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!

44 *He is clothed with majesty.* L. M
Psalm 93: 1.

JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

3 For ever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

45 *All thy works praise thee.* L. M.
Psalm 145: 10.

NATURE, with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne;
Tune high your harps, and spread the soun
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Nations pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna, from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

46 *Thy saints shall bless thee.* L. M.
Psalm 145: 10.

GREATEST of beings, source of life;
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea,
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3 The moon, to the deep shades of night,
Speaks the mild luster of thy name;
While all the stars, that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

4 And groves and vales, and rocks and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5 But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And, blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

PART FIRST.

47 *A hymn of praise.* L. M

SING to the Lord with cheerful voice;
From realm to realm the notes shall sound
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round.

2 When, starting from the shades of night,
Obedient, Lord, to thy behest,
The sun arrayed his limbs in light
And earth her virgin beauty drest;

3 Thy praise transported nature sung
In pealing chorus loud and far;
The echoing vault with rapture rung,
And shouted every morning star.

4 When bending from his native sky
The Lord of life in mercy came,
And laid his bright effulgence by,
To bear on earth a human name.

5 The song by cherub voices raised,
Rolled through the dark blue depths above
And Israel's shepherds heard, amazed,
The seraph notes of peace and love.

PART SECOND.

AND shall not man the concert join,
For whom this bright creation rose—
For whom the fires of morning shine,
And eve's still lamps, that woo repose?

2 And shall not he the chorus swell,
Whose form the incarnate Godhead wore,
Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumph tell
How deep the wounds his Saviour bore?

3 Long as yon glittering arch shall bend,
Long as yon orbs in glory roll,
Long as the streams of life descend
To cheer with hope the fainting soul,

4 Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,
Shall bid the song of rapture sound;
And heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full hosanna round.

48 *Praise of God peculiarly due from man.* L. M.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general pæan raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No; let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine;
Thou bad'st her being bounded be,
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gavest immortal life to me.

49 *God the fountain of being, etc.* L. M. 6 lines.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all the wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;

Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heaven—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

50 *God seen in all his works.* C. M

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

51 *Bless the Lord, all his works.* C. M.
Psalm 103: 22.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir!
In heavenly hights above,
With harp, and voice, and soul of fire,
Burning with perfect love.

2 Shine to his glory, worlds of light!
Ye million suns of space;
Ye moon and glittering stars of night,
Running your mystic race.

3 Shout to Jehovah, surging main!
In deep eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.

4 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow
Wild winds that keep his word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

5 And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.

52 *God seen in his works.* C. M.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There 's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

3 There 's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

4 There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

53 *Praise him in the firmament of his power.* C. M.
Psalm 150: 1.

BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

5 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn
Or shade the evening skies.

6 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fired,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

54 *The hymn of the seasons.* C. M. D

THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All-wise, all-holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature, a temple worthy thee,
Beams with thy light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar.

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;

Her autumn brings its golden fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver hights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

55 *The ineffable glory of God.* C. H. M

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O, what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught--
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer vail,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

4 O, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

56 *The Lord Jehovah reigns.* S. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise.
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all the works of grace.

57 *Jehovah reigns.* S. P. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!

3 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall never remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

58 *Let everything that hath breath praise, etc.* 7s
Psalm 150.

PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heaven and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth:
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace—
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

59 *Source of being, source of light.* 7s, double.

SOURCE of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright;
Thee, when morning greets the skies,
Blushing sweet with humid eyes;
Thee, when soft declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee, O Parent, will I sing,
To thy feet my tribute bring!

2 Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky;
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced;
All-creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless;
Shaking nature with thy nod,
Earth and heaven confess their God.

3 Father, King, whose heavenly face
Shines serene upon our race;
Mindful of thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare;
We thy majesty adore,
We thy well-known aid implore;
Not in vain thy aid we call,
Nothing want, for thou art all!

60 *All the earth doth worship thee.* 7s.

GOD eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall:
All the earth doth worship thee,
We amid the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God Most High,
Glorified Apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise.

61 *God is love.* 7s, 6 lines
1 John 4: 8.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart.

All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love.

IN PROVIDENCE.

62 *Grace and glory.* L. M

THE Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness vail his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord:
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

63 *God in all.* L. M

THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of the Deity.

2 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

64 *Be thou exalted, O my God.* L. M.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 My heart is fixed: my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

4 High o'er earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

65 *Unchanging trust.* L. M

NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defense to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad—
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise I justly owe;
So shall I by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

66 *God ever near.* L. M

O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee is cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near!

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O love divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

67 *Contentment.* L. M
Phil. 4: 11

O LORD, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place I seek, or place I shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

68 *Thy will be done.* L. M. 6 lines

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
Alike they 're needful for the flower,
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be,
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

3 O ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When fall the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath—
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

69 *The wisdom of God.* L. M.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

70 *Psalm* 23. L. M. 6 lines.

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 noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade

71 *Who is like unto thee, O Israel?* L. M.
Deut. 33: 29.

WITH Israel's God, who can compare?
Or who, like Israel, happy are?
O, people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward.

2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms!
In vain their plots, and false their boasts—
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts!

72 *Psalm* 146. L. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
And immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppressed, 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 laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And immortality endures.

73 *God of Bethel.* C. M.
Gen. 20: 19-22.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led—

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

74 *God the trust of his saints.* C. M.

O THOU my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassion, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

75 *Our dwelling place in all generations.* C. M.
Psalm 90.

OUR 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
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all it sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

76 *The goodness of God.* C. M.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim:
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

77 *Your heavenly Father feedeth them.* C. M
Matt. 6: 25-34.

O WHY despond in life's dark vale!
Why sink to fears a prey?
Th' almighty power can never fail,
His love can ne'er decay.

2 Behold the birds that wing the air,
Nor sow nor reap the grain;
Yet God, with all a father's care,
Relieves when they complain.

3 Behold the lilies of the field:
They toil nor labor know;
Yet royal robes to theirs must yield,
In beauty's richest glow.

4 That God who hears the raven's cry,
Who decks the lily's form,
Will surely all your wants supply,
And shield you in the storm.

5 Seek first his kingdom's grace to share.
Its righteousness pursue:
And all that needs your earthly care
He will bestow on you.

78 *Gratitude.* C. M

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

1 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise;
But O! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

79 *Thy judgments are a great deep.* C. M.
Psalm 36: 6.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on 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 gracious will.

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

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

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

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

80 *My God, how wonderful thou art.* C. M.

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious is thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

4 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

81 *The God of my life.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

3 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

5 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Redeemed from anxious fear:
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou be with me there.

82 *In the winds.* C. M.
Isaiah 27: 8.

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by the majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
'Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

83 *His tender mercies are over all his works.* C. M.
Psalm 145: 9.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There, pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

84 *Seeing him who is invisible.* C. M. 6 lines.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh!

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain:
Thy messenger the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main:

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways:
But thou art not in tempest flame
Nor in the noontide blaze.

4 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control;
But still, thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere!

5 O! not in circling depth or hight,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though vailed from sight;
There doth his Spirit rest:
O, come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

85 *Just and true are thy ways.* C. M
Rev. 15: 3.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

86 *God is love.* C. M.
1 John 4: 8.

I CAN not always trace the way
Where thou, almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love!

4 O may this truth my heart employ,
And every gloomy thought remove;
It fills my soul with boundless joy,
That God is love!

87 *Thou hast taught me from my youth.* C. M.
Psalm 71.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind!
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years, thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And, as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

4 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

5 Therefore, in life I 'll trust in thee;
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

88 *All things are yours.* C. M.
1 Cor. 3: 21.

SINCE God is mine, then present thing
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit, too,
And glory all divine.

2 Since he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 Since he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble power,
Their utmost force repel.

4 Since he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honors flee:
Sure, he who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

5 Since he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's dark, lonely vale:
He is my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 And now, O Lord, since thou art mine,
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

89 *Providence.* C. M.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
In dust before the Lord!
Whate'er his powerful hand has formed,
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
O'er looked in his decrees:
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

4 If light attend the course I go,
'T is he provides the rays;
And 't is his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know
What, in the book of his decrees,
Awaits me here below.

6 Be this alone my fervent prayer:
Whate'er my lot may be,
Or joys, or sorrows—may they form
My soul for heaven and thee!

90 *Majesty of God.* C M
Psalm 18.

THE Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

91 *Now we know in part.* S. M
1 Cor. 13: 12.

THY way is in the sea;
Thy paths we can not trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark vails of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wandering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above.

4 In part we know thy will,
And bless thee for the sight;
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

5 With joy shall we survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

92 *He careth for you.* S. M.
1 Peter 5: 7.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

93 *Praise for mercies.* S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins;
'T is he relieves thy pain;
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When rescued from the grave;
He that redeemed our souls from death,
Hath boundless power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

94 *Psalm* 23. S. M

THE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I can not yield to fear; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My shepherd 's with me there.

95 *His mercy endureth for ever.* S. M.
Psalm 103.

MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

96 *The fountain.* S. M.

GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

97 *Psalm* 136. 7s, double

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state,

2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light,
Caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

98 *Thou art my hiding place.* P. M.
Psalm 32: 7.

TO thee, O God! to thee,
With lowly heart I bend;
Lord, to my prayer attend,
And haste to succor me,
Thou never-failing friend!
For seas of trouble o'er me roll,
And 'whelm with tears my sinking soul.

2 On thee, O God! on thee,
With humble hope I'll lean;
Thou who hast ever been
A hiding place to me
In many a troubled scene;
Whose heart, with love and mercy fraught,
Back to the fold thy wanderer brought.

99 *The elder brother.* 8s & 7s.

YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven:
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

100 *Jehovah jireh.* 10s & 11s
Gen. 22: 14.

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

2 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 't is written, The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but can not be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide—
The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.

6 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.

101 *Praise the King of heaven.* 8s & 7s

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever:
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him! praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us—
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise him! praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore him:
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him! praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

102 *God glorious.* 10s & 11s

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love—
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Preserver, and Friend.

5 O Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

103 *Psalm* 23. 11s

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

104 *Fear not, little flock.* 9s & 6s.
Luke 12: 32.

YES! our Shepherd leads with gentle hand,
Through the dark pilgrim-land,
His flock, so dearly bought,
So long and fondly sought.
Hallelujah!

2 When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar
A bright and guiding star.
Hallelujah!

3 Tenderly he watches from on high
With an unwearied eye;
He comforts and sustains,
In all their fears and pains.
Hallelujah!

4 Through the parched, dreary desert he will guid
To the green fountain-side:
Through the dark, stormy night,
To a calm land of light.
Hallelujah!

5 Yes! his "little flock" are ne'er forgot;
His mercy changes not:
Our home is safe above,
Within his arms of love.
Hallelujah!

IN REDEMPTION.

105 *God only wise.* L. M.

AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines for ever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

106 *Grace.* L. M.

MY God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

2 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

107 *Creation and redemption.* L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

108 *The reconciliation.* L. M.

O LOVE, beyond conception great,
That formed the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man:

2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains—
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet:
He paid to justice all her due;
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

109 *What is man?* L. M.
Psalm 8.

LORD, what is man? Extremes how wide
In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh to worms and dust allied,
The soul immortal and divine.

2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by heaven's inspiring breath;
Till sin, with power prevailing, came
Then followed darkness, shame and death

3 But Jesus, O amazing grace!
Assumed our nature as his own,
Obeyed and suffered in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now, what is man, when grace reveals,
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth and walks with God

5 And what, in yonder realms above,
is ransomed man ordained to be!
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorned than he.

6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wondering angels round him throng
And swell the chorus of his praise.

110 *Love—that passeth knowledge.* L. M.

O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new:
Above all price, and still unbought;
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2 O, wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the Cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

4 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of the way:
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

111 *Nature and grace.* C. M.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

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

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe,
We love and we adore;
The brightest angel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known;
But thought can never trace
Which of the glories brighter shine,
The justice or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

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

112 *Heaven and earth are full of his glory.* C. M.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing:
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky;
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And decked with sparkling gold.

Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

4 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And here adore his love.

113 *God is love.* C. M.

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

2 This precious truth his word declares
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls for mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 O! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

114 *No joy without God.* C. M.

Psalm 73.

GOD! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

115 *Jehovah my strength.* 8s, 7s & 4.

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

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side!
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

116 *God is light and love.* 8s & 7s.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move!
Bliss he grants, and woe he lightens;
God is light, and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is light, and God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the cloud his brightness streameth;
God is light, and God is love.

4 He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is light, and God is love.

CHRIST: THE NATIVITY.

117 *Luke* 2: 11. L. M.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

2 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

4 "O Zion lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

6 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart:
Bids Satan and his hosts depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

118 *Genesis* 3: 15. L. M.

BEHOLD the woman's promised seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased—
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance join
To pour their witness on his head:
Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
And own thee as the promised seed.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

119 *Glory to God—good will to men.* C. H. M.

IN hymns of praise, eternal God,
When thy creating hand
Stretched the blue arch of heaven abroad,
And meted sea and land,
The morning stars together sung,
And shouts of joy from angels rung.

2 Than earth's prime hour, more joyous far
Was the eventful morn,
When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star
Announced a Saviour born!
Then sweeter strains from heaven began,
"Glory to God—good will to man."

3 Babe of the manger! can it be?
Art thou the Son of God?
Shall subject nations bow the knee,
And kings obey thy nod?
Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall
Before the tenant of a stall?

4 'T is he! the hymning seraphs cry,
While hovering drawn to earth;
'T is he, the shepherds' songs reply;
Hail! hail! Immanuel's birth;
The rod of peace those hands shall bear,
That brow a crown of glory wear!

5 'T is he! the eastern sages sing,
And spread their golden hoard;
'T is he! the hills of Zion ring,
Hosanna to the Lord!
The Prince of long prophetic years
To-day in Bethlehem appears!

120 *Song of the angels.* C. M. double

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
O! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;

Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

121 *Mortals, awake.* C. M.

MORTALS! awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

3 The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die!"

7 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail!
Redeemer—brother—friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

22 *Isaiah* 9 : 6. C. M.

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

123 *The day-spring from on high.* C. M.

CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy hights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Gallilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

6 Light on thy hill, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Advent morn.

124 *The Advent.* C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
The welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovéd name.

125 *Joy to the World.* C. M

JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

126 *Christ is born in Bethlehem.* 7s
Luke 2.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 See, 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 Vailed in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

6 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!"

27 *The wonderful.* 7s

BRIGHT and joyful was the morn
When to us a child was born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son was given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty—and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

128 *Watchman, what of the night!* 7s.
Isaiah 21: 11.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's hights
See that glory-beaming star!

2 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

5 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

129 *A Bethlehem hymn.* 7s

HE has come! the Christ of God
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.

2 He has come—the Prince of Peace—
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter, with his light,
All the shadows of our night.

3 He, the mighty King, has come!
Making the poor earth his home:
Come to bear sin's heavy load;
Son of David, Son of God.

4 He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us his glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

5 Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Numbered in the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

6 Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven;
Bringing with him from above,
Holy peace and holy love.

30 *Immanuel.* 7s.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite—
O mysterious depth and hight!

2 God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

131 *Silent night.* P. M.

SILENT night! hallowed night!
Land and deep silent sleep;
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beckoning Israel's eye from afar
Where the Saviour is born.

2 Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight:
Christ the Saviour has come

3 Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth awake, silence break,
High your anthems of melody raise,
Heaven and earth in full chorus of praise;
Peace for ever shall reign.

132 *Good tidings of great joy.* H. M.
Luke 2.

HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh—
The joyful host descends;
The Lord forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bends:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round!
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name!
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string,
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing!

133 *Shepherds, hail the wondrous stranger.* 8s & 7s.

SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger,
Now to Bethlehem speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.

2 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode:
Rapturous news for every nation:
Now, behold the Son of God.

3 Love eternal moved the Saviour,
Thus to lay his radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb for ever;
Glory be to God on high

134 *Chorus of the angels.* 8s & 7s.
Luke 2: 14.

HARK! what joyful notes are swelling
On the quiet midnight air!
'T is the voice of angels telling,
Jesus comes our sins to bear!
Now the music, in its gladness,
Breaks, and swells, and glides along!
Now, earth, waking from her sadness,
Joins the chorus of the song!
Glory in the highest heaven!
Peace on earth, good-will to man!
Let all praise to God be given,
For redemption's glorious plan!

2 See all darkness disappearing
As the star begins to rise!
Sin and death stand trembling, fearing,
As the light falls on their eyes:
Now, again, the earth rejoices,
Satan's powerful kingdom shakes,
As, from all the heavenly voices,
Louder still the chorus breaks!
Glory in the highest heaven! etc.

3 Rise and shine, Star of Salvation!
Spread thy beams o'er all the earth,
Till each distant land and nation
Owns and speaks thy matchless worth!

Till all tongues, thy praises singing,
Shall thy mighty wonders tell,
Till all heaven with joy is ringing,
As our hearts the chorus swell:
Glory in the highest heaven! etc.

4 When our days on earth are ended,
And we rise to worlds above,
Then our songs shall all be blended
In one song of pardoning love!
Then we 'll tell the wondrous story,
And our blesséd Lord adore;
In our home of bliss and glory
We shall sing for evermore!
Glory in the highest heaven!
Sound aloud the joyful strain!
Glory to the Lamb be given,
Who for sinners once was slain!

135 *Hark! what mean those holy voices?* 8s & 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices!
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory to the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven'"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him—
'Glory be to God most high!'"

136 *Christ, the Saviour, born.* 8s & 7s

HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver—
Born a child, yet Christ, our King—
Born to reign in us for ever—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

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

137 *Come and worship.* 8s, 7s & 4

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

138 *Hail the blest morn.* 11s & 10s.

HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends!

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine;
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

139 *Hallelujah to the Lamb.* 12s

FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news how the babe was attended.
Go, shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger;
See yonder bright star! there's your Lord in a manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased our pardon
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation!
Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation;
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices!

3 Now glory to God in the highest be given,
All glory to God is re-echoed from heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

4 O Jesus! ride on, thy kingdom is glorious;
Over sin, death, and hell, thou 'lt make us victorious!
Thy banner unfurl—let the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their Lord and Defender!

140 *Glory to God in the highest.* P. M.

HARK! from the world on high
Glory to God!
Now swells along the sky
Glory to God!
Songs, like sweet notes of praise,
Pour forth in rapturous lays,
As all the voices raise
Glory to God!

2 Hear how the angels sing
Glory to God!
Through all the heavens ring
Glory to God!
Now, let each heart on earth
Sing of the Saviour's birth,
Telling his matchless worth,
Glory to God!

LIFE AND MINISTRY.

141 *His teaching.* L. M.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home:
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

142 *His baptism.* L. M. 6 lines

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse;
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave!

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps concealed from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise;
A fit example this for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But, lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head:
Amazed they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But hark! my soul, hark, and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?
Not loud, like Sinai's awful roar;
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song·
"This is my well-belovéd Son,
I see well-pleased what he hath done."

5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod,
Through parting skies the accents broke
And bid us hear the Son of God;
O hear the awful word to-day;
Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

143 *His holy life.* L. M.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love—
O! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
O may thy spirit be our guide!

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

144 *The meekness and gentleness of Christ.* L. M.
II Cor. 10: 1.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O, who like thee—so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see,
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

6 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

145 *His miracles.* L. M.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies: the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises by the power of God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

146 *His example.* L. M

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

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

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

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

147 *He so loved the world.* L. M.
John 3: 16.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell

Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

148 *His poverty.* C. H. M.

AS much have I of wordly good
As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad;
Though plain my garb, though scant my hoard,
As Mary's Son and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was his infant bed,
His home the mountain cave;
He had not where to lay his head—
He borrowed e'en his grave;
Earth yielded him no resting-spot;
Her Maker, but she knew him not.

3 As much the world's good-will I share,
Its favors and applause,
As he whose blesséd name I bear,
Hated without a cause;
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below?
Or sigh for brief renown?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joy at God's right hand.

149 *He went about doing good.* C. M.
Acts 10: 38.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

150 *The man of sorrows.* C. M.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world
The blessed Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave!

Such was our Lord: and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No; facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

151 *Mighty to save.* C. M.

THE winds were howling o'er the deep;
Each wave a watery hill;
The Saviour wakened from his sleep;
He spake, and all was still.

2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair;
Woe to the traveler who strayed
With heedless footsteps, there.

3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weanéd child.

4 O, madder than the raving man!
O, deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me!

5 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

152 *His unsearchable riches.* C. P. M.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I 'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

153 *A bruised reed he shall not break.* 11s.
Matt. 12; 20.

TO the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair:
She heard in the city that Jesus was there:
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of her Lord!

2 The hair on her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark on the blushes that glowed on her cheek;
And so sad and so lowly she knelt in her shame,
It seemed that her spirit had fled from her frame.

3 The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in the hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet
For the wealth of the perfume she showered on his feet.

4 She heard but her Saviour—she spoke but in sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes:
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast
As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly pressed.

5 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one—her sins were forgiven,
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven!

154 *Sacred tears.* 10s & 11s, peculiar.

DRAW near, ye weary, bowed, and broken-hearted,
Ye onward travelers to a peaceful bourne;
Ye from whose path the light hath all departed;
Ye who are left in solitude to mourn;

Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

2 The bright and spotless heir of endless glory,
Wept o'er the woes of those he came to save;
And angels wondered when they heard the story
That he who conquered death wept o'er the grave;
For 't was not when his lonely watch he kept
In dark Gethsemane, that "Jesus wept."

3 But with the friends he loved, whose hope had perished,
The Saviour stood, while through his bosom rushed
A tide of sympathy for those he cherished,
And from his eyes the burning tear-drops gushed;
And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit, "Jesus wept."

4 Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye!
Look up, ye mourners, hear what he hath spoken:
"He that believes on me, shall never die."
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept;
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

155 *He made himself of no reputation.* C. M. D.
Phil. 2: 7.

HE came with his heavenly crown,
His scepter clad with power;
His coming was in feebleness,
The infant of an hour;
An humble manger cradled, first,
The Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds surrounded there
The Lord of heaven and earth.

2 He came not in his robe of wrath,
With arm outstretched to slay;
But on the darkling paths of earth,
To pour celestial day;
To guide in peace the wandering feet
The broken heart to bind,
And bear upon the painful cross,
The sins of human kind.

3 And thou hast borne them, Saviour meek!
And therefore unto thee,
In humbleness and gratitude,
Our hearts shall offered be;

Our contrite hearts, an offering, Lord,
Which thou wilt not despise,
Our souls, our bodies, all be thine,
A living sacrifice!

156 *Jesus wept.* 8s, 7s & 7s.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same:
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee?
Gracious one of Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping one of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept, and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living one of Bethany!

SUFFERINGS.

157 *Christ the sufferer.* L. M.

O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, th' exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?

4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

158 *Led as a lamb to the slaughter.* L. M.

THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face!
Nor form, nor comeliness is there.

2 Brought forth to judgment, now he stands
Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce pretorian bands;
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.

He bears their buffeting and scorn—
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee—
The purple robe, the crown of thorn—
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.

4 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'mid his murderers he remains.

5 But hark, he prays; 't is for his foes;
And speaks: 't is comfort to his friends;
Answers: and paradise bestows;
He bows his head—the conflict ends.

159 *The midnight agony.* L. M

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

160 *The bitter cup.* C. M

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid:
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed:

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner: see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee.
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

161 *He beheld the city, and wept over it.* S. M
Luke 19: 41.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

162 *His example in suffering.* 7s, 6 lines

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

2 Follow to the judgment hall:
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

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

163 *Christ in the garden.* 6s & 5s.

NIGHT, with ebon pinion,
Brooded o'er the vale;
All around was silent,
Save the night-wind's wail;
When Christ the man of sorrows,
In tears, and sweat, and blood,
Prostrate in the garden,
Raised his voice to God.

2 Smitten for offenses
Which were not his own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone;
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help was there,
When the meek and lowly,
Humbly bowed in prayer.

3 Abba, Father, Father!
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish,
Pass from me, I pray.
Yet, if it must be suffered
By me, thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let thy will be done.

164 *Gethsemane* P. M.

BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane:
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane:
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We 'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

165 *Agony in the garden.* C. H. M.

HE knelt; the Saviour knelt and pray
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of high and heavenly birth
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun went down in fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow him;
That he who came to save might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head;
And the deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through him that path who trod:
"Save, or we perish, Son of God."

166 *Betrayal.* S. H. M.

AMONG the mountain trees,
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe;
A voice of grief was on the gale,
It came from Cedron's gloomy vale.

2 It was the Saviour's prayer
That on the silence broke,
Imploring strength from heaven to bear
The sin-avenging stroke,
As in Gethsemane he knelt,
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone
In dim and misty gleams,
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod,
While Jesus raised his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that stayed,
Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
And gave themselves to sleep:

Meekly and sad he prayed alone;
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's bank
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame;
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe;
For cruel voices filled the gale
That came from Cedron's gloomy vale.

167 *Thou sweet gliding Cedron.* 11s

THOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam!
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

O garden of Olives! thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot:
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

168 *The bitter cry.* L. M.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry:
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace—
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah vailed his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die!

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O! let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

169 *Looking to the Cross.* L. M.

O LORD! when faith with fixéd eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
The flowing tears and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have seen the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely

4 The sorrow, shame, and death, were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss;
What love can be compared to this!

170 *Herein is love!* L. M.
1 John 4: 10.

HAVE we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look, how patiently he hangs—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

2 What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

171 *Behold the man.* L. M.

BEHOLD the Man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unawed,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemned:
A Man of suffering and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! he stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

172 *Darkness and light.* L. M.

HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see—
Jesus the dead revives again!

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

4 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

5 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

173 *His condescension.* C. M

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high;
Surpassing mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying rebel's place,
And suffered in our stead;
For sinful man, O wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled!

4 O Lord! what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy most precious blood?
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

174 *He conquered when he fell.* C. M

WE sing the Saviour's wondrous death—
He conquered when he fell:
'T is finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'T is finished, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign 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 passed to reach the crown.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise!

175 *They nailed him to the cross.* C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is finished! now the ransom 's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon from death he 'll rise again,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine?

176 *The dying penitent.* C. M.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groaned, and bled, and died,
He looked with pity on a wretch
That languished by his side.

2 The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine;
While scoffing Jews around him stood,
And asked him for a sign!

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine, he said;
'T is thine o'er men to reign:
Thy wondrous works thy Lordship prove,
These pains thy love proclaim:

Honors divine await thee soon,
A scepter and a crown:
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.

5 Then, gracious Lord, remember me!
Is not forgiveness thine?
My crimes have brought me to thy side—
Thy love brought thee to mine!

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day your parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.

177 *Surely he hath borne our griefs.* 7s & 6s.

O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down—
O sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown:
Once on a throne of glory,
Adorned with light divine;
Now all despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 On me, as thou art dying,
O, turn thy pitying eye;
To thee for mercy crying,
Before thy cross I lie.
Thine, thine the bitter passion;
Thy pain is all for me;
Mine, mine the deep transgression
My sins are all on thee.

3 What language can I borrow
To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
For all this dying sorrow,
Of all my woes the end?
O, can I leave thee ever?
Then do not thou leave me;
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying;
Then close beside me stand;
Let me, while faint and sighing,
Lean calmly on thy hand:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—in thy love.

178 *It is finished.* 8s, 7s & 4
John 19: 30.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and vails the sky!
It is finished!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished!
Saints, from this your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, you seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

179 *Behold the Lamb of God.* 8s & 6s.
John 1: 20.

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

2 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,
Blushed, and refused to view the sight,
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourned, and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

3 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 given:
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing—his grace abounds;
I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When glorified in heaven.

BURIAL AND RESURRECTION.

180 *He rose—according to the Scriptures.* L. M.
I Cor. 15: 4.

WHEN we the sacred grave survey
In which the Saviour deigned to lie,
We see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered death
Sure pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 Our surety freed declares us free,
For whose offenses he was seized:
In his release our own we see,
And joy to see Jehovah pleased.

4 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Then, though in dust we lay our head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
Our flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave!

181 *The joy that was set before him.* L. M
Heb. 12: 2.

NOW for a song of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's only Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the Lord, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

182 *He hath begotten us to a lively hope.* C. M
I Peter 1: 3.

BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never lie.

3 What though the first man's sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There 's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And can not fade away!

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall take us home.

183 *Now is Christ risen from the dead.* C. M.
I Cor. 15: 20.

BLEST morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising Lord:
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

184 *The forsaken sepulcher.* C. M.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with reverence down, to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,
And still your sorrows rise,
Stoop down and view the vanquished grave,
Then wipe your weeping eyes.

4 But dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er the angelic band he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

185 *The Resurrection, and the life.* C. M.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered 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 spoiled our hellish foes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heaven and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

186 *The Lord is risen.* C. H. M.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And vailed in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain:
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—he is not here;"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O! weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh—
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since he has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again

187 *Redemption completed.* S. M.

"THE Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work performed;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
The grave has lost his prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels! hear:
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

188 *Thou reigning Son of God.* H M.

YES, the Redeemer rose:
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:

Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high
What music fills the air:
Their anthems say,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—
He rose to-day!

4 You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
Jesus who bled
Has left the dead
No more to die!

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who saved us by thy blood:
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain
Beyond the skies.

189 *The stone rolled away.* 7s.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Ranks of angels, on the road,
Hail him—the incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne—
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres:
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

190 *Christ, the first fruits.* 7s.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our 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 opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 King of glory, Fount of bliss,
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

191 *The Resurrection.* 7s.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

192 *Mary at the tomb.* 7s, double.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For a-while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved:

Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
She her heavy griefs forgot,
For she found him still the same.

3 And her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make—
Turning darkness into day;
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

193 *He hath abolished death.* 8s.
II Tim. 1: 10.

THE angels that watched round the tomb
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom
He hid for a season his head;

2 That vailed their fair face while he slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ,
Have witnessed his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

3 You saints, who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.

The grave in which Jesus was laid
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

5 O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last lingering ray of its sun!

6 Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heartstrings shall break
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

8 No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life, as it sets,
Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

194 *The darkness is passed, etc.* 8s.
I John 2: 8.

BEHOLD, the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
And shows him almighty to save.

2 How strong were his tears and his cries,
The worth of his blood, how divine!
How perfect was his sacrifice,
Who rose, though he suffered for sin.

3 The man that was crownéd with thorns,
The man that on Calvary died,
The man that bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

Now blesséd for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain,
Now glory has crownéd his head;
Heaven sings of the Lamb that was slain.

3 Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith, we partake in his rest;
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blest.

THE ASCENSION.

195 *Lift up your heads, ye gates.* L. M.
Psalm 24 : 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, you heavenly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene!
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory?—who?
The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, you heavenly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory?—who?
The Lord, of boundless might possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
Lord over all, for ever blest.

196 *The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.* L. M
Psalm 24.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates! and wide
Your everlasting doors display;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,
And give the King of glory way.

2 Who is the King of glory?—he,
The Lord omnipotent to save;
Whose own right arm, in victory,
Led captive death, and spoiled the grave.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high
Your everlasting portals heave;
Welcome the King of glory nigh:
Him must the heaven of heavens receive.

4 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of hosts; behold his name!
The Kingdom, power, and honor due,
Yield him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.

97 *Psalm* 24. C. M.

LIFT up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise,
Ye everlasting doors that guard
The passage to the skies.

CHORUS.—For see, for see,
The King of glory comes,
The King of glory comes,
Along the eternal road

2 Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
And throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

198 *Received up into glory.* C. M
I Tim. 3: 16.

TRIUMPHANT, Christ ascends on high,
The glorious work complete;
Sin, death, and hell, now vanquished lie
Beneath his awful feet.

There with eternal glory crowned,
The Lord, the Conqueror reigns;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains.

3 Amid the splendors of his throne,
Unchanging love appears;
The names he purchased for his own,
Still on his heart he bears.

4 O, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

199 *God is gone up with a shout.* C. M
Psalm 47: 5.

ARISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud—wide echoing round,
The ascending Lord proclaim;
The angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

4 O shout, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the almighty Lord.

200 *He became obedient unto death.* 6s & 10s
Phil. 2: 8.

THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessèd labors done,
Thy crown of victory won, [high
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father! thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O thou who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife; [bowed
Thy own meek head with rudest storms was
Raise thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love [cloud.
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the

4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread, [thee.
Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to

201 *Rule thou, in the midst of thine enemies.* 6s & 4s.
Psalm 110: 2.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into thy native skies—
Assume thy right;
And where, in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train;
Praises all heaven inspire,
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go
And take thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years—
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

202 *Psalm* 45. 7s, 6s & 7s.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian;
Lo! we lift our longing eyes!
Break, ye intervening skies
Sons of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Trumpets loud resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven resounding with the theme.

3 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

THE CORONATION.

203 C M

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

2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 You gentle sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above
And crown him Lord of all.

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

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

204 *Sit thou at my right hand.* C. M.
Psalm 110: 1.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy saving grace.

3 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

205 *Thou art worthy.* 8s & 7s.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

3 Now ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

206 *Worthy the Lamb.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!

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

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

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

207 *King of kings, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4
Rev. 19: 16.

LOOK, ye saints—the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concert rings,
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's name.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

MEDIATORIAL REIGN.

208 *Of his kingdom there shall be no end.* L. M
Luke 1: 33.

KING Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrivaled in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till with the vast unnumbered throng
We join in heaven's triumphant song—

4 Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In everlasting strains above.

209 *All nations shall serve him.* L. M
Psalm 72: 11.

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

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfumes shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

210 *Give the King thy judgments.* L. M
Psalm 72: 1.

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne;
'T is fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless scepter sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide let thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

211 *My heart is inditing a good matter.* L. M.
Psalm 45: 1.

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 Thy throne, O Lord, for ever stands;
Grace is the scepter in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

212 *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* L. M
Job 19: 25.

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

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

213 *Let the whole earth be filled with his glory.* L. M
Psalm 72: 19.

GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands;
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

214 *The Lord is King.* L. M

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring—
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

215 *He humbled himself.* L. M.
Phil. 2: 8.

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee, ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found—
It flows from every streaming wound—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond and frees our souls!

Thou didst create the stars of night:
Yet thou hast vailed in flesh thy light—
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end!

216 *His promises are yea and amen.* L. M.

SAVIOUR, I lift my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, placed on high
The great, the atoning sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

2 Be thou my guard on peril's brink;
Be thou my guide through weal or woe;
And teach me of thy cup to drink,
And make me in thy faith to go.

3 For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still my own:
The feeblest frame may bear thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share thy throne.

217 *Let all the angels of God worship him.* L. M
Heb. 1: 6.

THEE we adore, O gracious Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord·
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein:

The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing:
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

218 *He hath the keys of hell and of death.* L. M.
Rev. 1: 18.

HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell;
The spacious world unseen is his,
The sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and anguish once he died;
But now he lives for evermore;
Bow down, you saints, around his seat,
And all you angel bands adore.

3 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 For ever reign, victorious King! [known;
Wide through the earth thy name be
And call our longing souls to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

219 *My Redeemer liveth.* L. M
Job 19: 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
O the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives!

220 *No other name.* L. M.
Acts 4 : 12.

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
Thy way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

221 *Excellency of the knowledge of Christ.* L. M.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord:
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stored the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands.

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

222 *Lord, to whom shall we go?* L. M.
John 6: 68.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call!
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'t is death—'t is more—
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

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

223 *Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* L. M.

THOU art the Way; and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By thee must come, thou gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

2 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
Shines on thro' earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting Ray,
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
The Light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go;
The Word whose precious radiance flings
Its luster upon all below.

3 Thou art the Life, the blessèd Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more;
Thou art the mystic Pillar given,
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day;
Thou art the sacred Bread from heaven;
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

224 *A very present help in trouble* L. M. 6 lines.
Psalm 46: 1.

STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Support by thy almighty hand,
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defense,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O Saviour, in that trying hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

225 *Christ all and in all.* L. M. 6 lines

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower
Our trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter, thou art
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart:
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown:

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

226 *Prophet, Priest, and King.* L. M. 6 lines.

MY Prophet thou, my heavenly Guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

2 My great High Priest, whose precious bloo.
Did once atone upon the cross,
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause:
In thee I trust, thee would I love,
And imitate the blest above.

3 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit;
My Saviour King, this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

227 *He is precious.* L. M

I Peter 2: 7.

JESUS! the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn;
To them that seek thee, O how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness;
Alone, who hath thee in his heart,
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

228 *Christ a merciful High Priest.* C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

229 *The bright and morning star.* C. M
Rev. 22: 16.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given:
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

230 *They shall speak of the glory, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 145 : 11.

COME, you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

231 *Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.* C. M

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music 's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme
While on this earth I stay;
I 'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

232 *Offices of Christ.* C. M

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered 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.

233 *A merciful and faithful High Priest.* C. M
Heb. 2: 17.

COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 On earth he washed our guilt away
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

What though while here we oft must feel
Temptation's keenest dart;
Our tender High Priest feels it too,
And will appease the smart.

4 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

5 Nor time nor distance e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.

6 O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name!
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our lips his praise proclaim!

234 *Children's Hymn.* C. M.

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But thou wilt not despise the young
Who meekly chant thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy Blood, our life; thy Word, our feast;
Thy Name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

5 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

6 O Saviour, if, redeemed by thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We 'll sing to harps of gold.

235 *Consider—the High Priest, etc.* C. M.
Heb. 3: 1.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the weakest Christian say
That he has lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Have moldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy loved name be worn—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

236 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.* C. M
Rev. 5: 12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

237 *Christ—all in all.* C. M.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread,
And purest joys abound.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

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

238 *He died for our sins.* C. M.
I Cor. 15: 3.

JESUS, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
To bear our sins and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour!

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

239 *The Name above every name.* C. M.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich profusion flow;
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed, with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5 On thee, alone, my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

240 *He suffered, the Just for the unjust.* C. M.
I Pet. 3 : 18.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
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:
'T is all that I can do.

241 *Remember me.* C. M.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.

3 Thou mighty Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me!

4 I own I 'm guilty—own I 'm vile;
Yet thy salvation 's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me!

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me!

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray, remember me!

242 *An unchangeable priesthood.* C. M.
Heb. 7: 24.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appeared
Before the golden throne;

6 But Christ, with his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's holy hill;
Looks like a lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives in heaven to plead
The cause which cost his blood,
And saves unto the utmost those
Who by him come to God.

243 *He is Lord of all.* C. M
Acts 10: 36.

HOSANNA to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

244 *Grace is poured into thy lips.* C. M.
Psalm 45: 2.

O JESUS! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable!
In whom all joys are found.

2 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

3 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

245 *Rise, Lord, let thine enemies be scattered.* C. M.
Num. 10: 35.

JESUS, immortal King! arise,
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored!
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

246 *The shadow of a great rock, etc.* C. M
Isaiah 32: 2.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With sure, unerring skill,
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

While harps unnumbered sound his praise
In yonder worlds above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 This land through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow
Their thirst to satisfy.

5 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

6 How glorious he, how happy they
In such a generous friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

247 *Ye are complete in him.* C. M.
Col. 2: 10.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

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

248 *The true and living Way.* C. M

THOU art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

249 *Blessed are all they, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 2: 12.

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;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

250 *Chief among ten thousand.* C M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have!
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

251 *Altogether lovely.* C. M

JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
ewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
And, dying, triumph in thy cross—
The antidote of death.

252 *I looked—and there was none to help.* C. M.
Isaiah 63: 5.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretchéd sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O! amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered 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 high'est notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

253 *A fountain for sin.* C. M.
Zech. 13: 1.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

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

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

254 *He shall save his people from their sins.* C. M
Matt. 1: 21.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

255 *The reign of Christ.* C. M.

LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice; the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made our Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.

5 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

256 *Thou hast put all things under his feet.* C. H. M.
Heb. 2: 8.

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns, and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years—
His kingdom is begun:
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky,
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

4 When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And he who conquered Death shall win
The mighty conquest over Sin.

257 *The only foundation.* C. P. M.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which to place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

3 There is no path to heavenly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

4 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour kind and true;
O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

5 As he above for ever lives,
And life to dying mortals gives,
Eternal and divine;
O may his spirit in me dwell!
Then, saved from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

258 *All we like sheep have gone astray.* S. M
Isaiah 53: 6

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God hath raised his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And made him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

259 *Seen of angels.* S. M
I Tim. 3: 16.

BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
Yon heaven of heavens, with living light,
Our great Redeemer fills.

2 Around him angels fair,
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit those glorious realms
And royalties above."

4 And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness vailed the skies;
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the Conqueror rise.

6 They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung—
"The glorious work is done."

260 *And they sung a new song.* 8s & 5s.
Rev. 14: 3.

SING of Jesus, sing for ever
Of the love that changes never!
Who, or what, from him can sever
Those he makes his own?

2 With his blood the Lord hath bought them,
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven he feeds them,
And through all their way he speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven and sought them,
Him who by his Spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

261 *And that rock was Christ.* 7s, 6 lines
I Cor. 10: 4.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

262 *A covert from the storm.* 7s, double
Isaiah 4: 6.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my 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, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

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

263 *Friend of sinners.* 8s, 7s & 4.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
Hallelujah!
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died, to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
Hallelujah!
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same;
Hallelujah!
He rejoices in the same.

264 *The Rock that is higher than I.* 11s.

IN seasons of grief, to my God I 'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care:
From the end of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan the tempter comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I 'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did die—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall appear;
In the swellings of Jordan, all dangers defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
Transported I 'll join with the ransomed on high,
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!

265 *I am Alpha and Omega.* 6s & 4s.

CLING to the mighty One, Ps. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief; Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One, Heb. vii. 26.
He gives relief; Ps. cxvi. 8
Cling to the Gracious One, Ps. cxvi. 5
Cling in thy pain, Ps. lv. 4
Cling to the Faithful One, I Thess. v. 24.
He will sustain. Ps. xxviii. 8.

2 Cling to the Living One, Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe, Ps. lxxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Loving One I John iv. 16.
Through all below; Romans viii. 38, 39.

Cling to the Pardoning One, Is. lv. 7.
He speaketh peace; John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One, Exod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease. Ps. cxvi. 8.

3 Cling to the Bleeding One, I John i. 7.
Cling to his side; John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One, Rom. vi. 9.
In him abide; John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One, Rev. xxii. 20.
Hope shall arise; Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One, Eph. i. 20–23.
Joy lights thine eyes. Ps. xvi. 11.

THE GOSPEL—THE PROCLAMATION.

266 *The Christian banner.* L. M.

THE Christian banner! dread no loss
Where that broad ensign floats unrolled;
But let the fair and sacred cross
Blaze out from every radiant fold:
Stern foes arise, a countless throng,
Loud as the storms of Kara's sea,
But though the strife be fierce and long,
That cross shall wave in victory.

2 Sound the shrill trumpet, sound, and cal.
The people of the mighty King,
And bid them keep that standard all
In martial thousands gathering:
Let them come forth from every clime
That lies beneath the circling sun,
Various, as flowers in that sweet clime
Where flowers are, in heart, but one.

3 Soldiers of heaven! take sword and shield
Look up to him who rules on high,
And forward to the glorious field
Where noble martyrs bleed and die;

Press onward, scorning flight or fear,
As deep waves burst on Norway's coast,
And let the startled nations hear
The war-shout of the Christian host.

4 Lift up the banner: rest no more,
Nor let this righteous warfare cease,
Till man's last tribe shall bow before
The Lord of lords—the Prince of Peace.
Go, bear it forth, ye strong and brave;
Let not those bright folds once be furled
Till that high sun shall see them wave
Above a blest but conquered world.

267 *The Spirit of the Lord, etc.* L. M.
Isaiah 59: 19.

FLING out the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide:
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

268 *The power of God unto salvation.* L. M.
Rom. 1: 16.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'T is writ in characters of blood,
Severely just—immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye—
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

269 *Pentecost.* L. M.
Acts 2.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the beloved disciples met;
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
The power to kill the power to save, [words
Furnished their tongues with wondrous
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the mystery of the cross!

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 The Greeks and Jews, the learned and rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

270 *How beautiful are the feet, etc.* S M.
Rom. 10: 15.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongue
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blesséd are our eyes
That see this heavenly 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 every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

271 *Power of God's word.* S. M.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word:
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

272 *The gospel trumpet.* 8s & 7s.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world 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, Jesus! all victorious Lord!
Be thou by all mankind adored!
For us didst thou the fight maintain,
And o'er our foes the victory gain,
That we with thee might ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With 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.

273 *The year of jubilee.* H M

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 ransomed sinners, home

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 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 ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

274 *The royal proclamation.* 8s, peculiar.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature,
Jesus reigns—he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious!
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banners flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying:
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."

3 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

4 Shout, you tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The almighty King of Zion!

5 Shout, O saints! make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

275 *Holding forth the word of life.* 6s & 4s
Phil. 2: 16.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
Go at your Lord's command;
Bear ye his name;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door;
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus who reigns above
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.

INVITATIONS.

276 *Haste thee; escape thither.* L. M. peculiar.
Gen. 19: 22.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone,
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest:
Haste, traveler, haste!

2 Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course, while yet 't is day;
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather round;
Haste, traveler, haste!

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path; no refuge near:
Haste, traveler, haste!

4 Haste, while a shelter you may gain—
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding-place, a rest, a home—
A refuge from the wrath to come:
Haste, traveler, haste!

5 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay;
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way!
Haste, traveler, haste!

277 *The night cometh.* L. M.
John 9: 4.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

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

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites: how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

278 *Come unto me.* L. M.
Matt. 11: 28.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to me!

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me!

3 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to me!

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me!

279 *To-day, if you will hear his voice.* L. M.
Heb. 4: 7.

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor:
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

4 Fathers and sons for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Matrons and maids, we look to you;
Are you resolved to perish, too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

Once more we ask you, in his name,
(We know his love remains the same)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

280 *An evening expostulation.* L. M

O DO not let the word depart,
And close thine eye against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time; O, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blesséd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night.

281 *Inviting.* L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a heavy load,
O! come and bow before your God;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

282 *One thing needful.* L. M.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares!
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy power impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

283 *The broad and the narrow way.* L. M.

