

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY



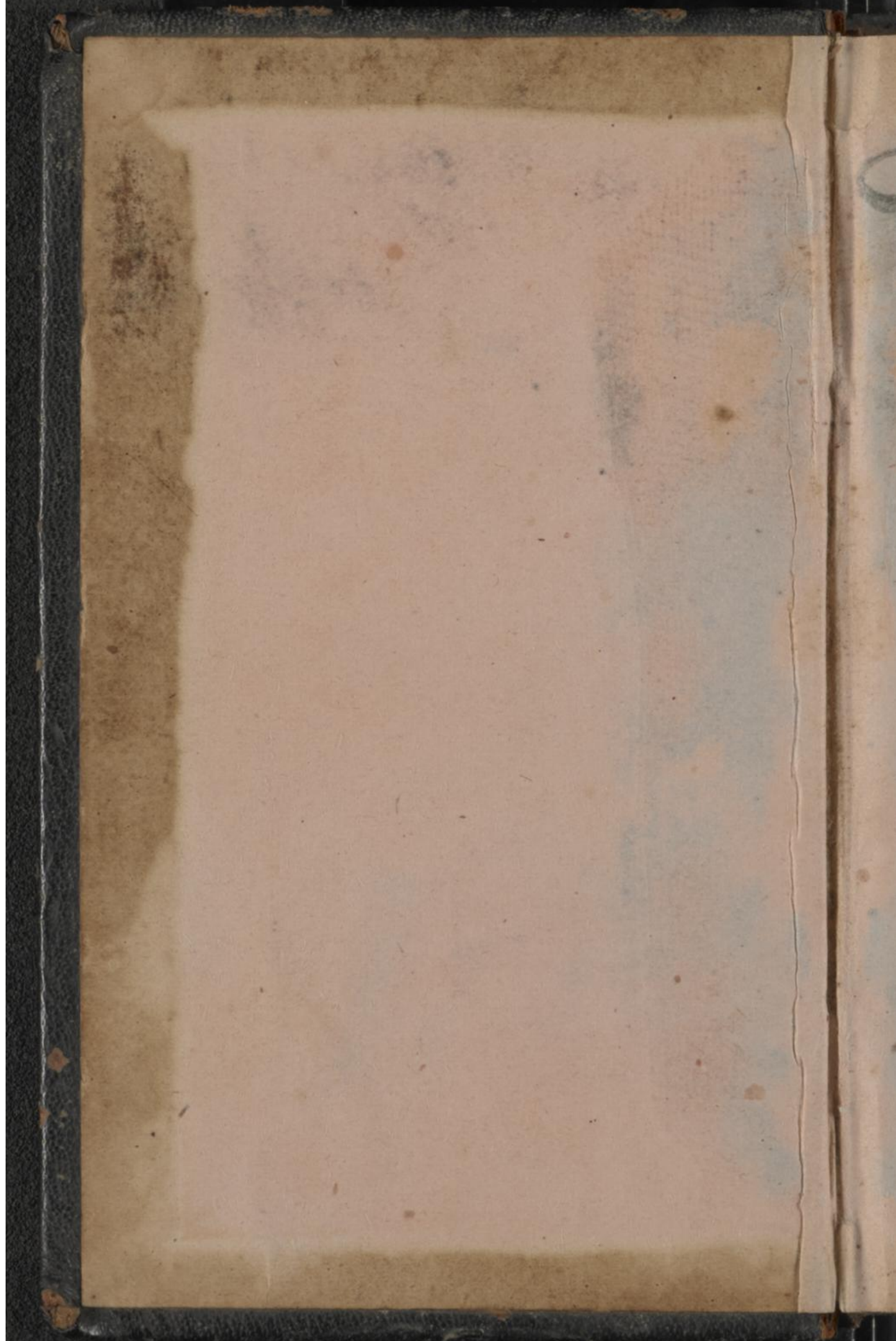
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Mrs Henrietta
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A COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS;

SUITED TO THE
VARIOUS KINDS OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP;
AND ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR, AND ADAPTED TO,

The Fraternity of the Brethren.

COMPILED BY DIRECTION OF THE ANNUAL
MEETING, UPON THE BASIS OF THE
HYMN BOOKS FORMERLY USED
BY THE BROTHERHOOD.

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”—COL. III, 16.

COVINGTON, MIAMI CO., O.:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES QUINTER
1872.

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1872

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BOSWORTH, CHASE & HALL,
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PREFACE.

Singing the praises of God may justly be regarded as an important part of the worship we offer to him, and it was enjoined by divine authority upon both Jews and Christians. The relation that the Hymn Book stands in to singing in the Church, is such, that gives it a place next in importance to the Bible, among Christians. And as the Hymn Book is an important auxiliary in promoting Christian worship and edification, the propriety of having one scriptural in its character, convenient in its arrangement, and varied and full in the hymns it contains, will be apparent to all. It has been the object of the compiler to make such a book. How far he has succeeded, those who make themselves acquainted with it, can best judge.

There has existed an impression among us for years, that our Hymn Book should be revised and improved; and this impression has grown with the growth of the Brotherhood. To meet the want of the Church in this respect, the Annual Meeting held in Tennessee, in 1861, appointed a committee to compile a new Hymn Book. That committee consisted of the following brethren James Quinter, of Ohio; Samuel Garver, of Illinois John Metzger, of Indiana; John Kline, of Virginia and John H. Umstad, of Pennsylvania. But the members of the committee living so far from each other, found it very inconvenient to co-operate together to accomplish the work committed to them, and confided it to the undersigned. We felt the responsibility great when we commenced the work, but had we anticipated that responsibility as we afterward felt it, and the diffi-

culties attending the undertaking, we would have declined it, could it have been done in accordance with a sense of duty. It has given us a considerable amount of perplexing labor. But the thought that in our humble labors we were serving the Church, and through it the glorious Head of the Church, our Heavenly Master, mingled some pleasure with our anxiety. The compiler regrets that remoteness of residence did not permit the other members of the committee to render more assistance in the important work, thinking that could their experience and judgments have been brought to bear upon it, greater satisfaction might have been given to the Brotherhood. But he assures his brethren that he has spared no labor, or pains, or expense that his circumstances made available, to compile a Hymn Book that in his humble judgment would best meet the wants of the Church. In collecting materials for the work, his library of works on Hymnology grew to nearly one hundred volumes. The most of these afforded some hymns. The books, however, hitherto in use among the brethren, have formed the basis of the new book, and a large proportion of the hymns in those books has been retained. The compiler is aware that upon the idea as to the number of hymns a Hymn Book should contain, a difference of opinion obtains. Some, in looking at a Hymn Book as being designed especially for public worship, and finding that the number of hymns used on occasions of that kind is somewhat limited, think a large number of hymns is objectionable. But when it is remembered that the Bible and Hymn Book constitute the library of some Christians; that the latter is the only book of sacred poetry they possess; that it is not only used as a book to sing from, but is also read and studied with pleasure and profit, the propriety of having some hymns beside those that are popular in the congregation, will be acknowledged. Some Christians who sing but little, and indeed some, who sing none at all, enjoy themselves

very much in reading their Hymn Book, and regard it as an excellent companion in retirement. Hymns are typical discourses generally addressed to the feelings; and though usually used to EXPRESS feelings, they may also PRODUCE them, and this may be done by reading them as well as by singing them, though not in the same degree. The Hymn Book now offered to the Brotherhood is in size, a medium between the two prevailing extremes.

Had the compiler consulted his own taste alone, there have been hymns admitted which would have been omitted, and some omitted which would have been inserted. He has tried to keep before his mind the consideration, that he was compiling a Hymn Book for the use of the Brotherhood and not for a few individuals only.

The doctrinal character of the hymns has not been disregarded, and it is hoped that nothing will be found in the book that will materially conflict with the teachings of the gospel.

In the arrangement of the hymns, those of the same general character are brought together. This is more natural and more convenient than the arrangement that is founded upon the letters of the alphabet with which they commence. And a proper acquaintance with the arrangement adopted, and the help of the Alphabetical Index of Subjects, any one wishing to select a hymn adapted to any occasion, can readily do so. The Scriptural Index will also be found useful in selecting hymns.

It is recommended that in naming hymns to be sung, the number of the hymn, and not the page, be given. As two or more hymns may commence on the same page, if the page is given, the number also must, at times, be given, and when both the number and page are given, they may become confounded in the mind. To give the number of the hymn is sufficient.

The compiler thankfully acknowledges the suggestions, counsel, and selections with which he has been fa-

vored by the brethren, and though as he is well aware his work is not perfect, he hopes it will give general satisfaction to the Brotherhood. As the result of much anxious and prayerful labor, it now goes to the Churches with his prayer to God that he may bless it, and make it minister to the promotion of the spirit of Christian devotion in all the departments of worship, and thereby exert a holy influence upon the Churches, and through them upon the world, and thus contribute in some degree to advance the cause and kingdom of Christ.

JAMES QUINTER.

COVINGTON, Miami Co., O.—March 28, 1867.

H Y M N S.

GOD—HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

God manifested in his works. C. M.
Rom. 1: 20.

IS there a God? Yon rising sun
In answer meet replies,
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

2 Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles;
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.

3 Is there a God? With sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
“There is,” each glitt’ring lamp of light—
“There is,” my soul replies.

4 If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart,
O, let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart.

2 *The greatness of God.* L. M.
Psalm 145: 3.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal’d in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach

2 The spacious worlds of heav’nly light,
Compar’d with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright—
Nothing are they, and God is all.

GOD—

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know.
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres
There Nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

3 } *God's condescension to human affairs.* L. M
Matt. 10: 30.

UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar;
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod—
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

5 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

4 } *The infinity of God.* C. M
1 Kings 8: 27.

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

HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5

God over all.

C. M

Rom. 10: 12.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I can not fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns in ev'ry land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.
- 5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm.
And lulls the winds to peace.

6

Holiness of God.

C. M.

Isaiah 6: 3.

- H**OLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

7

God unchangeable.

L. M

Malachi 3: 6.

- S**HALL e'er the shadow of a change
Eclipse the origin of light?
Or can the hopes which truth has rais'd,
Lie buried in eternal night?
- 2 Sooner may nature's laws reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear in blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd:
Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake;
And nature lose her rapid force,
Before our God a change can make.
- 4 Earth may with all her works dissolve,
(If such her great Creator's will);
But HE for ever is the same,
I AM! is his memorial still.

HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

8 *The truthfulness of God.* L. M.
1 Sam. 15: 29.

- J**EHOVAH is a God of might,
He fram'd the earth, he built the sky;
And what he speaks is surely right,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."
- 2 Ye weary souls, with sin opprest,
To him in ev'ry trouble fly;
His promise is, "I'll give you rest,"
"The strength of Israel will not lie."
- 3 Then why sunk down beneath despair?
To Jesus' throne of grace apply;
His promise plead, he'll hear your pray'r,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."
- 4 Ask what you will in Jesus' name,
He never will your suit deny;
To save you from the curse he came,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."
- 5 Behold! I come, most gracious Lord,
And on thy promise now rely;
In my distress, how sweet this word,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

9 *Faithfulness of God.* L. M.
Heb. 6: 17, 18.

- Y**E humble saints proclaim abroad
The honors of a faithful God;
How just and true are all his ways!
How much above your highest praise!
The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?
- 3 He will not his great self deny;
A God *all* truth can never lie;
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath or word forget.

- 4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd.
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;
- 5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away—
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- 6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which man had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

10 *Omniscience and omnipresence of God.* C. M.

- I N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

11 *The power of God.* C. M.
Matt. 8: 27.

- T**HE Lord our God is cloth'd with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heav'nly hight
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night; your force combine:
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar—
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in rev'ence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

12 *The eternity of God.* C. M.
Psalm 90: 2.

- T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space;
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.
- 3 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

GOD—

- 4 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;
- 5 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

13

God is love.

C. M.

1 John 4: 8.

- COME, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your souls above;
Let ev'ry 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 The work begun is carried on,
By pow'r from heav'n above;
And ev'ry step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.
- 5 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd,
His love supremely shines.
- 6 O! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove—
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall sing that—God is love.

HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

14

God incomprehensible.

L. M

Job. 11: 7.

GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'ence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous hight or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will,

15

God dwells with the humble.

L. M.

Isaiah 57: 15.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God—I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

"The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 Lord, may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Then shall our grateful voice declare,
How free thy tender mercies are.

16

The unity of God.

L. M.

Isaiah 44: 8.

ETERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws—
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all, within itself, possesst;

3y none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;

Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:
All other gods we disavow—

Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Worship to thee alone belongs—

Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

5 Spread thy great name through heathen

Their idol-deities dethrone; [lands,
Subdue the world to thy commands.

And reign as thou art—God alone.

17

God invisible to mortal eyes.

L. M.

Heb. 11: 27.

ETERNAL and immortal King!

Thy peerless splendors none can bear
But darkness veils seraphic eyes.

When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,

The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.

3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,

Aw'd by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptur'd soul
The likeness, it admires, it wears.

HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

- 4 O ever present to my heart!
Witness to its extreme desire;
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.
- 5 This one petition would I urge:
To bear thee ever in my sight!
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
My only portion and delight.

18 *God's goodness universal.* C. M.
Matt. 5: 45.

- S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high but not confines
His goodness to the skies:
Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But we who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

19 *God's goodness and love.* C. M.
Nahum, 1: 7.

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

GOD—

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move:
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
On this our hope relies;
A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

GOD—HIS NAMES AND RELATIONS.