Matt. 7: 13, 14.

BROAD is the road that leads to death;
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let my hopes be not in vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
This, hypocrites could ne'er attain;
This, false apostates never knew.

284 *Ecclesiastes* 9: 10. L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return!

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie,
Then have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 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.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
O may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face.

285 *Come, for all things are now ready.* L. M.
Luke 14: 17.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
O, do no longer stay;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
O, do no longer stay away!

CHORUS.

O, do no longer stay away,
For now your Saviour calls,
And the gospel sounds the jubilee
O, do no longer stay away.

2 Hark! 't is the Saviour's gracious call,
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou—
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
You weary wanderers after rest;
You poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message, as from God, receive—
You all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

5 This is the time—no more delay;
The Saviour calls you all to-day:
O may his call effectual prove!
Accept the offers of his love!

286 *Hear and your soul shall live.* C. M
Isaiah 55: 3.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice:

2 Ho! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Great God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

287 *For there is no difference.* C. M.
Rom. 10: 12.

HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God!
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood.

2 Come, all you wretched sinners, come,
He 'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

3 His doctrine is almighty love;
There 's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

4 Come, then, accept the offered grace,
And make no more delay;
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

288 *Let him return unto the Lord.* C. M
Isaiah 55: 7.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh!
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return!
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
'T is love invites thee near.

289 *Incline your ear, and come.* C. M.
Isaiah 55: 3.

THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls. dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 't is mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'T is Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

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

290 *Let him that is athirst, come.* C. M.
Rev. 22: 17.

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

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

291 *That whoso believeth might not perish.* C. M.
John 3: 15.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I 'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I 'll rise, and to him flee
For yet, he says, there's room.

5 I can not perish if I go;
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

292 *Come to the Ark.* C. M
Gen. 7: 1.

COME to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 Come to the ark; the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear:
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door, which open stood,
Is now about to close.

293 *He that cometh to me shall never hunger.* C. M
John 6: 35.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.

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

4 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room.

294 *In this mountain shall the Lord, etc.* C. M.

Isaiah 25: 6.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delights afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

You hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreat,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way
Around the board appear.

5 Yet are his heart and house so large
That millions more may come:
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready: come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

295 *None excluded.* C. M.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'T is not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take his share;
No mortal has a just pretense
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He 'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove
The lion to a lamb.

296 *Draw nigh to God, etc.* C. M. peculiar.
James 4: 8.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery:
Return, return!

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say—come;
O! now for refuge flee;
Return, return!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return!

297 *Now is the accepted time.* S. M.
II Cor. 6: 2.

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

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

298 *Now is the day of salvation.* S. M.
II Cor. 6: 2

NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 The Father bids you speed;
O, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

299 *Give me thy heart.* S. M
Prov. 23: 26.

GIVE to the Lord thine heart;
In him all pleasures meet:
O, come and choose the better part,
Low at the Saviour's feet.

2 Hear, and your soul shall live;
His peace shall be your stay—
Peace, which the world can never give,
Can never take away.

300 *Where shall the ungodly, etc.* S. M.
I Pet. 4: 18.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners! seek his grace,
Whose wrath you can not bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 Come! take his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform thy oft-repeated vow,
And render him thy heart.

6 Repent! return! receive
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth we live,
We live with God in heaven.

301 *The gospel call.* S. M.

YE trembling captives! hear;
The gospel-trumpet sounds;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'T is not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

302 *Boast not thyself of to-morrow.* S. M
Prov. 27: 1.

TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

303 *Come and welcome.* 7s, 6 lines.

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

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

3 "Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

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

304 *Turn ye; for why will ye die?* 7s.
Ezekiel 18 : 31.

SINNERS, turn—why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He, who died that you might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, you ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace and die?

4 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
O! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you for ever die?

305 *What could have been done, etc.* 7s, double
Isaiah 5 : 4.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner, 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 thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near!
He has left you naught to fear;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me:
Me who life to none deny—
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See, the suffering Lord appears;
Jesus weeps—believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

306 *Earnest entreaty.* 7s

HASTE, O sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er
Ere this evening's work is done.

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

4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Death may thy poor soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

307 *Fullness of Christ.* 7s.

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste;
Turn to God, O turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace.
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

308 *Flee from the wrath to come.* 7s, double
Matt. 3: 7.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See his mighty arm made bare!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment now prepare,
Thou must either break or bow.

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

Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Then the great, the rich, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed.
Where are now their haughty looks?
O! their horror and despair,
When they see the opened books,
And their dreadful sentence hear!

4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace:
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
Let us now our days improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

309 *My peace I give unto you.* 7s, 6 lines
John 14: 27.

YE who in his courts are found
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and hopeless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

310 *The night is past.* 7s.
I John 2: 8.

WEEPING sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.

2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with every breath
Can you slight such heavenly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

311 *The pearl of great price.* 8s & 7s.
Matt. 13: 46.

SINNER, seek the priceless treasure,
Offered without price from God;
Here is mercy without measure,
Flowing in the Saviour's blood.
Come, then, to the fount of healing,
Come, and prove its virtues true;
Turn not from love's sweet appealing,
Jesus shed his blood for you!

2 Come, begin the race for heaven;
Start to-day, O do not wait;
Now 's the time that God has given;
Sinner, do not be too late.
When the door of mercy closes,
You will stand and knock in vain;
For, when justice interposes,
Mercy will not call again!

312 *Look unto me and be saved.* 8s, 7s & 4s
Isaiah 45: 22.

COME, you 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 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,
'T is the Saviour's rising beam.

3 Come, you 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.

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

5 Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners now his love proclaim.

313 *We are on the ocean sailing.* 8s & 7s

WE are on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.—All the storms will soon be over,
Then we 'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there 's room for millions more

3 Come on board, O ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel 's weighing anchor—
You will soon be left behind.

4 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By and by we 'll swell the number;
When the toils of life are o'er.

5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing;
Free salvation is the song.

6 When we all are safely landed,
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And we 'll sing for evermore.

All the storms of life are over,
Landed in the port of glory:
Now no more on the ocean sailing—
Safe at home beyond the tide.

314 *He that hath ears let him hear.* 8s, 7s & 4.
Matt. 13 : 9.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim;
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
O how gracious!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Will you not receive the message—
Listen to the joyful word;
And embrace the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

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

315 *The gospel invitation.* 8s, 7s & 4

LISTEN to the gospel, telling
How the Lord was crucified;
How upon the cross he suffered,
When he bowed his head and died,
All for sinners!
Come, then, to his bleeding side.

2 Listen to the gospel calling!
Hear, O sinner, and obey!
Come to Jesus, he will save you,
Now, no longer stay away;
He invites you;
Sinner, then, make no delay.

3 Listen to the gospel pleading,
Hasten, sinner, to arise;
Come and cast yourself on Jesus,
He to none his love denies;
Trust him freely,
Wait no longer; now be wise.

4 Listen to the gospel, blessing
All who trust the Saviour's love;
And to those who now obey him,
Bringing pardon from above:
Careless sinner,
Will you still refuse to move?

5 Listen to the gospel warning;
All who stay away must die;
Come, then, while all things are ready,
Mercy calls you from on high;
Come and welcome,
Hear, O hear the Saviour cry!

316 *The voice of mercy.* 8s, 7s & 4.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour—
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

317 *The alarm.* 7s, 6s & 7s

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go:
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop—
Now the friendly warning take—
Stay your footsteps—ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day
Which his justice shall proclaim—
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;
Then, to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd--
You shall mark their crimson dye—
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel—
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call—
Those who now despise his grace—
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

318 *If any man thirst, let him come unto me.* 8s & 6s.
John 7: 37.

BURDENED with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest: [bring relief to hearts oppressed·
O, weary sinner, come!

2 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O, needy sinner, come!

3 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'T is mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O, trembling sinner, come!

4 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

319 *Sinner, come.* 6s

SINNER! come, 'mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing;
Trembling now, contrite bow,
Take the offered blessing.

2 Sinner! come, while there 's room—
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord, by his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner! come, ere thy doom
Shall be sealed for ever;
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

4 Sinner! come to thy home,
High in heaven gleaming;
To the sky lift thine eye,
With true sorrow streaming.

5 Sinner! haste, time fleets fast,
And the grave is yawning;
Win renown, seize the crown,
Eternity is dawning.

320 *Will you go?* 8s & 3s.

WE 'RE traveling home to heaven above;
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road;
Will you go?

2 We 're going to see the bleeding Lamb;
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name;
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The Conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share;
Will you go?

3 We 're going to join the heavenly choir;
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre;
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come;
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room;
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He 'll give thy troubled conscience ease;
Come, believe.

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Believe, repent, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee
"Take up thy cross, and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see
Come to me."

3 O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go,
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go, fare you well.

321 *The Spirit and the Bride say, come.* 9s & 8s.
Rev. 22: 17.

ALL you that are weary and sad—come!
And you that are cheerful and glad—come!
In robes of humility clad—come!
The Saviour invites you to-day.

CHORUS.

Let youth in its freshness and bloom—come!
Let man in the pride of his noon—come!
Let age on the verge of the tomb—come!
Let none in his pride stay away.

2 Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind—
Let all who are freely inclined—come! [come!
With an humble and peaceable mind—come!
Away from the waters of strife.

3 The Spirit and Bride freely say—Come!
And let him that heareth, say—Come!
And let him that thirsteth to-day—Come!
And drink of the fountain of life.

322 *The garment of praise, etc.* 6s & 4s, peculiar
Isaiah 61: 3.

CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow, eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

323 *To-day.* 6s & 4s

TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come:
O, ye benighted souls
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

324 *Come.* P. M.

COME—come—come to the Saviour,
Rich—rich mercy receive;
Here—here you will find pardon,
Jesus from sin will relieve;
Come—come—come—come,
Come to the Saviour and live.

2 Come—come laden and weary,
Christ—Christ calls thee to come;
Leave—leave paths dark and dreary,
Cease from the Saviour to roam;
Come—come—come—come,
Jesus will guide thee safe home.

3 Come—come seek his salvation,
Now—now hear and obey;
Hark—hark the sweet invitation,
Angels invite you away;
Come—come—come—come,
Sinner, believe and obey.

4 Hark—hark, angels are singing,
Love—love—love is their theme;
Peace—peace joyfully bringing,
Mercy from God the Supreme;
Come—come—come—come,
Jesus is rich to redeem.

325 *Early piety.* 7s & 6s

O COME in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow end thy day.
Come, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
"Remember thy Creator,"
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

3 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

326 *The year of jubilee.* H. M.

FAIR shines the morning star,
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of jubilee.

2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;
Rise with your Lord; he sets you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

3 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you!
The blood of Christ hath made you free;
It is the year of jubilee.

4 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year;
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free;
It is the year of jubilee.

327 *The land of promise.* 6s & 7s

SINNER, go; will you go
To the highlands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright, blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.

3 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He 's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?

O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And for ever, cease pleading.

328 *Awake thou that sleepest.* 9s, 8s & 6s

HAIL, ransomed world! awake to glory!
For God, the Saviour, bids you rise;
Angelic hosts proclaim the story,
And speed the tidings from the skies:
Shall then the Prince of Darkness reigning
Oppress the earth from pole to pole,
And bind in chains the immortal soul—
His hands all sacred things profaning?
Awake! O Church, awake!
The tyrant's fetters break!
In God's right arm of strength resolved
On glorious victory.

2 Far let the gospel-trump be sounding—
O'er sea, and continent, and isle;
While the sweet voice of grace abounding,
Shall make the burdened captive smile.
Yes! to a world in bondage lying,
Go teach a bleeding Saviour's name—
Freedom from sin and death proclaim,
On every breeze salvation flying—
And seize the gospel sword!
And with our mighty Lord,
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On glorious victory.

329 *Repent and turn.* 11s

Ezekiel 18: 30.

O TURN you! O turn you, for why will you die
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.

3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive ;
O, how can you question, since now you believe ?
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come ?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there 's room.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain ;
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air ?
There 's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare ;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

330 *Delay not.* 11s.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased—salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not ! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord !
A fountain is opened ; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?

3 Delay not, delay not ! O sinner, to come ;
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day ;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not ! the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come ;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

5 Delay not, delay not ! the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade ;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand
What power, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

331 *The Eden above.* 12s, 11s & 6

WE 'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above,
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

2 In that blesséd land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified move.
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, etc.

3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, etc.

4 Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, etc.

5 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go;
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

6 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

332 *The voice of free grace.* 12s.

THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our pardc
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

Ye souls that are wounded! O! flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy—'t is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing—escape to the mountain--
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and saints raise the shout of salvation.

333 *The wandering sinner, etc.* 11s & 10s.

RESTLESS thy spirit, poor wandering sinner,
Restless and roving: O, come to thy home;
Return to the arms, to the bosom, of mercy;
The Saviour of sinners invites thee to come.

2 Darkness surrounds thee, and tempests are rising,
Fearful and dangerous the path thou hast trod;
But mercy shines forth in the rainbow of promise,
To welcome the wanderer home to his God.

3 Peace to the storm in thy soul shall be spoken,
Guilt from thy bosom be banished away;
And heaven's sweet breezes, o'er death's rolling billows,
Shall waft thee at last to the regions of day.

334 *The harvest is past, etc.* 12s & 11s.

Jer. 8: 20.

HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy do blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despised and rejected, at length he may leave thee:
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then, haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power;
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend:
Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him:
O, bow to his scepter, and make him thy Friend;
Now yield him thy heart; make haste to adore him;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

335 *Entreaty.* 8s, 6s & 4.

SINNERS, come; no longer wander;
Turn you from your evil way;
Precious time no longer squander:
Come, come away.

2 Christ for you his life has offered,
What can you excusing say,
If you slight the pardon proffered?
Come, come away.

3 Hold not back in hesitation,
There is danger in delay,
Haste, secure your soul's salvation,
Come, come away.

4 You may feel regret and sorrow,
If you fail to come to-day,
God may grant you no to-morrow,
Come, come away.

FAITH AND REPENTANCE.

336 *The wise choice.* L. M

THOUGH all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is he.

2 Sweet is the vision of thy face,
And kindness o'er thy lips is shed,
Lovely art thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace with thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross:
The pleasure of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel thee near;
Then willingly with all I 'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

337 *The solace of faith.* L. M.

WHEN human hopes and joys depart,
I give thee, Lord, a contrite heart;
And on my weary spirit steal
The thoughts that pass all earthly weal.

2 I cast above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies;
And think that he who governs there
Still keeps me in his guardian care.

3 I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower;
And bless the love which made it bloom,
To chase away my transient gloom.

I think, whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again to whence it came,
My soul shall wing its happy flight
To regions of eternal light.

338 *Christ the soul's portion.* L. M.

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

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my powers.

3 Christ is my everlasting all;
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my every want supply
In time and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

339 *God calling yet.* L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasure's shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

3 God calling yet, and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still! my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I can not stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

340 *Christ the Redeemer and Judge.* L. M

NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

341 *Self-abasement.* L. M.

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

2 Dear Lord! to thee I would return,
And at thy feet, repentant, mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

3 O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

342 *Returning.* L. M

AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep;
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love;
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruined nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord! to thine.

343 *Just as I am.* L. M

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou biddest me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

344 *God be merciful to me a sinner.* C. M
Luke 18: 13.

HEAR, gracious God! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope 's in thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 To thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak
From fear and weakness set me free;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 To thee I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile!
Mercy alone I make my plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

5 To thee I come, a sinner great,
And well thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

6 To thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust,
But where thou art, Lord, I would be;
O God, be merciful to me!

345 *The love of Christ constraineth.* L. M.
II Cor. 5 : 14.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

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

3 Repentant sorrows fill my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
O, may my future life declare
This sorrow and the joy sincere.

4 Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

346 *The contrite heart.* L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repentant rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

347 *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.* L. M.
Psalm 51.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 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.

348 *Here is my heart.* L. M. 6 lines.

HERE is my heart—I give it thee!
My God, I heard thee call, and say,
"Not to the world, my child—to me!"
I heard thy voice and will obey;
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring.

2 Here is my heart! so hard before,
But now by thy rich grace made meet,
Yet bruised and sad it can but pour
Its tears and anguish at thy feet:
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joy to win.

3 Here is my heart! its longings end
In Christ, as near his cross it draws;
It says, "Thou art my rest, my Friend,
Thy precious blood my ransom was;"
In thee, the Saviour, it has found
That peace and blessedness abound.

349 *Bethesda.* L. M. 6 lines.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wind
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.

2 Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went;
But he, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

3 Saviour! thy love is still the same 4
As when that healing word was spoke;
Still in thine all-redeeming name
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke
O, be that power, that love, displayed, 5
Help those whom thou alone canst aid.

350 *Come unto me, all ye that labor.* L. M. 6 lines
Matt. 11: 28.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan 6
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold the precious balm is found 3
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God: 2
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
O, hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

351 *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M. 3

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train, 4
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks— 3
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

352 *Power of faith.* C. M.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unvailing wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 There still unshaken would we rest
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

353 *Increase our faith.* C M

Luke 17: 5.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

354 *A living faith.* C. M.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 How vain are 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 purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love:
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God requires us still
To walk in all his ways.

5 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

355 *Glorying in the cross.* C. M

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

356 *Call to repentance.* C. M.

REPENT! the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners! in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows the appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love—that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdued by goodness fail,
And weep, and love, and praise.

357 *God giveth grace to the humble.* C. M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God,
With contrite hearts, return!
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be;
Like morning songs his voice.

4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

358 *There is joy over one sinner, etc.* C. M.
Luke 15: 7.

O HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

359 *The heart's surrender.* C. M

WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart,
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake—
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

360 *Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath.* C. M.
Luke 14: 33.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls! while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

361 *A plea for mercy.* C. M.

MERCY alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me? No!
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

3 To thee, thee only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

362 *It is I: be not afraid.* C. M.
Matt. 14: 27.

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
"'Tis I: be not afraid!"

2 Or, startled at some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel,
"Fear not, it is but I!" shall flow
As balm, my wound to heal.

3 Nor will I quit thy way, though foes
Some onward pass defend;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,
"Be not afraid! . . . a friend!"

4 And O! when judgment's trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
"'Tis Christ! he comes to save."

363 *Christ our only hope.* C. P. M

DESPONDING soul, O cease thy woe;
Dry up thy tears; to Jesus go,
In faith's appointed way;
Let not thy unbelieving fears
Still hold thee back—thy Saviour hears—
From him no longer stay.

2 No works of thine can e'er impart
A balm to heal thy wounded heart,
Or solid comfort give;
Turn, then, to him who freely gave
His precious blood thy soul to save:
E'en now he bids thee live.

3 Helpless and lost, to Jesus fly!
His power and love are ever nigh
To those who seek his face:
Thy deepest guilt on him was laid:
He bore thy sins, thy ransom paid;
O, haste to share his grace.

364 *You shall find rest for your souls.* S. M
Matt. 11: 29.

AH! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I long to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

365 *Yielding.* S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer! take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

366 *God's mercy to the penitent.* S. M

SWEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal;
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast;
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

367 *Father, I have sinned.* 7s.
Luke 15: 18.

LOVE for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

3 I, who spurned his loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the willful prodigal!

4 I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent he had lent;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein!

5 To my Father can I go?
At his feet myself I'll throw,
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

6 See, my Father waiting stands;
See, he reaches out his hands;
God is love! I know, I see,
Love for me—yes, even me.

368 *Sighing for home.* 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblessed:
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome! poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

6 "Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

369 *Longing for rest.* 7s, double.

DOES the gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee:
Marks of grace I can not show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harrassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without.

All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace;
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast!

370 *Forward.* 7
Exodus 14: 15.

WHEN we can not see our way,
Let us trust, and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Can not fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied;
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light;
Since the Lord himself is there,
'T is not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with him is never night;
Where he is, there all is light;
When he calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we 're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where he calls us, there to go,
What he bids us, that to do.

371 *The unseen Friend.* 8s & 6s.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou biddest me lean,
Help me, throughout life's char ging scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I 'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3 Though far from home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
Because I cling to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

5 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

6 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

372 *Cling to the Crucified.* 6s

CLING to the Crucified!
His eye shall guard thee well—
For thee, fast from his side,
The crimson current fell.

2 Cling to the Crucified!
My weary feet in peace
His tender hand shall guide
Till all thy wanderings cease.

3 Cling to the Crucified!
His love the golden door
For thee shall open wide,
And bless thee evermore.

BAPTISM.

373 *Ashamed of Jesus.* L. M

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I 'll boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

374 *The spirit of obedience.* L. M

WE love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

2 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

3 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

375 *Following.* L. M

JESUS my all to heaven has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His path 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.

376 *Christ's example.* L. M

OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come see the sacred path he trod,
A path well-pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God! for sinners slain!

377 *The baptism of Jesus.* L. M.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who vailed his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name;
Come tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

378 *A baptismal hymn.* L. M.

THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save—
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

2 With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 't is our glory to descend;
'T is wondrous grace that gives us room
To share the grave of such a friend.

Yet, as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

4 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide:
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

379 *If any man serve me, etc.* L. M
John 12: 26.

SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod:
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.

3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men;
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

380 *Hinder me not.* C. M
Gen. 24: 56.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through trials and through sufferings too
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
Hinder me not—come, welcome death-
I'll gladly go with thee.

381 *He that is ashamed of me, and of my, etc.* C. M.
Mark 8 : 38.

ASHAMED of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought;
Shall we 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 endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful follower Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear—their death
Is precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers for him now,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

382 *He left us an example.* C. M

BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

3 Now, blest Redeemer, we to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

383 *Lord, if thou wilt, etc.* C. M.
Matt. 8: 2.

O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That 's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

384 *The Holy Spirit descended, etc.* C. M.
Luke 3: 22.

MEEKLY in Jordan's flowing stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered over the Son.

3 So may the Spirit come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

385 *I come to do thy will.* C. M.
Heb. 10: 7.

"I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"To do thy will, O Lord!"
At Jordan's flood, behold! he seals
The sure prophetic word.

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfill
All righteousness," he said;
He spake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.

3 Hark! a glad voice—the Father speaks,
From heaven's exalted hight;
"This is my Son, my well-beloved,
In whom I do delight."

4 Jesus, the Saviour, well beloved!
His name we will profess,
Like him, desirous to fulfill
Each law of righteousness.

5 No more we'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
O! may such bonds for ever draw
Our souls to things above.

386 *Matt.* 3 : 16. S. M

COME and behold the place
Where once your Saviour lay;
Confess that he is Lord of all,
And humble homage pay.

2 Laid in the watery grave,
He quickly rose again;
Buried with him, we too shall rise,
And endless life obtain.

3 Now may the Spirit crown,
With tokens of his grace,
The solemn service of this day
And bid us go in peace.

387 *The same.* S. M.

SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cro
Our favored feet are led—

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts,
We humbly offer here.

388 *Follow thou me.* S. M.
John 21 : 22.

HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day,
Our strength shall also be.

389 *Thus it becometh us.* S. M
Matt. 3 : 15.

WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely;
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice,
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

390 *Lord, save me.* 7s, 6 lines
Matt. 14: 30.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, O save, my sinking soul!

2 Never bowed a martyred head,
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown!
To thy cross and sacrifice,
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord, thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine—for ever thine—I am,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

391 *And hath washed us from our sins, etc.* 7s
Rev. 1: 5.

JESUS, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.

2 Purge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

392 *He is our peace.* 7s, 6 lines
Eph. 2: 14.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life, by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
You may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

393 *Hear and obey.* 8s & 7s

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his way your choice.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

394 *Calling on the name of the Lord.* 8s, 7s & 4
Acts 22: 16.

GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee;
Purchased by thy precious blood.
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour, guide us—
Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty,
From the semblance of the grave;
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

REMISSION OF SINS.

395 *The joys of pardon.* L. M

FORGIVENESS! 't is a joyful sound
To malefactors doomed to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
You seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'T is the rich gift of love divine;
'T is full, outmeasuring every crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honors shall we show
Where much transgression is forgiven
Let love in equal ardors glow.

4 By this inspired, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crowned;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

396 *Blessed is the man whose sin is covered.* L. M.
Rom. 4: 7.

EARTH has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born joy of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
O angels! never dimmed your sight.

2 You saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
You know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

3 Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands you fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

4 Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

5 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine shall bear.

397 *Self-dedication.* L. M

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased alone by blood divine;
With full consent I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right to me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to thee—
Be thine through all eternity.

398 *Happy day.* L. M

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done; the great transaction 's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

399 *Joy of consecration to Christ.* L. M.

O SWEETLY breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral sweil,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our soul's adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
O, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

400 *The sure refuge.* L. M. 6 lines

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee,
Covered is my unrighteousness;
From condemnation now I'm free;
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written here.

1 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends, be gone;
Tho' joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
Steadfast on this my soul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.

401 *What shall I render unto thee.* L. M
Psalm 116: 12.

REDEEM'D from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What to repay such gifts as thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel thy mercies more,
A soul to know thee, and adore?

3 O teach me at thy feet to fall,
And yield thee up myself, my all!
Before thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to thee alone!

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand, and raise, and fill my heart!
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to thee,

402 *Not as the world giveth.* C. M.
John 14: 27.

HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

103 *I was blind, but now I see.* C. M
John 9: 25.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.

404 *Newness of life.* C. M.
Rom. 6: 4.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place--
I seek my home in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O what a blesséd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels filled.

O, would he all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

6 On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

405 *By grace are ye saved.* S. M.
Eph. 2: 8.

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

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace led our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

406 *Such knowledge is too wonderful for me.* C. M.
Psalm 139: 6.

BLEST Saviour! Friend divine!
Thou source of boundless love!
The hope of all thy saints on earth,
The joy of all above!

2 How can I tell thy worth!
How make thy glories known!
No language can thy goodness speak,
No tongue thy mercies own!

3 My words can not express
The sweetness of thy name!
Nor can my feeble lips declare
The wonders of thy fame!

4 Then take my trusting heart,
I can not give thee more;
Make rich my soul's deep poverty,
From thine unwasting store!

407 *A new creature.* 8s & 7s, peculiar
II Cor. 5: 17.

SINCE first thy word awaked my heart,
Like light new dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn my eyes, thou art
All light and love before me.

2 Naught else I feel, or hear, or see,
All bonds of earth I sever;
Thee, O my Lord, and only thee,
I live for, now and ever

3 Like him whose fetters dropped away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My soul now touched by mercy's ray,
Hath from its chains arisen.

4 And shall the soul thou biddest be free,
Return to bondage? Never;
Thee, O my God, and only thee,
I live for, now and ever

408 *Joy unspeakable and full of glory.* P. M
I Peter 1: 8.

HOW happy are they who their Saviour obey
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb:
Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've received,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
O that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O why should I grieve, while on him I believe!
O why should I sorrow again!

6 O the rapturous hight of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!

Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise
Who has died me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

409 *You hath he quickened.* L. M.
Col. 2: 13.

LIKE morning—when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before;
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise,
In music worthy of the skies.

410 *The gift of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.
Acts 2: 38.

O LORD! and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine!
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favor astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice!

5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

411 *The beatitudes.* L. M

BLESSED are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blessed are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blessed are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blessed are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the glowing coals of strife,
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

5 Blessed are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

412 *In Christ.* L. M.

GOD of my life! thy boundless grace,
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me:
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
Father! I come, I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come, I come to thee.

413 *He is not ashamed to call them brethren.* L. M.
Heb. 2: 11.

HONOR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravished at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

414 *Peace in the storm.* C. M.

LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
The dark and stormy wave,
And trusted in his Father's arm,
Omnipotent to save;—

2 When thickly round our footsteps rise,
The floods and storms of life,
Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, to still
The dark and fearful strife.

3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
The ocean path we 'll dare,
Though waves around us rage and foam,
Since thou art present there.

415 *Crying, Abba, Father.* C. M
Gal. 4: 6.

FATHER! I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
And let the Spirit of thy Son
Fill this poor heart of mine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, my Father, God!
With an unwavering tongue.

416 *We have left all, etc.* C. M
Matt. 19: 27.

THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile,
Beaming upon his child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in "a still small voice,"
To trust and never fear.

5 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

6 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

417 *The Spirit of God dwelleth within you.* C. M
I Cor. 3: 16.

LORD, let thy Spirit penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

2 As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

3 As from these clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

4 As these fair flowers exhale their scent
In gladness at our feet,
So from thyself let fragrance breathe,
More heavenly and more sweet.

5 Thus life within our lifeless hearts,
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

418 *I will write my law in their hearts.* S. M D
Heb. 8: 10.

GREAT Source of life and light!
Thy heavenly grace impart,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, and write
Thy law upon my heart;

My soul would cleave to thee;
Let naught my purpose move;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

2 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

419 *That they may be one in us.* S. M.
John 17: 21.

THY Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

2 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

3 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear!
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

420 *In whom we have redemption.* 7s, 6 lines.
Col. 1: 14.

BLESSÉD are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth—
Children of a heavenly birth—
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

421 *God, our salvation.* 8s & 7s

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed.
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal silence there;
There no tumult shall alarm thee;
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare.

2 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble;
He will hearken; he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double;
Crown with life beyond the grave.

422 *The Holy Spirit the Comforter.* 8s, 6s & 4.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

1 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

123 *The peace of God.* P. M.
Phil. 4: 7.

WE ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day—
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

2 We ask for peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure:
Crushing the gentle strings,
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joys,
Or others' woe;
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

3 We ask thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife
To light and guide us on,
Through a long struggling life:

While no success or gain
  Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
  Our wasted might:
Yet pressing through the darkness to the [light.

4 It is thine own, O Lord!
  Who toil while others sleep,
Who sow with loving care
  What other hands shall reap:
They lean on thee entranced
  In calm and perfect rest:
Give us that peace, O Lord!
  Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love [thee best.

424 *He will give the Holy Spirit, etc.* H.M.
Luke 11: 13.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
  Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
  Thy blessings from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
  Their children when they cry—
If they, with love sincere,
  Their varied wants supply—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

425 *The world knoweth us not.* C.H.M
I John 3: 1.

LET others boast their ancient line,
  In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
  And monarchs swell the state,
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Scepters and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their luster in my eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I, too, shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain;
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day—
Blessed Saviour, haste, and come away!

THE HOPE OF ETERNAL LIFE.

426 *Our life is a vapor.* L. M.
James 4: 14.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

127 *Fight the good fight of faith.* L. M
I Tim. 6: 12.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, the great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

128 *The land of promise.* C. M

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 dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

429 *The land that is afar off.* C. M.
Isaiah 33: 17.

FAR from these narrow scenes of right,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise;
And dwell on earth no more:

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

1 No cloud these blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of every woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

430 *We all shall meet in heaven.* C. M

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when life and time are o'er,
We all shall meet in heaven.

4 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

5 No lingering look, nor parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

431 *The heavenly Canaan.* C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed 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 these wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest!

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

432 *Hope in trouble.* C. M.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'T is sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that troubled conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin,
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

5 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

433 *Light in darkness.* C. M

O THERE 'S a better world on high;
Hope on, thou pious breast;
Faint not, thou traveler; on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.

2 Anguish may rend each vital part;
Poor man, thy strength how frail!
Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,
When flesh and heart shall fail.

3 Through death's dark vale, of deepest shade
Thy feet must surely go;
Yet there, e'en there, walk undismayed;
'T is thy last scene of woe.

4 Thy God—and with the tenderest hand—
Shall guard the traveler through;
"Hail!" shalt thou cry; "hail! promised land!
And, wilderness, adieu!"

O Father, make our souls thy care,
And bring us safe to thee;
Where'er thou art—we ask not where—
But there 't is heaven to be.

434 *Abiding in hope.* C. M.

SINCE I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I would smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

435 *God our only hope.* C. M.

WHEN reft of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
What power shall save us from despair,
What dissipate the gloom?

2 No balm that earthly plants distill,
Can soothe the mourner's smart,
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But One alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love,
That long has ceased to burn.

4 Then, O my soul! to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His power alone can heal.

436 *Hope thou in God.* C. M.
Psalm 42: 5.

MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through every winding maze of life,
His hand has been my guide;
And in his long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love;
But O! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore;
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

437 *Vain world, adieu.* 8s & 4.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith, in lively exercise,
Sees distant fields of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
Each land-mark on the distant shore,
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home,

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

438 *Hope maketh not ashamed.* C. M.
Rom. 5: 5.

THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within our hearts remain.

2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfillment to her hour—
But prompts again to deed.

3 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears, to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

4 O, no, it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure,
In better life beyond.

5 Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor tears,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine speaks through our years,
To cheer us on our way.

439 *The Rock of Salvation.* P. M.

IF life's pleasure's charm you, give them not your heart
Lest the gift ensnare you from your God to part;
His favor seek, his praises speak;
Fix here your hope's foundation;
Serve him, and he will ever be
The Rock of your Salvation.

2 If distress befall you, painful though it be,
Let not grief appall you—to your Saviour flee;
He ever near, your prayer will hear,
And calm your perturbation;
The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of your Salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail you, let it not distress;
Better comforts wait you—Christ will surely bless;
To Jesus flee—your prop he 'll be,
Your heavenly consolation;
For griefs below can not o'erthrow
The Rock of your Salvation.

4 Dangers may approach you; let them not alarm;
Christ will ever watch you, and protect from harm;
He near you stands, with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly; he 's ever nigh,
The Rock of your Salvation.

5 Let not death alarm you, shrink not from his blow;
For your God shall arm you, and victory bestow,
For death shall bring to you no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'T is sweet to die with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of your Salvation.

440 *Jesus is mine.* 6s & 4s.

NOW I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease;
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine;
He shall my wants supply
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.
In the great Judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
O! what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
He my Redemption is,
Wisdom and Righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

THE CHURCH—DIVINE CONSTITUTION.

441 *God is the midst of her.* L. M

Psalm 46: 5.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage:
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

442 *God is our refuge.* L. M.

Psalm 46: 1.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

443 *A kingdom which can not be moved.* C. M.
Heb. 12: 28.

THY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all thy ways,
Thy providence divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God—delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

444 *A sure foundation.* C. M.
Isaiah 28: 16.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise!

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

445 *Let us go into the house of the Lord.* C. M.
Psalm 122: 1.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell.
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

446 *Yet will I not forget thee.* C. M
Isaiah 49: 15.

A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, can not fail.

2 No! thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands.
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears;
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion! learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

447 *The Lord is my light and my salvation.* C. M
Psalm 27: 1.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
O, grant me my abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

148 *Fear not, little flock.* C. M.
Luke 12: 32.

THERE is a little, lonely fold,
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O, gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me;
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
That, trembling, turns to thee.

149 *You are come unto Mount Zion.* C. M.
Heb. 12: 22.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke—
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of Angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven!

5 Saints here, and those in Jesus dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blessed.

450 *Rev.* 1: 20. C. M.

OUR Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

2 O God of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

3 We hail the Church built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy providence its fencéd wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

4 O, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love—
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above!

451 *His kingdom is everlasting.* C. M.
Danl. 7: 27.

O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong:
And hear within, the solemn voice,
And her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
The Holy Church of God!
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

452 *The Lord is great in Zion.* S. M.
Psalm 99 : 2.

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 Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her joined
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

5 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

6 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

453 *I love thy kingdom, Lord.* S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

454 *How amiable are thy tabernacles.* S. M
Psalm 84:

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blessed abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

455 *It shall stand for ever.* S. M
Dan. 2: 44.

THY kingdom, gracious Lord,
Shall never pass away;
Firm as thy truth it still shall stand,
When earthly thrones decay.

2 Thy people here have found,
Through many weary years,
The sweet communion, joy and peace,
To banish all their fears.

3 And now while in thy courts,
Do thou our love increase;
Give us the food our spirits need,
And fill our hearts with peace.

456 *The Ark of God.* S. M

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
  There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
  With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire
  Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire;
  Then rest on Zion's hill.

457 *The Lord loveth the gates of Zion.* S. M
Psalm 87: 2.

HOW honored is the place,
  Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
  And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
  The city where we dwell;
While walls of strong salvation made,
  Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the eternal gates,
  The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
  The statutes of our King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
  And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
  And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints;
  And banish all your fears,
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
  Eternal as his years.

458 *The joy of the whole earth.* S. M.
Psalm 48: 2.

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, thy people stand
On Zion'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 How comely and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

459 *The church in the wilderness.* S. M.

FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view:
How well it seems to suit her still—
Old, and yet ever new!

3 It is the oft-told tale
Of sin and weariness—
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless.

4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day.

5 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill:
'T was tribulation ages since,
'T is tribulation still.

6 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

7 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good—
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.

8 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

460 *Glorious things are spoken of thee.* 8s & 7s.
Psalm 87: 3.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'o assuage!
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering.
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'T is his love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, since of Zion's city,
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

461 *When the Lord shall bring again Zion.* 10s.
Isaiah 52: 8.

RESTORE, O Father! to our times restore
The peace which filled thine infant Church of yore,
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

2 O, never more may different judgments part
From kindled sympathy a brother's heart!
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and Fount of harmony!

462 *Living waters.* 8s 7s & 4.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below;
They are blesséd
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way:
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay.
O, ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

463 *The house of the Lord.* 12s

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there 's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health:
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blesséd temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above

464 *Mount Zion, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4
Psalm 125: 1.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

OFFICERS.

465 *Go ye into all the world.* L. M.
Mark 16: 15.

YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

466 *Go, teach all nations.* L. M.
Matt. 28 : 19.

GO—messenger of peace and love!
To nations plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go—to the hungry food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.

3 Go—bid the bright and morning-star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

4 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name by every tongue confessed—
His praise—the universal theme.

467 *Pray for us.* L. M.
II Thess. 3 : 1.

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

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 O, clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fears, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

468 *Ordination of elders or deacons.* C. M

VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blessed;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love—
Of every grace possessed;

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness:
Such may thy servants ever be,
With such thy people bless.

469 *Ordination.* C. M.

WITH joy we own thy servant, Lord,
Thy minister below,
Ordained to spread thy truth abroad,
That all thy name may know.

O may he now, and ever, keep
His eye intent on thee:
Do thou, great Shepherd of the sheep,
His bright example be.

3 With plenteous grace his heart prepare
To execute thy will;
And give him patience, love and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

4 Inflame his mind with ardent zeal,
Thy flock to feed and teach;
And let him live, and let him feel,
The truths he's called to preach.

5 As showers refresh the thirsty plain,
So let his labors prove:
By him extend thy righteous reign—
The reign of truth and love.

470 *On the departure of a missionary.* S. M.

YOU messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads—
And peace attend your way.

2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

471 *The same.* S. M.

GO with thy servant, Lord,
His every step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end

2 Preserve him from all wro ng;
Stand thou at his right h and:
And keep him from the sl nderous tongue
And persecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou, to the li stening crowd,
His faithful labors l less.

4 Farewell, dear laborer , go;
We part with thee i n love;
And if we meet no m re below,
O may we meet abo ve.

172 *Be ye therefore re dy also.* S. M
Luke 12: 40.

YE servants of the Lo rd,
Each in his office w ait;
With joy obey his heav enly word,
And watch before h gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golde n flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
For awful is his na me.

3 Watch! 't is the Lord 's command;
And while we speak , he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appe r.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture f ound!
He shall his Lord wit h rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

173 *Matt.* 9: 3 . S. M. D.

LORD of the harves ! hear
Thy needy servant s' cry;
Answer our faith's effe ctual prayer,
And all our wants s pply.

On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great,
The laborers are few.

2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure gospel-word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

3 O, let them spread thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

174 *Preach the word.* 5s & 6s.
II Tim. 4: 2.

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

2 Christ ruleth on high,
Almighty to save:
And still he is nigh—
His presence we have:

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

3 Salvation to him,
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son;
Our Saviour's praises
The angels proclaim,
They fall on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

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

475 *Prayer for deacons.* 7s.

SON of God, our glorious Head!
On us now thy blessing shed;
From thy throne let mercy flow
To thy waiting flock below.

2 Taught by thee, with prayer sincere,
We have called thy servants here,
For thy needy ones to care,
And thy holy feast to bear.

3 May the Spirit from above
Fill their hearts with faith and love;
Make them humble, zealous, wise,
Strife to shun, and good devise.

4 When their earthly work is done,
When the crown of life is won,
May they, with thy favor blest,
Pass from labor into rest.

476 *The fields are white already to harvest.* 7s & 6s.
John 4: 35.

HO, reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain:
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
Thy Master calls for reapers;
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold;
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the hights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know;

Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

LOVE, UNITY AND FELLOWSHIP.

477 *Christian fellowship.* L. M

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below:
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

5 Thus—as the moments pass away—
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

478 *Come in thou blessed of the Lord.* L. M.
Gen. 24: 31.

COME in, thou blessèd of our God,
In Jesus' name we bid thee come;
No more thy feet shall roam abroad,
Henceforth a brother—welcome home.

2 Those joys which earth can not afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vail of tears
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

479 *Christian affection.* L. M.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run, [one!
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

480 *The more excellent way.* L. M.
I Cor. 12: 31.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor—
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

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

481 *The pilgrim band.* L. M

COME, you that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

CHORUS.

We 're all united, heart and hand,
Joined in one band completely;
We 're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where waters flow most sweetly.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 That happy day will soon appear
When Michael's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth—yea, down to hell,
And call the nations, great and small.

4 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
While Christ the Judge these words pro-claims,
"Here come my saints—I own their names!"

5 "You everlasting gates, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
You harps of heaven, now sound aloud,
Here come the ransomed by my blood!"

6 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine!
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.

7 They stand, and wonder, and look on:
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.

482 *Thy little flock in safety keep.* L. M.

JESUS, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
These lambs within thine arms now take,
Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye!

3 O, teach them to discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice!
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

5 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove,
And reach the heavenly fold above.

483 *Organization of a church.* L. M.

LORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn covenant now to join;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.

2 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless,
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

3 Make her a garden walled with grace,
A temple built for God below,
Where thy blest saints may see thy face,
And fruits of thy blessed Spirit grow.

484 *You are all one in Christ Jesus.* L. M.
Gal. 3: 28.

STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above;
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love.

2 Yet must we part, and, parting, weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
But soon we 'll meet to part no more.

485 *Parting hymn.* L. M.

MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here!
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like chords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.

6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast:
When, in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

O blesséd day! O glorious hope!
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When, in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

486 *Go on, you pilgrims.* C. M.

GO on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your leader, follow him;
He through this world has been
Often reviled; but like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O! take the pattern he has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
Through self-denial lies.

4 Remember, you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Go on rejoicing night and day;
Your crown is yet before,
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

6 Soon we shall reach the promised land,
With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

487 *Planting a church.* C. M.

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Around this feeble, trusting band,
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

5 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

488 *The unity of the Spirit.* C. M.

Eph. 4: 3.

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 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

489 *We will serve the Lord.* C. M.
Josh. 24: 15.

YE men and angels, witness now—
Before the Lord we speak,
To him we make our solemn vow—
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

490 *Restore such a one, etc.* C. M.
Gal. 6: 1.

THINK gently of the erring one!
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

491 *Before and behind the vail.* C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined
And made in spirit one:
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;
To heaven our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

492 *Spiritual blessings in heavenly places.* C. M.
Eph. 1: 3.

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power
He stands engaged to hear.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

493 *The bond of perfectness.* C. M
Col. 3 : 14.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love:

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

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

494 *The whole family in heaven and earth.* C. M
Eph. 3 : 15.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those tc glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one:

3 One family—we dwell in him;
One church—above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Even now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
Expecting soon to die!

6 Dear Saviour! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

495 *Love as brethren.* S. M.
I Pet. 3: 8.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

4 Though often called to part,
Amid these scenes of pain;
Yet, we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

496 *Stand fast in the Lord.* S. M.
Phil. 4 : 1.

ALL you that have confessed
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people joined yourselves,
According to his word:

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend, nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 In all your Saviour's ways,
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You 'll reign with him above.

497 *Let there be no divisions among you.* S. M.
I Cor. 1 : 10.

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

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

498 *Strangers and pilgrims.* 7s.
I Pet. 2 : 11.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

499 *Bond of peace.* 7s.
Eph. 4 : 3.

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 depths of love express—
All the hights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

500 *Love is of God.* 8s
I John 4 : 7.

SAY, whence does this union arise,
Where hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance nor time can remove.

2 It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' life's blood it has cost.

3 My friends so endeared unto me,
Our souls so united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we can not remain.

5 And then we shall see that bright day
And join with the angels above.
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see;
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

501 *Receive ye one another.* 8s & 7s.
Rom. 15 : 7

COME, dear friends, we all are brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land;
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ, our Leader, gives command
Cease to boast of party merit,
Wound the cause of God no more.
Be united by his Spirit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2 Now our hand, our heart and spirit,
Here in fellowship we give;
Let us love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live

We 'll be one in Christ our Saviour,
Male and female, bond and free!
Christ is all in all for ever,
In him we shall blessèd be.

502 *Parting friends.* 7s, 6 lines.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

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

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
And its wasted lamp is dead:
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

503 *We shall meet no more to part.* P. M.

WE shall meet no more to part;
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart!
Weary days will soon depart—
Then we may rest for ever!
When the work of life is done,
When the victor's crown is won,
Then, immortal life begun,
We no more shall sever.
We shall meet no more to part;
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart!
Weary days will soon depart—
Then we may rest for ever!

2 In the house of peace and bliss,
In the world where Jesus is,
When we bid adieu to this,
Then we may love for ever.
Purified from every stain,
Through the Lamb that once was slain,
Brethren, we shall meet again,
And be parted never!

504 *When shall we meet again.* 6s & 5s

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
hen will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vail of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy, for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever:
Soon shall Peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever:

Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never—no, never!

505 *He that dwelleth in love, etc.* C. P. M.
I John 4: 16.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wandering heart
All taken up in thee!
O may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God;
O may it now be shed abroad
To cheer my fainting heart!
I want to feel that love divine;
This heavenly portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

3 O that I could for ever 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.

4 O that I might, with happy John,
Recline my weary head upon
The blessed Redeemer's breast!
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

506 *A parting hymn.* 6s, 4s & 5s.

PEACEFULLY, tenderly,
Here, as we part,
The farewell that lingers
Be breathed from the heart:

No place more fitting,
O house of the Lord—
Here be it spoken,
That last prayerful word.