20 *God our guide.* 8s, 7s & 4.
Psalm 25: 9.

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.

HIS NAMES AND RELATIONS.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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

21

The Lord is our Shepherd.
Psalm 23.

S.M

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well suppli'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly 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;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my future days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

22 *God all and in all.* S. M.
 Psalm 73: 25

MY God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I can not live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'T is Paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart 't is hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.

4 Not all the harps above,
 Can make a heav'nly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

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

6 Thou art the sea of love
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move,
 And center of my soul.

23 *God our dwelling place.* C. M.
 Psalm 90: 1.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home:

HIS NAMES AND RELATIONS.

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 receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

24

God our portion.

C. M

Psalm 119: 57.

WHOM have we, Lord, in heav'n, but thee,
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promis'd bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer.
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

25

God our Father.

C. M

Matt. 6: 9.

MY God! my Father! cheering name!
 O, may I call thee mine!
 Give me with humble hope to claim
 A portion so divine.

2 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly;
 What real harm can reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign;
 For thou art just, and good, and wise—
 O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear;
 Still let me know a Father reigns,
 Still trust a Father's care.

GOD—IN CREATION.

26

The primeval state of man.

C. M

Genesis 1: 27.

JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone
 In Eden's lovely pair,
 And oft, before his gracious throne,
 They bow'd in praise and pray'r.

2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
 Their spotless souls were dressed;
 With peace abounding, and with joy,
 They were divinely bless'd.

3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread
 Disturb'd their peace within;
 No frowning storm their path o'erspread.
 While undefiled with sin.

IN CREATION.

4 Thus souls renew'd by saving grace—
Whose sins have been forgiv'n—
Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
And feel an inward heav'n.

27 *The unspeakable glory of God.* C. H. M.
Rev. 1: 17.

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 shin

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.

28 *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 heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 Th' unweari'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 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!

29 *God's character exhibited in redemption.* C. M.
Psalm 19.

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

- 1 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—

IN PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone—
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name.
And try their choicest strains.
O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

GOD—IN PROVIDENCE.

30 “The Lord will provide.” 10s & 11s
Genesis 22: 14.

- T**HOUGH 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 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 sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, “The Lord will provide.”
- When Satan appears to shut up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He can not take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, “The Lord will provide.”
- 4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain—
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, “The Lord will provide.”
- 6 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, “The Lord will provide.”

7 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."

31 *Acquiescence in God's providence.* C. M.
Rev. 15: 3.

SINCE all th' 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;
Afflictions from his sov'reign 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 ev'ry wish resign'd.

X 32 *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 in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

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

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

IN PROVIDENCE.

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.

33 "*Now we see through a glass darkly.*" C. M.
1 Cor. 13: 12.

THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I can not trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark vails of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My inward thoughts confound.

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

4 Though but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the whole reveal
In glory's clearer light?

5 In rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

34 *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.

35

God of Bethel.

C. M.

Genesis 28: 19-22.

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

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

3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around
 Till all our wand'rings cease,
 And at our Father's lov'd abode
 Our souls arrive in peace!

IN PROVIDENCE.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

36 *God's servants safe on sea or land.* 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.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE—PUBLIC
WORSHIP.

37

The vanity of idols.

L. M.

Psalm 115.

NOT unto us, Almighty Lord,
But to thyself the glory be!
Created by thy awful word,
We only live to honor thee.

2 Where is their God? the heathen cry.
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds his own

3 Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone.
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend;
O fear his power, his goodness own,
And love him, trust him to the end.

4 Who lean on him, from strength to strength.
From light to light, shall onward move,
Till through the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high his saving love.

38

How amiable are thy tabernacles.

L. M.

Psalm 84: 1.

LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace.
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and soul employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

39 *The communion of spirits in worship.* L. M.
1 Cor. 5: 4.

- B**E 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.

40 *Longing after God.* L. M.
Psalm 63.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood,
- 3 With ready feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face.
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise,
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

41 *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, adorn'd 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 with 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 heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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.

42 *Christ a Prophet, Priest and King.* H. M.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name :
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven—
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven

3 Be thou my counselor,
My pattern and my guide ;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side :
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he call their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on ;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

43 *Praise to Christ for redemption.* L. M.

DEAR Lord, how wondrous is thy love
To such unworthy worms as we!
Thou hast sent down the heav'nly dove,
To set our souls at liberty.

- 2 We that were doom'd to wo and pain,
Expos'd to death of ev'ry kind,
Thro' Jesus Christ, the Lamb once slain,
Do life and peace and pardon find.
Shall we forget our Saviour's grace,
Who died to save our guilty souls,
And bring us to his Father's face,
Where endless peace and pleasure rolls.
- 4 Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring thought,
May Christ be all, in our esteem;
Let earthly things be all forgot,
And counted loss compar'd with him.
- 5 Lord Jesus! make us bear in mind
Thy rich, thy pure redeeming love,
Till we shall be forever join'd
With those that sing thy praise above.

44 *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
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our ruin'd race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

45

Worthy is the Lamb.

C. M.

Rev. 5: 12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid 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 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free—
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

46

The loveliness of Christ.

C. M.

COME heav'nly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart and teach my tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

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

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 3 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to dreadful wo.
- 4 God's only Son—stupendous grace!—
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.
- 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.

47

Invitation to praise.

C. M.

- COME, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind!
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.
- 3 O Lord, we can not silent be;
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee—
Our Saviour and our Friend.
- 4 Though feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful song of humble praise—
Our well-meant sacrifice.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name!

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

48 *Praise the Lord, all ye nations.* L. M.
Psalm 117.

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

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

49 *The Fount of Blessing.* 8's & 7's.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

50

Praise for mercies.

S. M

Psalm 103.

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 The Lord forgives 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!

51

Finding God in all things.

C. M

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r,
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

52

The unspeakable gift.

L. M.

2 Cor 9: 15.

COME, worship at Emmanuel's feet;
Behold in him what wonders meet!
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

- 2 He is the Head—each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Joined by his Spirit and his love.
- 3 He is the Vine—his heav'nly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit
O! may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.
- 4 He is the Rock—how firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
But the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the journey through.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE

- 5 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears!
- 5 Yet faintly to us mortals here,
His glory, grace, and worth appear;
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold him face to face.

3 *The lines are fallen in pleasant places.* C. M.
Psalm 16: 6.

BLEST be my God, that I was born
To hear the gospel sound—
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
And bred on holy ground.

2 That I was bred where God appears
With tokens of his grace;
The lines are fallen unto me
In a most pleasant place.

3 Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear;
I hear such blessed news from heav'n
Not earth nor hell I fear.

4 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die;
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

5 On high he stands to plead my cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne,
And I with him shall reign.

54 *God's paternal love and care.* C. M.

O GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In ev'ry act appear.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
The needful blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.
- 3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We can not want while God provides;
What he ordains, is best;
And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

55

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.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd 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.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

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

56 *I will praise thee for ever.* 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 ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry setting sun shall see,
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds,
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

57 *God blessed for his goodness.* L. M.
Psalm 103.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should ungrateful silence hide
The blessings which his hands provide?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ!

59 *O, Lord, I will praise thee.* 8s & 7s.
Isaiah 12: 1.

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

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's pray'r to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

60 *Heaven begun on earth.* S. M

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

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But servants of the heav'nly king
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas :
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heav'nly powers,
To carry us above.
- 5 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching on Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

61 *The benefit of public ordinances.* T. M.

- AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat ;
We leave this lower world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn
United groans ascend on high ;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings from beyond the sky.
- 4 If Satan rage and sin grows strong,
Here we receive some cheering word ;
We gird the gospel armor on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies, (stings),
(Our conscience gall'd with inward
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 5 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart

62 *God exalted above all praise.* L. M.

- E**TERNAL pow'r, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
God is in heav'n, and men below;
Be short our tunes—our words be few!
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

63 *Before baptism or the communion.* C. M.

HOW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our ev'ry smart.
- 3 Let grace, which then was exercis'd,
Be exercis'd again;
And nurtur'd by celestial pow'r,
In exercise remain.
- Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 While thee, our Saviour and our Lord,
To all around we own,
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heav'n our passions raise;
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

64 *Worship on earth suggestive, etc.* C. P. M.
Psalm 122.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!

- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ
And hail th' immortal King.

5 Let me, blest seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd—
In thee for ever dwell;
Let charity my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
And faith and hope farewell!

65

The song of the Lamb.
Rev. 15: 3.

C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedek.

3 Our Saviour shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud
And Christ shall be our song.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

66 *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 sov'reign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and anguish once he died;
But now he lives for ever more;

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 world below and worlds above.

67 *Unto him that loved us.* C. M.
Rev. 1: 5.

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing 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 of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe:
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

4 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.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road—
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God:
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought
 From sin and sorrow free, [the song,
 I'll sing the new eternal song
 Of Jesus' love to me.

68 *The song of Moses and the Lamb* M.
 Rev. 16: 3.

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

69 *A happy moment.* 3 & i

SAVIOUR! I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
 And my weary troubled spirit
 Now finds rest in thee, my God.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

I am safe and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie,
Sin and Satan can not hurt me,
When the Saviour is so nigh.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same:
He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find,
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God:
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood:
Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father, save them, I have died:
And the Father answers, saying,
They are freely justified.

70 *Christ worthy of all praise.* C. M.
Isaiah 12.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God, and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music to the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean!
His blood avail'd for me.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE

- 4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ:
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour, come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

71 *Redeeming love.* 78
 Isaiah 63: 9.

- N**OW 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 oppress'd,
 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.

72 *Strangers and pilgrims.* 78
 1 Pet. 2: 11.

CHILDREN of the heav'ly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing:
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- b, 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 7s 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, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

73 *Thy loving kindness is better than life.* L. M.
Psalm 63: 3.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 7s 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 5 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

74 *Declare among the people his doings.* H. M
Psalm 9: 11.

- COME, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!
- 3 From the dark grave he rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky, the Conq'ror rode,
And reigns on high the Son of God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, do thou receive.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

75

He hath done all things well

L. M.

Mark 7: 37.

NOW shall our hearts with pleasure raise
To our dear Lord a song of praise;
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
Our Saviour hath done all things well.

2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race;
He conquer'd sin and death and hell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

3 His work how great, his plan how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel,
For Jesus will do all things well.

4 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

5 Sin, death and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry—He has done all things well.

6 All creatures then as one shall join
To shout aloud his praise divine—
As sacred prophecies foretell—
And say—He hath done all things well,

76

Assurance of safety in Christ.

L. M.

2 Tim. 1: 12.

S AVIOUR of men, we bless thy name,
For thou art good for ever more;
Thy pow'r and grace we would proclaim
And thine eternal love adore.

2 Thy glory shall for ever stand,
Thy truth remains both firm and sure
Our souls we venture in thine hand,
And there we know we are secure.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

3 Though troubles come and sorrows rise,
We will not fear, for God's our aid ;
Ill tidings can not those surprise,
Who are upon Jehovah stay'd.

4 Glory to Christ, our faithful friend ;
He is the Lord whom angels fear ;
On him we always would depend,
And in his right'ousness appear.

We love the Lord our God most high—
His grace demands our noblest song ;
All praise to Christ who came to die,
To him all glory doth belong.

77 *Love which passeth knowledge.* L. M
Eph. 3: 19.

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve :
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and, lo, 't is given !
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

1 'T is thee I love ; for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan :
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry ;
Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

78 *Striving to praise Christ.* C. M.

LET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bless;
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Show forth our thankfulness.

2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carried on in heav'n.

3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing,
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

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

5 Till we this vail of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

79 *Worship, a delight.* S. M.
Isaiah 58: 13.

LORD, at thy sacred feet,
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.

2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee
Before thy holy throne.

3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free;
'Tis from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wondrous truth and love unfold—
The treasures of thy word.

4 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are blessed with good;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.

6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of Love;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

80 *Heavenly places in Christ.* L. M
Eph. 1: 3.

LORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like the dawn of heav'n below;
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

81 *The preparation of the heart.* C. M
Prov. 16: 1.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake.
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

82 *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.

- 2 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 tace!
- 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.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

83 *Every place, a place of worship.* L. M.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets prais'd with glowing tongue,

2 Not now on Zion's hight alone
Thy favor'd worshiper may dwell,
or where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

From ev'ry place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent pray'r,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heav'n, and find acceptance there.

4 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.

84 *O how I love thy law.* C. M.

Psalms 119: 97.

I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heav'nly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain;
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power,
But soon in heav'n I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

85 *The advantages of worship.* C. M.

HERE cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet
To spend an hour of pray'r and peace
At their Redeemer's feet.

2 No sculptur'd wonders meet the sight,
Nor pictur'd saints appear,
Nor stori'd window's gorgeous light—
For God himself is here.

3 And here are comrades in the war
With Satan and with sin,
Who now in God's own favor share,
And soon their heav'n will win.

4 Glory to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day—
Unfolds his wondrous promises
And makes it sweet to pray.

5 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers ev'ry heartfelt pray'r,
And hears our hymn of praise.

86 *Longing for the house of God.* H. M.,
Psalm 84.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant, and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That 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! thou, God our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

87

The blest hour of worship.

L. M.

- B**LEST hour when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heav'n 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 pleas'd 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 giv'n,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heav'n

88

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.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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 distils in the dew and the rain.

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, Redeemer, and Friend.