2 Thoughtfully, carefully,
Solemn and slow!
Tears are bedewing
The path that we go;
Perils before us
We know not to-day—
Kindly and safely,
O Lord, lead the way.

3 Upwardly, steadfastly,
Gaze on that brow:
Jesus, our Leader,
Reigns conqueror now.
His steps let us follow,
His sufferings dare,
Go up to glory,
His blessedness share.

4 Patiently, cheerfully,
Up, and depart
To labor and duty
With gladness of heart;
The ransomed, with triumph,
To Zion we'll bring,
Shouting salvation
To Jesus, our King.

507 *Pilgrim's farewell.* L. M

FAREWELL, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal care or bliss;
I leave you here to travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
CHORUS.—Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My Christian friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love,
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That we ere long shall meet above.

3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.

Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my soul to leave you here,
Eternal sorrow waits for you,
O turn, and find salvation near.

508 *Waiting on God.* 10s & 8s.
Isaiah 40: 31.

O HAPPY children who follow Jesus
Into the house of prayer and praise,
And join in union while love increases,
Resolved this way to spend our days:
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
By the flesh and such as love not God;
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
We ofttimes find on Canaan's road.

2 Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've felt some strength come from above,
Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
We long to be absorbed in love:
Let us sing praises for what is given,
And trust in God for time to come:
Sure we shall find the way to heaven;
So farewell, brethren—we're going home.

3 And as we go let us praise our Saviour,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.

Now here's my hand, and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love;
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus:
So farewell, brethren—we 'll meet above.

509 *Heavenward.* C. P. M

Col. 3: 2.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who feel your sorrows still;
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 heavenly place,
The saint's 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,
Shall there 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.

510 *Home.* 11s

Phil. 3: 20.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints.
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blesséd Jesus, whose love can not cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

511 *Ephesians* 4: 5. S. H. M.

ONE baptism and one faith,
One Lord below, above,
The fellowship of Zion hath
One only watchword—Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is One;
One priest before the throne—
The crucified, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 O why should they who love
One gospel to unfold,
Who look for one bright home above,
On earth be strange and cold?
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness?

4 O may that holy prayer—
His tenderest and his last,
The utterance of his latest care
Ere to the cross he passed—
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The World's offense, thy people's stain!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

512 *Glorying only in the cross.* L. M.
Gal. 6: 14.

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

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet—
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

513 *Delight in Christ.* L. M

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee—All in All!

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feed upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright,
Chase the dark night of sin away—
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

514 *Soft be the gently breathing notes.* L. M

SOFT be the gently breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above:
Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad,
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;
Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To him who bled upon the tree.

515 *Communion in Christ.* L. M.

HOW pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree—
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we behold the Saviour's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

3 While here we sit, we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore
Till all the saints, like us, combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

516 *Welcome to young converts.* L. M.

WELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,
To this rich feast of gospel love—
This pledge is but the prelude given
To that immortal feast above.

2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
According to our Saviour's word,
And hold by faith communion sweet,
With our unseen yet present Lord.

3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love!

4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre,
While listening worlds the song approve;
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

517 *The last scenes.* L. M.

'TWAS on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory given
To him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:

My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised;
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heaven's eternal grace revealed.

6 This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of my dying hour.

518 *The bread of life.* L. M

AWAY from earth my spirit turns—
Away from every transient good:
With strong desire my bosom burns
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply;
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails, and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand
For ever firm on Zion's hill.

519 *They came together to break bread.* C. M
Acts 20: 7.

LORD, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires:

3 Still may their light our duties trace
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet board appear
To breathe the grateful prayer;

5 Forget us not—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste.

6 Forget not—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

520 *Remembering Christ.* C. M.

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

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

521 *Spiritual refreshment.* C. M.

O GOD, unseen yet ever near!
Reveal thy presence now,
While we, in love that hath no fear,
Before thy glory bow.

2 Here may obedient spirits find
The blessings of thy love—
The streams that through the desert wind,
The manna from above.

3 Awhile beside the fount we stay,
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

522 *Reception of members.* C. M.

COME in, thou blessèd of the Lord:
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done:
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

523 *Blessed are the poor in spirit.* C. M.
Matt 5: 3.

LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come!

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

524 *In remembrance of me.* C. M.
I Cor. 11: 24.

IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

525 *He was known of them, etc.* C. M.
Luke 24: 35.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna from the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by thy word of grace—
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart—
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Then sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread and heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

526 *You do show the Lord's death.* S. M.
I Cor. 11 : 26.

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections grow.

527 *After the supper.* S M.

NOW let each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.

2 His condescending love
First calls our wonder forth;
He left the blessed realms above,
To dwell with men on earth.

3 His precepts, how divine!
How suited to our state!
How bright his acts of mercy shine
His promises how great!

4 Redemption's glorious plan,
How wondrous in our view!
The salutary source to man
Of peace and pardon too.

528 *Truly our fellowship is with the, etc.* S. M.
I John 1: 3.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart!
  Here wait my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
  In nobler scenes above.

529 *Take this, etc.* S. M.
Luke 22 : 17.

JESUS invites his saints
  To meet around his board:
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
  Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
  Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
  And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
  His glorious name to raise:
Let holy love fill every mind,
  And every voice be praise.

530 *And when they had sung a hymn, etc.* S. M.
Matt. 26 : 30.

A PARTING hymn we sing
  Around thy table, Lord:
Again our grateful tribute bring,
  Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
  And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
  In word and life appear.

The purchase of thy blood—
  By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
  May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
  Be Christian union shown,
Until we join the Church above,
  And know as we are known.

531 *Behold the Lamb of God.* S. M.
John 1 : 36.

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

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

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

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

532 *Foretastes.* S. M.
Mark 14 : 25.

BLEST feast of love divine!
'T is grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee!

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 O, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet!

4 To see thee face to face—
Thy perfect likeness wear—
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

533 *I will draw all men unto me.* 8s & 7s.
John 12: 32.

IT is finished! Man of Sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

2 While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to thee;
Sufferer victorious!

3 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be;

4 Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages;
May it guide us still to thee!

534 *The body and blood of Christ.* 7s

BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

535 *Leaving the Lord's table.* 8s & 7s.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

536 *It was for us.* P. M

NEAR the cross our station taking,
Earthly cares and joys forsaking,
Meet it is for us to mourn:
'T was for us he came from heaven,
'T was for us his heart was riven;
All his griefs for us were borne.

2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes our help and healing,
By his death our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

3 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy praise and honor living,
May we in thy glory live!

537 *My peace I give unto you.* P. M

LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send thy blessing from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee;
Every burdened soul release;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease:
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

538 *Looking to Jesus.* 8s & 7s
Heb. 12: 2.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I 'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead they now my peace with God.

3 Truly blesséd is this station,
Here unfolds his wondrous grace;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his lovely face.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Here the joy of sins forgiven
Shall inspire my songs of praise.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
While his feet I bathe with tears·
Constant still in faith abiding—
Hope triumphant o'er my fears.

6 Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my trusting heart on thee,
Till I know thy full salvation,
And thy face in glory see.

539 *My meditation shall be sweet.* P. M.
Psalm 104: 34.

HERE I sink before thee lowly,
Filled with gladness deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On thy mighty work I ponder—
On this banquet's mystery,
On the depths we can not see:
Far beyond all mortal sight
Lie the secrets of thy might.

2 Sun, who all my life dost brighten!
Light, who dost my soul enlighten!
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth!
Fount, whence all my being floweth!
Humbly draw I near to thee;
Grant that I may worthily
Take this blessèd heavenly food,
To thy praise, and to my good.

3 Jesus, Bread of Life from heaven,
Never be thou vainly given,
Nor I to my hurt invited;
Be thy love with love requited;
Let me learn its depths indeed,
While on thee my soul doth feed;
Let me, here so richly blest,
Be hereafter, too, thy guest.

540 *Whom having not seen, we love.* 8s & 7s
I Pet. 1: 8.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love,
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life and death of woe!
And with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

541 *To him be glory.* P. M.
Eph. 3 : 21.

JESUS has died for me,
Glory to God!
From sin he set me free
Glory to God!
And, if I trust his grace,
I soon shall win the race;
Then see his lovely face,
Glory to God!

2 Soon, I shall sing above,
Glory to God!
Tell of his wondrous love,
Glory to God:
Free from all death and wrong,
Then shall my notes prolong
One loud, triumphant song,
Glory to God!

542 *Christ our confidence.* 6s & 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

543 *The Cross—the power of God.* 7s & 6s.
I Cor. 1: 18.

I SAW the cross of Jesus
When burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus
To give me peace within;
I brought my soul to Jesus;
He cleansed it in his blood;
And in the cross of Jesus—
I found my peace with God.

2 I love the cross of Jesus—
It tells me what I am;
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb.
No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.

3 I clasp the cross of Jesus
In every trying hour,
My sure and certain refuge,
My never-failing tower.

In every fear and conflict,
I more than conqueror am;
Living I 'm safe, or dying,
Through Christ the risen Lamb.

4 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace and safety
Till life itself depart;
And then in strains of glory
I 'll sing thy wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

544 *Communion of the body and blood of Christ.* 10s.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above—
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

545 *Believing, we rejoice.* H. M.
I Peter 1: 8.

YE saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound,
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound,
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne
The prince of darkness fell,
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

546 *The true Passover.* 7s, 6 lines.

ONCE the angel started back,
When he saw the blood-stained door,
Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er.
Once the sea from Israel fled,
Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead.

2 Now our Passover is come,
Dimly shadowed in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ, the Lord, is slain at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleavened bread we 'll eat.

3 Blessèd Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given,
At whose word hell shrinks away.
Thou hast conquered death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

547 *The Mercy Seat.* L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'T is found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering souls no Mercy Seat?

5 There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat!

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

548 *This is the gate of heaven.* L. M.
Gen. 28: 17.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word!

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet—
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
O! grant that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

549 *For a business meeting.* L. M

BENIGNANT God of love and power,
Be with us in this solemn hour;
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are combine
To forward objects so divine.

550 *Hour of prayer.* L. M.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Saviour shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

551 *Isaiah* 57: 15. L.M

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

552 *There am I.* L. M.
Matt. 18: 20.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid the little company;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Be present in each waiting heart,
And strength and heavenly peace impart.

553 *No other friend can I desire.* L. M

MY precious Lord, for thy dear name
I bear the cross, despise the shame;
Nor do I faint while thou art near;
I lean on thee, how can I fear?

2 No other name but thine is given
To cheer my soul in earth or heaven;
No other wealth will I require:
No other friend can I desire.

3 Yea, into nothing would I fall
For thee alone, my All in All;
To feel thy love, my only joy;
To tell thy love, my sole employ.

554 *Christ, all in all.* L. M.
Col. 3: 11.

O THOU pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!

2 Be thou our guide, be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

555 *The tranquil hour.* L. M

THOU, Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed with light, and girt with power
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray,
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lovest the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal,
And, as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

556 *Exhortation to prayer.* L. M

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

557 *They that believe do enter into rest.* L. M.
Heb. 4: 3.

MY only Saviour! when I feel
O'erwhelmed in spirit, faint, oppressed,
'T is sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet, thou art my rest.

2 I m weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
O, let me turn from self and sin,
To thy dear cross, for there is rest!

3 O! sweet will be the welcome day,
When from her toils and woes released,
My parting soul in death shall say,
"Now, Lord! I come to thee for rest."

558 *Prayer for contentment.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life, and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

559 *Tempest-tossed.* C M.

O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
I seek thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before thy throne
And all thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.

560 *Thy will be done.* C. M

HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
"O God, thy will be done."

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O let that Will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O, could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

561 *Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.* C. M
1 Pet. 3: 15.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall banish fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

562 *Retirement and meditation.* C. M

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

563 *My Saviour died for me.* C. M

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
And 't is enough—the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail.

4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me.

5 And when thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away—

6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak—
"My Saviour died for me."

564 *Let us draw near.* C. M.
Heb. 10: 22.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

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

5 O, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

565 *Prayer.* C. M

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

566 *Filled with all the fullness of God.* C. M.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But what is found in thee:
I must have all things and abound
While God is God to me.

4 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the vail—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

5 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

567 *Ask and it shall be given you.* S. M.

Luke 11: 9.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardships, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross;

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

568 *Opening prayer meeting.* S. M. D.

IT is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!
O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

2 O, blesséd is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh;
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.

569 *Come, let us pray.* C. H. M.

COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near:
That while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace—let us pray.

Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought!—come! let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; let us pray.

570 *Invitation to prayer.* S. M.

COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For you have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hearest the mourner's call—

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

571 *Heavenly places.* 7s, 6 lines.

IF 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

572 *Deliver us from evil.* 7s

HEAVENLY Father! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie;
Through the desert when I stray
Let thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lord! uphold me, day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

3 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain, or sorrow, care or shame—
Father! glorify thy name.

4 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending home to thee, my God.

573 *God is present everywhere.* 7s

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

574 *Lift the heart, and bend the knee.* 7s

CHILD, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;

2 Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy daily toil to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

3 Traveler in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;

4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

575 *Lead me, O Lord.* 7s

SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
Lead me to the shadowing rock,
Where the richest pasture grows;
Where the living water flows;

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Sheltered from the scorching beam;
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near thy side.

576 *Draw near with a true heart.* 7s, 6 lines
Heb. 10: 22.

HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;
Grant that while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee;
Let thy presence here be found,
Breathing peace and joy around.

Lord, when we approach thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known:
Thus may we be taught to call
Humbly on the Lord of all,
And with reverence and fear,
At thy footstool to appear.

3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose;
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace;
And with confidence depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

577 *The Lord make his face shine upon thee.* 7s
Num. 6: 25.

STEALING from the world away
We are come to seek thy face:
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky,
Shine but with a borrowed light:
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

578 *Hear us when to thee we cry.* 7s, double

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee:
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;

By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus look with pitying eye,
Hear our humble, earnest cry.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Listen to our humble cry.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save:
Dying, risen, ascended, Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

579 *Evening, and morning, etc.* 7s & 6s.
Psalm 55: 17.

GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;

Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

580 *After this manner pray ye.* 6s & 5s.
Matt. 6 : 9.

OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same!
O give to us daily,
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

6s

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
For ever—Amen!

581 *The hour of prayer.* 8s & 4.

MY God! is any hour so sweet
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare. balm for grief
What peace of mind!

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

582 *Casting all your care upon him.* C. P. M
I Pet. 5: 7.

O LORD! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear his children's cries.

3 O! would these restless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease;
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And in his mercy trusting still,
Find in each trial, peace.

583 *Faint, yet pursuing.* 11s
Judges 8: 4.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his Word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial, be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home.

584 *For divine strength.* 11s & 10s.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love,
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth thro' doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair—O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

585 *The house of prayer.* 11s.

HOW honored, how dear, is that sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near to their Father and God:
'Mid worldly commotion my wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion, the home of thy saints.

2 Thou hearer of prayer, O still grant me a place
Where Christians repair to the courts of thy grace;
More blest beyond measure one day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings enjoyed.

Me more would it please keeping post at thy gate,
Than lying at ease in the chambers of state;
The meanest condition outshines, with thy smiles,
The pomp of ambition, the world with its wiles.

4 The Lord is a Sun, and the Lord is a Shield:
What grace has begun, will with glory be sealed;
He hears the distresséd, he succors the just,
And they shall be blesséd who make him their trust.

586 *Come, ye disconsolate.* 11s & 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

587 *Hear, Father, hear our prayer.* P. M.

HEAR, Father, hear our prayer!
Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaileth,
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble and hope to despair,
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

2 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!
Wandering alone in the land of the stranger,
Be with all travelers in sickness or danger,
Guard thou their path, guide their feet from the snare:
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

3 Hear thou the poor that cry!
Feed thou the hungry and lighten their sorrow,
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;
They are thy children, their trust is on high:
Hear thou the poor that cry!

4 Dry thou the mourner's tear!
Heal thou the wounds of time-hallowed affection;
Grant to the widow and orphan protection;
Be, in their trouble, a friend ever near;
Dry thou the mourner's tear?

Hear, Father, hear our prayer!
Long hath thy goodness our footsteps attended;
Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended:
When at thy summons for death we prepare,
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

588 *Prayer of the contrite.* 11s & 5

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
Forgive its weakness!

2 We see thy hand: it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice: it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty, bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

589 *Strengthen with might, etc.* 11s & 10s
Eph. 3: 16.

FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name;

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

3 Let all thy loving kindness which attends us,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy saving power can cleanse us;
O, speak the word! thy servants shall be healed.

590 *Lead thou me on.* P. M.

SHED kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
And lead me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead thou me on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'T will lead me on!
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone!
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

ITS GROWTH AND FUTURE TRIUMPHS.

591 *Put on thy strength, O Zion.* L. M.
Isaiah 52: 1.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

592 *All nations shall serve him.* L. M
Psalm 72: 11.

ETERNAL Lord! from land to land
Shall echo thine all-glorious name,
Till kingdoms bow at thy command,
And every lip thy praise proclaim.

2 Exalted high on every shore,
The banner of the cross unfurled,
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of a ransomed world.

3 Thousands shall join thy pilgrim band,
And, by that sacred standard led,
Press forward to Immanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.

4 Triumphant over every foe,
Their ransomed hosts shall move along
To that blest world, where sin and woe
Shall never mingle with their song.

593 *Put on thy beautiful garments.* L. M.
Isaiah 52: 1.

ZION, awake! thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

594 *Zion's prospects.* C. M.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
All nations bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise and trust the Lord.

595 *Isaiah 62.* C. M.

FOR Zion's sake I will not rest,
I will not hold my peace
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And Judah dwell at ease;

2 Until her righteousness return,
As daybreak after night—
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name.

4 The watchmen on her walls appear,
And day and night proclaim,
"Zion's Deliverer is near;
Make mention of his name."

5 Go through, go through, prepare the way,
The gates wide open fling;
With loudest voice let heralds say,
"Behold thy coming King."

596 *Christ's Church.* C. M
Canticles 6: 10.

SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet, blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full orbed glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendent wings.

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
And fearless of the foe!

5 This is the church by heaven arrayed
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread
And thus her glories shine.

597 *All nations shall flow unto it.* C. M.
Isaiah 2: 2.

BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they 'll say,
And to his house we 'll go!

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land!
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

6 Come, then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

598 *We look for thine appearing.* P. M.

COME, O thou mighty Saviour,
We look for thine appearing;
Descend, we pray,
Thy love display,
Our waiting spirits cheering.

2 Come, clothed with glorious power;
Let all thy saints adore thee,
And let thy word,
The Spirit's sword,
Subdue thy foes before thee.

3 May every heart with gladness,
Thine offered grace receiving,
Now cease from sin,
And, pure within,
Have peace, in thee believing.

4 Then, when thou comest to judgment,
On flying clouds descending,
May we rejoice
When, at thy voice,
The solid earth is rending.

599 *I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time.* 7s.
Isaiah 60: 22.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord!
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

600 *Rev.* 19: 6. 7s, double.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!

See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'t is done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

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

601 *Future peace and glory of the church.* 8s & 7s.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasure without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 You, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me;

God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

602 *The day-spring.* 8s, 7s & 4
Luke 1: 78.

CHRISTIAN! see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

2 Heathens at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun—salvation beaming—
Gilding now the radiant hills—
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

603 *Encouraging prospects.* 8s, 7s & 4

YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:

When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 O, 't is pleasant, 't is reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

604 *How beautiful on the mountains.* 8s, 7s & 4.
Isaiah 52: 7.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

605 *Awake, awake, O Zion.* 11s.
Isaiah 52: 1.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far; [them,
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

606 *In thy majesty, etc.* 12s, 11s & 8.
Psalm 45: 4.

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes is gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

And now thro' the darkness of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise:
"Hail, Son of the Highest! let every knee bending,
Adore thee with off'rings of praise.

1 "Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy, from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 "Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour;
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

"Ride on, till the compass of thy great dominion,
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole;
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.

7 "Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays."

607 *Shout, inhabitant of Zion.* 11s.

Isaiah 12: 6.

ZION, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest of angels in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee—he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

2 Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round,
How free to the sinner he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
You angels, the full hallelujah be singing—
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies!
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

608 *Hail to the brightness.* 11s & 10s.

HAIL, to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning.
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in vedure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

609 *Gird on thy sword, O most mighty!* H. M.
Psalm 45: 3.

GIRD on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord!
To wage thy holy war,
Before his wheels, in glad surprise,
Ye valleys, rise, and sink, ye hills.

2 Fair truth and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
Under thy banners move,
And seek from thee redress;
Thou in thy cause shall prosperous ride,
And far and wide dispense thy laws.

3 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace—
The grace that captures all.
The world shall know, great King of kings,
What wondrous things thine arm can do.

4 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display;
My heart, thy throne, blest Jesus! see,
Bows low to thee, to thee alone.

610 *Joyful tidings.* P. M.

O LET the joyful tidings fill the wide creation,
Heirs of redeeming mercy, spread the news around;
Jesus, Immanuel, shall rule o'er every nation,
Far as the guilty race of man is found.
Now while the night of ages fills the world with sadness,
Now while the prince of darkness rages in his madness;
O, Sun of Righteousness, thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day!

O Father, let thy blessing with thy saints abounding,
Fill every breast with zeal, the gospel to proclaim;
O sing, Jerusalem, thy gates with joy surrounding,
While distant isles rejoice in Jesus' name.
Watchmen of Zion, sound aloud the note of warning,
Till earth's benighted nations hail the glorious morning;
O, Sun of Righteousness, thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day!

3 Deep is the desolation of the race benighted, [fear;
Fast bound in ignorance, o'erwhelmed with guilt and
Folly and superstition every hope have blighted,
Save where the rays of truth divine appear.
Haste, haste, ye messengers, reveal the wondrous story,
Tell of the cross, and of the coming tide of glory:
Then, Sun of Righteousness, thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.

PUBLIC WORSHIP—THE LORD'S DAY.

611 *It is a good thing to give thanks, etc.* L. M.
Psalm 92: 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 at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine.

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below:
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

612 *As it began to dawn.* L. M.
Matt. 28: 1.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

613 *The Lord's day.* L. M.

O SACRED day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

2 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

614 *Christ is risen.* L. M.

HAIL! morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blessed be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead has brought his Son!
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has given,
For rest and serious joy designed,
To fit us for the bliss of heaven.

615 *Lord's-day evening.* L. M.

SWEET is the fading light of eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

2 The time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below:
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love,
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

616 *Return unto thy rest, O my soul.* L. M.
Psalm 116: 7.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another day of rest begun,
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

617 *There remaineth a rest to the people, etc.* L. M.
Heb. 4: 9.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place,
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun.
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

618 *This is the day which the Lord hath, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 118: 24.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God has blessed,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten on that day,
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Our hearts his praise employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

619 *We will rejoice and be glad in it.* C. M.
Psalm 118: 24.

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 Blessed 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.

620 *I will praise thee with my whole heart.* C. M.
Psalm 9 : 1.

O FATHER! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

621 *Lev.* 23 : 11, *& I Cor.* 15 : 20. C. M.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall fade away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A Comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when he
Was made for ever blest

5 This day the Christian Church began,
Formed by his wondrous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

622 *He hath abolished death.* C. M.
II Tim. 1: 10.

THE Saviour risen to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By the Creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'T was great to speak the world from nought,
'T was greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Nought can forbid his rise:
'T is he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

623 *The type of endless rest.* C. M.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, gracious Lord, thou source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul!

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er:
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more!

624 *This is the Lord's doing.* S. M.
Psalm 118: 23.

THIS is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

4 We bless thy Holy Word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

625 *The righteous doth sing and rejoice.* S. M
Prov. 29: 6.

SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice

4 To songs of praise and joy,
May all our days be given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

626 *Welcome, sweet day of rest.* S. M.

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 may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

627 *I was glad.* S. P. M.
Psalm 122: 1.

HOW pleased and blessed was I,
To hear the people cry—
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase—
A thousand blessings on him rest!

6?8 *Hail the day that saw him rise.* 7s, double

HAIL the day that saw him rise,
Ravished from his people's eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.
There the glorious triumph waits—
"Lift your heads, you heavenly gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

2 He, whom highest heaven receives,
Ever loves the friends he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls his saints his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Taken from our eyes to-day,
Master, hear us when we pray;
See thy needy servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee:
Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure hight,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Follow thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when the Lord shall come,
Longing, reaching after home;

There for ever to remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

629 *Springs in the desert.* 7s, 6 lines.
Isaiah 49: 10.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us each a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the blest Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints.
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join thy courts above.

5 Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Glory to the Lamb be given—
Glory in the highest heaven:
Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,
Be to God for evermore.

630 *The resurrection celebrated.* H. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
All earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

631 *A day in thy courts, etc.* H. M.
Psalm 84: 10.

TO spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defense;
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He will bestow
On Israel's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves—
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

632 *Welcome, delightful morn.* H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne with grace;
The scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

633 *The first day of the week.* 7s & 6s.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright,
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing holy, holy, holy,
To God the holy One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;

On thee our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise:
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

GRATITUDE AND PRAISE.

634 *Loving kindness.* L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great.

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies!

635 *I will praise thee forever.* L. M.
Psalm 52: 9.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of my tongue.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all my thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal is thy praise.

636 *Omnipresence.* L. M
Psalm 138.

LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

637 *His mercy endureth for ever.* L. M
Psalm 106: 1.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise!

638 *Condescension of Christ.* L. M.

HOW sweet the praise, how high the theme,
To sing of him who rules supreme,
Who dwells at God's right hand on high,
Yet looks on us with tender eye.

2 The angelic host, in countless throngs,
Recount his glories in their songs,
And golden harps salute his ear;
Yet our weak praise he deigns to hear.

3 The planets roll their orbits round;
Unnumbered worlds, in space profound,
Are ruled by him, by him controlled;
Yet he's the Shepherd of our fold.

4 Exalted high upon his throne,
The universe is all his own:
Untold the honors he doth wear;
Yet we are objects of his care.

639 *Matt.* 1: 21. C. P. M

O LET your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest;
To heal the sinner's wounded breast;
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around;
And to the world's remotest bound,
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came, our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

640 *To him be glory.* P. M

REJOICE, O earth! the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory!

2 O may the saints of every name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory!

3 We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And gentiles crowding to the sign,
To give to Jesus glory!

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory!

5 Then tears shall all be wiped away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

641 *My sheep—follow me.* C. M.
John 10: 27.

TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the humblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

642 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.* P. M
Rev. 5: 12.

RISE, tune thy voice to sacred song,
Exert thy noblest powers;
Rise, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.

2 O! hast thou felt the Saviour's love,
That flame of heavenly birth!
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.

3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near the eternal throne;
O sing the praise of God!

4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven.

643 *The Saviour died for me.* C.M

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

644 *Tender mercies.* C. M

ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 Still I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

5 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

645 *I will bless thy name for ever and ever.* C. M.
Psalm 145: 1.

LONG as I live I'll praise thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy work of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

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

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known—
Thy arm of power, thy heavenly state
With public splendor shown.

The world is managed by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thy eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

646 *Unto him that loved us.* C. M.
Rev. 1: 5.

TO him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day:
While they that pierced him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be.

647 *Old things passed away.* C. M.

LET earthly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

4 But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

648 *The song of Moses and the Lamb.* S M.
Rev. 15: 3.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name!

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

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the glorious King.

4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children, come,"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

649 *Break forth into joy.* S. M.
Isaiah 52: 9.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 He shows his Father's love,
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardon from above
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

650 *Psalm* 103. S. M

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath:
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

651 *Bless his holy name.* S. M.
Psalm 103: 1.

LET every heart and tongue
Proclaim the Saviour's praise;
He is the source of all my joy,
His mercy crowns my days.

2 He knows my feeble frame;
Remembers I am dust;
And though he should my life destroy,
In him I'll put my trust.

3 Each day he is my strength,
My hope, my life, my all;
And while upon his arm I lean
I surely cannot fall.

4 Then to my blessed Lord,
Let grateful songs arise,
While angels bear the notes above
And sound them through the skies.

652 *His compassions fail not.* S. M.
Sam. 3: 22.

HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
And chased our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

653 *Redeeming love.* 7s

NOW begin the heavenly 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,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

654 *They shall come to Zion with songs.* 7s.
Isaiah 35 : 10.

SONGS of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he,
Captive, led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

655 *Praise waiteth for thee, etc.* 7s
Psalm 65 : 1.

PRAISE on thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah, waits;
Unto thee, who hearest prayer,
Shall the tribes of men repair.

2 Though with conscious guilt oppressed,
On thy mercy still we rest;
Thy forgiving love display,
Take, O Lord, our sins away.

3 O, how blessèd their reward,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
Who within thy courts abide,
With thy goodness satisfied.

656 I *Pet.* 1: 8. P. M.

SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Be ever near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

657 *All things loss for Christ.* 8s

MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I 'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 You palaces, scepters and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey,
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

4 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

658 *The first and the last.* 8s
Rev. 1 : 11.

THIS Lord is the Lord we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend.
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'T is 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.

659 *The unsearchable riches of Christ.* 8s.
Eph. 3 : 8.

HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?

2 His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace—
No—this is a secret unknown.

3 In him all the fullness of God
For ever transcendently shines!
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.

4 Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustainéd no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

5 O sinners! believe and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

6 Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're tossed,
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

7 He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace—yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

660 *O thou Fount of every blessing.* 8s & 7s.

O THOU Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God!
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee!

6 Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

661 *Brightness of the Father's glory.* 8s & 7s.
Heb. 1: 3.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord, who came to die.

2 Did the angels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.

662 *Thrice holy.* 8s & 7s.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.
Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

2 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angel's cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts recite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts most high!"

663 *Hark! ten thousand harps.* 8s & 7s, peculiar.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

664 *Worthy is the Lamb, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4
Rev. 5: 12.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us:
Sound his glory
While our heart with transport glows.

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end:
Human thought is here confounded;
'T is too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

665 *He hath put a new song in my mouth.* 11s
Psalm 40: 3.

O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy!
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ;
With praises unceasing we 'll sing of thy name!
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we 'll proclaim.

2 The wonderful name of our Jesus we 'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King,
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove;
His name s salvation—his nature is Love.

3 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We 'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.

4 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast;
We 'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

666 *Worthy is the Lamb.* 11s
Rev. 5: 12.

COME, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb,
The theme most sublime of the angels above;
They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,
And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.

2 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain;
But their loftiest songs never equal his love:
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

3 Yet even our service he will not despise,
When we join in his worship and tell of his name;
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,
And, trusting his mercy, sing, "Worthy the Lamb.'

667 *Let us awake our joys.* 6s & 4s

LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing:
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame!
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him now raised in power;
Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
Lo! he shall come,
While they who pierced him, wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

668 *Rev.* 5: 12, 13. 6s & 4s.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name;
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice.
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

669 *God is ever good.* 6s & 5.

SEE the shining dew-drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving as they sparkle—
God is ever good.

2 See the morning sunbeams,
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming—
God is ever good.

3 Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying—
God is ever good.

4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing—
God is ever good.

5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters—
God is ever good.

670 *Declare among the people his doings.* H. M
Psalm 9: 11.

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

2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What angels could not do;
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, all thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Son of God.

5 From thence he 'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

671 *Glad homage.* P. M.

FATHER of spirits? humbly bent before thee.
Songs of glad homage unto thee we bring;
Touched by thy Spirit, O teach us to adore thee;
Let thy light attend us,
Let thy love befriend us,
Father of our spirits, Everlasting King!

2 Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
Through the wide universe thy name be known,
Millions of voices shall join in adorations,
Every soul invited,
Every voice united,
Joining to adore the Everlasting One!

672 *The great salvation.* C. P. M.
Heb. 2: 3.

TO him who did salvation bring,
Wake every tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise:
His grace diffuses as the rains
Crown nature's flowery hills and plains,
And spread a thousand ways.

2 Salvation is the noblest song,
O may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat, Amen!
The Lord will come from heaven to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

3 We feel redemption drawing near;
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be for ever blessed:
His promise never can delay,
Our Jesus, on the appointed day,
Will give his people rest.

4 By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hovering all around;
He smiles upon his saints:
He cries aloud in melting strains,
I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints.

5 The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory! glory to our King;
The grand Assize is come!
You everlasting doors, fly wide;
The Church is glorious as a bride
And Jesus takes her home.

3 In all the heavens there 's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,

But pleasure yet unknown:
From heaven to heaven we sound the bliss,
O what a blest abode is this,
For ever round the throne!

7 The joys of heaven will never end;
All glory to the sinner's Friend!
Roll on, you happy scenes!
You wingéd seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys!
Our Jesus ever reigns.

673 *Praise the Lord.* 8s, 7s & 4.

PRAISE the Lord! ye saints, adore him,
All unite with one accord;
Bring your offerings, come before him—
O praise the Lord.

2 Praise the Lord, who every blessing
On our heads hath richly poured;
Sing aloud, his love confessing—
O praise the Lord.

3 Praise the Lord! who would not praise him?
He hath us to grace restored:
To the highest honors raise him—
O praise the Lord.

4 Praise the Lord! your songs excelling
Worldly music's richest chord;
Sing—your Saviour's glory telling;
O praise the Lord.

OPENING HYMNS.

674 *Psalm* 100. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy·
Know that the Lord is God alone.
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people—we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

675 *God exalted.* L. M.

Psalm 57 : 5.

BE thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

676 *Every place a temple.* L. M

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue

2 Not now on Zion's hight alone
Thy favored worshipers may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee!

5 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung!

677 *Coming together in the name of Jesus.* L. M.
Matt. 18: 20.

GREAT God! the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day;
O, give thy people joy and peace;
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth which Jesus brought,
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound,
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
The sons of God and heirs of heaven.

678 *Seeking refuge.* L. M. 6 lines

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest to gain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

679 *The hour of worship.* L. M.

BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine,
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

680 *How amiable are thy tabernacles.* L. M
Psalm 84: 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 thy 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 heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

681 *Serve the Lord with gladness.* L. M
Psalm 100: 2.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 't is he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

682 *Let us worship and bow down.* L. M.
Psalm 95: 6.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address in joyful songs
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there!
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

683 *Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.* L. M.
I Sam. 3: 10.

WHILE now thy throne of grace we seek,
O God! within our spirits speak;
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear thy gentle call,
And feel that thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart;
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

5 Speak to convince, forgive, console:
Childlike we yield to thy control;
These hearts, too often closed before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

684 *God is here.* L. M.

BE still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground:
Here in his house, the Lord, to-day,
Will listen while his people pray.

2 Thou, tossed upon the waves of care
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Now to the mercy-seat draw near,
With all thy woes, for God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near,
The troubled spirit meets him here.

685 *I will come in.* L. M.
Rev. 3: 20.

O BLEST the souls, for ever blest,
Where God as sovereign is confest;
O happy hearts, the blessed homes
To which the King in glory comes!

2 Fling wide thy portals, O my heart!
Be thou a temple set apart;
So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

3 Deliverer, come! we open wide
Our hearts to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let all thy glorious presence feel;
Thou—King of saints! thyself reveal.

686 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.* L. M.
Psalm 84: 4.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

My soul would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There 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 Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.

687 *The living temple.* L. M.

O FATHER! with protecting care,
Meet us in this, our house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Thy promised blessing here we claim.

2 But chiefest in the cleansed breast,
For ever let thy Spirit rest,
And make the contrite heart to be
A temple pure and worthy thee.

688 *My soul longeth for the courts of the Lord.* L. M.
Psalm 84: 2.

LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee:
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
And bless the preaching of thy word,
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

689 *Homage and devotion.* C. M

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

690 *Lift thou the light of thy countenance, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 4: 6.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power, reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

91 *The house of God.* C. M

MY soul! how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 There, mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

692 *What shall I render.* C. M.
Psalm 116: 12.

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

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are,
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

693 *They shall mount up with wings as eagles.* C. M.
Isaiah 40: 31.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Blest Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

694 *Again the Lord of light and life.* C. M.

AGAIN the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which rose this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

695 *With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure.* C. M
II Sam. 22 : 27.

THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.

3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee—
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O, may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

696 *Let us go up to the house of the Lord.* C.M
Psalm 122: 1.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye
The humble mind, bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

697 *Quicken us, and we will call on thy name.* C. M.
Psalm 80: 18.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

698 *Early will I seek thee.* C. M.
Psalm 63: 1.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

699 *The morrow after the Sabbath.* C. M.
Lev. 23: 11.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days:
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise:
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind:
And they who do the Lord's day love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

700 *Stand up and bless the Lord.* S. M
Neh. 9: 5.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

701 *Come, we that love the Lord.* S. M

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From hope and faith may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching o'er this hallowed ground
To fairer worlds on high.

702 *Come, sound his praise abroad.* S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

703 *Blessed are they that hunger.* S. M.
Matt. 5: 6.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O! hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

704 *As I have seen thee in the sanctuary.* S. M.
Psalm 63: 2.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

3 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

4 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

705 *Reunion.* S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his preserving grace.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last.

3 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

4 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

706 *Come into his courts.* 7s.
Psalm 96: 8.

TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the vail, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord, our Righteousness.

707 *The unity of the Spirit.* 7s
Eph. 4: 3.

FATHER, hear our humble claim;
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Lord, our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our hearts, O Father! join
Each to each, and all to thine.

3 Build us in one spirit up,
Called in one high calling's hope—
One the spirit, one the aim,
One the pure baptismal flame.

708 *Wait on the Lord, etc.* 7s
Psalm 27: 14.

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, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 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.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

709 *Far from mortal cares retreating.* 8s & 7s

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.
Lord, with favor still attend us;
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

710 *Love divine, all love excelling.* 8s & 7s.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven 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 every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast:
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

711 *The Lord is in his holy temple.* 8s, 7s & 4.
Heb. 2: 20.

GOD is in his holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit,
Reverence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat:
Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
Each prepare his God to meet:
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to his glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blesséd, blesséd,
They who know the joyful sound.

4 Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens
O thou Great Unsearchable!
Are too mean to comprehend thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;
Welcome, welcome,
God with us, Immanuel.

712 *At the hour of prayer.* 8s & 6s.
Acts 3: 1.

BLEST is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far—
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.

2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred hearts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the vailing skies.

3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
Man to his work of love—
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
Console the weeping, lead the blind,
And guide to joys above.

4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
Saviour divine, to thee,
When they whose work is finished well,
In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
Blest through eternity.

713 *Rejoice with trembling.* 8s, 7s & 4.
Psalm 2: 11.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
O that we this day may hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee!
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss for evermore.

714 *Longing for the house of God.* H. M.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thy abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

CLOSING HYMNS.

715 *He shall go in and out and find pasture.* L. M
John 10: 9.

NOW may the Lord our Shepherd lead
To living streams his little flock;
May he in flowery pastures feed;
Shade us at noon beneath the rock!

2 Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to his call;
Now may our hearts for him rejoice,
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.

3 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before him stand,
O, be the flock assembling here
Found with the sheep on his right hand!

716 *Walking with God.* L. M.

THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with thee, my God,
And find thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

2 Each blessing would I trace to thee;
In every grief, thy mercy see;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of thine encircling love.

3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that thou art nigh;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with thee.

717 *The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.* L. M.
Num. 6: 24.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy Word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

718 *Let all the people praise thee.* L. M.
Psalm 67: 5.

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

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

719 *Grapes from Eshcol.* L. M.
Num. 13: 24.

HAPPY the saints whose lot is cast
Where oft is heard the gospel sound;
The word is pleasing to their taste,
A healing balm for every wound.

2 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

3 This favored lot, my friends, is ours;
May we the privilege improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnests of the joys above.

720 *A parting hymn.* L. M.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

721 *Bid us all depart in peace.* L. M.

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;
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

722 *I will not forget thy word.* L. M.
Psalm 119: 16.

LORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee,
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

723 *Striving together for the faith, etc.* L. M. D.
Phil. 1: 27.

LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thine earthly dwelling-place,
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope, reward:
May we in one communion be,
One with each other, one with thee.

2 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things;
Our pastors, rulers, deacons, bless;
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness:
Let many in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown, appear:
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

724 *Lord, now we part in thy blest name.* L. M.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us, in life and death, to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness:
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love!

725 *The pillar and cloud.* L. M

O PRESENT still, though still unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

2 And, O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

726 *Up to the hills, I lift mine eyes.* L. M.
Psalm 121.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives—the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the floo ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening vail, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

727 *Give him the thanks his love demands.* L. M.

TO God the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honor be addressed!
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands!

2 Who knows the wonder of his ways?
Who can make known his boundless praise
Blest are the souls that fear him still,
And learn submission to his will.

728 *Doxology.* L. M.

PRAISE God, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise him all creatures of his love!
Praise him each morning, noon and night,
Praise him with holy, sweet delight!

729 *Thou leadest thy people like a flock.* C. M
Psalm 77: 20

THOU art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place, [taught
Where we are watched, and warned, an
The children of thy grace.

3 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heaven appear
The children of thy love.

730 *Prayer for divine direction.* C. M

ETERNAL Source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey 's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!

731 *The seed of the word.* C. M.

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from
Is planted in our breast; [heaven,

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

732 *Parting in hope.* C. M

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We 're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain!

3 Then let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above:

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly,
And not one thought that we shall part
Once interrupt our joy.

733 *The good Seed.* C. M

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove:
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

734 *Glory to God.* C. M.

GLORY to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

2 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heartfelt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

735 *Peace I leave with you.* S. M.
John 14: 27.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love,
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored;
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

736 *To the only wise God, our Saviour.* S. M
Jude 24: 25.

TO God, the Only Wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

737 *God be merciful to us.* S. M

Psalm 67 : 1.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known:
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
And all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

738 *Waiting in hope.* S. M

SOON we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
Where sin, and death, and grief, and pain,
And parting, are no more.

2 O, happy, happy day
That calls thy exiles home;
The flaming heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive her doom.

3 Saviour, we wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor that we may be found
Of thee, in perfect peace.

739 *Absent in the flesh—present in the spirit.* S. M.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Still and for ever joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 O let our heart and mind,
Great God, to thee ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

4 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

740 *The spread of truth.* S. M

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

741 *Blessedness of the pure in heart.* S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

742 *Head of the Church triumphant.* 7s, peculiar

HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.

2 We lift our hearts and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

743 *Psalm* 117. 7s.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

744 *Supplication—with thanksgiving.* 7s.
Phil. 4: 6.

THANKS for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

2 Blest thy word to old and young,
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

745 *Guide us, Lord.* 7s, double.

GUIDE us, Lord! while, hand in hand,
Journeying toward the better land;
Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the pilgrim's path beset;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast;
And our home cannot be gained,
Save through trials well sustained.

2 Guide us while we onward move,
Linked in closest bonds of love,
Striving for the holy mind,
And the soul from sense refined;
That when life no longer burns,
And the dust to dust returns,
With the strength which thou hast given,
We may rise to thee and heaven.

746 *The God of Peace—make you perfect.* 7s
Heb. 13: 20.

NOW may he, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 Great Redeemer! thee we praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
While our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgiving unto God.

747 *Col.* 1: 11, 12. 7s.

GLORIOUS in thy saints appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart;

2 And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

748 *I will never leave thee.* 7s.
Heb. 13: 5.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

749 *Doxology.* 7s, double

FATHER! glory be to thee,
Source of all the good we see!
Glory for the blessèd Light
Rising on the ancient night!
Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the silent tomb!
Glory for thy Spirit given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven!

750 *The salutation of peace.* 8s & 7s.

PEACE be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart therein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;

2 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace, to worldly minds unknown,
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

3 O thou God of Peace! be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blessèd freedom come.

4 Come, with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought;
Come with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought!

751 *Closing hymn.* 8s & 7s.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

752 *Apostolic benediction.* 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

753 *Praise to Christ.* 8s & 7s.

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Be to him who reigns above!
Young and old thy Name confessing,
Saviour! let us share thy love!

2 As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne.
As thine angels bow before thee,
So on earth thy will be done!

754 *Dismission.* 8s, 7s & 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

755 *Keep us, Lord.* 8s, 7s & 4

KEEP us, Lord, O, keep us ever!
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; O, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see!
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near;
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

756 *God of our salvation, hear us.* 8s, 7s & 4.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

757 *Praise for salvation.* 7s & 6s

TO thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings.

2 We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

758 *To God, and the word of his grace.* H. M.
Acts 20: 32.

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers, receive,
And to thy words a blessing give.

2 O, grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear:
To thy blest presence may we come
And dwell in an eternal home.

759 *Show me a token for good.* P. M.
Psalm 86: 17.

OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;
O direct us
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people want no more

760 *The peace of God.* L. M.
Phil. 4: 7.

O PEACE of God, sweet peace of God,
Where broods on earth this gentle dove,
Where spread those pure and downy wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

2 Whence comes this blessing of the soul,
This silent joy which cannot fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

3 The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and storm
As in the calmest summer day,
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

O peace of God! earth hath no power
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here—
Its frown ne'er bid its light depart.

5 Calm peace of God, in holy trust,
In love and faith thy presence dwells—
In patient suffering and toil
Where mercy's gentle tear-drop swells.

6 Sweet peace! O let thy heavenly ray
Shed its calm radiance o'er my road;
Its kindly light shall cheer me on—
Guide to the endless peace of God.

761 *God our Father.* L. M

IS there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power!
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2 Is there a time of rushing grief,
Which scorns the prospects of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

3 Is there an hour of peace and joy
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

762 *The secret place of the Most High.* L. M. D
Psalm 91 : 1.

O THIS is blessing, this is rest!
Into thine arms, O Lord! I flee;
I hide me in thy faithful breast,
And pour out all my soul to thee.
Now, hushing every adverse sound,
Songs of defense my soul surround,
As if all saints encamped about
One trusting heart, pursued by doubt.

2 And O, how solemn, yet how sweet,
Their one assured, persuasive strain!
"The Lord of hosts is thy retreat,
Still in his hands thy times remain."
O tender word! O truth divine!
Lord, I am altogether thine;
I have bowed down, I need not flee;
Peace, peace is found in trusting thee.

3 And now I count supremely kind
The rule that once I thought severe,
And precious, to my altered mind,
At length thy kind reproofs appear.
I must be taught what I would know,
I must be led where I should go:
And all the rest ordained for me,
Is to be found in trusting thee.