M. 89

Grateful adoration.

L. M.

Psalm 100.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care.—
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall, we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE

90

Grateful acknowledgments.

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 thine house
My offering 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 has 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,

OPENING HYMNS.

91

A blessing humbly and earnestly sought.

7s.

Gen. 32: 26.

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 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

OPENING HYMNS.

- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 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 gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

92

Unbelief lamented.

L. M.

1 Kings 18: 21-40.

- D**OES it not grief and wonder move,
To think of Israel's dreadful fall!
Who needed miracles to prove
Whether the Lord were God or Baal!
- 2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
His features glow with love and zeal,
In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to heav'n his great appeal
 - 3 "O God, if I thy servant am,
It is thy message fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And show this people who thou art."
 - 4 He spoke, and lo, a sudden flame
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,
The people, struck, at once proclaim:
"The Lord is God, the Lord alone."
 - 5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear;
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Israel hear.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

93 *Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.* L. M.
1 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 harden'd 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 quick'ning word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirr'd;
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 clos'd before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

94 *Acceptable worship.* C. M.
John 4: 23.

THE off'rings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and pray'r,
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 off'rings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee—
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

OPENING HYMNS.

4 O, may that Spirit warm my heart
 To piety and love,
 And to life's lowly vale impart
 Some rays from heav'n above.

95 *Gathered together in my name.* C. M.
 Matt. 18: 20.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
 To worship at thy feet;
 O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
 On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
 To hear the Saviour's voice;
 Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
 Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, and hear,
 And understand thy word;
 To feel thy blissful presence near,
 And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
 And saints rejoice in thee;
 Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
 And to the Saviour flee.

96 *A prayer for liberty in worship.* C. M.
 2 Cor. 3: 17.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art:
 Send down a coal of heav'nly fire
 To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls, let holy peace
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around,
To come and fill the place.

97 *Dependence acknowledged.* C. M.
John 15: 5.

- T**HE saints appear to tread the courts
Of their dear God below;
Behold the multitude resorts
To hear the trumpet blow.
- 2 Lord God! appear for our relief:
What can we do alone?
Come, Saviour, banish unbelief,
And take us for thine own.
- 3 Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee;
Assist us, Lord, we pray;
O may thy Spirit present be,
O Lord, thy pow'r display.
- 4 Jesus, let us thy gospel hear,
Teach us to know thy voice;
Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear,
And all thy saints rejoice.
- 5 Come, Lord, nor let us be dismay'd:
Lord, hear thy people pray:
And let thy mercy be display'd
Among us here this day.

OPENING HYMNS.

98

The effectual door.

C. M.

1 Cor. 16: 9.

JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
Th' great, effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's pow'r!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come: then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.
- 4 Appear, as when of old confest—
The suff'ring Son of God;
And let us see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

99

Prayer for a blessing on worship.

7s

- 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.
 - 3 While to thee our pray'rs ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, 't ev'ning, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

100

An opening prayer.

L. M

John 21: 6.

NOW, while the gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From num'rous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favor'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O, clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

101

Take heed, therefore, how ye hear. L. M

Luke 8: 18.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

OPENING HYMNS.

4 Father in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

102 *A psalm before sermon.* S. M.
Psalm 95.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry 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 form'd 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.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace, [Jews,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despis'd my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there!"

103 *There am I.* L. M.
Matt. 18: 20.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise:

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 2 "There," said the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 104 *It is good that the heart be established.* S. M.
Heb. 13: 2.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish ev'ry heart
Upon thy word of truth and pow'r,
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 ador'd,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

- 105 *The increase of God.* C. M.
1 Cor. 3: 6.

O GOD, by whom the seed is giv'n,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna show'ed from
Is planted in our breast. [heav'n,

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plund'ers 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.

106 *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 influ'nce of this day
Long as our mem'ry with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

107 *Apostolic benediction.* 8s & 7s.
2 Cor. 13: 14.

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 can not afford.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

108 *Keep them from the evil.* 8s, 7s & 4
John 17: 15.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
G 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 ev'ry foe.

2 May we live in view of heav'n,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallow'd leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heav'n grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

109 *A prayer for success.* H. M

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

110 *Dismission.* L. M.

DISMISS us from the house of pray'r,
With blessings such as mortals need,
And make our souls thy constant care,
Till we from evil shall be freed.

2 And if we never meet again,
Till we our Lord appearing see,
O may we all with Jesus reign,
And always with our Saviour be!

CLOSING HYMNS.

4 111

Dismission.

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—
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood
 Give ev'ry fett'ed soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

112

Closing worship.

H. M.

TO thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our pow'rs;
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours
 Our praises, Lord,
 And pray'rs receive,
 And to thy word,
 A blessing give.

113

After sermon.

8s.

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

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

114

For the fulness of peace and joy. P. M

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, etc.,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful, etc.,
To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n
Us from earth to call away—
Borne on angel's wings to heav'n—
Glad the summons to obey:
May we ever, etc.,
Reign with Christ in endless day!

115 *At the close of meeting.* S. M.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing ev'ry tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on, and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

116 *Teach us to pray.* C. M.
Luke 11: 1.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
L With rev'rence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 2 Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe—
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live;
- 5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

117

Invitation to prayer.

S. M.

- COME to the house of pray'r!
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.
- 2 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 ye have felt his love; [dumb—
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
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.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heav'n on earth be won.

118 *God is present every-where.* 7s.

- THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in ev'ry place;
If we live a life of pray'r,
God is present ev'ry-where.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in pray'r,
God is present ev'ry-where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest pray'r;
God is present ev'ry-where.
- 4 Then, my soul, in ev'ry strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer ev'ry pray'r:
God is present ev'ry-where.

119 *We took sweet counsel together.* C. M.
Psalm 55: 14.

- O, IT is joy in one to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.
- 2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heav'n's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 3 But chief 't is joy to think that he,
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gather'd flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.
- 4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are giv'n?
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven!"

120

Opening meeting.

S. M.

- I**T 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 wand'ring feet,
And gather here to pray.
- 2 O, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests low'r
Pray'r to the soul is nigh;
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These sadd'ning thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of pray'r,

121

Sweet hour of prayer.

L. M.

- S**WEET hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
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 escap'd the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
- 2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

- 3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty hight,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

122 *The influences of the spirit desired.* C. M.
Acts 2: 2.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our pray'r,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious pow'r,
O! come, Great Spirit, come!

- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and wo;
And lead us to those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

123 *The bower of prayer.* 11s.

TO leave my dear home, and from kindred to part,
And go forth an exile, afflicts not my heart,
Like the sad thought of pining in absence away
From that lov'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.

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124

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PRIVATE DEVOTION.

- 2 Sweet bow'r, where the vine and the green ivy spread
 Their clustering branches a roof o'er my head;
 How oft have I knelt on the downy turf there,
 And pour'd out my soul to the Saviour in pray'r.
- 3 The lark's early note I observ'd as my bell,
 To call me to duty from sleep's drowsy spell;
 While soft gliding waters, and birds of the air,
 Sung anthems of praise as I went forth to pray'r.
- 4 How sweet were the breezes, perfum'd by the pine,
 And rich was the breath of the wild eglantine;
 But sweeter, O sweeter, and far richer were
 The joys that I tasted in answer to pray'r.
- 5 For Jesus my spirit deign'd often to meet,
 And grace with his presence my humble retreat;
 Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
 And gave me a foretaste of heaven in pray'r.
- 6 Dear bower, I must leave thee—must bid thee adieu,
 To wander a stranger in scenes that are new;
 But my gracious Saviour resides ev'ry-where,
 And can in all places give answer to pray'r.

124

Retirement and prayer.

C. M.

Luke 6: 12.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From ev'ry cumb'ring care;
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful pray'r.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear;
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore:
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driv'n.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

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.

125 *Prayer the balm for sorrow.* 7s & 6s.

O, WHEN the tear is gushing
From sorrow's faded eye,
When gathering storms are rushing
Across the gloomy sky,
When the full heart is breaking,
And hope is far away,
How sweet, the world forsaking,
Alone with God, to pray!

2 The mourner, lowly bending,
Flies to the Saviour's feet,
And healing balm, descending
From Mercy's holy seat,
The joy, that earth gives never,
Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
And peace that lasts for ever,
Lulls every care to rest.

3 O, weary child of sadness,
Pilgrim bereft and lone,
Behold the fount of gladness,
Springing from heaven's throne;
Each want and sin confessing,
On Christ thy burden lay,
And learn how rich the blessing,
Alone with God, to pray!

126 *Enter into thy closet.* 7s & 6s

Matt. 6: 6.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

6s. 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 raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall:
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

127

Secret self-examination.

L. M.

8s. **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase 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 retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till ev'ry grace combin'd to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

128 *Retirement and meditation.* L. M.
Gen. 24: 63.

SWEET ev'ning hour! sweet ev'ning hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flow'r
That brings the wild bee to its rest,
The infant to its mother's breast!

2 O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

3 Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers pray'r.

4 Then, trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on the world of care.

5 Sweet hour! for heav'nly musing made,
When Isaac walk'd, and Daniel pray'd;
When Abrah'm's off'ring God did own,
And Jesus lov'd to be alone.

129 *Advantages of secret prayer.* 11s

MY closet, my temple, my social retreat,
It's there with my Saviour in concert I meet;
How many the objects inviting me there,
To pour out my soul in the order of pray'r.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 When shades of great darkness come over my heart,
And I fear that my God is about to depart,
I come to my closet and find him still there,
His hands fill'd with blessings in answer to pray'r.

3 I bless the glad day when his grace I first felt,
His mercy then sav'd me and cancel'd my guilt;
I will visit my closet, and never despair—
It was there my Redeemer first answer'd my pray'r.

My Saviour is found in all places below;
His mercy abounds and his grace overflows:
A temple, a closet, I find ev'ry-where,
And Jesus is waiting to bless me in pray'r.

THE LORD'S DAY.

130 *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 cares 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 my 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 refin'd 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 desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

131 *The Sabbath was made for man.* 8s.

Mark 2: 27.

HOW welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,

Which hides them from the world a while.

2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a purer air;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things serener aspect wear.

3 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
Or with afflictions daily fed;
It makes amends if they can come
To God's own house for heav'nly bread.

4 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they the Saviour oft have met;
And, while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thy hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

132 *The Sabbath a delight.* 8s.

WE bless thee for this sacred day.
Thou who hast ev'ry blessing giv'n—
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest!

May we improve thy calm repose,
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys, its woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heav'nly dew,
And flow'rs of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

THE LORD'S DAY.

4 May pray'r now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his shelt'ring throne.

133

A solemn review.

6s.

THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroy'd;
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employ'd?

2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That can not come again!
Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O, may we never dare;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of pray'r:
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

134

As it began to dawn.

L. M

Matt. 28: 1.

MY op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

- 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.
 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.

135 *Lord's day morning.* C. M.

- A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours celestial day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapp'd
 A sinful world in gloom!
 O, what a sun which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 On this glad day, a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd
 By God's unbounded love, than when
 The universe was made.
- 4 He rose who hath the nations bought
 With pain and grief extreme:
 'T was great to speak the world from
 'T was greater to redeem. [nought;
 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from above
 On nations yet unborn.

THE LORD'S DAY.

136

There remaineth a rest, etc.

L. M.

Heb. 4: 9.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

- 1 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;
- 2 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 3 No long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we 'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

137

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.

- 1 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 2 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till call'd to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

138

Lord's day evening.

L. M.

ANOTHER day has pass'd along,
And we are nearer to the tomb,
Nearer to join the heav'nly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and pray'r.
- 3 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 ev'ning's setting glow.
- 4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love—
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heav'n above.
- 5 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.

139

Christ the first fruits.

C. M.

1 Cor. 15: 20.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was wav'd,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead receiv'd.

- 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.

THE LORD'S DAY.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heav'nly rest
Which Jesus enter'd on, when he
Was made for ever blest.

140

A present rest.

C. M.

Heb. 4: 3.

TO-DAY God bids the faithful rest,
To-day he show'rs his grace;
Seek ye my face, the Lord hath said;
Lord, we will seek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things on earth,
With God's assembly join;
Lo, heav'n descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine!

3 We come, dear Saviour, lo, we come,
Lord of our life and soul!
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4 We thirst and flee to thee, O Lord!
Thou fountain-head of good!
Filthy we come, and all unclean;
O cleanse us in thy blood!

5 O may we please our God to-day,
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.

6 Amid th' assembly of thy saints
Let us be faithful found:
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.

141

The eternal sabbath.

C. M.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene?
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.
- 3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- Spare me, O God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

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

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

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

143 *The law and gospel compared.* L. M.
2 Cor. 3: 7-11.

THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

144 *The riches of God's word.* C. M.
Psalm 19: 10.

LET worldly men, from shore to shore,
Their chosen good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than treasures of Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

145

Search the Scriptures.

S. M

John 5: 39.

- I**MPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite;
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O, may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest—
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.
- 5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own—
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

THOU, long disown'd, revil'd, opprest,
 Strange friend of human kind,
 Seeking through weary years a rest
 Within our hearts to find;

2 How late thy bright and awful brow
 Breaks through these clouds of sin!
 Hail, Truth Divine! we know thee now,
 Angel of God, come in!

3 Come, though with purifying fire
 And desolating sword,
 Thou of all nations the desire!
 Earth waits thy cleansing word.

4 Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
 Let old oppressions die;
 Before thy cloudless countenance
 Let fear and falsehood fly.