763 *The repose of faith.* L. M

O FATHER! gladly we repose
Our souls on thee, who dwellest above,
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.

2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot vail us from thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

4 All things thy wise designs fulfill,
In earth beneath, and heaven above,
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in thine encircling love.

764 *God is my light and my salvation.* L. M. 6 lines.
Psalm 27 : 1.

FOUNTAIN of light, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

2 O Lord, our God, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises, and a broken heart.

3 O thou who sittest in heaven and seest
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest—
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be,
I care not, so I rise to thee.

4 What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in thee:
What I enjoy, O, make it mine,
In making me—that have it—thine.

765 *I delight to do thy will, O my God.* L. M
Psalm 40: 8.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief delight shall be
To dedicate myself to thee,
To thee, my God, to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee,
On thee, my God, on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, whereso'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee,
To thee, my God, to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee,
In thee, my God, in thee.

766 *My soul trusteth in thee.* L. M. 6 lines.
Psalm 57: 1.

DO not I trust in thee, O Lord?
Do I not rest in thee alone?
Is not the comfort of thy word
The sweetest cordial I have known?
When vexed with care, bowed down with [grief,
Where else could I obtain relief?

2 And is it not my chief desire
To feel as if a stranger here?
Do not my hopes and thoughts aspire
Beyond this transitory sphere?
And art thou not, while here I roam,
My hope, my hiding-place, my home?

3 O, yes! these things are ever true;
Thy promise is for ever sure;
And all I now am passing through,
And all that I may still endure,
Will but endear thy word to me,
And draw me nearer, Lord, to thee.

4 And now on thee I cast my soul—
Come life or death, come ease or pain;
Thy presence can each fear control,
Thy grace can to the end sustain;
Those whom thou lovest, heavenly Friend,
Thou lovest even to the end!

767 *Repose in God's wisdom.* L. M

WHITHER, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest!

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.

I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O God, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

4 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

768 *He leadeth me.* L. M. 6 lines.

"HE leadeth me!" O! blessed thought,
O! words with heavenly comfort fraught
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'midst scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hands in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory 's won;
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me!
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

769 *Thou art my soul's bright morning star.* C. M

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The 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 opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.

70 *Rejoice in the Lord always.* C M
Phil. 4: 4.

REJOICE, believers in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid in Christ your God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

771 *Call me thy servant, Lord.* C. M

O NOT to fill the mouth of fame,
My longing soul is stirred:
But give me a diviner name;
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;
O, not mine own! O, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee.

3 Thy servant—me thy servant choose,
Nought of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me;
And be the same dear title given
Through all eternity.

172 *Psalm* 1. C. M

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine:
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

6 His eyes behold the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

773 *O lead us gently on.* C. M. D.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won!
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure!

774 *Thou art my portion, O Lord.* C. M.
Psalm 119: 57.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine;
O, save thy servant, Lord:
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

775 *The spirit of a little child.* C. M. 6 lines

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do,
For him on whom I wait.

776 *Christ loved unseen.* C. M.
I Pet. 1: 8.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The vail of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

777 *Job* 1: 21. C. L. M.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour—
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there.
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be.
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 Then, blessèd be the hand that gave,
Still blessèd when it takes;
Blessèd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks;
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

778 *That Rock was Christ.* S. M

I Cor. 10 : 4.

ISRAEL the desert trod,
Sustained by power divine,
While wondrous mercy marked the road
With many a mystic sign.

2 When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrew's thirst supplied.

3 But O! what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford.
From Calvary spring superior streams—
There hung the smitten Lord!

4 Of every hope bereft,
Sinners to Jesus go;
Behold the Rock of Ages cleft,
And living currents flow.

5 Here may our spirits bathe,
Here may our joys abound!
Till (passed the wilderness and death)
We tread celestial ground.

779 *Having all in Christ.* S. M.

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

780 *Make me like a little child.* 7s.

JESUS, cast a look on me!
Give me true simplicity:
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.

2 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside:
Bid my will to thine submit:
Lay me humbly at thy feet.

3 Make me like a little child,
Simple, teachable, and mild;
Seeing only in thy light;
Walking only in thy might!

4 Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from thy precious blood!

781 *Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel.* P. M
Psalm 73: 24.

MY Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove.
Led onward by my Guide,
I tread the beauteous scene,
Where tranquil waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore.

My willing steps he 'll lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend, his bounty feed,
His mercy bless.

3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but his love display;
He will the vale of death illume
With living ray.
I lean upon his rod,
And thankfully adore;
My heart shall vindicate my God
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me.
For ever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove,
And, while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

782 *The pearl of great price.* 7s.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

783 *Except the Lord build the house.* 8s & 7s
Psalm 127: 1.

VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

784 I *John* 4: 19. 7s.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

785 *I will fear no evil.* 7s & 6s.
Psalm 23: 4.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back:
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

786 *Be thou my strong Rock.* 6s & 4s
Psalm 31: 2.

O STRONG to save and bless,
My Rock and Righteousness,
Draw near to me;
Blessing, and joy, and might,
Wisdom, and love, and light,
Are all with thee.

2 My Refuge and my Rest,
As child on mother's breast

I lean on thee;
From faintness and from fear,
When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me.

3 O, answer me, my God;
Thy love is deep and broad,
Thy grace is true;
Thousands this grace have shared·
O, let *me* now be heard,
O, love *me* too.

787 *It is well.* P. M.
II Kings 4: 26.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well:
Free and changeless is his favor;
All, all is well:
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us·
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well:
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well;
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

788 *Trust in God amid perils.* 4s & 6s.

IN time of fear,
When trouble 's near,
I look to thine abode;
Though helpers fail,
And foes prevail,
I 'll put my trust in God.

2 And what is life
But toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power,
In peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies,
Though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed:
O God of light,
And boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed!

789 *Acquaint now thyself with him.* 11s.
Job 22: 21.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God;
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

790 *Heb.* 12: 2. 11s

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus; now sorrow no more:
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be;
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

791 *Complete in Christ.* 10s

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come:
With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

2 Yes! he is mine! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

3 The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what he deems the best;
He for my Friend, I 'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without him, though of all possest:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

792 *Precious promises.* 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 Fear not—I am with you; O be not dismayed!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I 'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply:
The flame shall not hurt you: I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

E'en, down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs thy shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

793 *Rejoicing in hope.* 10s.
Rom. 12: 12.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home!
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam:
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished, but passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

794 *Behold the fowls of the air.* P. M
Matt. 6: 26.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

2 He has no store, he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

3 The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is his will!

795 *Matthew* 14: 28, 29. C. P. M.

HE bids us come; his voice we know,
And boldly on the waters go,
To him our Christ and Lord;
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
For he who died to set us free
Hath called us by his word.

2 Secure from troubled waves we tread,
Nor all the storms around us heed,
While to our Lord we look;
O'er every fierce temptation bound—
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

3 But if from him we turn our eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel our fears within;
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink us into sin.

4 Lord, we our feeble faith confess;
That little spark of faith increase,
That we may doubt no more;
But fix on thee our steady eye,
And on thine outstretched arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

796 *Rest, weary heart.* P. M

REST, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets, and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest;
Rest, sweetly rest!

2 Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where he shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

3 Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

797 *The bright and morning star.* P. M.
Rev. 22: 16.

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn thine ear;

Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

3 Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with thy sign,
Take our hands in thine;
Take our hands and come,
Lead thy children home!

4 Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven;
From thy glory-throne
Hear thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

798 *I will not let thee go.* P. M.

I WILL not let thee go; thou help in time of need,
Heap ill on ill,
I trust thee still,
E'en when it seems as thou wouldst slay indeed!
Do as thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to thee,
Hide thou thy face; yet, help in time of need,
I will not let thee go!

I will not let thee go; should I forsake my bliss?
No, Lord, thou 'rt mine,
And I am thine:
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss;
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with thy light,
O thou, my Sun; should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let thee go!

3 I will not let thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
Not death can tear
Me from his care,
Who for my sake his soul in death outpoured.
Thou diedst for love to me;
I say in love to thee,
E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my Lord,
I will not let thee go!

799 *They shall never perish.* 7s, peculiar
John 10: 28.

NOW as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall the light of love from thee
Shine through all my memory,
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praises sing
That from thankful hearts outspring.

2 Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Father's loving heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on I'll take;
Calmly, gladly for his sake,
No more faithless murmurs make.

3 I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave,
Whom the strongest doth defend,
Whom the highest counts his friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

800 *The shining shore.* P. M.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For, O! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there 's our home,
For ever, O! for ever.

801 *Still will we trust.* P. M.

STILL will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 So from our sky, the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through his golden gates;
Our rough path leads to flower-enameled meadows
Where joy our coming waits.

5 Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrinking not from loss—
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial;
Our crown, beyond the Cross.

802 *God doth not leave his own.* P. M.

GOD doth not leave his own!
The night of weeping for a time may last;
Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine;
The sunrise of his favors shall be thine—
God doth not leave his own.

God doth not leave his own!
Though "few and evil" all their days appear,
Though grief and fear [crowd,
Come in the train of earth and hell's dark
The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,
God doth not leave his own.

3 God doth not leave his own!
This sorrow in their life he doth permit,
Yea, useth it, [way—
To speed his children on their heavenward
He guides the winds—Faith, Hope and Love
God doth not leave his own. [all say

803 *Trust.* 8s & 4s.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

2 It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears,
On bed of pain.

3 Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

4 My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

5 One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

804 *Nearer.* P. M.

WE are too far from thee, our Saviour,
Too far from thee.
Before our eyes
Dark mists arise,
And vail the glories from the skies:
We are too far from thee.

2 We are too far from thee, our Saviour,
Too far from thee.
Fierce pains oppress,
Dark cares distress,
Made darker by our loneliness:
We are too far from thee.

3 We are too far from thee, our Saviour,
Too far from thee.
Dark waters roll
Above the soul;
Striving to reach the heavenly goal,
We are too far from thee.

4 We are too far from thee, our Saviour,
Too far from thee.
Alone, afraid,
Our path is laid
In darkness; send thy heavenly aid;
We are too far from thee.

5 We are too far from thee, our Saviour,
Too far from thee.
E'en if thy rod
Bring us to God,
In meekness be the pathway trod,
If it but lead to God.

8 Draw us more close to thee, our Saviour,
More close to thee.
Let come what will
Of good or ill,
'T is one to us, well knowing still
Thou drawest us to thee.

805 *I have given him for a leader.* P. M
Isaiah 55 : 4.

JESUS! guide our way
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying;
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land

2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet!
Lord, preserve us, uncomplaining,
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door!

ASPIRATIONS.

806 *And dying is but going home.* L. M.

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

2 Born by new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

807 *That I may win Christ.* L. M.
Phil. 3: 8.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Since I can say this gift is mine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

808 *Col.* 3 : 3, 4. L. M

WHAT sinners value I resign,
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine·
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Has joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

809 *Search me, O God, and know my heart.* L. M
Psalm 139 : 23.

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.

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

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

810 *That they be with me where I am.* L. M
John 17: 24.

LET me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest!

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love!

811 *A new heart.* C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, 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,
Confiding, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

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

5 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Direct me from above;
May thy dear name be near my heart,
That dear, best name is Love.

312 *Longing for heaven.* C M.

SWEET land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.—O, this is not my home,
O, this is not my home,
This world 's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world 's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

813 *The true riches.* C. M

YOU glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

2 Away, unworthy of my cares,
You specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

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

6 Blest Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that love inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!

814 *Where thou art is heaven.* C. M

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

3 Give me thyself. From every boast
From every wish set free,
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

4 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

815 *To them that look for him.* C. M
Heb. 9: 28.

AWAKE, you saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 You wheels of nature, speed your course;
You mortal powers, decay;
Fast as you bring the night of death,
You bring eternal day.

816 *We are his workmanship.* C. M.
Eph. 2: 10.

I AM thy workmanship, O Lord!
And unto thee belong:
Thou art my Shield, my great Reward,
My glory and my song.

2 Surround me with thy guardian might,
Uphold me with thy grace;
Unharmed, conduct me through the fight
Unwearied, through the race.

3 Make me a weapon of thy power
An angel of thy will;
To thee devoted, let each hour
Its happy task fulfill.

4 Yet dare not I, a child of dust,
Thus plead my filial claim,
But as in him is all my trust,
Who bears a Saviour's name.

817 *So great a cloud of witnesses.* C. M.
Heb. 12: 1.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod:
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

818 *O that I had wings like a dove.* C. M.
Psalm 55: 6.

THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;—

But high she shoots through air and light
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee;—

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

819 *Heaven is my home.* C. M.

I HAVE no resting-place on earth
On which to fix my love;
But O! my heart is yearning for
The promised rest above.
'T is true, this earth is passing fair,
O'er which I sadly roam;
But yet it hath no charms for me,
For heavén is my home.

2 A pilgrim long I 've wandered here;
But, with a steadfast eye,
I see a rest reserved for me,
At God's right hand on high.
Then all the joys of earth in vain
Shall tempt my feet to roam,
To seek a dwelling-place below,
Since heavén is my home.

3 O, were this earth as fair as when
Primeval Eden smiled,
I would not by its glowing charms
Be from my hope beguiled;
But I would seek a brighter world,
Where God has bid me come:
Then seek no more to bind me here,
For heavén is my home.

820 *The new Jerusalem.* C. M.

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 stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heavén be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory 's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

821 *A city which hath foundations.* C.M.
Heb. 11: 10.

JERUSALEM! my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee!

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built wall
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you!

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

822 *A brighter day.* S. M.

LORD, we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away,
To realms of light and bliss.

2 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drowned in endless night.

3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

4 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

823 *The soul panting for God.* 7s, 6 lines.
Psalm 42.

AS the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

824 *They that conquer shall wear the crown.* 7s.

COME, my Christian brethren, come,
Let us onward to our home;
Though we many trials meet,
Jesus makes our trials sweet.

CHORUS.

We with Jesus soon shall be
Happy in eternity:
By our Father's side sit down:
They that conquer shall wear the crown.

2 Brother Christian, doubt no more,
Christ your Saviour's gone before;
He himself has marked the way,
Leading to eternal day.
We with Jesus, etc.

3 Let us never be afraid,
'T is on Christ our help is laid;
He will all our foes o'ercome,
He will take his exiles home.
We with Jesus, etc.

4 Though the world revile and mock,
We are built upon the Rock;
And while thus we dwell secure,
Christ will make our goings sure.
We with Jesus, etc.

325 *Prisoners of hope.* 8s & 7s.

Zech. 9: 12.

LET me go; my soul is weary
Of the chain which binds me here;
Let my spirit bend its pinion
To a brighter, holier sphere.
Earth, 't is true, hath friends that bless me
With their fond and faithful love;
But the hands of angels beckon
Onward to the climes above.

2 Let me go; for earth hath sorrow,
Sin, and pain, and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary,
All its hopes are fraught with fears;
Short-lived are its brightest flowers,
Soon its cherished joys decay:—
Let me go; I fain would leave it
For the realms of endless day.

3 Let me go; my heart hath tasted
Of my Saviour's wondrous grace,
Let me go, where I shall ever
See and know him face to face.
Let me go; the trees of heaven,
Rise before me, waving bright,
And the distant crystal waters
Flash upon my failing sight.

4 Let me go; for songs seraphic
Now seem calling from the sky—
'T is the welcome of the angels,
Which e'en now are hovering nigh.

Let me go: they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest;
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds at last its long sought rest

826 *Longing for rest.* 8s
Psalm 55: 6, 7.

O THAT I had wings like a dove,
For, then, would I soon be at rest;
I 'd fly to the mansions above;
The home of the pure and the blest;
The place where no sorrow or tears
Can ever my pleasures destroy;
But where through eternity's years,
I 'll drink from an ocean of Joy!

2 The clouds that now hang o'er my soul,
Make dark all the pathway of life;
While thunders unceasingly roll
In storms of deep anger and strife;
I hope for some bright ray to beam
From clouds where there yet may be light,
But only the lightning's red gleam
Is seen through the darkness of night.

3 I try to be humble and meek,
Leave all to my Saviour's own will;
For, he to the tempest can speak,
The winds will obey and be still;
But now my soul flutters and cries,
And longs to be soaring away,
From darkness and gloom, to the skies,
The regions of bright, endless day.

4 Dear Saviour, O let me come home,
And rest on thy bosom in peace;
No more from thy presence to roam—
Then tempests and storms shall all cease.

I'll sing of thy wonderful ways,
With all of the glorified throng—
For ever and ever, thy praise
Shall be the one theme of my song,

827 *Having a desire to depart.* 8s.
Phil. 1: 23.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne
My Saviour, whom absent, I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power!

2 Dissolve thou those bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;

3 O then shall the vail be removed!
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved;
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

828 *A pilgrim's song.* S. M. D

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day,
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day,
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

829 *Here and yonder.* 8s & 7s

HERE, we are but straying pilgrims,
Here, our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this way-side hymn.

CHORUS.

Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home for ever,
And the smile of the blessèd Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.

2 Here, our feet are often weary,
On the hills that throng our way;
Here, the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say—
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

3 Here, our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know,
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

4 Here, our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down—
Yonder, over the rolling river, etc.

830 *Song of our pilgrimage.* 7s & 6s

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain 's gone before;
He 's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

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

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And do n't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare 's ended,
You 'll reign with him above.

5 O! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He 'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

831 *How long, O Lord.* 7s & 6s.

HOW long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay;

O when shall come the moment,
When brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory,
Shall on thy people dawn.

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see,
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay:
Thy very bride, her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry—
Let all thy saints repeat it—
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

532 *Aspiration.* 7s & 6s

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

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

833 *Arise and depart, for this is not your rest.* 6s
Mich. 2: 10.

GO up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

2 Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

3 Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to heaven and God,
Take up thy love to him.

4 Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below;
To God that wealth belongs,
On him that wealth bestow.

5 Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts;
Ascend, my lingering love!

834 *My spirit longs for thee.* 6s.

MY spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest.

2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from thee.

3 Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in thy blessèd love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

835 *I have longed for thy salvation.* 6s & 5s
Psalm 119: 174

PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find:

2 Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear:

3 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain.

4 Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind:

5 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—

6 Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

836 *I would not live alway.* 11s.
Job 7: 16.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

837 *I am weary.* 11s

I AM weary of straying; O fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishment spread,
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

2 I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth,
O'er pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age

4 I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest and dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O! when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I am weary—but O! let me never repine, [mine
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise ar

838 *Strangers and pilgrims.* 11s.
I Pet. 2: 11.

MY rest is in heaven—my home is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that may come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 Afflictions may try me, but cannot destroy;
One vision of home turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tear that flows from my eyes,
But sweetens my hope of that home in the skies.

4 Though foes and temptations my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow—the worst may befall,
One moment in heaven will make up for all.

5 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not repose upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till, seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.

6 A scrip for the way and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through the enemy's land:
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long:
So I 'll smooth it with hope, and I 'll cheer it with song

839 *I shall be satisfied.* 11s & 10s.
Psalm 17: 15.

NOT here! not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
"I shall be satisfied;" but, O! not here!

2 Not here—where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

3 There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

4 Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words—"I shall be satisfied."

5 Satisfied! satisfied! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

6 Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

7 Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ending
I shall see thee, and "shall be satisfied."

840 *Lord, tarry not, but come.* P. M

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

841 *O tell me no more.* 10s & 11s

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store:
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I 'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, do n't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow the 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, I feel Christ within;
And when I 'm to die, receive me, I 'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me—I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find—we two are so joined,
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 Now this is my care, that my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death, will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh?

842 *Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.* 8s, 7s & 4s

LEAD us, heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee.
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending!
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

843 *Faint, yet pursuing.* 10s

MY feet are worn and weary with the march
O'er the rough road and up the steep hill-side;
O city of our God! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

2 My hands are worn and weary toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
O city of our God! I fain would rest—
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

3 My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briers and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness!
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

4 My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth;
O city of our God! within thy walls
All—all are clothed again with thy new birth.

5 My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still again;
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel?
And find, dear Saviour, it is free from stain?

6 Patience, poor soul! the Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

7 Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest:
O city of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls—home of the loved and blest.

844 *The night is far spent, etc.* 10s & 11s

Rom. 13: 12.

SOON and for ever the breaking of day
Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away;
Soon and for ever we 'll see as we 're seen,
And know the deep meaning of things that have been.
Where fightings without and conflicts within
Shall weary no more in the warfare with sin— [never;
Where tears, and where fears, and where death shall be
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for ever.

Soon and for ever—such promise our trust—
Though ashes to ashes, and dust be to dust,
Soon and for ever our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in thee:
When the cares and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more;
Where life can not fail and where death can not sever,
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for ever.

Soon and for ever the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
Soon and for ever the soldier lay down
The sword for a harp, the cross for a crown:
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,
When—blessèd reward for each faithful endeavor—
Christians with Christ shall be soon and for ever!

TEMPTATIONS AND CONFLICTS.

845 *When I would do good, evil is present.* L. M.
Rom. 7: 21.

IN thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Thou art my portion and my song;
Thy ways, with me, are always just,
But mine, with thee, are often wrong.

2 I can not do the things I would,
For sin is in my flesh concealed;
So evil takes the place of good,
And all my weakness stands revealed.

3 But thou, O Lord, canst make me clean,
And give me strength to do the right;
While on thy promises I lean,
All darkness changes into light.

4 O give me grace the wrong to shun,
The right to follow all my days,
And when life's victory is won,
Then will I give thee all the praise.

846 *We are more than conquerors.* L. M.
Rom. 8: 37.

THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod.

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 With this, omnipotence he moves;
From this, the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown,

847 *Put on the whole armor of God.* L. M.
Eph. 6: 11.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lust engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou treadest upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

4 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

848 *Let us go forth without the camp.* L. M.
Heb. 13: 13.

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep;
We trim our lamps, our vigils keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight:

4 No love of present gain nor ease,
No seeking man nor self to please,—
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

5 Night is far spent, and morn is near—
Morn of the cloudless and the clear;
'T is but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home.

6 Another year—it may be less—
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won.

849 *A pillar of cloud by day, etc.* L. M.

Exodus 13: 21.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

850 *Fight the good fight of faith.* L. M
Tim. 6: 12.

O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair:
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy King commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain:
O Israel, gird thee for the fight!
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight!

3 Thou shouldst not sleep, as others do;
Awake; be vigilant; be brave!
The coward, and thee sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee;
A kingdom waits thee in the skies:
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
Or yield, through weariness, the prize?

5 No! let a careless world repose
And slumber on through life's short day
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away!

851 *Psalm* 3. L. M.

THE tempter to my soul hath said—
"There is no help in God for thee;"
Lord! lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept—I woke—
Thou, Lord! my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke—
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear though armèd throngs
'Compass my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs:
His presence guards his people's path.

852 *The Lord is nigh to all that call on him.* L. M
Psalm 145: 18.

WHEN, in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
O this shall check each rising sigh—
My Saviour is for ever nigh.

3 His counsels and upholding care,
My safety and my comfort are:
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

853 *I have considered the days of old.* L. M.
Psalm 77: 5.

LORD! I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
The tempted spirit's weaker hour.

2 Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought—
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

3 O, then to thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert sands;
I thirst for thee, as harvest plains,
Parched by the summer, thirst for rains!

4 Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and thou alone;
Release my soul from trouble, Lord!
Quicken and keep me by thy word.

854 *Why art thou cast down.* L. M.
Psalm 42: 5.

WHEN darkness long has vailed my mind
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away;
And thy rebellious child is still.

855 *We walk by faith.* L. M.
II Cor. 5: 7.

BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But he vouchsafes to be my Guide,
And keeps me in the narrow way.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

856 *I press toward the mark.* L. M.
Phil. 3: 14.

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

2 True, 't 'is a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;

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

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

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

857 *Lord save us; we perish.* L. M.
Matt. 8: 25.

THE billows swell, the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

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

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

4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

858 *Where is the blessedness ye spake of.* L. M
Gal. 4: 15.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known;
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eyes on him alone?

Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessédness that then we proved

4 Behold, again we turn to thee,
O cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

859 *Love—which passeth knowledge.* L. M. 6 lines.
Eph. 3 : 19.

THOU hidden love of God, whose hight,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light:
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

860 *So run that ye may obtain.* C. M
I Cor. 9 : 24.

RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe:
And to his power and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessèd road
Which led them safe to heaven.

861 *O! it will be glorious.* C. M. D

CHRISTIANS, keep your armor bright,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
In union strong together fight;
Hosanna to our King!
Come, laud and magnify his name,
Nor let his praises cease;
His ways are ways af pleasantness
And all his paths are peace.

CHORUS.

O it will be glorious!
With crowns and palms victorious,
And Jesus reigning over us,
When our sad warfare 's o'er.

2 We will not act the coward's part,
But onward all proceed:
Our Captain shall his grace impart
In every time of need.
Great peace have they who love his cause
And on his word rely;
From such as keep his holy laws,
The enemy will fly.

3 The world and sin may grieve us sore,
And rouse our weakest fears;
Our march is but a few days more
Through this dark vale of tears

Death may assail, and Satan too,
With his opposing powers;
But let us prove our valor true,
The victory is ours.

862 *O Lord, remember me.* C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 If for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I 'll hail reproach and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me!

3 When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me!

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
O Lord, remember me!

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me!

863 *Endure hardness as a good soldier.* C. M.
II Tim. 2: 3.

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?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed 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,
With Hope's exulting eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

864 *Overcoming.* C. M.

KIND Father, look with pity now
On one by sin defiled;
While at the mercy-seat I bow,
O bless thy erring child.

2 My struggles, Lord, to do thy will,
How poor and weak they are!
But thou art gracious to me still,
Then hear my humble prayer.

3 Let love upon my broken heart
Pour out its healing balm;
Bid all my trembling fears depart—
My troubled spirit calm.

4 And now my hope new courage takes,
My faith grows strong and sure;
The cloud from off my vision breaks,
Again my heart is pure.

5 My soul mounts up on wings of light,
And soars to climes above—
The regions where all things are bright,
The home of Peace and Love.

6 There, soon I'll sing of love divine,
With all the ransomed throng,
There Jesus shall be ever mine,
His love my endless song.

865 *With all boldness.* C. M.
Phil. 1: 20.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, 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 for me a place.

866 *Run with patience.* C. M.
Heb. 12: 1.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands your zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thy aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Holds thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge the way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun!
And crowned with victory at thy feet
We 'll lay our honors down.

867 *Mighty through God.* C. M.
II Cor. 10: 4.

NAY, tell us not of dangers dire
That lie in duty's path;
A warrior of the cross can feel
No fear of human wrath.

2 Where'er the prince of darkness holds
His earthly reign abhorred,
Sword of the Spirit, thee we draw,
And battle for the Lord.

3 We go! we go, to break the chains
That bind the erring mind,
And give the freedom that we feel
To all of human kind.

4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,
And seek no gory field;
Our weapon is the word of God,
His promise is our shield.

5 And still serene and fixed in faith,
We fear no earthly harm;
We know it is our Father's work,
We rest upon his arm.

868 *Return to me, and I will return to you.* C. M.
Mal. 3: 7.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart—
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove!
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine!

5 Thy pardoning love—so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

869 *Help thou mine unbelief.* C. M. D.
Mark 9: 24.

FATHER, when o'er our trembling hearts
Doubt's shadows gathering brood,
When faith in thee almost departs,
And gloomiest fears intrude,
Forsake us not, O God of grace,
But send those fears relief;
Grant us again to see thy face;
Lord, help our unbelief.

2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
And fondest hopes be dead,
And blessings, long esteemed our own,
Are now for ever fled—
When the bright promise of our spring
Is but a withering leaf—
Lord, to thy truth still let us cling,
Help thou our unbelief.

3 And when the powers of nature fail
Upon the couch of pain,
Nor love, nor friendship can avail
The spirit to detain;
Then, Father, be our closing eyes
Undimmed by tears of grief,
And if a trembling doubt arise,
Help thou our unbelief.

870 *Watch and pray.* C. M.
Mark 13 : 33.

THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

871 *When shall I come and appear before God.* C. M
Psalm 42 : 2.

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee.

872 *Let me not wander from thy commandments.* C. M
Psalm 119: 10.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

873 *Ever with the Lord.* S. M
I Thess. 4: 17.

"FOR EVER with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

874 *The fashion of this world, etc.* C. M. peculiar.
I Cor. 7: 31.

THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And, like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor;
There 's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky;
There 's nothing sure but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball;
There 's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I 'm in gloom
T'ns earth is all a dismal tomb;
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse—the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears.
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I 'm on my way to heaven.

875 *Watch!* S. M

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee at thy parting br. «th,
To his divine abode.

876 *Occupy till I come.* S. M
Luke 19: 13.

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

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

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

877 *To him that overcometh.* S. M.
Rev. 2: 7.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
For victory is his.

2 Lead on, almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory!
Encouraged by the bright reward:
With joy we'll follow thee.

3 We'll follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour and our King;
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

4 We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

5 This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight;

6 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more,
And O, sweet thought! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore!

878 *Go forth to glorious war.* S. M.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms: the foe is nigh—
The powers of hell surround.

2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand—
Go forth to glorious war.

3 See on the mountain top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 't is lifted up,
All stained with hallowed blood

4 His standard-bearers, now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations bow;
He bore the cross for all.

5 Go up with Christ, your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

6 All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

879 *Be strong in the Lord.* S. M.
Eph. 6: 10.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

880 *Therefore will not we fear.* S. M
Psalm 46: 2.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart!
Still sink thy spirits down!
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

5 What, though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

881 *Reaching forth.* S. M
Phil. 3: 13.

MY soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by his grace;
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.

2 Make thy salvation sure;
All sloth and slumber shun;
Nor dare a moment rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.

3 Thy crown of life hold fast;
Thy heart with courage stay;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.

4 Thy path ascends the skies,
With conquering footsteps bright;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize
In everlasting light.

882 *If we confess our sins.* 7s
I John 1: 9.

GOD of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou, to whom all grace belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

5 God of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O, restore thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

883 *That they go forward.* 7s.
Ex. 14: 15.

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping heart be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conqueror you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go.

884 *Let us not sleep, as do others.* 7s.
I Thess. 5: 6.

SLEEP not, soldier of the cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose;
This is but thy battle-ground;

2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Up! it is the call of heaven:
Shrink not faithless from the Lord:
Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3 Break through all the force of ill;
Tread the might of passion down—
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown!

4 Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Every triumph thou dost gain,
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

885 *Forgetting the things that are behind.* 8s & 7s.
Phil. 3: 13.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone,
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee—"God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever—heaven 's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it—press thou on!

4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on!

5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

886 *Here we have no continuing city.* 8s & 7s.
Heb. 13: 14.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger
Passing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 't is full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

I am bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! praise you the Lord.

2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
Wand'ring o'er this waste so wide;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I 'm blest with such a guide.

3 Such a guide—no guide attends thee:
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'T is unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He 'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defends.

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

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful;
To its banks my steps I bend;
There to plunge will be delightful,
Then my pilgrimage will end.

887 *He leadeth me in the paths, etc.* 8s & 7s
Psalm 23: 3.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown;
When I wandered, thou hast found me,
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

888 *Beyond this vale of sorrow.* 8s & 7s

DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way
But beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the realms of endless day

Dear young soldiers do not murmur
At the troubles of the way;
Meet the tempest—fight with courage—
Never faint, but often pray.

2 He whose thunder shakes creation;
He that bids the planets roll;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole—
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
Trust in him and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

3 There on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises!
Glory, glory is their theme.

4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing:
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps for ever,
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 See the heavenly host in rapture
Gazing on these shining bands;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands;
There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song!

6 Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below,
Here with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail! you happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain—
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

889 *Luke* 14: 27. 8s, 6s & 7s

MUST Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.
Yes, there 's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see;
To me 't is pardon bringing;
O that 's the cross for me!

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
For perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging;
O that 's the love for me!

3 We 'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we 're free;
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there 's a crown for me.
Yes, there 's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at his appearing;
O that 's the crown for me!

4 The saints shall hear the midnight cry,
The Lord will then appear,
And virgins rise with burning lamps,
To meet him in the air:

For there 's a home in heaven prepared,
A house by saints and angels shared,
Where Christ is interceding;
O that 's the home for me!

890 *Hope thou in God.* 8s, 7s & 4.
Psalm 42: 5.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he 'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin.
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he 'll bring thee home to God,
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

891 *Under clouds.* 8s, 7s & 4

HERE behold me, as I cast me
At thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, child-like longing,
Son of man, to thee I bring.
Let me find thee—
Me, a poor and worthless thing.

Look upon me, Lord, I pray thee;
Let thy Spirit dwell in mine:
Thou hast sought me, thou hast bought me
Only thee to know I pine:
Let me find thee—
Take my heart and grant me thine.

3 Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But thy grace, so rich and free,
That thou givest whom thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to thee;
Let me find thee—
He hath all things who hath thee.

4 Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name or richest hoard
Are but weary, void and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God:
Let me find thee—
I am ready, mighty Lord.

892 *You are not of the world.* 7s, 6s & 8s
John 15: 19.

THE sun above us gleaming,
Is not the sun for me;
Though joyful be his beaming,
And beautiful to see;
There is a Sun of Righteousness
Who cheers and saves me by his grace,
All copious on me streaming,
O that's the Sun for me.

2 The kings and lords of nations,
Are not the kings for me;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity:
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
Almighty in his ways and words,
The word of his salvation—
O that 's the king for me.

3 This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony;
But there 's a house not made with hands,
It ever stood and ever stands,
Beyond the world's last burning;
O that 's the house for me.

4 The wars the hero fights in,
Are not the wars for me;
The war my heart delights in,
Shall end in victory;
'T is not a war of flesh and blood;
I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
A kingdom with my rights in—
O that 's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow,
Is not the land for me,
Where anguish oft I borrow
From dying company
The immortal land is far away,
I 'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow—
O that 's the land for me.

893 *Whereas I was blind, now I see.* 11s.
John 9: 25.

O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Hath chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be the power that hath pitied my blindness,
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

2 Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy;
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

3 The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
nd still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise, that bloomed but to fade.

5 I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou showedst me the path, it was dark and uneven;
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

6 I dreamed of celestial reward and renown,
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown,
I asked, and thou showedst me the cross and a grave!

7 Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will,
My hopes, and my wishes, my all I resign;
O give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

8 There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

894 *He that shall endure unto the end.* 11s & 10s

Matt. 24: 13.

THE captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his pluméd crest,
And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

2 Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

3 Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription—
Behold we count them happy which endure?
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy waters to secure?

4 And God will come in his own time and power,
To set his earnest-hearted children free:
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee!

895 *Be thou faithful unto death.* 10s & 11s
Rev. 2: 10.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and upward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth endureth for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian; heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised, faltereth never;
O, trust in the love that endureth for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth:
Thee from the love of Christ, nothing shall sever;
Mount, when the work is done—praise God for ever!

896 *Some great thing!* 8s & 6s.
II Kings 5: 13.

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way?

2 O, oft a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,
The self-renouncing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong;
And in the ear of pride and power
Our warning voice is strong.

4 Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer·
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

5 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

6 O thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain—

7 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee!

897 *Psalm* 91. 6s & 5s

GOD of our salvation!
Unto thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay.

2 Wretched and unworthy,
Poor, and sick and blind,
Prostrate we adore thee,
Call thy grace to mind.

3 He that dwelleth near thee,
Safely shall abide;
Ever love and fear thee,
In thy strength confide.

4 Sure is thy protection,
Safe is thy defense,
While in deep affliction,
Woe, or pestilence.

5 God of our salvation!
Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Boundless thy compassion,
Infinite thy grace.

6 While with love unceasing,
Humbly we adore;
Grant us thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

SUBMISSION AND DELIVERANCE.

98 *Submissiveness.* L. M

BE still, my heart! these anxious cares,
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares,
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

899 *Whom have I in heaven but thee.* L. M
Psalm 73 : 25.

O LORD, thy counsels and thy care,
My safety and my comfort are;
And thou shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

2 In whom but thee, in heaven above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

3 My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?

4 But O! my Saviour, be thou nigh,
And I will triumph when I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine;
And Jesus is for ever mine!

900 *Thy will be done.* 8s & 4

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

901 *My grace is sufficient for thee.* L. M. 6 lines
II Cor. 12: 9.

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power hath he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

2 Angel of patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm,
To lay with hope the storms of fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear,
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

3 O thou, who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

902 *Thy footsteps are not known.* L. M. 6 lines.
Psalm 77: 19.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness vails this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 So trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

903 *Deut.* 33: 25. L. M. 6 lines

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to thy promise, Lord! I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

3 One trial more must yet be past:
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

904 *Not as I will.* C. M
Mark 14: 36.

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

3 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

5 That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

6 That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

7 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

905 *I waited patiently for the Lord.* C. M.
Psalm 40: 1.

WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs;
Till he shall come, earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

3 And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine!

5 O guide us till our night is done!
Until from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore!

906 *The Lord gave and the Lord, etc.* C. M
Job 1: 21.

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—my covenant God—
Thrice blesséd be his name—
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood
Must ever be the same.

4 Can I with hopes so firmly built,
Be faithless, or repine?
No: gracious God! take what thou wilt;
To thee I all resign.

907 *Our souls are in the Saviour's hand.* C. M.

OUR souls are in the Saviour's hand;
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 O! what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay!

4 When we've been there ten thousand year
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun!

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!

908 *Thy will be done.* C. M.

FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own:
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

909 *Rev.* 7: 13-17. C. M

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb that sits upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

10 *It is good that I have been afflicted.* C. M
Psalm 119: 71.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

911 *I will bless the Lord at all times.* C. M
Psalm 34: 1.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example, comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

912 *They looked to him, etc.* C. H. M
Psalm 34: 5.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed in thy covenant love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turnest my mourning into praise.

913 *Thy way, not mine, O Lord.* S. M.

THY way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be;
O lead me by thine own right hand;
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
But choose thou for me, O my God!
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord! be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 My portion thou! my cup
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to thee may seem,
Choose thou my good and ill.

6 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my joys and cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength
My Wisdom, and my All.

914 *My times are in thy hand.* S. M

Psalm 31 : 15.

"MY times are in thy hand,"
My God, I'd have them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

915 *Spiritual wants.* S. M. D

MY God, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a Godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 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.

916 *Rom.* 14: 7, 9. S. M

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O thou, our soul's chief hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

917 *Not far from home.* S. M

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints!
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And, nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench this spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.

S. M

5 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee:
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

918 *Having all in having Christ.* 7s.

JESUS, take me for thine own;
To thy will my spirit frame;
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have and am.

2 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose.

3 Then, whatever may betide,
I shall safe and happy be;
Still content and satisfied:—
Having all in having thee.

S. M

919 *All things work together for good.* 7s.
Psalm 31.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand;
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth—
All must come, at last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

3 O thou gracious, wise and just!
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

4 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess.
Ne'er can I bereavéd be,
While I do not part with thee.

920 *As a weaned child.* 7s

Psalm 131 : 2.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive:
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'T is enough that thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide

921 *As thou wilt.* 6s

Matt. 26 : 39.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt!
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus as thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.

7s

The manna of thy word
  Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail—
  My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
  If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there,
  Let a few roses blow.
But thou on earth, along
  The thorny path hast gone;
Then lead me after thee;
  My Lord, thy will be done!

4 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
  Though seen through many a tear
Let not my star of hope
  Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
  And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
  My Lord, thy will be done!

5 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
  If loved ones must depart,
6s Suffer not sorrow's flood
  To overwhelm my heart;
For they are blest with thee,
  Thy race and conflict won;
Let me but follow them;
  My Lord, thy will be done!

6 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
  When death itself draws nigh,
To thy dear wounded side
  I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on thee, to go
  Where thou before hast gone;
The rest as thou shalt please,
  My Lord, thy will be done.

7 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life, or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

922 *I have led thee in right paths.* 8s & 7s
Prov. 4: 11.

O HOW kindly hast thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'T was that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

2 O how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften!
How thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for thy rest more ready,
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God!

923 *Jesus, I my cross have taken.* 8s & 7s

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
I am poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition—
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
  It has left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
  Thou art not like them, untrue;
Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
  God of wisdom, love, and might—
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
  Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go then—earthly fame and treasure
  Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure—
  With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee. Abba Father!
  I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
  All will work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
  'T will but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
  Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 't is not in grief to harm me
  While thy love is left to me;
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
  Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Soul—then know thy full salvation,
  Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station,
  Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
  Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee;
  Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
  Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
  God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim's days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

924 *Songs for sighing.* 8s, 7s & 4.

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious!
Lift, ye saints this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offenses
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy peace to see!
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

925 *O God! be thou my stay.* P. M

FATHER, O hear me now!
Father divine!
Thou, only thou, canst see
The heart's deep agony:
Help me to say to thee
"Thy will, not mine!

2 O God! be thou my stay
In this dark hour;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush every troubled fear,
Thee let me still revere,
Still own thy power.

3 In thee alone I trust,
Thou Holy One!
Humbly to thee I pray
That through each troubled day
Of life, I still may say,
"Thy will be done!"

926 *Changed from glory to glory.* 6s
II Cor. 3: 18.

I DID thee wrong, my God;
I wronged thy truth and love;
I fretted at the rod—
Against thy power I strove.

2 Come nearer, nearer still;
Let not thy light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will;
Dissolve this iron heart!

3 Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity
More like a trustful child.

4 Less, less of self each day,
And more, my God, of thee;
O, keep me in the way,
However rough it be.

5 Less of the flesh each day,
Less of the world and sin
More of thy Son, I pray,
More of thyself within.

6 More molded to thy will,
Lord, let thy servant be;
Higher and higher still,
More, and still more, like thee!

927 *Worthy the Lamb.* 6s & 4s

COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned;
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

28 *Nearer to thee.* 6s & 4s

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

29 *My God and my all.* 12s & 11s

WHILE thou, O my God, art my help and defen ler,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall:
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my all.

2 Yes; thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger;
My strength when I suffer; my hope when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger;
My treasure, my glory, my God, and my all.

3 To thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me or sorrow befall;
And love thee, till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

4 And when thou demandest the life thou hast given,
With joy will I answer thy merciful call;
And quit thee on earth, but to find thee in heaven--
My portion for ever, my God and my all.

930 *A little while.* 11s & 10s

John. 14: 19.

O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
O for that faith to grasp the glad For Ever,
Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!

2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

3 A little while to wear the vail of sadness,
To toil with weary step through miry ways,
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness
And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise!

4 A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict—he doth all things well.

5 And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad For Ever,
Will light the shadows of earth's Little While.

931 *For yet a little while.* 11s & 10s.

Heb. 10: 37.

A LITTLE longer still—patience belovéd;
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

2 A little longer ere life, true, immortal,
(Not this our shadowy life) will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship
And trembling bow before the great white throne.

3 A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night

4 A little longer, and thy heart, belovéd,
Shall beat for ever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows, and lives, shall then be thine.

5 A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;
Belovéd, can we bid thee linger here!

932 *Sufferings and glory.* 10s

Rom. 8: 18.

THROUGH cross to crown! and though thy spirit's lif
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

2 Through woe to joy! and though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight finds thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The shepherd loves his sheep;
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

3 Through death to life! and through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

933 *After the toil.* 10s.

"AFTER the toil," when the morning breaks
On the bloom-crowned hills of the heavenly land;
"After the toil," when each slumberer wakes,
'Neath the glorified touch of the Infinite Hand.

2 "After the toil," when the dim earth sinks,
Like a worn-out pebble, in eternity's sea;
"After the toil," when each thirsty soul drinks
Of the River that flows through immensity.

3 "After the toil," O shadowing cloud
Of time o'er the face of the Infinite;
When thou shalt be dropped like a worm-eaten shroud
What a morning will dawn on us after the night!

4 "After the toil," and the cross that we bear
Way-worn and weary through life's creeping years;
Angels will smile on the crown we shall wear,
And the songs of salvation will follow our tears.

5 "After the toil," O! thou who art faint,
Rise from the shadows that darken thy way—
Rise while thy faith's raptured pencil shall paint
All its glorified dream of the Infinite Day.

934 *The day is at hand.* 9s & 8s.
Rom. 13: 12.

CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er
And all the midnight shadows flee; [thee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon-light hung out for thee;
Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
hy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly, composed, and dauntless stand;
For, lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The hights that bound the promised land.
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering;
See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away;
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

935 *Whate'er my God ordains is right.* P. M

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just;
Howe'er he orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to him I cleave,
And take content
What he hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait his day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear or shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

936 *As Mount Zion, which cannot be moved.* H. M.
Psalm 125: 1.

THEIR hearts shall not be moved
Who in the Lord confide;
But firm as Zion's hill,
They ever shall abide;
As mountains shield Jerusalem,
The Lord shall be a Shield to them.

2 His blessing on them rests,
Like freshening dew from heaven;
And succor from his throne
In all their need is given;
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
And peace remain on Israel.

3 One like the Son of God
Is walking at their side,
When by the fervid flame
And fiery furnace tried;
And 't is enough that he is near,
To strengthen them in every fear.

937 *Psalm* 121. P. M.

TO heaven I lift mine eye,
To heaven, Jehovah's throne,
For there my Saviour sits on high,
And thence shall strength and aid supply
To all he calls his own.

2 He will not faint nor fail,
Nor cause thy feet to stray;
For him no weary hours assail,
Nor evening darkness spreads her vail
O'er his eternal day.

3 Beneath that light divine,
Securely shalt thou move;
The sun with milder beams shall shine,
And eve's still queen her lamp incline
Benignant from above.

4 For he, thy God and Friend,
Shall keep thy soul from harm,
In each sad scene of doubt attend,
And guide thy life, and bless thine end,
With his almighty arm.

938 *Lord, to whom shall we go.* 12s & 8s.
John 6: 68.

WHEN our purest delights are nipt in the blossom,
When those we love best are laid low;
When grief plants in secret her thorn in the bosom,
Deserted—"to whom shall we go?"

2 When, with error bewildered, our path becomes dreary,
And tears of despondency flow:
When the whole head is sick and the whole heart is weary,
Despairing—"to whom shall we go?"

Where the sad, thirsty soul turns away from the springs
Of pleasure this world can bestow,
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,
Impatient—"to whom shall we go?"

4 O blest be that light which has parted the clouds,
And a path to the pilgrim can show;
That pierces the vail which the future enshrouds,
And tells us to whom we shall go!

RELAPSE AND RECOVERY.

939 *Blot out my transgressions.* L. M.
Psalm 51.

O THOU that hearest when sinners cry
Though all my sins 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 banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a sinner seek thy throne,
To plead the merits of the Son.

940 *The returning wanderer.* L. M. 6 lines.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow beneath the rod;
For thee, for thee alone, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace!
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer

941 *Deliverance.* L. M

BEFORE thy throne, with tearful eyes
My gracious Lord I humbly fall;
To thee my weary spirit flies,
For thy forgiving love I call.

2 How free thy mercy overflows,
When sinners on thy grace rely!
Thy tender love no limit knows;
O, save me—justly doomed to die!

3 Yes! thou wilt save; my soul is free!
The gloom of sin is fled away;
My tongue breaks forth in praise to thee,
And all my powers thy word obey.

4 Hence while I wrestle with my foes—
The world, the flesh, the hosts of hell—
Sustain thou me till conflicts close,
Then endless songs my thanks shall swell.

942 *Turn thee unto me, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 25: 16.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night
How desolate my way.

5 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

943 *O for a closer walk with God!* C. M

O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory 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.

944 *O, that I were as in months past.* C. M
Job 29 : 2.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

945 *Grieve not the Spirit.* 8s & 6s
Eph. 4 : 30.

O SAVIOUR, lend a listening ear,
And answer my request!
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear,
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.

2 I mourn the hidings of thy face;
The absence of that smile,
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my soul a resting-place
From earthly care and toil.

3 'Tis sin that separates from thee
This poor benighted soul;
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee,
I yield to thy control.

4 Up to the place of thine abode
I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God!
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
I raise my ardent cry.

946 *He hath borne our griefs.* 7s, 6 lines.

WEEPING soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away,
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

947 *Jesus, Saviour, pity me.* 7s, 6 lines.

PITY, Lord! this child of clay,
Who can only weep and pray—
Only on thy love depend:
Thou who art the sinner's Frierd;
Thou the sinner's only plea—
Jesus, Saviour pity me!

2 From thy flock, a straying Lamb,
Tender Shepherd, though I am;
Now, upon the mountain cold,
Lost, I long to gain the fold,
And within thine arms to be:
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

3 O, where stillest streams are poured,
In green pastures lead me, Lord!
Bring me back, where angels sound
Joy to the poor wanderer found:
Evermore my Shepherd be:
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

948 *The prodigal invited.* 7s

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From the Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother—homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother—God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him—he is near.

949 *Father, take me.* 8s & 7s

TAKE me, O my Father! take me—
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin!
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.

6 Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

950 *Returning.* 10s

A WEAK and weary dove, with drooping wing,
And tired of wandering o'er this watery waste,
Jesus, my ark! once more a worthless thing;
To thee I fly, thy pardoning love to taste.

2 For since I left thy sweet, secure retreat,
In search of pleasures fair, though false and vain,
My peace—my joy have flown; no rest my feet
Have found; and now I turn to thee again!

3 I've sought for rest in friendship's hallowed shrine,
But loved ones change, and earth's endearments end;
No love is true and lasting, Lord, but thine;
Henceforth, Incarnate Love, be thou my friend.

I've sought to find a place to rest my feet
In fame's alluring temple, bright and gay;
In health, and competence, and pleasures sweet,
But short and transient as the passing day.

5 Yet all in vain: o'er all this dreary waste
Of sin and sorrow, toil and care, and pain,
No spot I've found, my weary feet to rest;
And now, sweet ark, I fly to thee again.

SYMPATHIES AND ACTIVITIES.

951 *Prayer for general peace.* L. M.

THY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquest of thy grace;
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

O, show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Command the din of war to cease;
O, bid contending nations rest,
And let thy love rule every breast!

3 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing;
Reviving commerce lifts her head,
And want, and woe, and hate have fled.

4 Thou good and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy word;
O, soon let every nation prove
The perfect joy of Christian love!

952 *I pray—that thou shouldst keep, etc.* L. M
John 17: 12.

WHILE others pray for grace to die,
O Lord, I pray for grace to live:
For every hour a fresh supply;
O see my need and freely give.

2 I do not dread the hour of death;
If I am thine, no fears remain;
I know that with my parting breath
I yield for ever mortal pain.

3 E'en if the darkness should appear
Too deep for faith as well as sight,
If I am thine, thou wilt be near,
And take me to thy heavenly light.

4 But O! my Lord, in life's highway
I crave the sunshine of thy face;
And every moment of the day
I need thy strong supporting grace.

5 I dare not--will not—Lord, deny
That heart and feet both go astray;
Therefore, the more to thee I cry
To keep me in the chosen way.

The more my sin and unbelief,
Keep me from walking near to thee;
The more, Lord Jesus, is my grief—
The more I long thy face to see.

953 *I was a father to the poor.* C. M.
Job 29 : 16.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

954 *I delivered the poor and the fatherless.* C. M
Job 59: 12.

BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair,
And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be fed;
The hungering soul we 'll gladly point
To Christ, the living Bread.

955 *Ye have the poor always with you.* C. M.
Matt. 26: 11.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They loose not their reward.

956 *A new commandment.* C. M.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blesséd word of love.

2 O, bond of union, strong and deep!
O, bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

957 *Scorn not the slightest word or deed.* C. M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless, none can tell
How vast its powers may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be,
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

958 *Make channels for the streams of love.* C. M.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love.

959 *Blessed are ye that sow, etc.* C. H. M.
Isaiah 32: 20.

O BE not faithless! with the morn
Cast thou abroad thy grain!
At noontide faint not thou forlorn,
At evening sow again!
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus all waters sow beside.

2 Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
Or which may die or live;
In faith, and hope, and patience, sow!
The increase God shall give
According to his gracious will—
As best his purpose may fulfill.

3 O, could our inward eye but view,
Our hearts but feel aright,
What faith, and love, and hope can do,
By their celestial might,
We should not say, till these be dead,
The power that marvels wrought is fled.

960 *John* 12: 3. C. M.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised,
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed;

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

961 I *Peter* 2: 21-23. C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with thee.

962 *In thee the fatherless findeth mercy.* C. M.
Hos. 14: 3.

O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need,
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a mother's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?

3 To thee we flee, to thee we pray;
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee.

4 Already thou hast heard our cry,
And wiped away our tears:
Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.

5 O, let thy love descend on those
Who pity to us show;
Nor let their children ever taste
The orphan's cup of woe.

963 *A father of the fatherless.* C. M.
Psalm 68: 5.

WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou! Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust, but thee?
My father's dead, my mother's dead,
My God! "remember me."

3 Thy gracious promise now fulfill,
And bid my troubles cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.

4 I've not a secret care or pain
But he that secret knows;
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

964 *Bear ye one another's burdens.* S. M.
Gal. 6: 2.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
The law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Doth lend unto the Lord:
And, lo! his recompense is sure;
For more shall be restored.

3 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
And freely may we give.

4 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest than to receive.

965 *Not hurt in all my holy mountain.* S. M.
Isaiah 11: 9.

HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call,
Why should the earth be drenched with gore
Are we not brothers all?

Want, from the wretch depart;
Chains, from the captive fail;
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart:
Sufferers are brothers all.

3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall;
Let love each harsher feeling drown:
Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

966 *Establish thou the work of our hands.* S. M
Psalm 90: 17.

O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

3 Lord! may it be our choice
This blesséd rule to keep:
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

967 *In the morning sow thy seed.* S. M.
Eccl. 11: 6.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou knowest not which shall thrive—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown;

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
On hillside and in dale 't is found
Go forth, then, everywhere!

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence, when the glorious end—
The day of God—is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home.

968 *The orphan's prayer.* P. M.

WHAT though earthly friends may frown,
Why should I dejected be?
Father, let thy will be known,
Let me find my all in thee.
Never let my soul despair,
God will hear the orphan's prayer;
God will hear,
God will hear the orphan's prayer.

2 Sorrow's child I long have been,
Often for unkindness mourned;
Friendless orphan, poor and mean,
By the proud and wealthy scorned.
Still to God will I repair,
God will hear the orphan's prayer;
God will hear,
God will hear the orphan's prayer.

3 Earthly comforts fade and die,
Sorrows oft our joys attend;
But if we on God rely,
He will prove a constant friend.
On him I'll cast every care,
He regards the orphan's prayer;
He regards,
He regards the orphan's prayer.

969 *Psalm* 126: 6. 8s & 7s.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven;
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through the influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
In the rising grain appear;
Look again, the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

970 *Life's work.* 8s & 7s.

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart;
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

3 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We, too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

971 *Freely you have received, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4.
Matt. 10: 8.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
Hallelujah!
Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his saints of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame:
Hallelujah!
Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe:
Hallelujah!
Run, ye heralds, to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations
His divine, victorious love:
Hallelujah!
By this gift our love we'll prove.

972 *That he who loveth God, etc.* 11s & 10s.
I John. 4: 21.

O HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!
The holier worship which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

973 *I, the Lord, will hasten it, etc.* 11s & 10s

Isaiah 160: 22.

DOWN the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

2 Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

974 *Peace on earth.* 11s & 10s.

PEACE, peace on earth! the heart of man for ever,
Through all these weary strifes, foretells the day;
Blessèd be God, the hope forsakes him never,
That war shall end, and swords be sheathed for aye.

2 Peace, peace on earth! for men shall love each other;
Hosts shall go forth to bless, and not destroy;
For man shall see in every man a brother,
And peace on earth fulfill the angels' joy.

975 *Restore such a one in the spirit, etc.* 10s.

Gal. 6: 1.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all; [halt.
Were that withdrawn, thou too wouldst swerve and

Send back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold—
That were an action worthy of a saint;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

3 The Saviour suffers when his children slide;
Then is his holy name by men blasphemed!
And he afresh is mocked and crucified,
Even by those his bitter death redeemed.

4 Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke;
Feel as one member in another's pain;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
And mighty and eternal is thy gain.

976 *Work on, hope on.* 8s & 5s.

EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care;
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

2 Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that can not sever,
To humanity.
Labor, wait! thy master labored
Till his task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments—
Life hath but begun.

3 Labor, wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.

977 *Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone.* L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world! begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

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

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

978 *Abide with us; for it is toward evening.* L. M.
Luke 24: 29.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

979 *The fullness of God.* L. M.
Eph. 3: 19.

MY God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice.

2 No more let my ungrateful heart
One moment from thy praise depart;
But live and sing in sweet accord,
The glories of my sovereign Lord.

3 Jesus! thou hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy constant home:
Through all the remnant of my days,
O let me speak and live thy praise!

980 *In the night watches.* 8s & 4.
Psalm 63: 6.

IN silence of the voiceless night,
When chased by dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom, in the darkness, do I seek,
O God, but thee?

2 And if there weigh upon my breast,
Vague memories of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing why, I fly to thee,
And lay them down.

Or, if it be the gloom that comes,
In token of impending ill,
My bosom heeds not what it is,
Since 't is thy will.

4 For, O! in spite of constant care,
Or aught beside, how joyfully
I pass that solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

5 More tranquil than the stilly night,
More peaceful than the voiceless hour,
Supremely blest, my bosom lies
Beneath thy power.

6 For what on earth can I desire,
Of all it hath to offer me?
Or whom in heaven do I seek,
O God, but thee?

581 *In the world, but not of it.* L. M

OH that I could for ever dwell
Delighted, at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O! is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When I my follies most despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above?

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

582 *Retirement and meditation.* L. M.
Psalm 4: 4.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

983 *The gate of heaven.* L. M. D.

OUR Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret Majesty;
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy Spirit there.

2 Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
Here may desponding care look up;
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn of him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.

And may we learn, while here, apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life!

984 *Joy unspeakable.* C. M.
I Pet. 1: 8.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by the human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

985 *Communion with God in retirement.* C. M

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God!

4 There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

986 *Secret prayer.* C. M.
Matt. 6: 6.

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

2 There may that piercing eye survey,
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

987 *Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.* C. M.
I Pet. 3: 15.

O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore:
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

988 *I am still with thee.* S. M
Psalm 139: 18.

STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee;—

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer;—

3 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart;—

4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun,
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

989 *Your life is hid with Christ in God.* 7s.
Col. 3: 3.

LET my life be hid in thee,
Life of life, and Light of light!
Love's illimitable Sea!
Depth of peace, of power the Hight.

2 Let my life be hid in thee,
When my foes are gathering round;
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.

3 Let my life be hid in thee,
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

4 Let my life be hid in thee;
When my strength and health shall fail,
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

990 *That I may win Christ.* 7s, double.
Phil. 3: 8.

JESUS, Saviour all divine,
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear;
Let me love thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure.

Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.

991 *Thou, God, seest me.* 7s
Gen. 16: 13.

GOD is in the lonliest spot
Present, though thou know it not;
Morning vows and evening prayer
Make a Bethel everywhere.

2 Go where duty guides thy feet;
There good angels thou shalt meet;
Hosts of God thou canst not see,
Watch thy steps and wait on thee.

992 *I make mention of you, etc.* 12s & 11s
Rom. 1: 9.

WHEN far from the hearts where our fondest thou'ts cen-
Denied for a time their loved presence to share; [ter,
In spirit we meet, when the closet we enter,
And hold sweet communion together in prayer!

2 O! fondly I think, as night's curtains surround them,
The Shepherd of Israel tenderly keeps,
The angels of light are encamping around them, [sleeps.
They are watched by the eye that ne'er slumbers nor

3 When the voice of the morning once more shall awake
And summon them forth to the calls of the day, [them,
I will think of that God who will never forsake them,
The Friend ever near though all else be away.

Then why should one thought of anxiety seize us,
Though distance divide us from those whom we love?
They rest in the covenant mercy of Jesus,
Their prayers meet with ours in the mansions above.

5 O! sweet bond of friendship, whate'er may betide us.
Though on life's stormy billows our barks may be driven,
Though distance, or trial, or death may divide us,
Eternal re-union awaits us in heaven.

AFFLICTIONS.

993 *The things that are unseen are eternal.* L. M
II Cor. 4 : 18.

THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are shining on, [tears
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night remove.

5 E'en now, above, there 's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

994 *Blessed are they that mourn.* L. M
Matt. 5: 4.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men he goes to die.

6 For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

995 *Let not the water flood overflow me.* L. M.
Psalm 69 : 15.

GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all the journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

4 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

996 *God only is my rock.* L. M.
Psalm 62: 2.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

997 *Heb.* 4: 15 L. M. 6 lines.

AS oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought—how comforting and sweet,
Christ took this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow, in our path appear!
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here!
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the Son of God,
As I am now, so he has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love and sympathy.

998 *The refiner's fire.* L. M
Mal. 3: 3.

SAVIOUR! though my rebellious will
Has been, by thy blest power, renewed;
Yet in its secret workings still
How much remains to be subdued!

2 Oft I recall with grief and shame,
How many years their course had run
E'er grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,
Ere I could say, "Thy will be done!"

3 At length thy patient, wondrous love,
Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,
Availed that stony heart to move,
Which had rebelled, alas! so long.

4 Then was I taught by thee to say,
"Do with me what to thee seems best,
Give—take, whate'er thou wilt away,
Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest.

5 "Be my whole life in suffering spent,
But let me be in suffering thine;
Still, O my Lord, I am content,
Thou now hast made thy pleasure mine."

999 *Touched with the feeling of, etc.* L. M. 6 lines.
Heb. 4: 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few;
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
Any wipe the latest tear away.

1000 *I was brought low, and he helped me.* L. M.
Psalm 116: 6.

I WILL extol the Lord on high:
At thy command diseases fly;
Who, but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Thine anger but a moment stays,
Thy love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores our joy.

1001 *O Lord, save me, and I shall be saved.* C. M.
Jer. 17: 14.

GREAT Source of boundless power and grace!
Attend my mournful cry;
In hours of dark and deep distress.
To thee alone I fly.

2 Thou art my Strength, my Life, my Stay,
Assist my feeble trust;
O, drive my gloomy fears away,
And raise me from the dust.

3 Fain would I call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name:
Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
For ever is the same.

4 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
When earthly comforts die;
Thy voice can bid my pains depart,
And raise my pleasures high.

5 Here let me rest—on thee depend,
My God, my Hope, my All;
Be thou my everlasting Friend,
And I shall never fall.

002 *Thou rulest the raging of the sea.* C. M
Psalm 89: 9.

TO thee, my God, whose presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To thee, whose name, whose heart is Love,
With all my powers I rise.

2 Troubles in long succession roll;
Wave rushes upon wave;
Pity, O pity my distress!
Thy child, thy suppliant save!

3 O bid the roaring tempest cease;
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair!

4 To thee, my God, alone I look,
On thee alone confide;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on thy grace relied.

5 Though oft thy ways are wrapt in clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand,
The pillars of thy throne.

1003 *Acts* 14: 22. C. M.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

004 *When the waves arise, thou stillest them.* C. M
Psalm 89: 9.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He 's more to us than all the world—
Our Health, our Life, our God.

1005 *Songs in the night.* C. M
Job 35: 10.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom.
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows brigh
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

1006 *God is my portion for ever.* C. M.
Psalm 73: 26.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

1007 *God is the strength of my heart.* C. M. 6 lines
Psalm 73: 26.

HAPPY are they who learn in thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech;
Peace that no pleasure from without,
Nor strife within, can reach.

2 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore,
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before—
O let my soul abound in hope,
And praise thee evermore!

1008 *The Lord will strengthen him, etc.* C. M
Psalm 41: 3.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home:

5 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

7 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till from her sin-worn cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away.

1009 *The sorrows of death compassed me.* C. M.
Psalm 116 : 3.

MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell,
And teach my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear, faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

5 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

6 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come,
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

1010 *Christ our refuge.* C. M.
Heb. 6: 18.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

1011 *Entire submission.* C. M.

AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—"my Father God!"
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

1012 *Out of the depths.* C. M.
Psalm 130: 1.

O THOU! who, in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy suffering Son;

2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us now blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief.

3 And thou, that, when the starry sky,
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Father! thy will be done;

4 By thy meek Spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this whelming grief.

1013 *One thing have I desired.* C. M
Psalm 27: 4.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face,
My heart endures with pain.

3 'T is with a mournful pleasure now,
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

4 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair;
And sin against my God?

5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

1014 *Thou hast loosed my bonds.* C. M
Psalm 116: 16.

NOW to thy heavenly Father's praise,
My heart, thy tribute bring;
That goodness which prolongs my days,
With grateful pleasure sing.

2 Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod;
His powerful word the heart sustains,
And speaks a faithful God.

3 A faithful God is ever nigh
When humble grief implores;
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,
He pities and restores.

4 Lord, I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand, that loosed my bonds of pain,
Has bound me with thy love.

015 *Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.* S. M
Heb. 12: 6.

HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
For ever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

1916 *Lead me to the Rock, etc.* S. M.
Psalm 61: 2.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

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

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

1017 *The bow in the cloud.* S. M.

OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord! I cry;
Darkness surrounds thee, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 Like them I watch and pray,
Who for the morning long;
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

3 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace!

4 Though storms thy face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Thy holy covenant is sure:
Thy bow is in the cloud!

1018 *God dealeth with you as with sons.* S. M.
Heb. 12: 7.

HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God;
And, O! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every 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 Our 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 every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

1019 *The inward man is renewed, etc.* S. M.
II Cor. 4: 16.

WE love this outward world,
Its fair sky overhead,
Its morning's soft, gray mist unfurled,
Its sunsets rich and red.

2 But there 's a world within,
That higher glory hath;
A life the struggling soul must win—
The life of joy and faith.

3 For this the Father's love
Doth shade the world of sense,
The bounding play of health remove,
And dim the sparkling glance;

4 That, though the earth grows dull,
And earthly pleasures few,
The spirit gain its wisdom full
To suffer and to do.

5 Holy this world within,
Unknown to sound or sight—
The world of victory over sin,
Of faith, and love, and light

1020 *Perfect peace in Christ.* S. M.
Isaiah 26: 3.

THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er thy face appears:
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears:

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill:
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

1021 *One for evermore with thee.* 7s

PRINCE of Peace! control my will
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease—
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart:
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All,
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee.

1022 *Correct me, but with judgment.* 7

Jer. 10: 24.

GENTLY, gently lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make—
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea!
Lo! he comes—the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more!
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

1023 *Affliction cometh not forth of the dust.* 7s

Job 5: 6.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way·
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?

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

1024 *All thy waves and thy billows, etc.* 8s & 7s.
Psalm 42: 7.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour:
By thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power;
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By thy pangs of crucifixion,
My weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient in affliction,
Keep me faithful to the end.

025 *Afterward.* 8s & 7s.

Heb. 12: 11.

WHY should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way
Since my Saviour's presence, shining,
Turns my darkness into day?

2 Earthly honor, earthly treasure,
All the warmest passions win,
And the silken wings of pleasure
Only waft us on to sin.

3 But, within the vale of sorrow,
All with tempests overblown,
Purer light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

4 Welcome, then, each darker token!
Mercy sent it from above!
So the heart, subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear, and melts with love.

026 *In the night his song shall, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4

Psalm 42: 8.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my sinking soul:
Sweet affliction!
Bringing Jesus to my soul.

2 In the darkest dispensations
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer.
Sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

3 All I meet shall still befriend me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy.
Sweet affliction!
Every promise gives me joy.

4 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I 'll ne'er forget;
But, exulting, cry, It led me
To my blesséd Saviour's seat.
Sweet affliction!
Which has brought me to his feet.

1027 *Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.* 88
Psalm 41 : 3.

HOW vast is the tribute I owe,
Of gratitude, homage and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days!

2 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I poured out my sighs and my tears;
And to him, who alone can relieve,
My soul breathed her vows and her pray'rs

When my heart throbb'd with pain and alarm
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame—
Then my soul on my Maker was stayed.

4 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illume the gloom of the grave.

5 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of adversity's night,
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.

6 Great source of my comforts restored,
Thou healer and balm of my woes!
Thou hope and desire of my soul!
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.

7 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise!
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days!

1028 *When he hath tried me, etc.* 8s.
Job 23 : 10.

O WHY this disconsolate frame!
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same—
My Sun in the gloomiest day.

2 Though molten awhile in the fire,
'T is only the gold to refine;
And be this my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.

3 O what are the pleasures to me
Which earth in its fullness can boast?
Delusive, its vanities flee—
A flash of enjoyment at most.

4 And if my Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies,
O why is so dear to my heart
What he in his wisdom denies?

5 Then let the rude tempest assail,
Let blasts of adversity blow,
The heavens, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe.

6 When safe on that beautiful strand,
I'd smile on the billows that foam;
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

1029 *I was sick, and ye visited me.* 7s & 6s.
Matt. 25: 36.

'TIS not a lonely night watch
Which by the couch I spend:
Jesus is close beside us,
Our Saviour and our Friend.

2 Often I strive all vainly,
To ease the aching head,
Then, silently and gently,
Himself he makes thy bed.

3 Do we not hear him saying,
"Your guilt on me was laid,"
"Ye are my blood-bought jewels;"
"Fear not, be not dismayed."

4 "I sit beside the furnace,"
"The gold will soon be pure,"
"And blesséd are those servants
Who to the end endure."

5 Amen! O blessed Saviour,
Dwell with us, in us, here,
And let us welcome trials,
Till we thine image bear.

1030 *I sought him whom my soul loveth.* 11s & 8s.
Canticles 3: 1.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 You daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my belovéd has been,
And where with his flock he is gone?

5 This is my belovéd; his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
That water the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim vail in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

031 *Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.* 11s & 10s.

II Cor. 6: 10.

WE will not weep, for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blesséd sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

2 We will not faint, if heavy burdens bends us;
They press no harder than our souls can bear
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.

3 O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears, shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending,
Life shall be with us more when death is past.

4 Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their Friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

1032 *All my springs are in thee.* P. M.
Psalm 87: 7.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my heart, the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee—
My God! silent to thee—
Pure, warm, silent to thee.

2 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam thro' this wintery world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee—
My God! trembling to thee—
True, fond, trembling to thee.

1033 *Canticles* 4: 16. 4s & 6s, or C. M.

THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.
Bird, flower, and tree,
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

2 Dews fall apace,
The dews of grace,
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within:
Yet year by year,
Fruits, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

3 Lord, let thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south-wind blow!
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow!
And when thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord, make this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of spring!

PRESENT AND FUTURE: LIFE AND DEATH.

1034 *Soon will the storm of life be o'er.* L. M.

GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last, expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, for ever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart,
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

1 O, speed thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing,
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King!

1035 *The glory of man is as the flower, etc.* L. M.
I Pet. 1 : 24.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched 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 and 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 luster brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

1036 *Death of parents.* L. M.

THE God of mercy will indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When honored parents fall around,
When friends beloved and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passion blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Their mighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

4 To thee, our Father, would we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,
And on thy covenant love and truth,
With humble, steadfast hope depend.

1037 *They are not lost, but gone before.* L. M.

DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

1038 *Them which sleep in Jesus.* L. M.
I Thess. 4: 14.

ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

1039 *Let me die the death of the righteous.* L. M.
Num. 23: 10.

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

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

1040 *Death of an infant.* L. M

AS the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day—
Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn;
Thus swiftly fled his life away!

2 Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom for ever there.

3 He died to sin, and all its woes,
But for a moment felt the rod—
On love's triumphant wing he rose,
To rest for ever with his God!

041 *Death of an infant.* L. M

SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh;
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

1042 *The early dead.* L. M.

HOW blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears:
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright

2 O, cheerless were our lengthened way:
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

3 O, stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

1043 *Death is the gate of endless joy.* L. M.

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

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

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 passed!

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.

1044 *The small and great are there.* L. M
Job 3: 19.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.

2 Princes and magistrates must fall,
And in the dust be equal made;
The high and mighty with the small,
Scepter and crown with scythe and spade.

3 The laurel withers on our brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!

1045 *That I may know how frail I am.* L. M.
Psalm 39: 4.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine;
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

1046 *Make me to know mine end.* L. M
Psalm 39: 4.

O GOD, thy grace and blessing give
To us, who on thy name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.

Teach us to know that Jesus died,
And rose again, our souls to save;
Teach us to take him as our Guide,
Our help from childhood to the grave.

3 Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest—
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

4 And, when the awful signs appear
Of judgment, and the throne above,
Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear,
God is our trust; and God is love.

1047 *I will fear no evil.* L. M
Psalm 23: 4.

THOUGH I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd 's with me there.

2 Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

1048 *On the death of an infant.* L. M

O MOURNER! who with tender love,
Hast wept beside some infant grave,
Hast thou not sought a Friend above,
Who died thy little one to save?

2 Then lift thy weary, weeping eye
Above the waves that round me dwell;
Is not thy darling safe on high?
Canst thou not whisper—It is well?

3 Yes, it is well—though never more
His infant form to earth be given;
He rests where sin and grief are o'er,
And thou shalt meet thy child in heaven.

1049 *Blossom of being; seen and gone.* P. M

NO bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

2 Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

3 O! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty! fair as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief!
Now, not a sullying breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

1050 *Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb.* L. M

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed.
Passed through the grave, and blessed the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

051 *I am ready to be offered.* L. M

II Tim. 4: 6.

THE hour of my departure 's come—
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let troubles cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I come, I come at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

1052 *As a tale that is told.* C. M.

Psalm 90: 9.

HOW short and hasty is our life:
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
We, like a story, or a song,
Do pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with thy rich grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

1053 *A desire to depart.* C. M.
Phil. 1: 23.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

1054 *And Moses went up to the top of Pisgah.* C. M.
Deut. 34: 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 Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called 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 welcome the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

1055 *What is your life?* C. M.

LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That, even in blooming, dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

1056 *Weep not.* C. M.

DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
O, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again!

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine!

1057 *Why do we mourn departing friends.* C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the time more slow
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
Amid its silent gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1058 *I will cause the sun to go down at noon.* C. M
Amos 8: 9.

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

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 O let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's approaching hour.

1059 *Sorrow not.* C. M
I Thess. 4: 13.

NOT for the pious dead we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home:
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

1060 *John* 14. C. M.

LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismayed:
But trust in God your Father's care,
And trust my gracious aid.

2 I to my Father's house return;
There numerous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.

3 I go your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your Friend, am there.

4 Thence shall I come when ages close,
To take you home with me;
There shall we meet to part no more,
Where sorrows ne'er shall be.

5 I am the Way, the Truth, the Life;
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

1061 *They desire a better country.* C. P. M
Heb. 11: 16.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell—
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 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.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

1062 *Death of a child.* C. M

SHE was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

2 Above the couch we bent and prayed
In the half-lighted room,
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

3 The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share;
Farewell, with weeping hearts, we said,
Child of our love and care.

4 But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallowed up of life
On the immortal shore.

1063 *Victory over death.* C. M
I Cor. 15 : 55.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I 'm secure—
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

1064 *Remember them, etc.* C. M.
Heb. 13: 7.

WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though our Teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead;—

2 Though earthly shepherd's dwell in dust,
The agéd and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb the instructive tongue?

3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teachings to impart:
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

1065 *Sighing for rest.* S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

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

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

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

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

1066 *Whoso believeth in me shall never die.* S. M
John 11: 26.

IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

1067 *Your fathers, where are they?* S. M.
Zech. 1: 5.

OUR fathers! where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares
Their wealth and honor, gone!

2 But joy or grief succeeds,
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave, forgot.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

1068 *Far from my heavenly home.* S. M.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, Blest Saviour! come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saints' abode.

4 God of my life! be near;
On thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

1069 *Go to thy rest, fair child.* S. M

GO to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

2 Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this dark and fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

3 Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;

4 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

5 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a dear delight;

6 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

1070 *At midnight there was a cry made.* S. M
Matt. 25: 6.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God, prepare!"
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

5 His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare, closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

1071 *The valley of the shadow of death.* 7s, double.
Psalm 23: 4.

THOUGH I walk the downward shade,
Deepening through the vale of death,
Yet I will not be afraid,
But, with my departing breath,
I will glory in my God,
In my Saviour I will trust,
Strengthened by his staff and rod,
While this body falls to dust.

Soon on wings, on wings of love,
My transported soul shall rise,
Like the home-returning dove,
Vanishing through boundless skies:
Then, where death shall be no more,
Sin nor suffering e'er molest,
All my days of mourning o'er,
In his presence I shall rest.

1072 *The spirit shall return to, etc.* 7s, double
Eccl. 12: 7.

DEATHLESS spirit, now arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumph to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo! he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend,
Wait, to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain its guest?
'T is not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away—
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

1073 *A soldier of renown.* C. M. D

FALLEN—on Zion's battle-field,
A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down!
His helmet on, his armor bright,
His cheek unblanched with fear—
While round his head there gleamed a light,
His dying hour to cheer.

2 Fallen— while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host,
With banners floating on the air—
Death found him at his post;
In life's high prime the warfare closed,
But not ingloriously;
He fell beyond the outer wall,
And shouted, victory!

[3 Fallen—a holy man of God,
An Israelite indeed,
A standard-bearer of the cross,
Mighty in word and deed—
A master spirit of the age,
A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
Scattered the clouds of night.]

4 Fallen—as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heaven of bliss to share;
Beyond the stormy battle-field
He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on his brow!

1074 *Suffer little children to come unto me.* 8s & 7s
Matt. 19: 14.

THEY are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they 're passing,
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

2 They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim
To the brightness of his presence
Who has called them unto him.

4 They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss—
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them,
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them:
Jesus called them unto him.

5 Little hearts for ever stainless—
Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided,
Never a forbidden way!
They are going—ever going—
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 't is Jesus who has called them—
Suffer and forbid them not.

1075 *Homeward.* 8s & 7s

DROPPING down the troubled river
To the tranquil, tranquil shore,
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more.

2 Dropping down the winding river
To the wide and welcome sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free.

3 Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land,
Where the living live for ever
At the Father's own right hand.

1076 *Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.* 8s & 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel:
But 't is God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

1077 *Blessed are the dead, etc.* 8s & 7s
Rev. 14: 13.

HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggling through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest;
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear thy transitory pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

1078 *What is your life? It is even a vapor.* P. M.
James 4: 14.

WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is but a dying taper—
O, my soul, why wish to stay!
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints,
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resounding
Filling all the courts above.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

1 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

1079 *Death of an aged pilgrim.* 8s, 7s & 4.

TOSSED no more on life's rough billow,
All the storms of sorrow fled,
Death hath found a quiet pillow
For the agéd Christian's head,
Peaceful slumbers
Guarding now his lowly bed.

O, may we be reunited
To the spirits of the just,
Leaving all that sin has blighted
With corruption, in the dust;
Hear us Jesus,
Thou, our Lord, our Life, our Trust.

1080 *Prayer for support in death.* 7s & 4

WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears,
Light me through the gloomy way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Then, triumphant,
I will join the immortal choir.

1081 *Time is winging us away.* 7s & 3s

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee;
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb!
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

1082 *His eye was not dim, etc.* 10s
Deut. 34: 7.

GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; the harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for thee thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

1083 *Death of a missionary.* 8s & 9s.

WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high.

Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given,
O weep not for him; he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

3 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave—
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home, far away o'er the wave

4 And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

5 Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high:

6 But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother, in tears,
And weep for the people whose land
Still must wait till the day-spring appears.

1084 *All is well.* 8s & 3s.

WHAT'S this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?
That soon will quench this vital flame?
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall my Lord in glory see—
All is well!

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well!
My sins are pardoned, I am free;
All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies—
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well;
I will rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well;
I soon shall see his face in glory,
All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you—
My glittering crown appears in view
All is well.

Hail, hail, all hail, ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace;
I've come to join your rapturous song
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well.

1085 *Present with the Lord.* P. M.
II Cor. 5: 8.

O THINK that, while you're weeping here
His hand a golden harp is stringing;
And with a voice serene and clear,
His ransomed soul, without a tear,
His Saviour's praise is singing!

2 And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever;
While he, whose blood for man was shed
Has placed upon his servant's head
A crown that fadeth never!

3 For thus, while round your lowly bier
Surviving friends are sadly bending,
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,
Faith lightest pinions lending.

4 And thus, when to the silent tomb,
Your lifeless dust like his is given,
Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
That yet again in faithful bloom,
That dust shall smile in heaven!

1086 *There remaineth a rest.* 8s & 4.
Heb. 4: 9.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wintery sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Thou traveler in this vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4 Whate'er thy lot—whate'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

5 Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

087 *Forsake me not, etc.* 6s & 4s
Psalm 71: 9.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earthly help and power
Are all in vain,
When spears, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Do thou sustain.

3 By him who bowed to take
The death cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God.

4 Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

1088 *All the rivers run into the sea.* 7s & 6s.
Eccl. 1: 7.

AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintery day:
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave;
The death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

1089 *As a dream, when one awaketh.* 8s & 4s.
Psalm 73 : 20.

ALAS! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:
Alas! before it bids us wake,
They disappear.

2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

3 Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

4 O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

1090 *Friend after friend departs.* S. H. M.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end?
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blesséd clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light

1091 *Weep not for me.* 8s & 4s

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'T is the fettered soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me;
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever;
Weep not for me.

1092 *Mortality swallowed up of life.* 7s & 6s
II Cor. 5: 4.

NO, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be,
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a heavenly crown,
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of him whose sway we own.

5 O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind;
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, only drops we find.

1093 *The burial of the dead.* 10s, 6s & 4s.

THOU God of love! beneath thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!

2 O! when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close!

094 *Go to thy rest in peace.* 6s & 8s

GO to thy rest in peace,
And soft be thy repose;
Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease;
From earthly cares, in sweet release,
Thine eyelids gently close.

2 Go to thy peaceful rest;
For thee we need not weep,
Since thou art now among the blest—
No more by sin and sorrow pressed,
But hushed in quiet sleep.

3 Go to thy rest; and while
Thy absence we deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile;
For soon, with a celestial smile,
We meet to part no more.

1095 *He died at his post.* 11s.

AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth,
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost:
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post.

The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done—
The battle was fought, and the victory won; [most,
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to
"Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post."

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell: [bright coast,
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

And can we the words of his exit forget?
O! no; they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so worthy shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

1096 *Farewell to a friend departed.* 12s & 11s.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

1097 *Heavenly prospect.* 11s, peculiar.

CHRISTIAN, the vision before thee is glorious,
The earth shall allure thy tried spirit no more:
Thou wast in the day of thy trial victorious,
Secure now at last, thy temptations are o'er.

Hard was the strife, but the strong one in battle
Has been thy defender, and vanquished thy foes;
And heaven stood by thee to help thee in trouble,
And joyed when the sound of thy triumph arose.

3 High was the anthem those raptures revealing,
Ten thousand celestials the chorus prolong;
But louder the strains of the ransomed are pealing,
And glory is swelling the conqueror's song.

1098 *Vanity of vanities.* 11s & 12s
Eccl. 12: 8.

FAR, far o'er hill and dale, on the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell, mournfully pealing,
Hark, hark, it seems to say, as melt those sounds away,
So earthly joys decay, while new their feeling!

2 Now through the charméd air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourner's prayer, solemnly bending:
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay, for life is ending.

3 So when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies where care comes never,
And in eternal day, joining the angel's lay,
To our Creator pay homage for ever.

SECOND ADVENT.

1099 *Looking for the coming of the day, etc.* C. M.
II Peter 3: 12.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

2 Strangers on earth, we wait for thee;
O leave the Father's throne;
Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
And claim us as thine own.

3 O bid the bright archangel now
The trump of God prepare,
To call thy saints—the quick, the dead,
To meet thee in the air.

4 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and thee.

5 But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?

6 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

7 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But only, Lord, above
Our heart without a pang shall know
The fullness of thy love.

8 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

1100 *Come, Lord Jesus.* S. M. D.
Rev. 22: 20.

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord, Jesus, come!

1101 *When the King of kings comes.* P M

WHEN the King of kings comes,
When the Lord of lords comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the nations broken down,
And kingdoms once of great renown
And saints now suffering wear the cr wn,
When the King of kings comes.

2 When the trump of God calls,
When the last of foes falls;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the saints raised from the dead
And all together gathered,
And made like to their glorious Head,
When the King of kings comes.

3 When the foe's distress comes,
When the church's rest comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the New Jerusalem,
Its fullness and its matchless frame,
Surpassing all report and fame,
When the King of kings comes.

4 When the world's course is run,
When the judgment is begun!
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,
When the King of kings comes.

5 When our Lord in clouds comes,
When he with great power comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see all things by him restored,
And God himself alone adored,
By all the saints with one accord,
When the King of kings comes.

1102 *O, come quickly.* 8s, 7s & 4

SAVIOUR, haste: our souls are waiting
For the long expected day,
When, new heavens and earth creating,
Thou shalt banish grief away;
All the sorrow
Caused by sin and Satan's sway.

2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home;
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here till thou dost come.

3 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain,
Waiting for its sure salvation
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden
This sad earth shall bloom again?

4 Reign, O reign, almighty Saviour,
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor,
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee
We shall have supreme delight.

103 *The Lord cometh, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4

Jude 14.

LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father!
Enter into life and joy:
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ;"
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, to the skies.

104 *Behold he cometh with clouds.* 8s, 7s & 4

Rev. 1: 7.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air,
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Lord, thy Bride says by thy Spirit,
Hasten thou the general doom!
Promised glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home!
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yes—Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own!
O! come quickly!
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

105 *That blessed hope.* P. M.
Titus 2: 13.

WE wait for thee, all-glorious One;
We look for thine appearing;
We bear thy name, and on the throne,
We see thy presence cheering.

Faith even now
Uplifts its brow,
And sees the Lord descending,
And with him bliss unending.

2 We wait for thee, through days forlorn,
In patient self-denial;
We know that thou our grief hast borne
Upon thy cross of trial.
And well may we
Submit with thee
To bear the cross and love it,
Until thy hand remove it.

3 We wait for thee; already thou
Hast all our heart's submission;
And though the spirit sees thee now,
We long for open vision;
When ours shall be
Sweet rest with thee,
And pure, unfading pleasure,
And life in endless measure.

4 We wait for thee in certain hope—
The time will soon be over;
With child-like longing we look up,
The glory to discover.
O, bliss! to share
Thy triumph there,
When home with joy and singing,
The Lord his saints is bringing!

THE RESURRECTION.

1106 *The day of the Lord will come.* L. M.
II Pet. 3: 10.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixéd seat forsake;
And withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come—a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing—"The Lord is come!"

1107 *The great day of his wrath.* L. M.
Rev. 6: 17.

THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

1108 *Because I live, you shall live also.* C. M
John 14: 19.

WHEN, downward, to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2 Why shrinks my soul? in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died from death to save.

1109 *And to wait for his Son from heaven.* S. M.
I Thess. 1: 10.

IN expectation sweet,
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds—Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Upon its perfect bliss.

1110 *Awake and sing, you that dwell in dust* S. M.
Isaiah 26: 19.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now;

2 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

3 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

4 'T was sown in weakness here;
'T will then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

1111 *At the last trump.* 11s.

I Cor. 15: 52.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud;
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there, all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

1 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the lamb and the bright-crownéd elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

112 *He will swallow up death in victory.* P. M

Isaiah 25: 8.

LO! the seal of death is breaking:
Those who slept its sleep are waking;
Heaven opes its portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are ringing;
Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time, are blowing
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night, and broke the morning,
Over all the golden shore.

1113 *For the trumpet shall sound.* 6s & 5s.
I Cor. 15: 52.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, Come, come away,
O, let us be ready to hail the glad day.

2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears shall be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend,
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.

4 The grave shall be opened,
The dead shall arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The Bride with the Bridegroom
For ever remain.

FINAL JUDGMENT.

1114 *That he may find mercy, etc.* C. P. M.
II Tim. 1: 18.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace:
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this, the accepted day;
hy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

1115 *Behold the day is come.* S. M.

BEHOLD the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

1116 *The voice of the archangel, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4.
I Thess. 4: 16.

HARK, ye mortals, hear the trumpet
Sounding loud, the mighty roar!
Hark! the archangel's voice proclaiming,
Thou, old Time, shalt be no more.
Rolling ages,
Now your solemn close appears.

1117 *Every eye shall see him.* 8s, 7s & 4
Rev. 1: 7.

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,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This Lord is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accurséd wretch, depart!
Hence, with Satan
And his angels have your part."

5 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, you blesséd,
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!

118 *Where shall the ungodly, etc.* 11s & 5
1 Peter 4: 18.

AH, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in terror
God shall command thee, covered with pollution,
Up to the judgment?

2 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance
Hurl from his presence thy affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

3 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for the guilty;
Jesus invites you.

5 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall, in righteous judgment,
Leave you for ever.

6 O! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

HEAVEN.

1119 *The former things are passed away.* L. M.
Rev. 21: 4.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted, meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

1120 *Rev.* 14: 1-3. C. M

ON Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host redeemed by blood;
They hymned their King in strains divine;
I heard the song, and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffered sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss for ever new
Rise in succession to their view.

4 O sweet employ, to sing and trace
The amazing hights and depths of grace;
And spend from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

5 O what a sweet, exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!

6 My soul anticipates the day—
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

1121 *Rev.* 22: 4. L. M

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod,
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

1122 *Return unto thy rest, O my soul.* L. M
Psalm 116: 7.

RETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest,
On thy almighty Father's breast;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.

2 Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath,
And snatched my fainting soul from death;
Removed my sorrows, dried my tears,
And saved me from surrounding snares.

3 What shall I render to the Lord?
Or how his wondrous grace record?
To him my grateful voice I 'll raise,
With just thanksgiving to his praise.

4 O Zion! in thy sacred courts,
Where glory dwells, and joy resorts,
To notes divine I 'll tune the song,
And praise shall flow from every tongue.

1123 *In my Father's house, etc.* L. M
John 14: 2.

THY Father's house! thine own bright home
And thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3 I know that thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
And waitest to receive me there!

4 Thy love will there array my soul
In thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze while ages roll,
On thee, with raptures ever new!

5 O welcome day! when thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for evermore!

1124 *The heavenly mansion.* L. M

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
We 'll be gathered home;
Nor death nor sighing visit there,
We'll be gathered home:

CHORUS.

We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we 'll be gathered home.

2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
We 'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine,
We 'll be gathered home.

3 My Father's house is built on high,
We 'll be gathered home;
Above the arched and starry sky,
We 'll be gathered home.

4 When from this earthly prison free,
We 'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
We 'll be gathered home.

5 While here, a stranger far from home,
We 'll be gathered home;
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
We 'll be gathered home.

6 Let others seek a home below,
We 'll be gathered home,
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow
We 'll be gathered home.

7 Be mine the happier lot to own,
We 'll be gathered home;
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
We 'll be gathered home.

8 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
We 'll be gathered home;
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
We 'll be gathered home.

9 All nature sink and cease to be,
We 'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion stands for me,
We 'll be gathered home.

1125 I *Pet.* 1: 4. L. M.

THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing—
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

CHORUS.

I 'm going home, I 'm going home,
I 'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
I 'm going home to die no more.

2 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

1126 *They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.* C. M.
Psalm 126 : 5.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with care oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

1127 *There 's music in the upper heaven.* C. M. D

THERE 'S music in the upper heaven-
The choral notes that swell,
Are sweeter, fuller, richer far,
Than human lips can tell;
When rings the gush of golden harps,
And heavenly lutes are swept,
To tell the quenchless love of him
Who o'er a lost world wept.

2 The gliding rush of countless wings,
Borne on the swelling breeze,
That wafts the rustling music by,
Amid embowered trees;
The echo of the myriad feet,
That fall on pavements fair,
Of glittering, dazzling gold that gleams
In untold brightness there.

3 The music of the pearly gates,
When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
Their sinless bands among;
The silvery sound that's swelling up,
When flows the stream of life;
The rustle of the emerald leaf,
With healing virtues rife:

4 And then the tide of melody
That swells and bursts, when rings
The new song in that far-off world,
That thrilling rapture brings:
But, awed, we may not note its power,
Its depths we may not sound;
Unfathomed, fathomless it rolls
In glorious might around.

1128 *Earnestly desiring.* C.M.
II Cor. 5: 2.