5 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
 To see, as ne'er before,
 Our Father in our brother's face,
 Our Maker in his poor.

6 Flood our dark life with golden day:
 Convince, subdue, enthrall;
 Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
 And Love be all in all.

BLESSED Bible, how I love it!
 How it doth my bosom cheer!
 What hath earth like this to covet?
 O, what stores of wealth are here!
 Man was lost and doom'd to sorrow:
 Not one ray of light or bliss
 Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
 Till his way was cheered by this!

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings;
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou, through all my life will guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death! no, never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then, in brighter worlds, for ever,
Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

148 *Buy the truth and sell it not.* L. M.
Prov. 23: 23.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'T will do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin,
O may it ever in us shine.

3 'T is truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the souls at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 5 O happy they, who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth !
For none but those whom truth makes free,
Can e'er enjoy their liberty.
- 6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair ;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold.

149

Precious Bible.

P. M.

Rom. 15: 4.

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 cloy ;
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.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

150 *The power of God unto salvation.* L. M.
Rom. 1: 16.

- GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
G Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts,
Its influ'nce makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

151 *The reasoning of the Gospel.* C. M.

- SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
S Of our Redeemer God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sov'reign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are call'd to win?
- 4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

5 Do some, that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

152 *The usefulness of the Scriptures.* L. M.
2 Tim. 3: 16.

WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd
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!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a luster all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

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

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

Ye favor'd lands, that have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

153 *Thy word is very pure.* L. M.
Psalm 119: 140.

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

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

- 2 Yet, Lord, forgive; thy simple law
Grows tarnish'd in our earthly grasp;
Pure in itself, without a flaw,
It dims in our too worldly clasp.
- 3 We handle it with unwash'd hands;
We stain it with unhallow'd breath;
We gloss it with device of man's,
And hide thine image underneath.
- 4 Forgive the sacrilege, and take
From off our souls th' unworthy stain
And show us, for thy Son's dear sake,
Thy pure and perfect law again.

154 *The progress of truth.* L. M.
Psalm 19: 4.

- UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gather'd beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, ev'ry 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
Adds to its influence more and more.
- 3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions bless'd, new pow'rs unfurl'd,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world;
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each ling'ring mist away.

155 *The inspiration of the Scriptures.* L. M.
2 Peter 1: 21.

'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

CHRIST—THE INCARNATION.

2 The works and wonders which they wro't
Confirm'd the messages they brought:
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure—
This is thy word, and must endure.

CHRIST—THE INCARNATION.

156

God with us.

Matt. 1: 23.

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.

157

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.

CHRIST—

- 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 off'rings divine;
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 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 pray'rs of the poor!

158 *Christ the desire of all nations.* 8s & 7s.
 Hag. 2: 7.

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

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

159 *Joy at the birth of Christ.* C. M

JOY to the world! the Lord has come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let ev'ry 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
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

THE INCARNATION.

- 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.

160

The Advent.

C. M.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest fogs of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

161

A Christmas hymn.

P. M.

- ALL hail! happy day,
 When enrob'd in our clay,
 The Redeemer appear'd upon earth;
 How can we refrain
 To unite in the strain,
 And to hail our Immanuel's birth!
- 2 Ye angels of God,
 Sound his praises abroad,
 And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM.
 We also will join
 In a hymn so divine,
 Giving glory to God and the Lamb!
- 3 O may the return
 Of this once blessed morn
 Be for ever remember'd with joy:
 Sweet accents of praise
 All our voices shall raise;
 Hallelujahs shall be our employ.
- 4 Let echo prolong
 The harmonious song—
 Hallelujahs again and again:
 He kindles the fire,
 Whom the nations desire,
 And to him we devote the glad strain.

162

O, come and let us worship. 11s & 10s
 Psalm 95: 6.

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

THE INCARNATION.

163 *The angel's announcement of his birth.* C. M.
Luke 2: 14.

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

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin, and never cease!

164 *The prophet foretells his birth.* C. M.
Isaiah 9: 6.

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey—
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For ever more ado'd,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

CHRIST—

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

HIS LIFE AND MISSION.

165

Behold the Lamb.

C. M.

John 1: 29.

- J**ESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners giv'n;
It scatters all their guilty fears;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 4 His only right'ousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 5 Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry, in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

166

His baptism of suffering.

C. M.

Luke 12: 50.

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

HIS LIFE AND MISSION.

2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.

3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'T was love that urged him on.

Lord, we return thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God.

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

167

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 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

CHRIST—

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

68 *Moses and Christ.* S. M.

John 1: 17.

THE law by Moses came,
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
 Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God
 Their diff'rent works were done:
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands,
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he stands,
 The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
 The law that Moses brought,
 Behold, how terribly he dies,
 For his presumpt'ous thought.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
 On that rebellious race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
 And dare resist his grace.

169 *Jesus wept.* 8s & 7s.

John 11: 35.

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
 But his heart is still the same:
 Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
 Is his everlasting name.

HIS LIFE AND MISSION.

- 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! the 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!

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

- HE came not with his heavenly crown,
His scepter clad with pow'r;
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 heav'n and earth.
- 2 He came, not in his robe of wrath,
With arm outstretch'd to slay;
But on the darkling paths of earth,
To pour celestial day—
To guide in peace the wand'ring 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 offer'd be;
 Our contrite hearts, an off'ring Lord,
 Which thou wilt not despise,
 Our souls, our bodies, all be thine,
 A living sacrifice!

71 *The Christian's pattern.* L. M.

- AND is the gospel peace and love!
 A 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
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes, [strife,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind,
 How mild, how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And those the rules by which we live!
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life, divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love;
 If then we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.

172 *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 ev'ry eye.

HIS LIFE AND MISSION.

2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

173 *Grace is poured into thy lips.* L. M.
Psalm 45 : 2.

HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 Christ came from heav'n; of heav'n he
To heav'n he led his follow'rs' way; [spoke;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, 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.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

74 *Christ the way, the truth, and the life.* C. M.
John 14 : 6.

THOU art the way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

- 3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

175

Christ our example.

L. M

1 Peter 2: 21.

- M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and the victory, too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the follow'rs of the Lamb.

176

His miracles.

L. M

John 3: 2.

- B**EHOLD, 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 th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

HIS LIFE AND MISSION.

- 3 He dies — the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises, by the pow'r of God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

177 *The meekness and gentleness of Christ.* L. M.
2 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 stoop'd 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 pris'ner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glow'd,
And mercy with thy life-blood flow'd.
- 6 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of wo;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

178 *The chief among ten thousand.* C. M.
Cant. 5: 10.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.

6 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carri'd 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.

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

179 *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.
Matt. 2: 9.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem,

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark.
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease
And through the storm, and danger's
It led me to the port of peace. [thrill
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

180

Christ, our physician.

7s & 6s.