O COULD our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise [spring.
To those bright scenes where pleasures
Immortal to the skies.

1129 *There is a land, a happy land.* C. M

THERE is a land, a happy land
Where tears are wiped away
From every eye, by God's own hand,
And night is turned to day.

2 There is a home, a happy home,
Where way-worn travelers rest,
Where toil and languor never come,
And every mourner 's blest.

3 There is a port, a peaceful port,
A safe and quiet shore,
Where weary mariners resort
And fear the storms no more.

4 There is a crown, a dazzling crown,
Bedecked with jewels fair;
And priests and kings of high renown,
That crown of glory wear.

5 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
That crown of glory bright;
Then I 'll esteem each bitter sweet,
And every burden light.

1130 *The hope—laid up for you in heaven.* 8s & 6s.
Col. 1: 5.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

1131 *Rev.* 15: 2, 3. C. M.

HARK! hark! the voice of ceaseless praise
Around Jehovah's throne;
Songs of celestial joy they raise,
To mortal lips unknown.

2 Upon the sea of glass they stand
In shining robes of light;
The harps of God are in their hand,
They rest not day or night.

3 O! for an angel's perfect love,
A seraph's soaring wing,
To sing with thousand saints above,
The triumphs of our King.

4 On earth our feeble voice we try,
In weakness and in shame,
We bless, we laud, we magnify,
We conquer in his name.

5 But, O! with pure and sinless heart,
His mercies to adore,
My God, to know thee as thou art,
Nor grieve thy Spirit more!

6 O! blessed hope! a "little while,"
And we, amidst that throng,
Shall live in our Redeemer's smile,
And swell the immortal song.

1132 *Far up the everlasting hills.* C. M.

THERE is a fold where none can stray
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dominion fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul shall lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee—
My Saviour, this is life!

1133 *Inheritance of the saints in light.* S. M.
Col. 1: 12.

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are their bright, happy fields,
Where nought that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 For ever blessèd they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious Lord, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven!

1134 *I love to think of heaven.* S. M

I LOVE to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe,
From fear, and toil, and care.

CHORUS.

There will be no more parting there,
There will be no more parting there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There will be no more parting there.

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we 'll meet,
The harps—the songs for ever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
O how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there.

1135 *Come, sing to me of heaven.* S. M

COME, sing to me of heaven,
When I 'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There 'll be no sorrow there,
There 'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There 'll be no sorrow there.

2 When the last moment comes,
O, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which on each feature plays.

3 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven!

1136 *Hebrews* 11: 16. 6s & 4s

KNOW ye that better land,
Where care 's unknown?
Know ye that blessèd band
Around the throne?
There, there is happiness,
There, streams of purest bliss;
There, there are rest and peace—
There, there alone.

2 Yes, yes, we know that place,
We know it well;
Eye hath not seen his face,
Tongue cannot tell;

There are the angels bright,
There saints enrobed in white,
All, all are clothed in light—
There, there they dwell.

3 O! we are weary here,
A little band,
Yet soon in glory there
We hope to stand;
Then let us haste away,
Speed o'er this world's dark way,
Unto that land of day—
That better land.

4 Come! hasten that sweet day,
Let time begone,
Come! Lord, make no delay,
On thy white throne;
Thy face we wish to see,
To dwell and reign with thee,
And thine for ever be—
Thine, thine alone.

1137 *Who are these—and whence, etc.* 7s, double
Rev. 7: 13.

WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

1138 *They rest from their labors.* 7s, double
Rev. 14: 13.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Once they knew, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows

Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow—in eternal rest.

149 *Good night till then.* 7s, 6s & 4

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing,
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears;
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit;—
Good night till then!

2 Go to thy quiet resting,
Poor tenement of clay!
From all thy pain and weakness
I gladly haste away;
But still in faith confiding
To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal;—
Good night till then!

3 Why thus so sadly weeping,
Beloved one of my heart?
The Lord is good and gracious,
Though now he bids us part.
Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrows left behind us;—
Good night till then!

4 I go to see his glory,
Whom we have loved below;
I go, the blessed angels,
The holy saints, to know;
Our lovely ones departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us;—
Good night till then!

5 I hear the Saviour calling;
The joyful hour has come:
The angel-guards are ready
To guide me to our home;
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit;—
Good night till then!

1140 *Rev.* 7: 13–17. 7s

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priest, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar saints confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was the Saviour's wondrous grace,
And his blood, that made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once, of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign and shine on high!

1141 *He hath prepared for them a city.* 7s & 6s
Heb. 11: 16.

WE are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one
In the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a luster flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey 's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4 O holy! heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see:
O Lord! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee
To the new Jerusalem.

1142 *Arise and depart, etc.* 8s & 7s
Micah 2: 16.

THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine, a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it, all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

1143 *Rev.* 21: 25. S. M. D.

THERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no night in heaven:
Yet nightly round the bed
Of every Christian wanderer
Faith has an angel tread.

2 There is no grief in heaven:
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.
There is no grief in heaven:
Yet angels from on high,
On golden pinions earthward glide,
The Christian's tears to dry.

3 There is no want in heaven:
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelvefold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.

There is no want in heaven:
  Yet in a desert land
The fainting prophet was sustained
  And fed by angel's hand.

4 There is no sin in heaven!
  Behold that blesséd throng;
All holy is their spotless robes,
  All holy is their song.
There is no sin in heaven:
  Here who from sin is free?
Yet angels aid us in our strife
  For Christ's true liberty.

5 There is no death in heaven:
  For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
  And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven;
  But, when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parting soul,
  And waft it to the skies.

1144 *Reunion in heaven.* 7s & 6s

NO seas again shall sever,
  No desert intervene,
No deep sad-flowing river
  Shall roll its tide between.

2 Love and unsevered union
  Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
  Shall be our joy above.

3 No dread of wasting sickness,
  No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
  Shall mar our peace again.

4 No death our homes o'ershading
Shall e'er our harps unstring,
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

1145 *The beautiful of lands.* 7s & 6s

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They 're blesséd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

1146 *Heaven is my home.* 6s & 4s.

I'M but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintery blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home.
There with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall for ever rest:
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not;
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

147 *The region above.* 6s & 7

THERE'S a region above,
Free from sin and temptation,
And a mansion of love,
For each heir of salvation.
Then dismiss all thy fears,
Weary pilgrim of sorrow;
Though thy sun set in tears,
'T will rise brighter to-morrow.

2 There our toils will be done,
And free grace be our story,
God himself be our Sun,
And our unsetting glory.
In that world of delight
Spring shall never be ended,
Nor shall shadows nor night,
With its brightness be blended.

3 There shall friends no more part,
Nor shall farewells be spoken,
There'll be balm for the heart
That with anguish was broken.
From affliction set free,
And from God ne'er to sever,
We his glory shall see,
And enjoy him for ever.

1148 *Rev.* 22 : 5. 5s & 4s

NO shadows yonder?
All light and song!
Each day I wonder,
And say how long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

2 No weeping yonder—
All fled away!
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

3 No partings yonder—
Time and space never
Again shall sunder—
Hearts cannot sever—
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasped for ever.

4 None wanting yonder—
Bought by the Lamb,
All gathered under
The evergreen palm—
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

1149 *Rest for the weary.* 8s & 7s

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy happy land.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

1150 *What must it be to be there?* 8s

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of it walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above,
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

1151 *Shall we know each other there?* 8s & 7s

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices, singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?

Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

1152 *Happy home.* 8s & 7s

IN that world of ancient story,
Where no storms can ever come,
Where the Saviour dwells in glory,
There remains for us home.

CHORUS.

Happy home, happy home,
Jesus bids his followers come,
To that land of bliss and glory,
Our happy, happy home.

2 There within the heavenly mansions,
Where life's river flows so clear,
We shall see our blessèd Saviour,
If we love and serve him here.

3 There with holy angels dwelling,
Where the ransomed wander free,
Jesus' praises ever telling,
Sing we through eternity.

1 There amid the shining numbers,
All our toils and labors o'er,
Where the Guardian never slumbers,
We shall dwell for evermore.

1153 *Almost home.* 6s & 4s

IS it a long way off?
O, no! a few more years,
A few more bitter tears—
We shall be there.
Sometimes the way seems long,
Our comforters all go,
Woe follows after woe,
Care after care.

2 O! brethren dear, how weak,
How faint and weak we are!
Yet Jesus leads us far
Through tangled ways
Into the very heart
Of this dark wilderness
Where dangers thickest press,
And Satan strays.

3 But he is strong and wise,
And we, his children blind,
Must trust his thoughtful mind
And tender care.
So gentle is his love,
We may be sure that sight
Would show us all is right,
And answered prayer.

4 'T is no uncertain way
We tread, for Jesus still
Leads with unerring skill
Where'er we roam;
And from the desert wild
Soon shall our path emerge,
And land us on the verge
Of our dear home.

1154 *I'm going home.* 6s & 1

I AM a stranger here;
No home, no rest I see;
Not all earth counts most dear
Can win a sigh from me.
I'm going home.

2 Jesus, thy home is mine,
And I thy Father's child;
With hopes and joys divine,
The world's a dreary wild.
I'm going home.

3 Home! O! how soft and sweet,
It thrills upon the heart!
Home! where the brethren meet,
And never, never part.
I'm going home.

4 Home! where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase of his love:
Home! where the Father waits
To welcome saints above.
I'm going home.

5 Yes! when the world looks cold,
Which did my Lord revile,
A lamb within the fold,
I can look up and smile.
I'm going home.

6 When earth's delusive charms
Would snare my pilgrim feet,
I fly to Jesus' arms,
And yet again repeat,
I'm going home.

7 When breaks each mortal tie
That holds me from the goal,
This, this can satisfy
The cravings of my soul—
I'm going home.

8 Ah! gently, gently lead
Along the painful way,
Bid every word and deed,
And every look to say,
I'm going home.

1155 *Strangers and pilgrims.* 7s & 6s

Heb. 11: 13.

WE have no home but heaven;
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation;
By varied ills oppressed;
Each day's experience warns us
That this is not our rest.

2 We have no home but heaven;
Then, wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privation,
Or grieve when trouble 's near?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam,
And strangers must not look for
The comforts of a home.

3 We have no home but heaven;
We want no home beside;
O God, our Friend and Father,
Our footsteps thither guide,

Unfold to us its glory,
Prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship,
Its angel-like employ.

4 We have a home in heaven:
How cheering is the thought!
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught!
With eager hearts we hasten
The promised bliss to share;
We have no home but heaven;
O, would that we were there!

1156 *Shall we e'er forget the story?* 8s & 7s

WHEN we reach a quiet dwelling,
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to him is swelling,
Who the vast creation fills;
When the paths of prayer and duty,
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake to see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God:

2 With the light of resurrection,
When our changéd bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below;
When the life that flesh obscureth
In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth,
Flashes forth in beams divine:

3 While we wave the palms of glory
Through the long eternal years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?

Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
And our tears are dried by him?

4 Shall the memory be banished
Of his kindness and his care,
When the wants and woes are vanished
Which he loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which he led us,
All the grievings which he bore,
All the patient love he taught us,
Shall we think of them no more?

5 Yes! we surely shall remember
How he quickened us from death-
How he fanned the dying ember
With his Spirit's glowing breath.
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On his everlasting arms.

6 And his rest will be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,
And his light will seem the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.
O 't will be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day!
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.

157 *Beautiful Zion.* 8s, 6 lines
Psalm 50: 2.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above—
Beautiful city, that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple—God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir:
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease—
Beautiful home of perfect peace:
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me!

1158 *The better land.* P.M

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
Not there! not there!

2 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or, 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there! not there!

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the rubies shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine?
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there! not there!

4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its sweet song of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb!
'T is there! 't is there!

1159 *The Father-land.* 9s & 8s.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
For there is the palace of God!

There is a place where my friends are gone
Who suffered and worshiped with me!
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its labors are o'er,
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

1160 *The former things are passed away.* 4 & 10s

Rev. 21: 4.

NO sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song:
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens grow!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle-word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrel's tread!

Let us depart
If scenes like these await the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control!

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day!

161 *That beautiful world.* P M.

WE 'RE going home, we 've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that wor'd of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round,
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

2 We're going home, we soon shall be,
Where the sky is clear, and all are free:
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

3 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the seas of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The worth of a Saviour's matchless love.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world.

1162 *The sun-bright clime.* P. M.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame—
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

3 Millions of forms, all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty, clear and bright,
There dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where, amid all things bright and fair, is given
The home of the just, and its name is heaven—
The name of that sun-bright clime.

1163 *We 'll be there in a little while.* P. M

WE have heard of that bright, that holy land
We have heard, and our hearts are glad,
For we are a lonely pilgrim band;
We are weary, and worn, and sad.
They tell us that pilgrims are dwelling there
No more are they called homeless ones,
And they say that the goodly land is fair,
Where the fountain of life ever runs.

CHORUS.

We 'll be there, we 'll be there in a little while,
And we 'll join with the pure and blest,
We 'll all have the palms, the robes, the crowns,
And we 'll be for ever at rest.

2 We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,
Of that silvery band in white,
Of the city fair with its golden gates
All radiant with heavenly light.
We have heard of the angels there, and saints
With their golden harps, how they sing,
And the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,
And the leaves that healing bring.

3 There are beautiful birds in the bowers green,
Their songs are blythe and sweet,
Their warbling gushing ever new,
The angel harpers greet.
We 'll be there, we 'll be there in a little while,
And we 'll join with the pure and blest;
We 'll all have the palms, the robes, the crowns
And we 'll be for ever at rest.

1164 *Shall we sing in heaven?* P. M.

SHALL we sing in heaven for ever,
Shall we sing?
Shall we sing in heaven for ever,
In that happy land?

Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing, and love for ever,
In that happy land.

2 Shall we know each other ever
In that land?
Shall we know each other ever
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river, etc.

3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, etc.

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, etc.

5 Shall we meet our dear lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river, etc.

6 Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land?

Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, etc.

7 Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, etc.

8 Shall we know our blesséd Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blesséd Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blesséd Saviour
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land.

1165 *Behold I make all things new.* P M
Rev. 21 : 5.

THAT clime is not like this dull clime of ours;
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a benigner air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright

2 That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers;
No broken sunshine there:
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendor o'er those sinless shores:
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
And Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

3 The dwellers there are not like those of earth,
No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth;
Whence and how came they there?

Earth was their native soil, from sin and shame,
Through tribulation they to glory came;
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

4 Yon robes of theirs are not like those below;
No angel 's half so bright;
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,
And whence that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became;
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie.

1166 *The home of the soul.* 11s & 5.

OH where can the soul find relief from its foes?
A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
Give a refuge, nor sorrow, nor sin can assail?
No, no! there 's no home!
There 's no home on earth—the soul has no home.

2 Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high!
In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven?
Yes, yes! there 's a home!
There 's a home in high heaven—the soul has a home.

3 O! holy and sweet its rest shall be there!
Free for ever from sin, and from sorrow and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies!
Home, home! home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

1167 *Ever-green mountains.* P. M

THERE 'S a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And where life is a treasure sublime;
'T is the land of our God—'t is the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll;
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the ever-green mountains of life.

2 Here our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptation and woes,
And we 've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever-green mountains of life.

O the stars never tread the blue heavens by night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smiles of our God.
We are traveling homeward thro' changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom;
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb
From the ever-green mountains of life.

1168 *Within the vail.* P. M.

Heb. 6: 19.

UPON the frontier of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand:
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'T is the land of
Evermore.

2 Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds roar:
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

3 They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings [soar
Eternal peace have they:
God wipes their tears away:
They drink that river of life which flows for
Evermore.

4 Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But, lo! the wide wings of the seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened path shall fade for
Evermore.

1169 *No night in heaven.* 10s

NO night shall be in heaven! no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers

2 No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, of the tempter's power—
Across these skies no envious clouds shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried—their tears all wiped away—
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

4 No night shall be in heaven—no sorrow's reign;
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

5 No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon—
No fast declining sun, no waning moon:
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

HOME—THE FAMILY.

1170 *I will make there an altar unto God.* L. M
Gen. 35: 3.

THOU sovereign Lord of earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise;
Fix thou the place of our abode:
But may we still live near to God.

Where'er our dwelling shall be found,
We will thy throne of grace surround;
An altar to thy name will raise,
With sacrifice of prayer and praise.

3 With faith and with devotion, Lord!
Teach us each day to hear thy word:
Grant us thy light to learn thy will,
And strength our duties to fulfill.

4 Our circles with thy presence bless;
Keep out each root of bitterness;
And may, to each, the last remove
Be to the mansions of thy love.

1171 *The happy home.* C. M

HAPPY the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home, where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blesséd peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

1172 *My mother's Bible.* C. M. D

THIS book is all that 's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start,
With faltering heart and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She dying gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose name these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer.

And tell of what those pages said,
In terms my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met,
Within the walls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I 've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true—
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

1173 *As for me and my house, etc.* S. M.
Josh. 24: 15.

IN all my ways, O God!
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

1174 *A birthday hymn.* H. M.

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 Though but a child of earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessing came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live,
To thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image, Lord, restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

1175 *For thy name's sake, lead me, etc.* 8s & 7s
Psalm 31: 3.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
O! refresh us with thy blessing,
O! refresh us with thy grace,
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling place.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
O! refresh us with thy blessing, etc.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O! refresh us with thy blessing, etc.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O! refresh us with thy blessing, etc.

5 Then, O! crown us with thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of thy grace;
Then shall praises never ceasing,
Echo through thy dwelling place.
O! refresh us with thy blessing, etc.

MORNING HYMNS.

1176 *They are new every morning.* L. M.
Lam. 3: 23.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray:
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

1177 *Be thou their arm every morning.* L. M.
Isaiah 33: 2.

LORD of eternal truth and might!
Ruler of nature's changing scheme!
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam:

2 Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
And bid the heat of passion cease;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And keep our souls in perfect peace.

1178 *I have set the Lord always before me.* L. M.
Psalm 16: 8.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord! I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with constant joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

1179 *Be thou in the fear of the Lord, etc.* L. M.
Prov. 23: 17.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!

2 O, like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

1180 *Burn thereon sweet incense, etc.* L. M.
Exodus 30: 7.

I PRAISE thy name, O God of Light,
For rest and safety through the night;
Beneath thy wing securely kept,
I closed my eyes and sweetly slept.

2 Redeemed from weariness, I rise
To greet the light with cheerful eyes;
And with the birds on joyful wing,
My soul would rise, and sweetly sing.

3 I thank thee, Lord, for all thy care,
For all the blessings that I share—
Life, reason, health, and home, and friends,
And every gift thy goodness sends.

4 O let me never, never cease
To cherish trust and thankfulness:
From thee, thou Maker of my frame,
Each undeservéd blessing came.

5 As numberless as stars of heaven,
Are the rich bounties thou hast given;
And fresh as dews, and sweet as flowers,
The love that smiles on all my hours.

6 O let me to thy altar bring
A pure and grateful offering;
And let my thanks, as incense, rise
In Christ, a pleasing sacrifice.

1181 *A morning invocation.* L. M

AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept:
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

1182 *He giveth his beloved sleep.* C. M.
Psalm 127: 2.

LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days
And fills the circling hours.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

1183 *In the morning, etc.* C. M.

Psalm 5 : 3.

TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day;
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before:
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resigned, I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And thus thy love repay.

4 Afflictions should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that glorious end,
May I the means endure!

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past,
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

1184 *A morning without clouds.* S. M

II Sam. 23 : 4.

SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing;
And to its great Original
An humble tribute bring.

3 O may I grateful use
The blessings I receive;
And ne'er in thought, in word, or deed,
His holy Spirit grieve.

4 May all my days and powers
Be sacred, Lord, to thee:
And in thy presence may I spend
A blest eternity!

1185 *I will sing of thy mercy in the morning.* S. M.
Psalm 59: 16.

THE morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine;
Now let our souls in haste arise,
To run the race divine.

2 We praise the Father's love,
Who kept us through the night;
O may his kindness be our song,
His pleasure our delight.

3 While passing through this day,
Lord, we implore thy care,
To guide us on the heavenly way,
And guard from every snare.

4 And when our life shall close,
O may it be in peace;
May we lie down in sweet repose,
And wake in endless bliss.

1186 *My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.* 7s
Psalm 5: 3.

NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound—
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from every sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
O! receive me then at last!
When I reach the heavenly shore,
Night of sin will be no more.

1187 *Psalm* 3: 5. 7s

THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful let my offerings rise
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

1188 *The Lord God is a Sun.* 7s & 3.
Psalm 84: 11.

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night!

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve thee and obey
All the day!

3 Thou, our only Life and Guide!
Never leave us nor forsake:
In thy light may we abide
Till the eternal morning break—
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still!

EVENING HYMNS.

1189 *Hide me under the shadow, etc.* L M.
Psalm 17. 8.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at thy Judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love!

1190 *I will lay me down in peace.* L. M
Psalm 4: 8.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He 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.

1191 *The angel of the Lord, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 34: 7.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

3 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

1192 *Let my prayer come before thee, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 141: 2.

BLEST Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise,
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

1193 *The day goeth away.* C. M.
Jer. 6: 4.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care;
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long remembered years,
His mercies to recall;
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

1194 *The shadows of the evening, etc.* C. M. D
Jer. 6: 4.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:

Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O, do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls:
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O, give us now repose!

1195 *Now is our salvation nearer, etc.* S. M
Rom. 13: 11.

A SWEETLY solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
To-day I 'm nearer to my home
Than e'er I 've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
And nearer to the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to where I leave my cross,
And where I gain my crown.

4 Saviour, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in thee;
And let me feel as if I stood
Close on eternity;

5 Feel as if now my feet
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may now be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

1196 *He that keepest Israel, shall not sleep.* S. M.
Psalm 121: 4.

ANOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessèd, Lord, are they,
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

1197 *The day is past and gone.* S. M

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

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

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from every fear,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appear.

4 And when we early rise,
To view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love.

S. M. 1198 *The evening sacrifice.* 7s, 6 lines.
Psalm 141 : 2.

NOW from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free,
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee;
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 For the blessings of this day
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Lord! accept my song of praise.

S. M 1199 *Softly, now, the light of day* 7s.

SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

1200 *Twilight.* 7s & 6s.

THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels round me, singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake!

1201 *Evening aspiration.* P. M.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

1202 *Saviour! breathe an evening blessing.* 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us—
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

1203 *Abide with us.* 8s & 7s.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by:
See the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness!
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

1204 *While I was musing.* 8s & 7s.
Psalm 39 : 3.

SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O! the shrouded and the lonely—
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

1205 *Fleeting moments.* 8s & 7s

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm, unruffled way:
Time with such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasure there.

2 Roses bloom and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by:
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven—
Home of happiness and rest.

1206 *Sweet it is to trust in thee.* 8s, 7s & 7s.

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Father! thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Wandering in the land of strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In thy love we all repose.
Father! thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

1207 *A child's prayer.* 8s & 7s.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

1208 *At peace with all the world, etc.* 10s & 6.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

2 With loving kindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

3 At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All 's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

1209 *I will sing of the mercies, etc.* 10s & 4s.

FATHER supreme! thou high and holy One
To thee we bow;
Now when the burden of the day is gone,
Devoutly now.

2 From age to age unchanging, still the same,
All good thou art;
Hallowed for ever be thy reverend name
In every heart!

3 When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.

4 Night spreads her shade upon another day
For ever past;
So, o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,
A vail may cast.

5 Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distrest,
Now sweetly steal;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.

6 Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
With eye of love;
And thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.

7 O, may each heart its gratitude express
As life expands,
And find the triumph of its happiness
In thy commands!

1210 *Fading, still fading.* P. M.

FADING, still fading ; the last beam is shining ;
Father in heaven ! the day is declining ;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger and keep us from crime !
Father ! have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord ! Amen

Father in heaven ! O, hear when we call ;
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all !
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might ;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light !
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in thy arms when morning returns.
Father! have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord ! Amen !

YOUTH AND AGE.

1211 *By cool Siloam's shady rill.* C. M

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintery hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.

5 O, thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

1212 *A child's prayer.* C. M.

DEAR Jesus! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice,
I am too deaf to hear.

3 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did
When I was but a child.

4 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

6 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

1213 *Out of the mouth of babes.* C M
Psalm 8: 2.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honored for his grace;
Out of the mouth of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honor and thanks be given!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

1214 *Lead us not into temptation.* C. M.
Matt. 6 : 13.

WHILE in the slippery paths of youth,
I run secure and free!
O let thy blesséd word of truth,
My guide and counsel be.

2 If near the tempter's wily snare
In heedlessness I tread;
O be thy kind protecting care,
To save me overspread.

3 Thus o'er my life let mercy move,
And guide my feet the way
That leads me to thy throne above—
To everlasting day.

1215 *Remember thy Creator, etc.* C. M. D
Eccl. 12 : 1.

YE joyous ones, upon whose brow
The light of youth is shed,
O'er whose glad paths life's early flowers
In glowing beauty spread;
Forget not him whose love hath poured
Around that golden light,
And tinged those opening buds of hope
With hues so softly bright.

2 Thou tempted one, just entering
Upon enchanted ground,
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,
Ten thousand foes surround

A dark and a deceitful band,
Upon thy path they lower;
Trust not thine own unaided strength
To save thee from their power.

3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye
May soon be dimmed with tears,
To whom the hours of bitterness
Must come in coming years;
Teach early thy confiding eye
To pierce the cloudy screen,
To look above the storms, where all
Is holy and serene.

1216 *Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.* C. M
Prov. 3: 13.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than all the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

4 She guides our youth with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

1217 *The child Jesus.* S. M.

Luke 2 : 27.

HAIL, gracious, heavenly Prince!
To thee let children fly:
And on thy kindest providence,
O may we all rely.

2 Jesus will take the young
Beneath his special care;
And he will keep their youthful days
From every woe and snare.

3 He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.

4 Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth:
Nor would we ever cease our praise
For the Redeemer's birth.

1218 *From my youth up.* 8s & 7s.

Matt. 19 : 20.

LORD, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how solemn should we be!

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

1219 *Give me thy heart.* 8s & 7s.

TAKE my heart, O Father! mold it
In obedience to thy will;
And as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it true and childlike still.

2 Father, keep it pure and lowly,
Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain or sinful life.

3 Ever let thy might surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine;
Till thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto thine.

1220 *I think when I read that, etc.* 11s & 8s.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above—
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there—
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come;
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blessed.

1221 *Thy sun shall no more, etc.* L. M. 6 lines
Isaiah 60 : 20.

AT evening time, when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose—
To crown my faith before the night,
At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time when labor's past,
Though storms and toils have marred my day,
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way:
Now let the parting hour be bright;
At evening time let there be light.

3 God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings, flee;
I trust his promises sublime;
His glory now is risen on me;
His full salvation is in sight;
At evening time there now is light.

1222 *At evening there shall be light.* C. M. D.
Zech. 14 : 7.

OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last;—
Not to the last! God's word hath said,
Could we but read aright:
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head—
At eve it shall be light!

2 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path awhile,
God's blessèd word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

3 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky—
A pledge that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled—
At eve it shall be light.

1223 *When I am old—forsake me not.* C. M.
Psalm 71 : 18.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

1224 *Watch and pray.* C. H. M.

GO watch and pray; thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:

Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs, and wasting form,
Thou 'rt bending o'er thy tomb;
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath:
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

1225 *Thou art my trust from my youth.* C. P. M.
Psalm 71: 5.

THY mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days;
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2 Then e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O! yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!

3 Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

1226 *Only waiting.* 8s & 7s

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

1227 *Abide with me.* 10s

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord! with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless! O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not! abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

1228 *Come unto me.* 11s & 10s.

COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken;
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

1229 *For old age.* 8s & 7s.

GRACIOUS Source of every blessing!
Guard our breast from anxious fears:
Let us, each thy care possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

TIMES AND SEASONS—SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

1230 *Seed-time and harvest.* L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our course redundant stores,
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade!

5 O! may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

1231 *Psalm* 147. C. M

WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters vail the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintery days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

1232 *Thou crownest the year with thy, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 65: 3.

FOUNTAIN of life, and God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, wa
Its mild, refreshing showers; [thine
Thou gavest the ripening suns to shine,
And summer's golden hours.

4 Thy quickening life, for ever near,
Matured the swelling grain;
The bounteous harvest crowns the year,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 With thankful hearts we trace thy way
Through all our smiling vales;
Thou, by whose love, nor night nor day,
Seed-time nor harvest fails!

1233 *Psalm* 126: 6. S. M.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

1234 *The God of harvest praise.* 6s & 4s.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord:
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

1235 *The little hills rejoice on every side.* 7s, 6 lines.
Psalm 65: 12.

PRAISE, and thanks, and cheerful love,
Rise from everything below,
To the mighty One above,
Who his wondrous love doth show:
Praise him, each created thing!
God, your Maker; God of spring!

2 Praise him, trees so lately bare;
Praise him, fresh and new-born flowers
All ye creatures of the air,
All ye soft descending showers,
Praise, with each awakening thing,
God, your Maker; God of spring!

3 Praise him, man!—thy fitful heart
Let this balmy season move
To employ its noblest part,
Gentlest mercy, sweetest love;
Blessing, with each living thing,
God, your Father; God of spring!

1236 *Harvest-Home.* 7s, double.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy our sorrow grown:

First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home!
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fires the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever, purified,
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

1237 *Thy paths drop fatness.* 8s & 4s
Psalm 65: 11.

LORD of the harvest! thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

If spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If summer warms the fruitful earth;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain;
Still do we sing
To thee, our King;
Through all their changes thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest! all is thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year,
The gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!

1238 *All thy works praise thee.* 13s & 14s.
Psalm 145: 10.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laugh
ing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the
flood, [good.
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker

2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that love
the shade; [glade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy
The sun that from his amber-bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent pomp
display.

3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny!
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease
to be, [thee.
Thee, Father, must we always love—Creator! honor

4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer
fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the bird forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled—the sun and moon forget their old
decree; [thee!
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

1239 *The opening year.* L. M

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Thy mercy crown it till it close!

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

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

1240 *Psalm* 90: 12. C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again:
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1241 *Thou hast made my days, etc.* S. M
Psalm 39 : 5.

MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day.

2 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way.

1242 *Come let us anew.* 5s & 12s.

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 fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

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

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through; [do;"
I have finished the work thou didst give me to

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."

1243 *All below is but a dream.* 7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

1244 *The way of man is not in himself.* 7s
Jer. 10: 23.

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With thy rod and staff, O God!
Comfort thou his dying head!

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!

5 So, within thy palace gate,
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

THANKSGIVING.

1245 *Praise for national blessings.* L. M

ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health and strength, thy hands bestow
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

6 Let every power of heart and tongue
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus joir,
And praise the majesty divine.

1246 *Offer unto God thanksgiving.* L. M
Psalm 50: 14.

THANKS be to him who built the hills;
Thanks be to him the streams who fills
Thanks be to him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.

2 Thanks be to him who makes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

3 Thanks be to him who sheds abroad,
Within our hearts, the love of God—
The spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness.

1247 *Praise for deliverance and peace.* 7s

PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim;
Dwell with rapture on the theme;
Loud, still louder swell the strain;
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

2 Breezes, whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

3 Ocean's billows, far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride!
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth! good-will to men.

4 Vocal songsters of the grove,
Sweetly chant in notes of love,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of Peace.

5 Mortals, who these blessings feel!
Christians, who before him kneel!
Loud, still louder swell the strain;
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

1248 *Magnify him with thanksgiving.* P. M
Psalm 69: 30.

LET every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Ye reverend men, and children bring
To God your sacrifice;

For he is good—the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise;
While the rocks and the rills
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our Father's praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven his power is known;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne;

For he is good—the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways, etc.

1249 *The memory of thy great goodness* 7s
Psalm 145: 7.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field.
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use:

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

1250 *He shall bless thee in the land.* 6s & 4s.
Deut. 28: 8.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

1251 *National hymn.* 6s & 4s.

MY country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathes partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

252 *Psalm* 148. 8s & 7s

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the hight;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!
Hallelujah, Amen.

1253 *Anniversary hymn.* 8s & 7s.

GOD of mercy, do thou never
From our offering turn away,
But command a blessing ever
On the memory of this day.

2 Light and peace do thou ordain it;
O'er it be no shadow flung;
Let no deadly darkness stain it,
And no clouds be o'er it hung.

3 May the song this people raises,
And its vows to thee addressed,
Mingle with the prayers and praises
That thou hearest from the blest.

4 When the lips are cold that sing thee,
And the hearts that love thee, dust,
Father, then our souls shall bring thee
Holier love and firmer trust.

FASTS.

1254 *National judgments deprecated.* L. M.

WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
O! whither shall the helpless fly;
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thy ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there,
And must we perish in despair?

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

1255 *Public humiliation.* L. M.

GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—

Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man who moves, the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thy aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thy altar is the contrite heart,
Thy incense the repentant sigh.

4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

1256 *Confession and prayer.* L. M

O MAY the power which melts the rock,
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear.

2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fixed on thee!
We own thy just, uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 How long hast thou bestowed thy care
On this indulged, ungrateful spot;
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admired our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause his own.

5 But, ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has reared,
Against his goodness rebels prove.

His grace despised, his power defied,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

7 The Lord, displeased, hath raised his rod;
Ah, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

8 Lord, hear thy people every-where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turned away.

1257 *For all that are in authority.* L. P. M.
I Tim. 2: 2.

LORD! thou hast bid thy people pray
For all who bear the sovereign sway,
And as thy servants rule and reign;
Ordained by thee, these ruling powers;
Behold! in faith we pray for ours;
Nor let us for them pray in vain.

2 Our rulers with thy favor bless;
'Stablish their seats in righteousness,
Let wisdom ever hold the helm;
The counsels of our senates guide;
Let justice in our courts preside; [realm.
Rule thou! and guard our widespread

1258 *He maketh wars to cease.* L. M.
Psalm 46: 9.

O GOD of love! O King of peace!
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord! thy works of old,
The wonders that our father's told,
Remember not our sins' dark stain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

1259 *Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.* L. P. M
Psalm 2: 10.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When the oppressed before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners go secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges, too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains!

3 The Almighty thunders from the sky—
Their grandeur melts, their titles die—
They perish like dissolving frost;
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So shall their hopes and names be lost.

4 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say—
"Sure there 's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

1260 *Let the wickedness of the, etc.* L.M. 6 lines.
Psalm 7: 9.

OUR earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflowed,
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 O might the universal Friend
This havoc of his creatures see;
Bid our unnatural discord end,
Declare us reconciled in thee;
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

261 *During a pestilence.* C. M.

LET the land mourn through all its coasts
And humble all its state:
Princes and rulers, at their posts,
Awhile sit desolate.

2 Let all the people, high and low,
Rich, poor, and great and small,
Invoke, in fellowship of woe,
The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summoned from his place,
Death, in a direr form,
To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
Than earthquakes, fire, or storm.

4 Let churches weep within their pale,
And families apart;
Let each in secresy bewail
The plague of his own heart.

5 So while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease,
And mercy, tempering wrath, bring in
God's blessed health and peace.

262 *He is a God that judgeth in the earth.* C. M.
Psalm 58: 11.

LORD, Lord, defend the desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate,
Of him that help demands.

2 Visit the weak and fatherless,
Defend the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

3 Yea, Lord, judge thou the world in might,
The wrongs of earth redress;
For thou art he who shall by right,
The nations all possess.

1263 *Turn us again, O God of hosts.* C. M
Psalm 80: 7.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Dark, frowning judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy convincing grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

1264 *The Lord reigneth, let the people, etc.* C. M.
Psalm 9 1.

HIGH as the heavens above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God:
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state,
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the Just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

265 *Our land.* C. M

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations; thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

1266 *Gen.* 18: 23. C. M

THUS Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued.

2 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God! and shall a nation pray,
And plead with thee in vain?

3 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blessed our land;
Forsake us not, O God!

MISSIONARY ASSEMBLIES.

1267 *All the ends of the world.* L. M
Psalm 22: 27.

COME from the east, with gifts, ye kings,
With gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

2 Come from the west! the bond, the free;
His easy service make your choice
Ye isles of the Pacific sea,
Like halcyon nests, in God rejoice.

3 Come from the south! through the desert sands,
A highway for the Lord prepare;
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Libya pour her soul in prayer.

4 Come from the north! let Europe raise
In all her languages one song;
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to his holy name belong.

1268 *Isaiah* 51: 9. L. M

ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

5 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

1269 *Rev.* 11: 15. L. M.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

1270 *Go unto all the world.* C. M
Mark 16: 15.

GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path!

3 Yet, with determined courage, go;
And armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has called you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

1271 *The morning cometh.* C. M

Isaiah 21; 12.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart;
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

2 Come, blesséd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth responsive now,
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of thy love.

Jesus! thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine!

1272 *Matt.* 13 : 8. S. M.

GOD of the prophet's power!
God of the gospel's sound!
Move glorious on—send out thy voice
To all the nations round.

2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news,
Which our glad ears have heard.

3 O may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear.

4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.

5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.

1273 *Rise, gracious God, and shine.* S. M.

RISE, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might;
Now prosper every good design,
To spread thy glorious light.

2 O bring the nations near
That they may sing thy praise;
Thy word let all the heathen hear,
And learn thy holy ways.

3 Send forth thy glorious power;
All nations then shall see,
And earth present her grateful store,
In converts born to thee.

1274 *Love of God, all love excelling.* 8s, 7s & 4.

LOVE of God, all love excelling!
How can I its wonders tell!
Now, my troubled spirit quelling,
Now, it breaks the powers of hell:
O what mercies
Start beneath its magic spell!

2 Love of God, all love embracing
In its wide-extended arms;
All our doubts and fears displacing,
Saves our souls from death's alarms:
O what sweetness
Dwells within its blissful charms!

3 Love of God, all love possessing!
Filling all our souls with joy;
Pouring on each heart a blessing,
Which no time can e'er destroy:
Now may praises
All our hearts and tongues employ.

4 Love of God, all love extending
Far o'er sea and ocean strands;
Thou art on the breezes sending
Joyful news to distant lands:
May thy triumphs
Bind the world within thy bands.

1275 *Onward!* 8s & 7s

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky;
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hearty forest ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its luster stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

1276 *Shout the tidings of salvation.* 8s & 7s

SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

CHORUS.

Send the sound
The earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gathering crowd
Shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the prairies on the west;
Till each gathering congregation,
With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

1277 *Quit you like men; be strong.* 8s & 7s.
I Cor. 16: 13.

WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.

4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad:
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

1278 *God speed the right!* P. M.

NOW to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause extending,
God speed the right!
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right!

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!

Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory;
God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event or danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toil, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

4 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There 's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

1279 *Blessed is the people that know, etc.* C. M
Psalm 89 : 15.

HOW sweet the gospel trumpet sounds!
Its notes are grace and love;
Its echo through the world resounds,
From Jesus' throne above.

CHORUS.

It is the sound, the joyful sound,
Of mercy rich and free;
Pardon it offers, peace proclaims,
Sinner! it speaks to thee.

It tells the weary soul of rest,
The poor of heavenly wealth,
Of joy to heal the mourning breast;
It brings the sin-sick health.

3 Its words announce a heavenly feast,
Of water, milk, and wine,
And manna in the wilderness,
Provisions all divine.

4 It speaks of boundless grace, by which
The vilest are forgiven;
To Christians it proclaims a rich
Inheritance in heaven.

5 To men of high and low degree,
Its message is addressed;
The Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Are with its blessings blessed.

1280 *All the kindreds of the nations.* 8s, 7s & 4
Psalm 22: 27

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night!
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer! never cease!
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

1281 *The missionary's farewell.* 8s, 7s & 4

YES, my native land, I love thee;
And all thy scenes, I love them well
Home and friends, and happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I—can I say, farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly;
To the strangers let me tell
How he died—the blesséd Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
From the scenes I love so well:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

1282 *My name shall be great, etc.* 8s, 7s & 4
Mal. 1: 11.

LIGHT of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine! thy blessings bring
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing on thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

2 May the heathen now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshiping before him,
Serve the living God alone!
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

3 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command
Let thy truth and faithful heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them
Always to the end of time.

1283 *Farewell hymn for missionaries.* 6s, 7s & 4s

ETERNAL Lord! whose power
Can calm the heaving ocean,
Exalted thou
Yet gracious bow;
Accept our warm devotion.

2 For thee, our all we leave,
Nor drop a tear of sadness;
As on we glide,
Be thou our guide,
And fill our hearts with gladness.

3 We go 'mid pagan gloom
To spread the truth victorious;
Thy blessing send,
Thy word attend,
And make its triumph glorious.

4 And when our toils are done,
Smooth thou the dying pillow:
O, bring us blest
To endless rest,
Safe o'er death's troubled billow!

1284 *The day of joy.* 11s & 10s.

WAKE thee, O Zion! thy mourning is ended;
God—thine own God—hath regarded thy prayer;
Wake thee, and hail him in glory descended,
Thy darkness to scatter—thy wastes to repair.

2 Wake thee, O Zion! his spirit of power
To newness of life is awaking the dead;
Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad hour
That brings thee salvation, through Jesus who bled.

Saviour, we gladly, with voices resounding
Loud as the thunder, our chorus would swell: [ing
Till from rock, wood and mountain, its echoes rebound-
To all the wide world of salvation shall tell.

1285 *Missionary hymn.* 7s & 6s.

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

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

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

286 *Rev.* 14: 6. 7s & 5s

ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed!
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy;
Spread the gospel's love and trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain hight
Be thy standard placed;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight
Angel, onward fly!
Long has been the reign of night;
Bring the morning nigh:
Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them heavén's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight
Angel, onward speed!
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo! the time decreed:

Now the Lord his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall;
Now the joyous song awakes,
"God is All in All!"

1287 *Roll on, thou mighty ocean.* 7s & 6s.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

3 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

4 O be thy presence with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O be they still with thee!

THE SEA.

1288 *They that go down, etc.* L. M. 6 lines.
Psalm 107: 23.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who biddest the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkédst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep;

O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O God of boundless love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

1289 *He raiseth the stormy wind.* L. M.
Psalm 107 : 25.

GLORY to thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air and earth, and seas and skies.

2 Let air and earth and skies obey,
And seas thy awful will perform;
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our silent cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, while God is nigh.

4 Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb their rest;
In vain to impair the calm ye try—
The calm in a believer's breast.

1290 *The Lord is mightier, etc.* L. M.
Psalm 93 : 4.

THE floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
The mighty floods lift up their roar;
The floods in tumult loud rejoice,
And climb in foam the sounding shore.

2 But mightier than the mighty sea,
The Lord of glory reigns on high;
Far o'er its waves we look to thee,
And see their fury break and die.

3 Thy word is true, thy promise sure,
That ancient promise sealed in love;
Here be thy temple ever pure,
As thy pure mansions shine above.

1291 *Rocked in the cradle of the deep.* L. M.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

2 I know thou wilt not slight my call!
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

4 In ocean caves still safe with thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

1292 *Let not the deep swallow me up.* C. M.
Psalm 69: 15.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

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 I'll adore;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

293 *Thy path in the great waters.* C. M
Psalm 77 : 19.

THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee;
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea!

2 Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

3 A moment may his hand be lost,
Drear moment of delay!—
We cry, "Lord, help the tempest tost,"
And safe we're borne away.

1294 *Far, far at sea.* 8s 7s & 4

STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of Hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine! O, safely guide him—
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

1295 *Thou rulest the raging of the sea.* 7s
Psalm 89: 9.

LORD! whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery 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;
Every 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 heavenly shore.

1296 *Lord, save, or we perish.* 12s.

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Not hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—Save, Lord, or we perish!

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
roused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish!
Who cries in his anguish—Save, Lord, or we perish!

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeeméd to cherish
Rebuke the destroyer—Save, Lord, or we perish!

MARRIAGE HYMNS.

1297 *John* 2: 2. C. M

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 mutual share.

1298 *Not good for man to be alone.* C. M.
Gen. 2: 18.

NOT for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join.

2 But for those stern and wintery days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.

3 Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly;
And, as the transient flowers of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die.

4 But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take;
Grant us, O Lord, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

1299 *They twain shall be one.* 7s.
Matt. 19: 5.

FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one;

2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

DEDICATORY.

1300 *How much less this house.* L. M.
I Kings 8: 27.

THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built to God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and "all was good;"
And when its first few praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands—
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

5 We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright thy glories are;
But, Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

1301 *Peace be within thy walls.* H. M.
Psalm 122: 7.

IN sweet, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise:
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heaven around.

3 Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones
Through long-succeeding days;
Here, Lord! display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

1302 *He called the name of that place Bethel.* L. M.
Gen. 28: 19.

O BOW thine ear, Eternal One,
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

1303 *In his temple we speak of his glory.* C. M.
Psalm 29: 9.

O THOU whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

1304 *Make them joyful in my house of prayer.* 7s.
Isaiah 56: 7.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end

1305 *Here have we no continuing city.* L. M.
Heb. 13: 14.

"WE'VE no abiding city here;"
Sad truth, were this to be our home
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

2 "We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

4 But, hush! my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

1306 *The mercies of God.* L. M
Rom. 12: 2.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spreadest the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1307 *Lord, let thy goodness lead our land.* L. M.

LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home,
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

1308 *Submission.* C. M.

TEACH us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

2 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

3 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

4 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

1309 *Psalm* 145 : 18. C. M

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

1310 *The hour of prayer.* C. M.

THOU Lord of life! whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
We in this quiet hour of prayer
Before thy presence bow.

2 Thou, blesséd God! hast been our Guide;
Through life, our Guard and Friend;
O, still, on life's uncertain tide,
Preserve us to the end!

3 To thee our grateful praise we bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

1311 *Love of God.* C M

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein, at last, our souls shall fall,
O love of God most free!

2 When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou holdest us still in thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

5 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

6 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

1312 *They that seek me early shall find me.* C. M.
Prov. 8: 17.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young,
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4 O let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I 'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

1313 *Vespers.* C. M. 6 lines.

O SHADOW in a sultry land,
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, unfolding like the night,
Brings quietude and rest,
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed;

2 From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro;
The wave of being mingles deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know!

3 That which the garish day had lost,
The twilight vigil brings,
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings,—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings!

4 Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O Day, with golden skies!
Serene above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise!
So beautiful may heaven be,
When life's last sunbeam dies!

1314 *Christ the Day-Star.* S. M

WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high:
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O, let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

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

315 *Evening.* C. M

O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 Thus, cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way,
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

1316 *Flee as a bird.* P. M.

FLEE as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean!

Fly, for the avenger is near thee;
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee;
He on his bosom will bear thee,
Thou who art weary of sin,
O thou who art weary of sin.

2 He will protect thee for ever,
Wipe every falling tear;
He will forsake thee, O never,
Sheltered so tenderly there;
Haste, then, the hours are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe every tear,
The Saviour will wipe every tear.

1317 *Evening prayer.* P. M.

I COME to thee to-night,
In my lone closet, where no eye can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee,
Father of love and light.

2 Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

3 Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all; the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

4 Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew—
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

5 Not for myself alone
Would I the blessings of thy love implore;
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er,
Whom thou hast called thine own.

6 And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched, to soothe affliction's griefs and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

7 And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

1318 *Calvary.* 6s & 4s

WHENE'ER I think of thee,
O! sacred Calvary,
Love fills my breast.
Flow, then, the joyous tears;
Flee, all my guilty fears;
Saviour! thy cross appears,
And I find rest.

2 When from thy bleeding side
I see the crimson tide
Streaming for me;
Faith in thy flowing blood,
O! spotless Lamb of God,
Points me from earth's dark clod,
Upward to thee.

3 When death's unsparing dart
Pierces my fainting heart,
Sweetly I 'll sing:
Grave! thou no terror hast;
All fearful gloom is past;
Victor through Christ at last,
Death has no sting!

1319 *Invitation.* 8s & 7s

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain,
Flows to cleanse the guilty soul;

In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty find remission,
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever,
'T is a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful—he will never
Break the covenant sealed in blood;
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was crucified.

1320 *Glory to our King.* 7s, 6 lines

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Victor of the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned;
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned
God of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King.

3 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join—
Share their bliss, and swell their songs
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore.

1321 *Night.* 8s & 7s.

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid thy angels pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.

3 Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made!

4 None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son hath wrought.

5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing,
Till thine angels bid me home!

1322 *Our Mediator.* 8s & 7s.

JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

1323 *Adoration.* 8s, 7s & 4.

LET us sing the King Messiah,
King of Righteousness and Peace;
Hail him all his happy subjects,
Never let his praises cease!
Ever hail him,
Let his honors still increase!

2 How transcendent are thy glories!
Fairer than the sons of men,
While thy blessèd mediation
Brings us back to God again!
Blessed Redeemer,
How we triumph in thy reign!

3 Gird thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
Make thy word of truth thy car,
Prosper in thy course triumphant,
All success attend thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before thee bow!

4 Blessed are all that touch thy scepter,
Blessed are all that own thy reign!
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from his galling chain!
Saints and angels,
All who know thee bless thy name.

1324 *Excellency of Christ.* H. M.

O YOU immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth you knew his wondrous grace:
In heaven you view his beauteous face.

2 You saw the heavenly child
In human flesh arrayed,
All innocent and mild,
While in a manger laid;
And praise to God, and peace on earth,
Proclaimed aloud for such a birth.

3 You in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled:
And joyed to crown the Victor's head,
Before his frown when Satan fled.

4 Around the bloody tree
You pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see—
The Lord of life expire!
And could your eyes have known a tear
In sad surprise had dropped it there.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch you keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep:
Then rolled the stone, and all adored
With joy unknown, our rising Lord.

6 When, all arrayed in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
You hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God:
Your golden wings you waved around,
And struck your strings of sweetest sound

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise.
And you, my heart, with equal flame,
Perform your part with joy the same.

CONTENTS.

No		No. of Hymns.
I	THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.	1–23
II.	GOD. Being and Perfections; in Creation; in Providence; in Redemption, - -	24–116
III.	CHRIST. The Nativity; Life and Ministry; Sufferings; Crucifixion; Burial and Resurrection; Ascension; Coronation; Mediatorial Reign,	117–265
IV.	THE GOSPEL. Proclamation; Invitations; Faith and Repentance; Baptism; Remission of Sins; Spirit of Adoption; Hope of Eternal Life, -	266–440
V.	THE CHURCH. Divine Constitution; Officers; Love, Unity and Fellowship; Lord's Supper; Prayer and Social Meetings; Growth and Future Triumphs, -	441–610

No.		No. of Hymns.
VI.	PUBLIC WORSHIP.	
	The Lord's Day; Gratitude and Praise; Opening; Closing, - - - - - -	611-759
VII.	THE NEW LIFE.	
	Trust and Joy; Aspirations; Temptations and Conflicts; Submission and Deliverance; Sympathies and Activities; Private Devotions; Afflictions,	760-1032
VIII.	THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.	
	Life and Death; Second Advent; Resurrection; Final Judgment; Heaven,	1033-1169
IX.	HOME.	
	The Family; Morning Hymns; Evening Hymns; Youth and Age, - - - -	1170-1229
X.	TIMES AND SEASONS.	
	Seed-time and Harvest; Old and New Year; Thanksgiving; Fasts; Missionary Assemblies; The Sea; Marriage; Dedications, - - - - -	1230-1304
XI.	MISCELLANEOUS. -	1305-1331

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

(The Figures indicate the *Numbers* of the Hymns.)

Absence from the assembly of the saints, 1013.
Activities of Christian life, 951–976.
Adoption—see *Spirit of Adoption.*
Advent, first, of Christ—see *Christ.*
Advent, second, 1099-1105.
Affliction, sympathy with, 1029.
Afflictions, 993–1032.
  Blessings, 910, 1031.
  Comfort in, 154, 156, 439, 509, 802, 914, 1028, 1228.
Age—see *Youth and Age.*
Aged, Hyms for, 1203, 1229
  Death of, 1079.
Angels—Attendants of Christ, 255, 259.
  Song of, 119–121, 123, 126, 132, 134, 135, 137, 140.
Anniversary Hymn, 1253.
Ascension—see *Christ.*
Ashamed of Jesus, 355, 373, 381.
Aspirations, 806, 844.
  After fellowship with God, 612, 683, 688, 697, 704, 716, 764, 823, 834, 839, 853, 856, 859, 862, 887, 899, 928, 943, 979, 980, 987–989, 1032.
  After Love to Christ, 505, 804, 807, 811, 813 814, 891.
  After Heaven, 806, 810, 812, 817, 819–822 824–833, 836, 841, 843, 844, 873, 888, 917 930-933, 1068, 1099, 1121.
  After progress in Christian experience, 816, 818, 835, 864, 881, 896, 915, 990.
  After joys of worship, 858, 924, 1013, 1122.
Atonement—see *Christ.*

Backsliders—see *Relapse and Recovery.*
Gentleness toward, 490, 975.
Invitation to, 288, 296.
Returning, 868.
Baptism—Believers, 373, 394.
Christ's, 142, 377, 382, 384–387, 389.
Benediction, 750, 752.
Benevolence—see *Sympathies and Activities.*
Bible—see *Holy Scriptures.*
Birth-Day Hymn, 1174.
Brotherly Love—see *Love.*
Burial and Resurrection of Christ, 180–197.
Burial Hymn, 1093.
Business Meeting, 549.
Canaan, Heavenly, 428, 429, 431.
Child's Prayer, 1207, 1212, 1218, 1219.
Christ—Advent, first, 117-140.
Advent, second, 1099-1105.
All-Sufficiency, 222–225, 237, 247, 257, 409, 791, 891, 918.
Ascension, 195–202.
Atonement, 212, 215, 216, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 252, 253, 258, 261, 263, 363, 390–392, 512, 533, 536, 538, 543, 546, 563, 564, 946.
Baptism, 142, 377, 382, 384–387, 389.
Compassion, 153, 154, 156, 225, 999.
Condescension, 155, 638.
Coronation, 203–207.
Crucifixion, 168–179.
Divinity, 215, 217, 236, 239, 246 659, 661–663.
Example, 143, 144, 146, 149, 150, 157, 160, 162, 164, 165, 376, 555, 961.
Intercession, 219, 940, 999.
King, 208–211, 213–215, 217, 218, 230, 243, 245, 246, 255, 256.
Life and Ministry, 141–156.
Mediatorial Reign, 208–265.
Miracles, 145, 151
Mission, 124, 125, 129, 136, 639.
Poverty, 148.

Preciousness, 227, 244, 249–251, 262, 406, 412, 416, 440, 513, 518, 542, 634, 659, 778, 779, 787, 798, 1030.
Priest, 228, 233, 235, 242, 997, 999.
Prophet, Priest, and King, 226, 232.
Refuge, 261, 262, 264, 363, 400, 439, 543, 559, 678, 912, 938.
Resurrection, 180–194.
Sufferings, 157–167.
Way, 223, 248, 797.
Worthiness, 152, 656, 668, 670, 672, 927.
Church—441–610.
Afflictions, 446, 459.
Church—Constitution, 441–463.
Delight in, 447, 452, 454, 458, 460, 463, 491, 508, 585, 595, 680, 686, 714.
Deliverance of, 448.
Fellowship, 477–511.
Growth and Triumphs, 462, 591–610.
God's dwelling, 684, 687, 690, 691.
Joining, 478, 482, 516, 522.
Ministry, 465–476.
Ordinances—see *Lord's Day*, and *Lord's Supper*.
Organization of one, 483, 487.
Permanency, 455, 464.
Closing Hymns, 715–759.
Communion—see *Love, Unity and Fellowship*.
In Christ, 515, 585.
With Christ, 544, 685, 710, 978, 981.
With God, 561, 562, 566, 671, 765, 766, 855, 979, 983, 985, 1032.
Completeness in Christ, 408, 409, 412, 413, 425.
Confession—of sin, 864, 868, 871, 882, 926, 945.
Of unbelief, 869.
Of weakness, 872.
Conflicts—see *Temptations and Conflicts*.
Consecration to Christ, 371, 374–376, 378, 380–383, 387–391, 394, 398–401, 489.
Contentment, 67, 558, 779, 785, 787.

Contrition, 588, 864, 868, 871, 882—see, also, *Relapse and Recovery.*
Coronation—see *Christ.*
Creation—God in, 43–61.
Cross—Glorying in, 355, 373, 374, 381, 390–392, 512, 543, 545, 668.
Crucifixion—see *Christ.*
Dangers, 847, 872.
Day of Judgment, 1114–1118.
Deacons, 468, 475
Death—of the aged, 1079.
Of Infants, 1040–1042, 1048, 1049, 1062, 1074.
Of Ministers, 1070, 1073, 1064.
Of a Missionary, 1083, 1095.
Of persons in the prime of life, 1073, 1082.
Sudden, 1070.
Of the young, 1058.
Dedication, 1300–1304.
Deliverances, 114, 692, 1000, 1009, 1014—see, also *Submission and Deliverance.*
Despondency, 890, 1033.
Dying—Hymns for the, 1034, 1043, 1045–1047, 1051 1053, 1054, 1061, 1063, 1071, 1078, 1080, 1081, 1084, 1087, 1139, 1226.
Elders—Ordination of, 468, 469.
Evening Hymns, 1189, 1210.
Exhortation to faithfulness, 486, 496, 861, 866, 877, 879, 895, 896, 934.
To Forbearance and Gentleness, 490, 972, 975.
To look to Jesus, 790.
To Mourners, 1048.
To Perseverance, 883, 894.
To Pray.
To Trust, 880, 890.
To Watch and Pray, 870, 872.
Faith and Repentance, 336–370.
Faithfulness, 876, 894–896,
Family, 1170–1175—see, also, *Morning and Evening.*
Fasts, 1254–1265.
Fellowship—see *Communion.*

Final Judgment—see *Day of Judgment.*
Foretastes, 532, 544, 572, 613, 616, 617, 679, 719.
Forgiveness—see *Remission of Sins.*
Friends—Absent, 992.
Funeral Hymns—see *Life and Death.*
Future—see *Present.*
Gentleness, 975.
Gethsemane, 157, 159, 160, 162–167.
Glory of God—see *God.*
Glorying in the Cross—see *Cross.*
God—Being and Perfections, 24–42.
Compassion, 93–95, 1005.
Dominion, 28, 56, 57.
Eternity, 25, 44, 75.
Glory and Majesty, 36, 49, 55, 60, 80, 91, 102 675.
Goodness, 34, 48, 52, 83, 96, 583, 609, 669.
Greatness, 24, 31, 38, 41, 45, 46, 49, 54, 59, 62, 71.
Holiness, 36, 56.
Immutability, 853.
Invisibility, 84, 983.
Justice, 85.
Love, 30, 42, 46, 49, 52, 61, 66, 86, 104, 107, 110, 113, 116, 147.
Mercy, 106–116.
Omnipotence, 43, 53, 82, 89.
Omnipresence, 27, 33, 50, 52, 67, 573, 636.
Omniscience, 32, 35, 40, 89.
Providence, 62–104, 763.
Unsearchableness, 79, 84, 90.
Wisdom, 26, 37, 69, 105, 112.
Word of—see *Holy Scriptures.*
Works, 43–61.
Gospel—Conditions, 336–394.
Invitations, 273, 276-335.
Power of, 268, 271.
Proclamation, 266–275.
Promises—see *Remission of Sins, Spirit of Adoption,* and *Hope of Eternal Life.*

Grace, 403, 405.
Gratitude, 634–673.
Harvest—see *Seed-time.*
Heart-Searchings, 1114.
Heaven, 1119–1169.
Holy Scriptures, 1–23.
Holy Spirit—see *Spirit of Adoption.*
Home, 1170-1229.
Hope of Eternal Life, 426–440.
Humiliation—see *Fasts.*
Humility, 588.
Immanuel—see *Christ's Divinity.*
Infants—Death of, 1040, 1042, 1048, 1049, 1062, 1069, 1074.
Invitations—see *Gospel.*
Jesus—see *Christ.*
Joy—In Consecration, 398–400.
In Divine Support, 770, 792, 794, 916.
In fellowship with Christians, 508.
In fellowship with God, 765, 766.
In Hope, 793.
In Pardon, 402, 404, 407, 408.
In Submission, 777, 781, 802, 1023, 1026, 1027.
In Tribulation, 838, 1028.
Joys of earth—Transitory, 1035.
Kindness—see *Sympathies and Activities,* and *Love, Unity and Fellowship*
Kingdom of Christ—see *Mediatorial Reign.*
Liberality in giving, 971.
Life and Death, 1034-1098.
Life—Brevity of, 1045, 1052, 1055, 1078, 1081.
Looking to Jesus, 790.
Longing for the courts of the Lord, 686, 688.
Lord's Day, 611-694, 699.
Evening of, 615.
Morning, early, 623.
Lord's Prayer, 580.
Lord's Supper, 512–546.
Love—For Christ—see *Aspirations.*
For Christians, 477-511.

For God—see *Aspirations.*
For Man, 972.
Of Christ—see *Christ.*
Of Christians, 477-511.
Of God—see *God.*
Love, Unity and Fellowship, 477–511.
Majesty of God—see *God.*
Man—Dignity of, redeemed, 109, 413.
Frailty and Mortality, 1035, 1045, 1052, 1053, 1089, 1098.
Marriage, 1297–1299.
Mediatorial Reign, 208–265.
Meditation, 562.
Mercy-Seat, 547, 551, 564.
Ministers—Death of, 1064, 1073.
Ministry—see *Church.*
Missionaries—see *Church.*
Death of, 1083, 1095.
Farewell of, 1281, 1283.
Missionary Assemblies, 1267-1287—see, also, *Church* and *Gospel.*
Morning Hymns, 1176-1188.
National Hymns—see *Thanksgiving,* and *Fasts.*
Nativity—see *Christ,* Advent of.
Nature—God seen in, 43-59.
And Revelation—see *Holy Scriptures.*
New Life, 760-1033.
New Year, 1239-1244.
Night—see *Evening Hymns.*
Obedience, 380, 393, 784.
Officers of the Church, 465-476.
Old Age, 1203, 1226, 1227, 1229.
Old and New Year, 1239-1244
Omnipotence—see *God.*
Omnipresence—see *God.*
Omniscience—see *God.*
Opening Hymns, 674-714.
Oppression deprecated, 972, 1259, 1262.
Ordinances—see *Baptism, Lord's Day,* and *Lord's Supper.*
Ordination, 468, 469.

Orphans, 962, 963, 968.
Pardon—see *Remission of Sins.*
Parting, 430, 484, 485, 500, 502, 507
At close of Service, 720, 721, 724, 732, 739, 754–756.
After Lord's Supper, 530.
With Missionaries, 465, 466, 470, 471.
Party spirit deprecated, 497, 501, 511.
Passover—Christ the true, 546.
Pastors—see *Church Ministry.*
Patience, 901, 931.
Peace and War, 951, 965, 973, 974, 1247, 1258, 1260.
Peace—among Christians, 497, 499.
In trouble, 414, 423, 1020.
Of God, 760.
Salutation of, 750.
Perseverance, 883–885, 894–896.
Pestilence, 1261.
Philanthropy, 972—see, also, *Sympathies and Activities.*
Pity for the erring, 975.
Poor—see *Sympathies and Activities.*
Praise—see *Gratitude,* and *Thanksgiving.*
Calls to, 24, 29, 58, 101, 102, 650, 654, 673, 674, 681, 682, 700–702, 743, 927.
Due from Man, 47, 48.
From his works, 51-55.
For benefits, 644, 650–652, 692, 736, 893, 922, 1225, 1230-1239, 1243.
For Deliverances, 912, 1014, 1020, 1292.
For Redemption, 643, 646, 648, 649, 927.
Prayer—at night, 1209, 1210.
Prayer—a child's, 1207, 1212, 1218, 1219.
For Contentment, 558, 775.
For Deliverance, 857, 1001, 1016, 1017, 1022, 1024.
For entire conformity to the will of God, 896, 915, 952, 990.
For Guidance, 115, 572, 575, 587, 590, 730, 744, 773, 805, 809, 842, 876, 1175, 1244.

For God's remembrance, 862, 1024.
For Laborers, 473.
For Strength, 584, 589, 872, 877.
For Submissiveness, 913, 918, 920, 921.
For support in Death, 1080, 1087.
For Teachableness, 683, 780.
Prayer—Hour of, 550, 561, 581, 679, 712.
In anguish, 925, 1002, 1012, 1087.
In Old Age, 1229.
Invitation to, 569, 570, 574, 586.
Lord's, paraphrased, 580.
Secret—see *Private Devotions.*
Prayer and Social Meetings, 547-590.
Opening of, 568, 576.
Preaching—see *Proclamation.*
Present and Future, 1034–1169.
Private Devotions, 977, 992.
Proclamation of the Gospel, 266-275.
Procrastination deprecated, 276, 277, 279, 280, 282, 284, 297, 298, 302, 306, 311, 322, 323, 334, 970.
Prodigals returning, 364, 367, 368, 868.
Providence—see *God.*
Public Worship, 611–759.
Punishment of Wicked—see *Final Judgment.*
Reception of Members—see *Love, Unity and Fellowship.*
Recovery from Sickness, 1009, 1014, 1027.
Redemption—God in, 105–116—see *Christ.*
Relapse and Recovery, 939–950.
Remission of Sins, 395–408.
Repentance—see *Faith.*
Resurrection—of Christ, 180-197.
Of the Just and Unjust, 1109, 1113—see, also, *Second Advent.*
Resignation—see *Submission.*
Retirement, 562, 577—see, also, *Private Devotions.*
Retrospection, 871, 882, 903, 943, 944, 1156, 1203, 1204.
Reunion, 705.

Scriptures—see *Holy Scriptures.*
Sea, 1288–1296.
Seasons—see *Times and Seasons.*
Seed-time and Harvest, 1230–1238.
Self-dedication—see *Consecration.*
Self-examination, 981.
Sickness, 1000, 1008, 1009, 1014, 1027 1029.
Sin—see *Remission.*
Sons of God—see *Spirit of Adoption.*
Spirit of Adoption, 409–425.
Spiritual Blessing, 492.
Spiritual Life, 486.
Stewardship, 876.
Storm, 82, 87, 1289, 1292.
Strangers and Pilgrims, 498.
Strife deprecated, 499.
Submission, 68, 81, 560, 771, 777, 799, 803, 980, 998, 1011, 1023.
Submission and Deliverance, 898-938.
Supplication, 578, 1012, 1017, 1024.
Surrender to Christ, 359, 360, 364, 365, 368.
Sympathies and Activities, 951–976.
Temptations and Conflicts, 845–897.
Thanksgiving, 1245–1253.
Times and Seasons, 1230–1304.
Trials—see *Afflictions.*
Trust, 65, 66, 70, 74, 87–89, 100, 103, 104, 414, 582.
Trust and Joy, 706–805.
Unbelief deplored, 869.
Unity of Christians, 707, 723—see, also, *Love, Unity and Fellowship.*
Vanity of earthly Ambitions, 874, 893, 950, 1044 1098.
Vigilance, 848, 860, 861, 863, 866, 875, 884.
Waiting on God, 508, 566, 567, 708, 765.
Waiting to go home, 931, 1226.
War—see *Peace.*
Warfare—Christian, 427, 557, 845-897.
Warnings—see *Gospel Invitations.*

Watching with the sick, 1029.
Watchfulness—see *Vigilance.*
Winter of the Soul, 1033.
Wisdom of God—see *God.*
Word of God—Abused, 8.
Precious, 20, 22, 23.
Source of Knowledge, 5, 8, 9, 11, 15, 16, 18.
Source of Strength and Comfort, 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 14, 17, 21.
Spread of, 6.
Superior to Nature, 1-3, 19.
World Renounced, 447, 791, 808, 813, 893, 923.
Worship—Family, 1170–1210.
Worship—Private, 977–992.
Public, 611–759.
Social, 547–590.
Wrath of God—see *Final Judgment.*
Year—Old and New, 1239–1244.
Youth and Age, 1211–1229.
Youth—Death of, 1058.
Invited, 325.
Warned, 1215.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

☞ (The Figures indicate the *Numbers* of the Hymns.)

Abide with me, fast falls the even' tide, *Lyte.* 1227
A broken heart, my God, my King, *Watts.* 347
A charge to keep I have, - - *C. Wesley.* 876
Acquaint thee, O mortal, - - *Knox.* 789
A few more years shall roll, - *Bonar.* 828
Affliction is a stormy deep, - - *Cotton.* 1004
After the toil, when the morning breaks, - 933
Again our earthly cares we leave, - - 696
Again the Lord of light and life, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 694
Ah, guilty sinner, ruined by transgression, 1118
Ah, what avails my strife, - *C. Wesley.* 364
Ah, wretched, vile, ungrateful heart, *Mrs. Steele.* 341
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, - *Watts.* 240
Alas, how poor and little worth, *Longfellow (Tr.)* 1087
Alas, what hourly dangers rise, *Mrs. Steele.* 872
A little longer still, - *Christian Register.* 931
All around us fair with flowers, - - 970
All as God wills, who wisely heeds, *Whittier.* 904
All hail the power of Jesus' name, *Perronet.* 203
All ye nations praise the Lord, *Montgomery.* 743
All you that are weary and sad, come, - 321
All you that have confessed, - - - 496
Almighty Father, gracious Lord, *Mrs. Steele.* 644
Almighty Father of mankind, - *Logan.* 87
Almighty God, thy word is cast, - - 733
Almighty Maker of my frame, *Mrs. Steele.* 1045
Almighty Sovereign of the skies, - - 1245
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, *Newton.* 403
Am I a soldier of the cross, - - *Watts.* 863
Among the mountain trees, *T. J. Edmunson.* 166
A mother may forgetful be, - *Mrs. Steele.* 446
And are we yet alive, - - *C. Wesley.* 705
And can I yet delay, - - *C. Wesley.* 365

And can my heart aspire so high, *Mrs. Steele.* 1011
And did the holy and the just, *Mrs. Steele.* 173
And is the gospel peace and love, *Mrs. Steele.* 143
And is there, Lord, a rest, - *Palmer.* 1133
And let our bodies part, - *C. Wesley.* 739
And must I part with all I have, *Beddome.* 360
And now another day is gone, - - 1191
And now, my soul, another year, - - 1240
And will the judge descend, - *Doddridge.* 30
Angels from the realms of glory, *Montgomery.* 13
Angels, roll the rock away, - *Gibbons.* 189
Another day is past, - - - - 1196
Another six days' work is done, *Stennett.* 616
A parting hymn we sing, - - *A. R. W.* 530
A pilgrim through this lonely world, *Bonar.* 150
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat, *Newton.* 564
Arise, ye people, and adore, - - *Lyte.* 199
Arise, ye saints, arise, - - - - 877
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake, *Shrubsole.* 1268
Around Bethesda's healing wave, *Barton.* 349
As down in the sunless retreats, *Moore.* 1032
As flows the rapid river, - *S. F. Smith.* 1087
Ashamed of Christ, our souls disdain, - 381
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep! *Mrs. McKay.* 1038
As much have I of worldly good, - - 148
As o'er the past my memory strays, - 871
As oft with worn and weary feet, *Wilberforce.* 997
As on the cross the Saviour hung, *Stennett.* 176
As the hart, with eager looks, *Montgomery.* 823
As the sweet flower that scents, *Cunningham.* 1040
A sweetly solemn thought, - *Alice Carey.* 1195
At evening time when day is done, *Montgomery.* 1221
Awake, and sing the song, - *Hammond.* 648
Awake from sin's delusive sleep, - *Moore.* 342
Awake, my soul, and with the sun, - *Kenn.* 1181
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, - *Medley.* 634
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 847
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, *Doddridge.* 866
Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring, *Needham.* 105

Awake, our souls, away our fears, - *Watts.* 856
Awake, ye saints, awake, - *Cotterrill.* 630
Awake, you saints, and raise your, *Doddridge.* 815
Away from earth my spirit turns, *Palmer.* 518
Away from his home, - - *W. Hunter.* 1095
A weak and weary dove, with drooping wing, 950

Beautiful Zion, built above, - - - 1157
Before Jehovah's awful throne, - *Watts.* 674
Before thy throne, with tearful eyes, *Palmer.* 941
Begin, my soul, the lofty strain, *Mrs. Rowe.* 53
Behold the blind their sight receive, *Watts.* 145
Behold the bright morning appears, - 194
Behold the day is come, - - *Beddome.* 1115
Behold the glories of the Lamb, - *Watts.* 236
Behold the lofty sky, - - *Watts.* 19
Behold the man! how glorious he, - - 171
Behold the morning sun, - - *Watts.* 271
Behold the mountain of the Lord, *M. Bruce.* 597
Behold the Saviour of mankind, *S. Wesley, sen.* 175
Behold the sure foundation stone, - *Watts.* 444
Behold the Woman's promised seed, *Watts.* 118
Behold, where in a mortal form, - *Enfield.* 149
Beneath the shadow of the cross, *S. Longfellow.* 956
Benignant God of love and power, - - 549
Be still, be still, for all around, - - 684
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares, *Newton.* 898
Be thou exalted, O my God, - - *Watts.* 675
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea, *Conder.* 84
Beyond the smiling and the weeping, *Bonar.* 840
Beyond the starry skies, - *Turner, varied.* 259
Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, *S. F. Smith.* 164
Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin, - - 307
Blessed are the humble souls that see, *Watts.* 411
Blest are the pure in heart, - - *Keble.* 741
Bless'd are the sons of God, - *Humphreys.* 420
Bless'd be the dear uniting love, *C. Wesley.* 488
Bless'd be the everlasting God, - *Watts.* 182
Bless'd be the tie that binds, - *Fawcett.* 495
Bless'd be thy love, dear Lord, *John Austin.* 916

Bless'd day of God, most calm, most bright, 699
Bless'd feast of love divine, - - - 532
Bless'd hour when mortal man retires, *Raffles.* 679
Bless'd is the hour when cares depart, *S. F. Smith* 712
Bless'd is the man whose, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 953
Bless'd is the man who shuns the place, *Watts.* 772
Bless'd morning whose young dawning, *Watts.* 183
Bless'd Saviour, Friend divine, *W. T. Moore.* 406
Bless'd Sovereign, let my evening song, *Watts.* 1192
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, *Altered by Toplady.* 273
Book of grace and book of glory, - - - 21
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, *Conder.* 534
Breast the wave, Christian, when it, *Staughton.* 895
Breathe thoughts of pity o'er a, *Edmeston.* 975
Bright and joyful was the morn, - - 127
Brightness of the Father's glory, - - 661
Bright source of everlasting love, - *Boden.* 954
Bright the vision that delighted, *Ancient Hymns.* 662
Bright was the guiding star, *Spirit of the Psalms.* 229
Broad is the road that leads to death, *Watts.* 283
Brother, hast thou wandered far, - - 948
Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest, 318
Buried beneath the yielding wave, - - 382
Burst, ye emerald gates and bring, - 202
By cool Siloam's shady rill, - *Heber.* 1211
By faith in Christ I walk with God, *Newton.* 855

Call Jehovah thy salvation, *Montgomery.* 421
Calm on the listening ear of night, *Sears.* 123
Child amid the flowers at play, *Mrs. Hemans.* 574
Children of the heavenly King, - *Cennick.* 498
Child of sin and sorrow, - - *T. Hastings.* 322
Christian! see the orient morning, - - 602
Christians, keep your armor bright, - 861
Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, 934
Christian, the vision before thee, *A. S. Hayden.* 1097
Christ leads me through no darker, *R. Baxter.* 1003
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, *C. Wesley.* 190
Cling to the crucified, - - - - 372
Cling to the Mighty One, - - - - 265

Come, all ye saints of God, - - - 927
Come, and behold the place, - - 386
Come, Christian brethren, ere we, *H. K. White.* 720
Come, come, come to the Saviour, *A. D. Fillmore.* 324
Come, dear friends, we are all brethren, - 501
Come every pious heart, - - *Stennett.* 670
Come from the East with gifts, ye Kings, 1267
Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb, - 377
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast, *Jones.* 291
Come in, thou blessed of our God, *Kelly.* 478
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, *Montgomery.* 522
Come, let us anew - - *C. Wesley.* 1242
Come, let us join in songs of praise, - - 233
Come, let us join our cheerful songs, *Watts.* 206
Come, let us join our friends above, *C. Wesley.* 494
Come, let us join with hosts above, *C. Wesley.* 1213
Come, let us join with one accord, *C. Wesley.* 618
Come, let us pray; 't is sweet to feel, - 569
Come, let us to the Lord our God, *Morrison.* 357
Come, Lord, and warm each, *Mrs. Steele.* 697
Come, my Christian brethren, come, - - 824
Come on, my partners in distress, - - 509
Come, O thou King of all thy saints, *Mrs. Steele.* 693
Come, O thou mighty Saviour, - *Palmer,* 598
Come, saints, let us join in the praise, *De Fleury.* 666
Come, sing to me of heaven, - - - 1135
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast, - - 285
Come, sound his praise abroad, - *Watts.* 702
Come to Calvary's holy mountain, *Montgomery.* 1319
Come to the Ark, come to the Ark, - - 292
Come to the house of prayer, - *E. Taylor.* 570
Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, 1228
Come, weary souls, with sin, - *Mrs. Steele.* 28
Come, we that love the Lord, - *Watts.* 70
Come, ye thankful people, come, *Henry Alford.* 123
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, *G. Burder.* 113
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er, *T. Moore.* 586
Come, you sinners, poor and needy, *Hart.* 312
Come, you that love the Lord indeed, - 481

Come, you that love the Saviour's, *Mrs. Steele.* 230
Crown his head with endless blessing, - 205

Dark and thorny is the desert, - - - 888
Dark was the night, and cold the ground, 160
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, 605
Day of judgment, day of wonders, *Newton.* 1117
Dear as thou wast, and justly dear, *Dale.* 1056
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat, - - 1309
Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, - 1037
Dear Jesus, ever at thy side, - *Faber.* 1212
Death can not make our souls afraid, *Watts.* 1054
Deathless Spirit, now arise, - *Toplady.* 1072
Deem not that they are blest alone, *W. C. Bryant.* 994
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, *T. Hastings.* 330
Desponding soul, O cease thy woe, *T. U. Walters.* 363
Did Christ o'er sinners weep, - *Beddome.* 161
Didst thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame, *Kirkham.* 355
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, *Hart.* 721
Does the gospel word proclaim, - *Newton.* 369
Do not I trust in thee, O Lord, - - - 766
Down the dark future, through long, *Longfellow.* 973
Draw near, ye weary, *Mrs. St. Leon Loud.* 154
Dropping down the troubled river, *Bonar.* 1075

Early, my God, without delay, - *Watts.* 698
Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, - - 396
Earth, with her ten thousand flowers, - 61
Ere mountains reared their forms sublime, *Lyte.* 25
Ere to the world again we go, - - - 717
Eternal Father, strong to save, *Hymns, anc. & mod.* 1288
Eternal Lord, from land to land, - - 592
Eternal Lord, whose power - *Ray Palmer.* 1283
Eternal Source of every joy, - *Doddridge.* 1230
Eternal Source of life and light, - - 730
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise - *Watts.* 112
Every day hath toil and trouble, *Bailey.* 976
Exalted Prince of life, we own, *Doddridge.* 210

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining, 1210
Faintly flow, thou falling river - - - 1205

Fair shines the morning star, *Montgomery.* 326
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss, *Watts.* 352
Fallen on Zion's battle-field, *J. N. Maffitt.* 1073
Far as thy name is known, - - *Watts.* 458
Far down the ages now, - - *Bonar.* 459
Farewell, my friends, time rolls along, - 507
Far, far o'er hill and dale, - - - 1098
Far from mortal cares retreating, *J. Taylor.* 709
Far from my heavenly home, *Hymns, anc. & mod.* 1068
Far from my thoughts, vain world, *Watts.* 977
Far from these narrow scenes, *Mrs. Steele.* 429
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, *Cowper.* 985
Father divine, thy piercing eye, *Doddridge.* 986
Father, glory be to thee, - - *Gaskell.* 749
Father hear our humble claim, - - 707
Father, how wide thy glory shines, *Watts.* 111
Father, I know that all my Life, *A. L. Waring.* 775
Father, I know thy ways are just, - - 908
Father, in thy mysterious presence, *S. Johnson.* 584
Father, I wait before thy throne, *Watts.* 415
Father of love, our Guide and Friend, - 773
Father, O hear me now, - *Anna W. Hall.* 925
Father of mercies, bow thine ear, *Beddome.* 467
Father of mercies, God of love, - *Raffles.* 81
Father of Mercies, in thy word, *Mrs. Steele.* 10
Father of spirits, humbly bent, *Bowring.* 671
Father of spirits, nature's God, - - - 27
Father of the human race, - *Collyer.* 1299
Father supreme, thou high and holy One, 1209
Father, to us thy children, humbly, *J. F. Clarke.* 589
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss, *Mrs. Steele.* 558
Father, whene'er our trembling, *Bulfinch.* 869
Flee as a bird to your mountain, - - 1316
Fling out the banner, let it float, *Doane.* 267
For a season called to part, - *Newton.* 748
Forever with the Lord, - *Montgomery.* 873
Forgiveness 'tis a joyful sound, *Gibbons.* 395
Forth from the dark and stormy sky, *Heber.* 678
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go, *C. Wesley.* 1178
For thy mercy and thy grace, *Henry Downton.* 1244

For Zion's sake I will not rest, *J. Quarles.* 595
Fountain of light and living breath, - - 764
Fountain of life and God of love, - - 1232
Friend after friend departs, - *Montgomery.* 1090
From all that dwell below the skies, *Watts.* 718
From Calvary a cry was heard, *Montgomery.* 168
From every stormy wind that blows, *Stowell.* 547
From Greenland's icy mountains, *Heber.* 1285
From the cross uplifted high, - *Haweis.* 303
From the recesses of a lowly spirit, *Bowring.* 588
From the regions of love, lo! an angel, - 139
From the table now retiring, - - - 535
Full of trembling expectation, - *C. Wesley.* 1024

Gently, gently lay thy rod, - - *Lyte.* 1022
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, - *Hastings.* 1175
Gently, my Saviour, let me down, - *Hill.* 1034
Gird on thy conquering sword, *Doddridge.* 609
Give me the wings of faith to rise, - *Watts.* 817
Give to our God immortal praise, *Watts.* 107
Give to the Lord thine heart, - - 299
Give to the winds thy fears, - *Gerhardt.* 880
Glorious in thy saints appear, - *Newton.* 747
Glorious things of thee are spoken, - - 460
Glory, glory everlasting, - - - 664
Glory, glory to our King, - - *Kelly.* 1320
Glory to God on high, - - - - - 668
Glory to God who deigns to bless, - - 734
Glory to thee, my God, this night, *Kenn.* 1189
Glory to thee, whose powerful word, *C. Wesley.* 1289
Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim, *Morell.* 1270
God bless our native land, - - *Dwight.* 1250
God calling yet; shall I, *From the German.* 339
God doth not leave his own, - - - 802
God eternal, Lord of all, - *J. E. Millard.* 60
God in the Gospel of his Son, - *Beddome.* 268
God is in his holy temple, - - - - 711
God is in the loneliest spot, - - *Conder.* 991
God is love; his mercy brightens, *Bowring.* 116
God is the fountain whence, - - - - 96

God is the refuge of his saints, - *Watts.* 442
God moves in a mysterious way, - *Cowper.* 79
God! my supporter and my hope, *Watts.* 114
God of mercy, do thou never, - *Pierpont.* 1253
God of mercy, God of love, - *J. Taylor.* 882
God of my childhood and my youth, *Watts.* 1223
God of my life, thy boundless grace, - - 412
God of my life, to thee, - - - - 1174
God of my life, to thee I call, - *Cowper.* 995
God of our salvation, - - - - 897
God of our salvation, hear us, - *Kelly.* 756
God of the morning, at whose voice, - 1179
God of the prophet's power, - - - 1272
God's law demands one living faith, *Briggs.* 7
God, that madest earth and heaven, *Heber.* 1201
God with us! O glorious name, - - 130
Go, messenger of peace and love, *Balfour.* 466
Go on, you pilgrims, while below, - - 486
Go to dark Gethsemane, - *Montgomery.* 162
Go to the grave, in all thy, - *Montgomery.* 1082
Go to thy rest, fair child, - - - - 1069
Go to thy rest in peace, - - - - 1094
Go up, go up, my heart, - - *Bonar.* 833
Go watch and pray; thou canst not tell, 1224
Go when the morning shineth, - - 579
Go with thy servant, Lord, - - - 471
Grace! 't is a charming sound, *Doddridge.* 405
Gracious Saviour, we adore thee, - *Cutting.* 394
Gracious Source of every blessing, - 1229
Greatest of beings, Source of life, *Watts.* 46
Great God, attend while Zion sings, *Watts.* 680
Great God! how infinite art thou, - *Watts.* 39
Great God! the followers of thy, *H. Ware, jr.* 67
Great God! thy penetrating eye, *E. Scott.* 4
Great God! we sing that mighty, *Doddridge.* 123
Great God! whose universal sway, - *Watts.* 213
Great is the Lord, our God, - - *Watts.* 452
Great Maker of unnumbered worlds, - 1255
Great Ruler of all nature's frame, *Doddridge.* 82
Great Source of boundless power, *Mrs. Steele.* 1001

Great Source of life and light, - - - 418
Great was the day, the joy was great, *Watts.* 269
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, - *Oliver.* 115
Guide us, Lord, while hand in hand, - - 745

Had I ten thousand gifts beside, *Chatham.* 257
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews, *Watts.* 480
Happy are they who learn in thee, - - 1007
Happy soul, thy days are ended, *C. Wesley.* 1077
Happy the child whose tender years, *Watts.* 1312
Happy the Church, thou sacred place, *Watts.* 441
Happy the home when God is there, - - 1171
Happy the saints whose lot is cast, - - 719
Happy the souls to Jesus joined, *C. Wesley.* 491
Hail, gracious, heavenly Prince, - - 1217
Hail, morning known among the, *Wardlaw.* 614
Hail, ransomed world, awake to glory, - - 328
Hail, sacred truth, whose piercing rays, - 13
Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds, *Sutton.* 430
Hail the blest morn, when the great Mediator, 138
Hail the day that saw him rise, *C. Wesley.* 628
Hail, thou long expected Jesus, *C. Wesley.* 136
Hail to the brightness of Zion's, *T. Hastings.* 608
Hail to the Prince of life and, *Doddridge.* 218
Hail, tranquil hour of closing day, *L. Bacon.* 1193
Hellelujah! best and sweetest, *Breviary.* 924
Hark, from the world on high, *W. T. Moore.* 140
Hark, hark the notes of joy, - - - 132
Hark, hark the voice of ceaseless praise, - 1131
Hark how the gospel trumpet sounds, *Medley.* 272
Hark how the watchmen cry - *C. Wesley.* 878
Hark, sinner, while God from, *J. B. Hague.* 334
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, *Kelly.* 663
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour, *Doddridge.* 124
Hark, the herald angels sing, *C. Wesley.* 126
Hark, the song of jubilee, - *Montgomery.* 600
Hark, the voice of love and mercy, *Evans.* 178
Hark, what joyful notes are, *W. T. Moore.* 134
Hark, what mean those holy voices, *Cawood.* 135
Hark, ye mortals, hear the trumpet, - - 1116

Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, - *Lyte.* 599
Haste, O sinner, to be wise, - *T. Scott.* 306
Haste, traveler, haste, the night, *Collyer.* 276
Have you heard, have you heard of that, - 1162
Have we no tears to shed for him, *Lyra Cath.* 170
Head of the Church triumphant, *C. Wesley.* 742
Hear, Father, hear our prayer, - - - 587
Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry, - 344
Hear my prayer, O heavenly, *Thos. Park.* 1321
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you, - *Reed.* 316
Hear the Royal proclamation, - - - 274
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken, *Cowper.* 601
Heavenly Father, to whose eye, - *Conder.* 572
He bids us come, his voice we know, - 795
He came not with his heavenly crown, *Doane.* 155
He dies! the friend of sinners dies, *Watts.* 172
He has come, the Christ of God, - *Bonar.* 129
He knelt! the Saviour knelt, *Mrs. Hemans.* 165
He leadeth me, O blessed thought, - - 768
He lives, the great Redeemer lives, *Mrs. Steele.* 212
Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear, - - 964
Here behold me as I cast, *Joachim Neander.* 891
Here I sink before thee lowly, - - - 539
Here is my heart, I give it thee, - - 348
Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face, - 544
Here, Saviour, we would come, - - 388
Here we are but straying, *I. N. Carman.* 829
He sendeth sun, he sendeth, *Sarah F. Adams.* 68
He that goeth forth with weeping, *Hastings.* 969
He who on earth as man was known, *Newton.* 246
High as the heavens above the ground, *Watts.* 1264
High in yonder realms of light, *Raffles.* 1138
Holy Bible! book divine, - - - - 20
Holy Father, thou hast taught me, - - - 887
Holy Lord, our hearts prepare, - - - 576
Honor and happiness unite, - *Cowper.* 413
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear, - - 1099
Ho, reapers of life's harvest, - - - 476
Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn, - - 234
Hosanna to our conquering King, *Watts.* 243

Hosanna to the Prince of light, - *Watts.* 185
How are thy servants blest, O Lord, *Addison.* 1292
How beauteous are their feet, - *Watts.* 270
How beauteous were the marks, *A. C. Coxe.* 144
How blest are they whose transient, *Norton.* 1042
How blest the righteous when, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 1039
How blest the sacred tie that, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 479
How bright these glorious spirits shine, - 909
How calm and beautiful the morn, *T. Hastings.* 186
How charming is the place, - *Stennett.* 454
How did my heart rejoice to hear, *Watts.* 445
How firm a foundation, ye saints of, *Kirkham.* 792
How free and boundless is the grace, *Beddome.* 287
How gentle God's commands, - *Doddridge.* 92
How gracious and how wise, *Doddridge.* 1018
How happy are they who their, *C. Wesley.* 468
How happy every child of grace, *C. Wesley.* 404
How happy is the Christian's state, - - 402
How happy is the pilgrim's lot, *C. Wesley.* 1061
How honored, how dear is that sacred, *Conder.* 585
How honored is the place, - - *Watts.* 457
How long, O Lord, our Saviour, - - 831
How oft, alas! this wretched heart, *Mrs. Steele.* 868
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection, 23
How pleased and blest was I, - - *Watts.* 627
How pleasing to behold and see, - *Dobell.* 515
How pleasant, how divinely fair, *Watts.* 686
How precious is the book divine, *Fawcett.* 9
How shall I my Saviour set forth, *Maxwell.* 659
How shall the young secure their hearts, *Watts.* 15
How short and hasty is our life, - *Watts.* 1052
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, *Swain.* 493
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound, *Bowring.* 141
How sweet the gospel trumpet sounds, - 1279
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, *Newton.* 247
How sweet the praise, how high, *B. Skene.* 638
How sweet to be allowed to pray, - - 560
How sweet to leave the world awhile, *Kelly.* 548
How tender is thy hand, - *T. Hastings.* 1015
How vain is all beneath the skies, - - 426

How various and how new, - - *Stennett.* 652
How vast is the tribute I owe, - - - 1027
Humble souls, who seek salvation, *Fawcett.* 393
Hungry, and faint, and poor, - - - 703
Hush the loud cannon's roar, - - *Johns.* 965

I am a stranger here, - - - - 1154
I am thy workmanship, O Lord, - *Conder.* 816
am weary of straying, O fain, - - 837
can not always trace the way, *C. Elliott.* 86
'I come," the great Redeemer cries, - - 385
I come to thee, to-night, - - - 1317
I did thee wrong, my God, - - *Bonar.* 926
If human kindness meets return, *R. W. Noel.* 520
If life's pleasures charm you, - *F. S. Key.* 439
If 't is sweet to mingle where, - - 571
I have no resting place on earth, *W. Baxter.* 819
I hear thee speak of the better, *Mrs. Hemans.* 1158
I journey forth, *Hymns from Land of Luther.* 1139
I know not if or dark or bright, - - 803
I know that my Redeemer lives, - *Medley.* 219
I'll praise my Maker while I've, - *Watts.* 72
I look to thee in every need, - - - 912
I love the volume of thy word, - *Watts.* 8
I love thy kingdom, Lord, - - *Dwight.* 453
I love to steal awhile away, - *Mrs. Brown.* 562
I love to think of heaven, - - - 1134
I'm but a stranger here, - *T. R. Taylor.* 1146
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, - *Watts.* 865
In all my Lord's appointed ways, *Ryland.* 380
In all my ways, O God, - - - - 1173
In every trouble, sharp and strong, - 1010
In expectation sweet, - - - *Kelly.* 1109
Infinite excellence is thine, - *Fawcett.* 237
In heavenly love abiding, - - - 785
In hymns of praise, eternal God, - - 119
In Jordan's tide the Baptist, *Rippon's Coll.* 142
In memory of the Saviour's love, - - 524
In seasons of grief to my God I 'll, *Hunter.* 264
In silence of the voiceless night, - - 980

In sweet, exalted strains, - - *Francis.* 1301
In that world of ancient, *Miss H. M. Bolman.* 1152
In the Christian's home in glory, - - 1149
In thee, O Lord, I put my trust, *W. T. Moore.* 845
In the floods of tribulation, - *Pearce.* 1026
In thy name, O Lord, assembling, - *Kelly.* 713
In time of fear, when trouble 's near, *Hastings.* 788
In trouble and in grief, O God, - - - 910
I praise thy name, O God of light, - - 1180
I saw the cross of Jesus, - *F. Whitfield.* 543
I sing the almighty power of God, *Watts.* 50
Is it a long way off, - - - - 1153
Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed, *Beckersuth.* 751
Israel the desert trod, - - - - 778
Is there a lone and dreary hour, *Mrs. Gilman.* 761
It came upon the midnight clear, *E. H. Sears.* 120
I think when I read that sweet story of old, 1220
It is finished, man of sorrows, *T. H. Hedge.* 533
It is not death to die, - - *Bethune.* 1066
It is the hour of prayer, - - - - 568
It is the Lord, enthroned in light, *Green.* 906
I will extol thee, Lord, on high, - - 1000
I will not let thee go, thou help, *Desyler.* 798
I would not live alway, I ask not, *Muhlenberg.* 836

Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light, *Watts.* 44
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high, *Watts.* 28
Jerusalem, my glorious home, - - - 821
Jerusalem, my happy home, - - - - 820
Jesus, and shall it ever be, - *Gregg.* 373
Jesus, cast a look on me, - - *Berridge.* 780
Jesus, guide our way, - *Count Zingendorf.* 805
Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory, *Bakewell.* 1322
Jesus has died for me, - *W. T. Moore.* 541
Jesus has died that I might live, *C. Wesley.* 814
Jesus, I love thy charming name, *Doddridge.* 251
Jesus, immortal King, arise, - *Burder.* 245
Jesus, I my cross have, - - - *Lyte.* 923
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold, - - *Watts.* 242
Jesus, in thy transporting name, *Mrs. Steele.* 238

Jesus invites his saints, - - *Watts.* 529
Jesus, Lamb of God, for me, *Ray Palmer.* 390
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee, - *C. Wesley.* 499
Jesus, lover of my soul, - - *C. Wesley.* 262
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, *Cennick.* 375
Jesus, my love, my chief delight, *Beddome.* 807
Jesus, my strength, my hope, - *C. Wesley.* 568
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne, *Watts.* 204
Jesus, Saviour, all divine, - *T. Hastings.* 990
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, *Watts.* 209
Jesus, Sun of righteousness, - *Rosenmoth.* 1188
Jesus, take me for thine own, - - - 918
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear, *May L. Duncan.* 1207
Jesus, the Friend of man, - - *Watts.* 526
Jesus, these eyes have never seen, *Ray Palmer.* 776
Jesus, the spring of joys divine, *Mrs. Steele.* 220
Jesus, the very thought is sweet, *Bernard.* 227
Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend, *Burnham.* 241
Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts, *Bernard.* 513
Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep, *Collyer.* 482
Jesus, thou Source of calm repose, - - 225
Jesus, thy blessings are not few, - *Watts.* 295
Jesus, to thy wounds I fly, - *C. Wesley.* 391
Jesus wept! those tears are over, - - 156
Jesus, where'er thy people meet, *Cowper.* 551
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, - - 793
Joy to the world, the Lord is come, *Watts.* 125
Judges, who rule the world by laws, *Watts.* 1259
Just as I am, without one plea, *Charlotte Elliott.* 343

Keep us, O Lord, keep us ever, - - - 755
Kind Father, look with pity now, *W. T. Moore.* 864
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake, *Newton.* 477
King Jesus, reign for evermore, *Wardlaw's Col.* 208
Know ye that better land, - - - 1136

Lamb of God, whose bleeding love, *C. Wesley.* 537
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace, *Barton.* 16
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us, *Edmeston.* 842
Let earthly minds the world pursue, *Newton.* 647

Let earth, with every isle and sea, *Watts.* 255
Let everlasting glories crown, - *Watts.* 221
Let every heart and tongue, *W. T. Moore.* 651
Let every heart rejoice and sing, *Washburne.* 1248
Let every mortal ear attend, - *Watts.* 286
Let me be with thee, when, *Charlotte Elliott.* 810
Let me go, my soul is weary. *W. Baxter.* 825
Let my life be hid in thee, - - - 989
Let not your hearts with, *Wardlaw's Coll.* 106
Let others boast their ancient line, *Cruttenden.* 42
Let party names no more, - *Beddome.* 49
Let the land mourn through all, *Montgomery.* 1261
Let the whole race of creatures lie, *Watts.* 89
Let thoughtless thousands choose, *Hopkins.* 338
Let us awake our joys, - - *Kingsbury.* 667
Let us sing the King Messiah, - - 1323
Let us with a joyful mind, - - *Milton.* 97
Let Zion and her sons rejoice, - *Watts.* 594
Life is a span, a fleeting hour, *Mrs. Steele.* 1055
Life is the time to serve the Lord, *Watts.* 284
Lift up your heads, ye gates, *Montgomery.* 196
Lift up your stately heads, ye doors, - - 197
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart, - 1271
Light of them that sit in darkness, - - 1282
Like morning, when her early breeze, *Moore.* 409
Like Noah's weary dove, - *Muhlenberg.* 456
Like sheep we went astray, - *Watts.* 258
Listen to the gospel telling, *W. T. Moore.* 315
Lo! he comes with clouds, - *Olivers.* 1104
Lo! he cometh! countless trumpets, - - 1103
Long as I live I'll praise thy name, *Watts.* 645
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest, 791
Look from on high, Great God, *Rippon's Coll.* 688
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, *Kelly.* 207
Lord, a little band and lowly, - - - 1218
Lord, all I am is known to thee, - - - 35
Lord, at this closing hour, - *E. T. Fitch.* 735
Lord, at thy table we behold, - *Stennett.* 523
Lord, bless thy saints assembled here, - 483
Lord, cause thy face on us to shine, - - 723

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, *Burder.* 754
Lord, how delightful 't is to see, - *Watts.* 722
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, *Davies.* 397
Lord, I have foes without, within, *Montgomery.* 853
Lord, I have made thy word my choice, *Watts.* 12
Lord, in whose might the Saviour trod, *Bulfinch.* 414
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went, *Crosswell.* 955
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land, - 1307
Lord, let thy Spirit penetrate, - *Bonar.* 417
Lord, Lord, defend the desolate, *Milton.* 1262
Lord, may the Spirit of this feast, *Mrs. Sigourney.* 519
Lord, my weak thought in vain, *Ray Palmer.* 26
Lord, now we part in thy blest name, *Heber.* 724
Lord of all being, throned afar, *O. W. Holmes.* 636
Lord of eternal truth and might, *Breviary.* 1177
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise, *Montgomery.* 1304
Lord of my life, O may thy praise, *Mrs. Steele.* 1128
Lord of the harvest, hear, - *C. Wesley.* 473
Lord of the harvest, thee we hail, *J. H. Gurney.* 1237
Lord of the worlds above, - - *Watts.* 714
Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray. *C. Wesley.* 1257
Lord, thou hast formed mine every, *R. A. Scott.* 33
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me, *Watts.* 32
Lord, we come before thee now, *Hammond.* 708
Lord, we expect a day, - - - - 822
Lord, what is man? extremes how, *Newton.* 109
Lord, when my thoughts delighted, *Mrs. Steele.* 345
Lord, when together here we meet, - - 732
Lord, while for all mankind we pray, *Welford.* 1265
Lord, whom winds and seas obey, *C. Wesley.* 1295
Lo! round the throne a glorious band, - 1121
Lo! the Seal of death is breaking, - - 1112
Love divine, all love excelling, *C. Wesley.* 710
Love for all! and can it be, *S. Longfellow.* 367
Love of God, all love excelling, *W. T. Moore.* 1274
Lonely and solemn be, - *Mrs. Hemans.* 1087

Majestic Sweetness sits enthroned, *Stennett.* 250
Make channels for the streams of love, *French.* 958
Mary to the Saviour's tomb, - *Newton.* 192

May the grace of Christ our Saviour, *Newton.* 752
Meekly in Jordan's flowing stream, *S. F. Smith.* 534
Mercy alone can meet my case, *Montgomery.* 361
'Mid scenes of confusion, and creature, *Denham.* 510
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven, *Watts.* 354
Morning breaks upon the tomb, *Collyer.* 191
Mortals, awake, with angels join, *Medley.* 121
Must Simon bear the cross alone, *G. N. Allen.* 889
My Christian friends, in bonds of love, - 485
My country, 'tis of thee, - *S. F. Smith.* 1251
My days are gliding swiftly by, - *Nelson.* 800
My dear Redeemer and my Lord, - *Watts.* 146
My faith looks up to thee, - *Ray Palmer,* 542
My feet are worn and weary with the march, 843
My few revolving years, - *Beddome.* 1241
My God, how endless is thy love, *Watts.* 1306
My God, how excellent thy grace, *Watts.* 106
My God, how wonderful thou art, - - 80
My God, in whom are all the springs, - 64
My God, is any hour so sweet, *Charlotte Elliott.* 581
My God, my Father, while I, *Charlotte Elliott.* 900
My God, my heart with love inflame, - 979
My God, my King, thy various praise, *Watts.* 635
My God, my strength, my hope, *C. Wesley.* 915
My God, permit my tongue, - *Watts.* 704
My God, the spring of all my joys, *Watts.* 769
My God, thy boundless love I praise, *H. Moore.* 42
My God, thy service well demands, *Doddridge.* 1009
My gracious Redeemer I love, *Francis.* 657
My heavenly home is bright and fair, - 1124
My Jesus, as thou wilt, - - *B. Schmolk.* 921
My only Saviour, when I feel, - - 557
My opening eyes with rapture see, - - 612
My precious Lord, for thy dear name, - 553
My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide, - 226
My rest is heaven, my home is not here, *Lyte.* 838
My Saviour, my almighty Friend, *Watts.* 249
My Shepherd's mighty aid, - *J. Roberts.* 781
My spirit longs for thee, - *John Byrom.* 834
My spirit looks to God alone, - *Watts.* 996

My spirit on thy care, - - - *Lyte.* 779
My soul, be on thy guard, - - *Heath.* 875
My soul, how lovely is the place, *Watts.* 691
My soul, it is thy God, - - - - 881
My soul, repeat his praise, - - *Watts.* 95
My soul, triumphant in the Lord, *Doddridge.* 436
My times are in thy hand, - - - 914
My times of sorrow and of joy, *Beddome.* 1006

Nature with all her powers shall sing, *Watts.* 45
Nay, tell us not of dangers dire, *Lamar.* 867
Nearer, my God, to thee, *Mrs. S. F. Adams.* 928
Near the cross our station taking, - - 536
New every morning is the love, - *Keble.* 1176
Night with ebon pinion, *L. H. Jameson.* 163
No bitter tears for thee be shed, *Mrs. Hemans.* 1049
No change of time shall ever, *Tate & Brady.* 65
No night shall be in heaven, - - - 1169
No, no, it is not dying, - - - *Malan.* 1092
No seas again shall sever, - - *Bonar.* 1144
No shadows yonder, - - - *Bonar.* 1148
No sickness there, - - - *Neal.* 1160
Not all the blood of beasts, - - *Watts.* 531
Not for the pious dead we weep, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 1059
Not for the summer hour alone, *Mrs. Sigourney.* 1298
Not here, not here! not where the sparkling, 839
Not to condemn the sons of men, - *Watts.* 148
Not to the terrors of the Lord, - *Watts.* 449
Now as long as here I roam, - *Gerhardt.* 799
Now be my heart inspired to sing, - - 211
Now begin the heavenly theme, - *Langford.* 653
Now for a song of lofty praise, - *Watts.* 181
Now from labor and from care, *T. Hastings.* 1198
Now I have found a Friend, - *Ryle.* 440
Now I have found the ground, *C. Wesley* 400
Now is the accepted time, - - *Dobell.* 297
Now is the day of grace, - - - - 298
Now let each happy guest, - - - 527
Now let our cheerful eyes survey, *Doddridge.* 235
Now let our souls on wings sublime, *Gibbons.* 806

Now may he, who from the dead, *Newton.* 746
Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, *Montgomery.* 715
Now the shades of night are gone, - - 1186
Now to heaven our prayer ascending, - 1278
Now to thy heavenly Father's praise, *Mrs. Steele.* 1014
Now to the Lord who makes, - - - 340

O be not faithless with the morn, *B. Barton.* 959
O bless the Lord, my soul, let all, *Watts.* 93
O bless the Lord, my soul, his, *Montgomery.* 650
O blest the souls, for ever blest, - - 685
O bow thine ear, eternal One, - *Pierpont.* 1302
O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord, *Ray Palmer.* 215
O come in life's gay morning, - - - 325
O come, loud anthems let us sing, *Tate & Brady.* 682
O could I find from day to day, - - 987
O could I speak the matchless worth, *Medley.* 152
O could our thoughts and wishes fly, *Mrs. Steele.* 1128
O day of rest and gladness, - *Wordsworth.* 633
O do not let the word depart, - - 280
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, *Williams.* 1280
O, eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore, 790
O Father, gladly we repose, *G. Gaskell.* 763
O Father, though the anxious fear, - - 620
O Father, with protecting care, - - 687
O for a closer walk with God - *Cowper.* 943
O for a faith that will not shrink, *Bath Coll.* 353
O for a heart to praise my God, *C. Wesley.* 811
O for an overcoming faith, - - *Watts.* 1063
O for the peace that floweth as a river, *Bonar.* 930
Of thy love, some gracious token, *Kelley.* 759
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe, - - - 883
O God, by whom the seed is given, *Heber.* 731
O God, my heart is fully bent, *Tate & Brady.* 38
O God of Bethel, by whose hand, *Doddridge.* 73
O God of love! O King of peace! - - 1258
O God, thy grace and blessing give, - 1046
O God, unseen, yet ever near, - - - 521
O God, we praise thee and confess, *Patrick.* 36
O gracious Lord, whose mercies rise, - 962

O happy children who follow Jesus, - 508
O happy day that fixed my choice, *Doddridge.* 398
O happy is the man who hears, - - 1216
O happy they who know the Lord, - - 492
O, he whom Jesus loved has truly, *Whittier.* 972
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen - - 371
O how divine, how sweet the joy, *Needham.* 358
O how I love thy holy law, - - *Watts.* 14
O how kindly hast thou led me, *Grinfield.* 922
O Israel, to thy tents repair, - *Kelly.* 850
O Jesus, King most wonderful, *Breviary.* 244
O Jesus, Saviour of the lost, *Bickersteth.* 559
O let my trembling soul be still, *Bowring.* 902
O Jesus, the giver of all we enjoy, - - 665
O let the joyful tidings fill the wide, - 610
O let your mingling voices rise, - - 639
O Lord, and shall thy spirit rest, *Mrs. Steele.* 410
O Lord, and will thy pardoning love, - 383
O Lord, another day is flown, *H. K. White.* 1315
O Lord, how full of sweet, *Madame Guyon.* 67
O Lord, how happy should we be, - - 582
O Lord, I would delight in thee, - - 566
O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart, *J. F. Oberlin.* 765
O Lord, thy perfect word, - *Beddome.* 18
O Lord, thy precepts I survey, - *Watts.* 17
O Lord, when faith, with fixed eyes, - - 169
O Lord, thy counsels, - - - - 899
O love beyond conception great, - - - 108
O love divine, how sweet thou art, *C. Wesley.* 505
O love divine, that stooped to, *O. W. Holmes.* 66
O love of God, how strong and true. *Bonar.* 110
O may the power which melts the rock, - 1256
O mourner, who with tender love, - 1048
O my soul, what means this sadness, *Fawcett.* 89
Once the angel started back, *Bishop Williams.* 54
One baptism and one faith, - *E. Robinson.* 511
One there is above all others, - *Newton.* 263
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, *Stennett.* 431
Only waiting till the shadows, - - 1226
O North, with all thy vales of, *W. C. Bryant.* 256

O, not to fill the mouth of fame, - - 771
On the mountain's top appearing, *Kelly.* 604
Onward, Christian, though the, *S. Johnson.* 885
Onward, onward, men of heaven, *Mrs. Sigourney.* 1275
Onward speed thy conquering, *S. F. Smith.* 1286
On Zion's glorious summit stood, - *Kent.* 1120
O peace of God, sweet peace of God, - 760
O praise our God to-day, - - - - 966
O present still, though still unseen, *W. Scott.* 72
O render thanks to God above, *Tate & Brady.* 637
O sacred day of peace and joy, - - 613
O sacred Head, now wounded, *Gerhardt.* 177
O Saviour, lend a listening ear, *T. Hastings.* 945
O Saviour, whose mercy, severe in its, *Grant.* 893
O shadow in a sultry land, - - - 1313
O source divine and life of all, *Sterling.* 30
O strong to save and bless, - *Bonar.* 786
O suffering Friend of human kind, *Bulfinch.* 157
O sweetly breathe the lyres above, *Palmer.* 399
O tell me no more of this world's, *Gambold.* 841
O that I could forever dwell, - *Reed.* 981
O that I had wings like a dove, *W. T. Moore.* 826
O there 's a better world on high, - - 433
O think that while you 're weeping, *Dr. Huie.* 1085
O this is blessing, this is rest, *Anna L. Waring.* 762
O thou Fount of every blessing, *Robinson.* 660
O thou from whom all goodness flows, *Hawes.* 862
O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, 1030
O thou my Light, my Life, my Joy, - 74
O thou pure light of souls that love, *Breviary.* 554
O thou that hearest prayer, - - - 424
O thou that hearest when sinners cry, *Watts.* 939
O thou to whom in ancient times, - *Ware.* 676
O thou to whose all searching sight, *C. Wesley.* 809
O thou who driest the mourner's tear, *Moore.* 1005
O thou who in the olive shade, *Mrs. Hemans.* 1012
O thou whose own vast temple, *W. C. Bryant.* 1303
O thou whose tender mercy hears, *Mrs. Steele.* 942
O turn you, O turn you, for why will you die, 329
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed, - 422

Our Christ hath reached his, *Frothingham.* 450
Our earth we now lament to see, *C. Wesley.* 1260
Our Father God, not face to face, *E. H. Chapin.* 983
Our Father in heaven, - - *S. J. Hale.* 580
Our fathers, where are they, - - - 1067
Our God, our help in ages past, - *Watts.* 75
Our heavenly father calls, - *Doddridge.* 528
Our Lord is risen from the dead, *C. Wesley.* 195
Our pathway oft is wet with tears, *Barton.* 1222
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave, - 376
Our souls are in the Saviour's hand, - - 907
Out of the depths of woe, - *Montgomery.* 1017
O what amazing words of grace, *Medley.* 290
O when shall I see Jesus, - - - 830
O where are kings and empires now, *A. C. Coxe.* 451
O where can the soul find relief from, *Dutton.* 1166
O where is now that glowing love, *Kelly.* 858
O where shall rest be found, *Montgomery.* 1065
O why despond in life's dark vale, - - 77
O why this disconsolate frame, - - 1028
O worship the King all glorious above, *Grant.* 102
O you immortal throng, - - *Doddridge.* 1324

Psalms of glory, raiment bright, *Montgomery.* 1140
Peace be to this congregation, *C. Wesley.* 750
Peacefully, tenderly, - - - - 506
Peace, peace on earth; the heart, *Longfellow.* 974
Peace! the welcome sound proclaim, - - 1247
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, 350
People of the living God, - *Montgomery.* 368
Pity, Lord, this child of clay, - - 947
Planted in Christ, the living Vine, *S. F. Smith.* 487
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, *Watts.* 252
Praise and thanks and cheerful love, - - 1235
Praise God, ye heavenly hosts, *W. T. Moore.* 728
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, *Lyte.* 101
Praise on thee in Zion's gates, - *Conder.* 655
Praise the Lord, his glories show, *Lyte.* 58
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore, *Dub. Coll.* 1252
Praise the Lord, ye saints, adore him, *B. Skene.* 673

Praise to God, immortal praise *Epis. Coll.* 1249
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir, - - 51
Praise ye the Lord, 't is good to raise, *Watts.* 24
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, *Montgomery.* 565
Precious Bible! what a treasure, *Newton.* 22
Prince of Peace! control my will, - - 1021
Purer yet and purer, - - - *Mason.* 835

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, - *Newton.* 920

Raise your triumphant songs, - *Watts.* 649
Redeemed from guilt, redeemed from, *Lyte.* 401
Rejoice, believers in the Lord, *Newton.* 770
Rejoice, O earth, the Lord is King, - - 640
Repent, the voice celestial cries, *Doddridge.* 356
Rest for the toiling hand, - - *Bonar.* 1110
Restless thy spirit, poor wandering, *A. Broaddus.* 333
Restore, O Father, to our times restore, - 461
Rest, weary heart, - - - - - 796
Return, my roving heart, return, *Doddridge.* 982
Return, my soul, and sweetly rest, *Latrobe.* 1122
Return, O wanderer, now return, *Collyer.* 288
Return, O wanderer, to thy home, *T. Hastings.* 296
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise, - - 201
Rise, gracious God, and shine, *Pratt's Coll.* 1273
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy, *R. Seagrave.* 832
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path, *Needham.* 860
Rise, tune thy voice to sacred song, - 642
Rocked in the cradle of the deep, *Mrs. Willard.* 1291
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, - *Toplady.* 261
Roll on, thou mighty ocean, *Noel's Coll.* 1287

Safely through another week, - *Newton.* 629
Salvation, O the joyful sound, - *Watts.* 254
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, *Edmeston.* 1202
Saviour, haste, our souls are waiting, - 1102
Saviour, I lift my trembling eyes, - - 216
Saviour, teach me day by day, - - 784
Saviour, through my rebellious, *Charl'te Elliott.* 998
Saviour, thy gentle voice, - - - 656

Saviour, thy law we love, - - - 387
Saviour, when in dust, to thee, - *Grant.* 578
Say, whence does this union arise, *Baldwin.* 500
Say, who is she that looks abroad, - - 596
Scorn not the slightest word or deed, - 957
See! from Zion's sacred mountain, - *Kelly.* 462
See! gracious God, before thy throne, *Mrs. Steele.* 1263
See how the rising sun, - - *E. Scott.* 1184
See how the willing converts trace, *Stennett.* 379
See the shining dew drops, - - - 669
Servant of God, well done, - *Montgomery.* 1070
Shall we grow weary in our watch, *Whittier.* 896
Shall we sing in heaven for ever, - - 1164
Shed kindly light amid th' encircling, *Newman.* 590
She loved her Saviour; and to him, *Cutter.* 960
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless, - 525
Shepherds, hail the wondrous stranger, *Psalmist.* 133
Shepherd of thy little flock, - - - 575
She was the music of our home, *Bonar.* 1062
Shout the tidings of salvation, - - 1276
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, *Watts.* 346
Silent, like men in solemn haste, *Bonar.* 848
Silently the shades of evening, - - 1204
Silent night, hallowed night, - - - 131
Since all the varying scenes of life, - 85
Since first thy word awaked my heart, *Moore.* 407
Since God is mine, then present, *Beddome.* 88
Since I can read my title clear, - *Watts.* 434
Since Jesus freely did appear, *Berridge.* 1297
Since o'er thy footstool here below, *Muhlenberg.* 55
Sing of Jesus, sing for ever, - *Kelly.* 260
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice, - 47
Sinner, art thou still secure, - *Newton.* 308
Sinner, come, 'mid thy gloom, - - 319
Sinner, go; will you go, - - - - 327
Sinners, come; no longer wander, *B. Skene.* 335
Sinners, seek the priceless, *W. T. Moore.* 311
Sinners, turn; why will you die, *C. Wesley.* 304
Sinners, will you scorn the message, *Allen.* 314
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, *S. F. Smith.* 1076

Sleep not, soldier of the cross, *Gaskell.* 884
So fades the lonely, blooming flower, *Mrs. Steele.* 1041
Softly now the light of day, - *Doane.* 1199
Soft be the gently breathing notes, *Collyer.* 514
Soldiers of Christ, arise, - - *C. Wesley.* 879
Songs of immortal praise belong, *Watts.* 37
Songs of praise awoke the morn, *Montgomery.* 654
Son of God, our glorious head, *G. B. Ide.* 475
Soon and for ever the breaking day, - 844
Soon may the last glad song arise, - - 1269
Soon we shall meet again, - *C. Wesley.* 738
Source of being, source of light, *C. Wesley.* 59
Sound, sound the truth abroad, - *Kelly.* 275
Sovereign ruler of the skies, - *Ryland.* 919
Sow in the morn thy seed, *Montgomery.* 968
Stand up and bless the Lord, *Montgomery.* 700
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, *Watts.* 427
Star of the morn and even, *F. T. Palgrave.* 797
Star of peace! to wanderers weary, - - 1294
Stealing from the world away, *Ray Palmer.* 577
Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand, *C. Wesley.* 224
Still one in life, and one in death, *Bonar.* 484
Still we trust, though earth, *W. H. Burleigh.* 801
Still with thee, O my God, - - 988
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think, *Newton.* 317
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, *Keble.* 978
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, 550
Sweet is the fading light of eve, *S. F. Smith.* 615
Sweet is the friendly voice, - *Jervis.* 366
Sweet is the morning of thy grace, *Watts.* 76
Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream, - 984
Sweet is the task, O Lord, - - *Lyte.* 625
Sweet is the work, my God, my King, *Watts.* 611
Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh, - 811
Sweet the moment, rich in, *Altered from Batty.* 538
Sweet was the time when first I felt, *Newton.* 944

Take me, O my Father, take me, - - 949
Take my heart, O Father, mould it, - 1219
Tarry with me, O my Saviour, - - 1203

Teach us in time of deep distress, - - 130[illegible]
Thanks be to him who built the hills, *Bonar.* 1246
Thanks for mercies past received, - - 744
That clime is not like this dull clime of ours, 1165
That day of wrath! that dreadful, *Sir W. Scott.* 1107
The Almighty reigns exalted high, *Watts.* 62
The angels that watched round the, *Collyer.* 193
The billows swell, the winds are high, *Cowper.* 857
The captive's oar may pause upon the galley, 89
The chariot, the chariot, its wheels, *I. Williams.* 1111
The child leans on its parent's, *I. Williams.* 794
The Christian banner, dread no loss, *J. G. Lyons.* 266
The Christian warrior, see him, *Montgomery.* 846
The Church has waited long, - *Bonar.* 1100
The day is ended; ere I sink to sleep, *Kimball.* 1208
The day is past and gone, - - *Watts.* 1197
The dove let loose in Eastern skies, *Moore.* 818
Thee we adore, O gracious Lord, - - 217
The floods, O Lord, lift up their, *G. Burgess.* 1290
The glories of our birth and state, *Shirley.* 1044
The God of harvest praise, - *Montgomery.* 1234
The god of mercy will indulge, *Fawcett.* 1036
The great Redeemer we adore, - *Stennett.* 378
The harvest dawn is near, - *G. Burgess.* 1233
The heavenly spheres to thee, O God, *Bowring.* 54
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, *Watts.* 1
The hour of my departure's come, *Logan.* 1051
Their hearts shall not be moved, - - 936
The King of heaven his table, *Doddridge.* 294
The last lovely morning, - - - - 1113
The Lord descended from above, *Sternhold.* 90
The Lord is great; ye hosts of heaven adore, 41
The Lord is King, lift up thy voice, *Conder.* 21[illegible]
The Lord is my Shepherd, no, *Montgomery.* 1[illegible]
The Lord is risen, indeed, - - *Kelly.* 1[illegible]
The Lord Jehovah reigns, and royal, *Watts.* 57
The Lord Jehovah reigns, let all, *Watts.* 56
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, *Addison.* 70
The Lord my Shepherd is, - - *Watts.* 94
The Lord of glory is my light, - *Watts.* 447

The Lord will come, the earth shall, *Heber.* 1106
The mellow eve is gliding, - *Sac. Songs.* 1200
The morning dawns upon the place, *Montgomery.* 158
The morning flowers display their, *C. Wesley.* 1035
The morning light returns, *A. S. Hayden.* 1185
The offerings to thy throne which rise, *Bowring.* 695
The perfect world by Adam trod, *N. P. Willis.* 1300
The Prince of salvation in triumph, *S. F. Smith.* 606
There is a calm for those who, *Montgomery.* 1081
There is a fold where none can stray, *East.* 1132
There is a fountain filled with blood, *Cowper.* 253
There is a land, a happy land, - - 1129
There is a land immortal, *Barry Cornwall.* 1145
There is a land mine eye hath seen, - 1119
There is a land of pure delight, - *Watts.* 428
There is a little, lonely fold, - - - 448
There is a name I love to hear, - - 416
There is an hour of hallowed, *W. B. Tappan.* 1126
There is an hour of peaceful, *W. B. Tappan.* 1130
There is a place where my hopes, *W. Hunter.* 1159
There is a region lovlier far, - *Tuck.* 1115
There is a stream whose gentle flow, *Watts.* 4
There is no night in heaven, - - 1143
There 's a region above, - - - - 1147
There 's a land far away, 'mid, *J. F. Clarke.* 1167
There seems a voice in every gale, *Mrs. Opie.* 48
There 's music in the upper heaven, - 1127
There 's not a tint that paints the, *Wallace.* 52
There 's nothing bright above, below, *Moore.* 63
The Saviour bids us watch and pray, - 870
The Saviour calls; let every ear, *Mrs. Steele.* 289
The Saviour, O what endless charms, *Mrs. Steele.* 239
The Saviour, risen to-day, we praise, - 62
The shadows of the evening, *Miss A. A. Procter.* 119
The Son of man they did betray, - - 179
The spacious firmament on high, *Addison.* 43
The spring tide hour, - *J. S. B. Monsell.* 1033
The starry firmament on high, - *Grant.* 3
The tempter to my soul hath said, *Montgomery.* 851
The sun above us gleaming, *A. Crithfield.* 892

The voice of free grace cries "escape, *Thornby.* 332
The winds were howling o'er the deep, *Heber.* 151
The world may change from, *Sarah F. Adams.* 438
They are going, only going, - - - 1074
They who seek the throne of grace, - 572
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we, *Doddridge.* 617
Think gently of the erring one, *Miss Fletcher.* 490
This book is all that's left me now, *Morris.* 1172
This is not my place of resting, - *Bonar.* 1142
This is the day the first ripe sheaf, - 621
This is the day the Lord hath made, *Watts.* 619
This is the glorious day, - - *Watts.* 624
This Lord is the Lord we adore, - *Hart.* 658
This world is poor from shore to shore, *Nelson.* 874
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will, *Heber.* 1096
Thou art my hiding place, O Lord, *Raffles.* 563
Thou art my portion, O my God, - *Watts.* 774
Thou art, O God, the life and light, *Moore.* 49
Thou art, O Lord, the boundless, *W. T. Moore.* 34
Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God, - 729
Thou art the way, and he who sighs, - - 223
Thou art the way, to thee alone, *Doane.* 248
Thou, dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, *Cennick.* 231
Though all the world my choice, *G. Terstergan.* 336
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way, 583
Though I walk through the gloomy vale, *Watts.* 1047
Though I walk the downward shade, - 1071
Though troubles assail, and dangers, *Newton.* 100
Thou God of love! beneath thy sheltering wings, 1093
Thou grace divine, encircling all, *Eliza Scudder.* 1311
Thou hidden love of God, whose, *G. Terstergan.* 859
Thou, Lord of life, whose tender care, - 1310
Thou only Sovereign of my heart, *Mrs. Steele.* 222
Thou Saviour, from thy throne on, *Ray Palmer.* 555
Thou Sovereign Lord of earth and skies, 1170
Thou sweet gliding Cedron, *Marie De Fleury.* 167
Thou that dost my life prolong, *Enfield.* 1187
Thou very present aid, - *C. Wesley.* 1020
Thou who didst stoop below, *Martineau's Coll.* 200
Through all the changing scenes, *Tate & Brady.* 911

Through all this life's eventful road, - 716
Through cross to crown! - *Rosegarten.* 932
Through the day thy love has spared us, *Kelly.* 1206
Through the love of God our Saviour, - 787
Thus Abra'am, full of sacred awe, *T. Scott.* 1266
Thus far the Lord has led me on, *Watts.* 1190
Thy Father's house, thine own, *Ray Palmer.* 1123
Thy footstep, Lord, with joy we trace, - 951
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess, *Gibbons.* 83
Thy kingdom, gracious Lord, *W. T. Moore.* 455
Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands, *Watts.* 443
Thy mercy heard my infant, *Sir R. Grant.* 1225
Thy name, Almighty Lord, - *Watts.* 740
Thy spirit shall unite, - - *Doddridge.* 419
Thy way is in the deep, O Lord, - - 1293
Thy way is in the sea, - - *Fawcett.* 91
Thy way, not mine, O Lord, - *Bonar.* 913
Thy will be done; I will not fear, *Jane Roscoe.* 993
Time is winging us away, - - *Burton.* 1081
'T is midnight; and on Olive's, *W. B. Tappan.* 159
'T is my happiness below, - *Cowper.* 1023
'T is not a lonely night watch, - - 1029
'T is religion that can give, - - - 782
To bless thy chosen race, *Tate & Brady.* 737
To-day if you will hear his voice, *Miller.* 279
To-day the Saviour calls, - - - 323
To God, the great, the ever blest, *Watts.* 727
To God, the only wise, - - *Watts.* 736
To heaven I lift mine eyes, *John Bowdler.* 937
To him that loved the sons of men, - 646
To him who did salvation bring, - - 672
To Jesus the crown of my hope, *Cowper.* 827
To-morrow, Lord, is thine, - *Doddridge.* 302
To our Redeemer's glorious name, *Mrs. Steele.* 643
To spend one sacred day, - - *Watts.* 631
Tossed no more on life's rough billow, - 1079
To thee be praise for ever, - - - - 757
To thee let my first offerings rise, - - 1183
To thee, my God, whose presence fills, *Gibbons.* 1002
To thee—my heart, eternal King, *Exeter Coll.* 2

To thee, my Shepherd, and my, *Higginbottom.* 641
To thee, O God, to thee, - *Wm. Wilson.* 98
To thee our wants are known, - *Newton.* 758
To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair, 153
To thy temple we repair, - *Montgomery.* 706
To us a child of hope is born, *Montgomery.* 122
To weary hearts, *From the German by Whittier.* 901
Triumphant, Christ ascends on, *Mrs. Steele.* 198
Triumphant Zion! lift thy head, *Doddridge.* 591
T was on that night, when doomed to know, 517

Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord, - *Lange.* 31
Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb, *Watts.* 1050
Upon the frontier of this, *Dub. Uni. Mag.* 1168
Upon the Gospel's sacred page, *Bowring.* 6
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, - *Watts.* 726

Vainly through night's weary hours, *Lyte.* 783
Vouchsafe, O Lord, thy presence now, *G.B.Ide.* 468

Wait, O my soul, the Maker's will, *Beddome.* 69
Wake thee, O Zion, thy mourning is, *Palmer.* 1284
Watchman, tell us of the night, *Bowring.* 128
We are living, we are dwelling, *A. C. Coxe.* 1277
We are on our journey home, *C. Beecher.* 1141
We are too far from thee, our Saviour, - 804
We are on the ocean sailing, - - 313
Weary souls that wander wide, *C. Wesley.* 392
Weary of wandering from my God, *C. Wesley.* 940
We ask for peace, O Lord, *Miss A. A. Procter.* 423
We bless the prophet of the Lord, *Watts.* 232
Weeping sinners, dry your tears, - - 310
Weeping souls, no longer mourn, *Toplady.* 946
Weep not for the saint that ascends, *L. Baxon.* 1083
We have heard of that bright, that holy land, 1163
We have no home but heaven—a pilgrim's, 1155
Welcome, delightful morn, - *Hayward.* 632
Welcome, O Saviour, to my heart, *Bourne's Coll.* 359

Welcome, sweet day of rest, - *Watts.* 626
Welcome, ye hopeful heirs of heaven, - - 516
We lift our hearts to thee, - *J. Wesley.* 1314
We love this outward world, - - - 1019
We love thy name, we love thy laws, - 374
We 're bound for the land of the, *R. L. Collier.* 331
We 're going home, we 've had visions bright, 1161
We 're traveling home to heaven above, - 320
We shall meet no more to part, - - - 503
We sing the Saviour's wondrous death, - 174
We speak of the realms of the blest, - 1150
We 've no abiding city here, - *Kelly.* 1305
We wait for thee, *From the German of Hiller.* 1105
We wait in faith, in prayer we wait, - 905
We will not weep, for God, *W. H. Hurlbut.* 1031
What could your Redeemer do, *C. Wesley.* 305
Whate'er my God ordains is right, - - 935
What glory guides the sacred page, *Cowper.* 11
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone, - 961
What is life? 'tis but a vapor, - *Kelly.* 1078
What shall I render to my God, - *Watts.* 692
What sinners value I resign, - *Watts.* 808
What 's this that steals upon my, - 1084
What though earthly friends may frown, 968
What though the arm of conquering, *Doddridge.* 1064
What various hindrances we meet, *Cowper.* 556
When adverse winds and waves, *Mrs. Sigourney.* 903
When all thy mercies, O my God, *Addison.* 78
When blooming youth is snatched, *Mrs. Steele.* 1058
When darkness long has vailed my, *Cowper.* 854
When downward to the darksome, *Ray Palmer.* 1108
When far from the hearts where our, *Macduff.* 992
When for eternal worlds we steer, - - 437
When gathering clouds around I, *Robt. Grant.* 999
When human hopes and joys depart, *Roscoe.* 337
When I can trust my all with God, *Conder.* 777
When in the hour of lonely woe, - *Conder.* 852
Whene'er I think of thee, - *W. Baxter.* 1318

When I sink down in gloom or fear, - 362
When Israel, of the Lord beloved, *Sir W. Scott.* 849
When Israel through the desert, *Beddome.* 5
When I survey the wondrous cross, *Watts.* 512
When Jordan hushed his waters, *T. Campbell.* 117
When languor and disease invade, *Toplady.* 1008
When marshaled on the nightly, *H. K. White.* 351
When musing sorrow weeps the, *B. W. Noel.* 432
When our purest delights are nipt in the bud, 938
When overwhelmed with grief, - *Watts.* 1016
When reft of all, and hopeless care, *Drummond.* 435
When shall we all meet again, - - - 502
When shall we meet again, *Select Hymns.* 504
When spring unlocks the flowers to, *Heber.* 1238
When the King of kings comes, - - 1101
When the spark of life is waning, *Dale.* 1091
When the vale of death appears, *Mrs. Gilbert.* 1080
When the worn spirit wants repose, *Edmeston.* 623
When thou, my, - *Countess of Huntington.* 1114
When through the torn sail the wild, *Heber.* 1296
When we can not see our way, - - 370
When we hear the music ringing, *W. M.* 1151
When we reach a quiet dwelling, - - 1156
When we the sacred grave survey, - 180
When shall the child of sorrow find, - - 963
Where two or three with sweet accord, *Newton.* 552
While in sweet communion feeding, - - 540
While in the slippery paths of, *A. S. Hayden.* 1214
While life prolongs its precious light, *Dwight.* 277
While now thy throne of grace we, *C. Robbins.* 683
While o'er our guilty land, O God, *Pres't Davis.* 1254
While others pray for grace to die, - - 952
While thee I seek, - *Miss H. M. Williams.* 561
While thou, O my God, art my help, *W. Young.* 929
While with ceaseless coarse the sun, *Newton.* 1243
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, - 886
Whither, O whither, should I fly, *C. Wesley.* 767
Who are these in bright array, *Montgomery.* 1137

Why do we mourn departing friends, *Watts.* 1057
Why should I, in vain repining, *Edmeston.* 1025
Why should we start and fear to die, *Watts.* 1043
Why will ye waste on trifling cares, *Doddridge.* 282
With earnest longings of the mind, *Watts.* 1013
Within thy house, O Lord, *Con. Ev. Mag.* 690
With Israel's God who can compare, *Newton.* 71
With joy we meditate the grace, *Watts.* 228
With joy we own thy servant, *Montgomery.* 469
With my substance I will honor, *Francis.* 971
With one consent let all the earth, *Doddridge.* 29
With sacred joy we lift our eyes, - *Watts.* 689
With songs and honors sounding, *Hugh White.* 1231
With tearful eyes I look around, - - 278
With willing hearts we tread - - 389
Worship, honor, glory, blessing, - - 753

Ye Christian heralds - *Winchell's Sel.* 465
Ye golden lamps of heaven, *Doddridge.* 1053
Ye humble souls that seek the, *Doddridge.* 184
Ye joyous ones, upon whose, *R. H. Waterson.* 1215
Ye men and angels, witness now, *Beddome.* 489
Ye nations round the earth, rejoice, *Watts.* 681
Ye saints, your music bring, - *Reed.* 545
Ye servants of the Lord, - *Doddridge.* 472
Yes, for me, for me he careth, - *Bonar.* 99
Yes, my native land I love thee, *S. F. Smith.* 1281
Yes! our Shepherd leads with, *Krummacker.* 104
Yes! the Redeemer rose, - *Doddridge.* 188
Yes, we trust the day is breaking, *Kelly.* 603
Ye trembling captives, hear, *Pratt's Coll.* 301
Ye who in his courts are found, *Hill's Coll.* 309
Ye wretched, hungry, starving, *Mrs. Steele.* 293
You glittering toys of earth, adieu, *Mrs. Steele.* 813
You may sing of the beauty of, *W. Hunter.* 463
You messengers of Christ, - - *Voke.* 470

Your harps, ye trembling saints, *Toplady.* 917
You servants of God, - - *C. Wesley.* 474

Zion, awake; thy strength renew, *Shrubsole.* 593
Zion stands with hills surrounded, *Kelly.* 464
Zion, the marvelous story be telling. - 607

ady. 917
sley. 474

sole. 593
elly. 464
- 607

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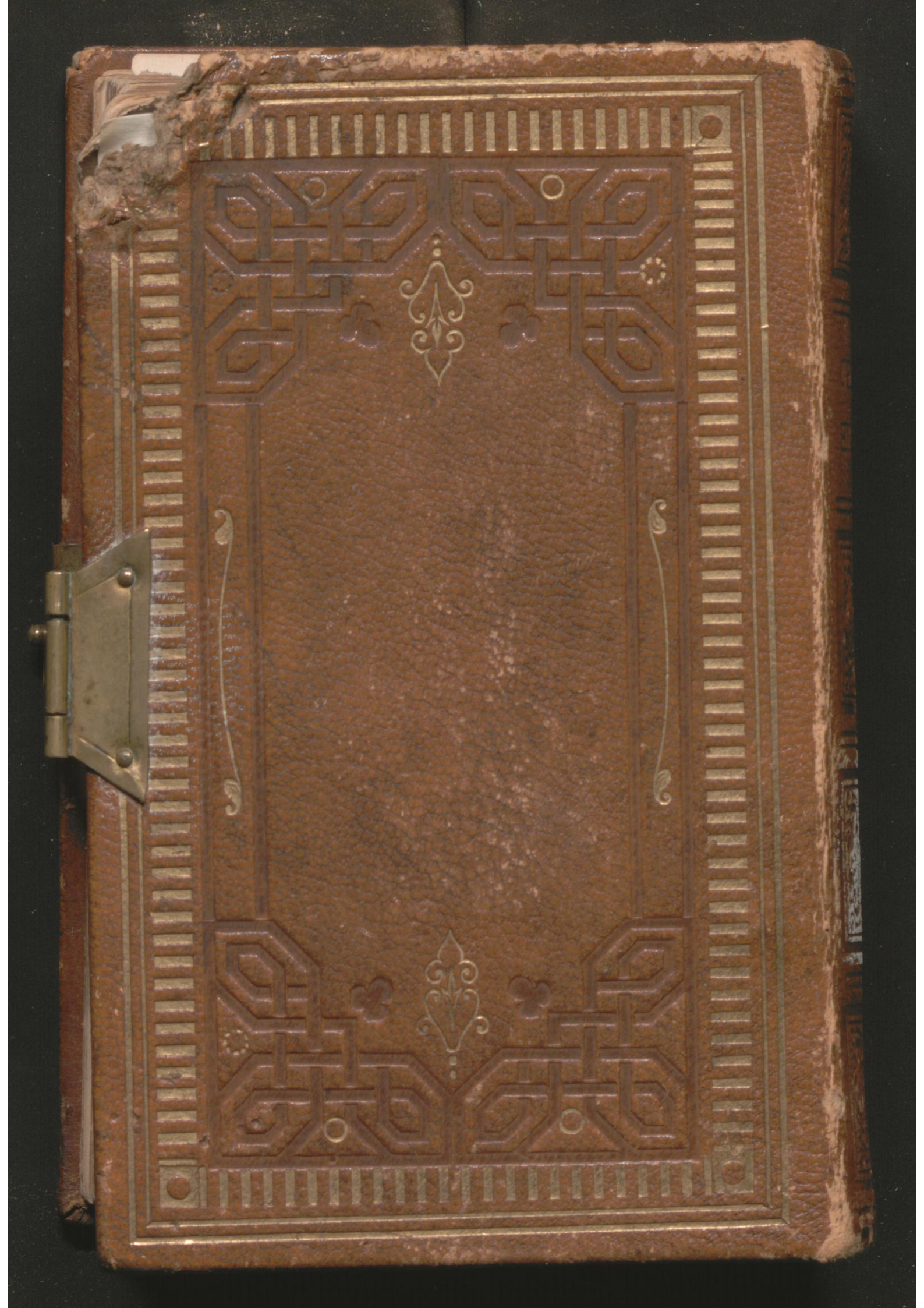
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