Jer. 8: 22.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul:
Next door to death he found me,
And pluck'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.

- 2 Of men great skill possessing
I thought a cure to gain,
But that prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

- 3 At length this great physician—
How matchless is his pow'r—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my cure;

CHRIST—

First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my sight had seal'd,
 Then bid me look unto him,
 I look'd and I was heal'd.

- 4 A bleeding, dying Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,
 At once from sin it frees us,
 And saves our souls from death.
 Come, then, to this physician,
 His help he'll freely give;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—Look and live.

181

A hiding place from the wind.

78

Isaiah 32: 2.

X JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!

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

- 3 Tho', O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unright'ousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins—
Let the healing stream 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.

82

Christ our brother.

8s & 7s.

Heb. 2: 11.

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 night.

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.

183

Christ our friend.

8s & 7s.

Prov. 18: 24.

- O**NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
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
Reconcil'd in him to God.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

184

The Lord our righteousness.

L. M.

Jer. 23: 6.

- J**ESUS, thy blood and right'ousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies—
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of Sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue:
The robe of Christ is ever new.

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

5 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our right'ousness.

185

And that rock was Christ.

1 Cor. 10: 4.

X 7s.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riv'n 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.

186

Christ a merciful High Priest.

C. M.

Heb. 4: 14.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love,

CHRIST—

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

187

Christ the great sacrifice.

S. M

Heb. 7: 27.

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

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

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

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

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

HIS NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

188

Christ precious.

L. M

1 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.

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.

- 3 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.

189

Remember me.

C. M.

Luke 23: 42.

JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous 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.

CHRIST—

- 5 Howe'er forsaken, or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd 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, God!
I pray remember me.

190

I will pray the Father.

P. M.

John 14: 16.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

- 5 To God I 'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 191 *Surely he hath borne our griefs.* 7s & 6s
Isaiah 53: 4.

O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down—
O sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown:
Once on a throne of glory,
Adorn'd with light divine,
Now all despis'd 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, heav'nly 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.

- 4 Be near when I am dying;
Then close beside me stand;
Let me, while faint and sighing,
Lean calmly on thy hand:

CHRIST—

These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—in thy love.

192 *Christ's midnight prayer.* L. M.
Matt. 26: 39.

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

193 *He suffered, the Just for the unjust.* C. M.
1 Pet. 3: 18.

- A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He 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.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

194

Glorying in the cross.

8s & 7s

Gal. 6: 14.

- 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's streams, in streams of blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm more forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing
And himself more fully know.

195

Christ died for our sins.

L. M.

1 Cor. 15: 3.

- D**ID our Immanuel die for us,
To save such poor rebellious men?
Did he display his pity thus
That we might come to God again?
- 2 All human language wants a name
For this unfathom'd, wondrous love:
This pure, immortal, fervent flame,
Sprang only from the God above.
- 3 What can we add? our speech is faint;
We sink beneath the pond'rous load:
This love no eloquence can paint;
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a God.
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with this abyss of love,
We stand astonish'd at the grace
That brought the Saviour from above,
To die for all the fallen race!
- 5 Did our Immanuel die for us?
What more can be by sounds exprest?
For sinners Christ was made a curse:
Eternity must tell the rest.

196

Christ on the cross.

C. M.

- B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shaketh,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 But soon he'll break death's powerful
And in full glory shine! ● [chain.
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

197 *The dying Saviour.* L. M.

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

- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To cleanse and save his rebel foes!
- 3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

198 *Christ's triumph over death.* L. M

- H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 A conflict with the pow'rs of hell,
Your Saviour did for you sustain:
He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
Break, heart of flint! the Lamb is slain.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 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 vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

HIS RESURECTION AND GLORY.

199

He is risen.

78.

Matt. 28: 6.

- "CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,"
 Sons of men and angels say:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply,
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gate of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
 "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save:
 "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"
- 5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the Resurrection—Thou!

HIS RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

200

Lift up your heads, ye gates.
Psalm 24: 7.

L. M.

- O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye 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 Kings 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 conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 6 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, of boundless might possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
Lord over all, for ever blest!

201

Mary early at the tomb.
Mark 16: 2.

7s.

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 awhile she ling'ring stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice:
 Christ has risen from the dead;
 Now he bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day,
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake.
 He will wipe your tears away.

202 *I am the resurrection and the life* 62
 John 11: 25

SING praise! the tomb is void
 Where the Redeemer lay;
 Sing of our bonds destroy'd,
 Our darkness turn'd to day.

2 Weep for your dead no more;
 Friends, be of joyful cheer;
 Our star moves on before,
 Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He who, so patiently,
 The crown of thorns did wear—
 He hath gone up on high;
 Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is his truth reveal'd,
 His majesty and might;
 The grave has been unseal'd;
 Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep;
 Suffer, and bleed, and die—
 First fruits of them that sleep—
 Christ has gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroy'd
 The shafts that once could slay
 Sing praise! the tomb is void
 Where the Redeemer lay.

HIS RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

203

The empty sepulcher.

C. M.

Matt. 28: 6.

- YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure 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 throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a-loose to grief—
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.
- 6 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And, through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

204

The conquering Redeemer.

H. M

YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

CHRIST—

2 Behold, th' 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,
Hath left the dead:
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound—
Redeem'd by him from hell—
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

205

A lively hope.

1 Peter 1: 3.

8s.

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 is his sacrifice,
Who rose, though he suffer'd for sin.

3 The man that was crown'd with thorns,
The man that on Calvary died,
The man that bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

HIS RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

- 4 Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain :
Now glory has crowned his head :
We sing of the Lamb that was slain
- 5 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.

206 *The voice of triumph.* 10s, 11s & 12

- LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and men shall not die ;
Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save :
Loud was the chorus of angels on high—
The Saviour hath risen, and men shall not die.
- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being he gave us death can not destroy :
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend :
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and men shall not die.

HIS SECOND ADVENT AND REIGN.

207 *Report of the watchman.* 7s.
Isaiah 21 : 11.

- WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are :
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's hight,
See that glory-beaming star.
- Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promis'd 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.
- Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

208 *The reign of Christ glorious.* L. M.
Isaiah 35.

- W**HEN God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glory view!
- 2 Zion, the desolate, again
Shall see her lands with roses bloom;
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,
Shall yield their spices and perfume.
- 2 Celestial streams shall gently flow;
The wilderness shall joyful be;
Lilies on parched ground shall grow;
And gladness spring on every tree.
- 4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
And joy through all the earth shall ring
Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When God descends from worlds above,
And truth and righteousness prevail.

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HIS SECOND ADVENT AND REIGN

209 *He shall reign for ever and ever.* L. M.
Rev. 11: 15.

LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

- 1 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!
- 2 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
But now has come the day of God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 3 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

210 *The day of the Lord will come.* L. M.
2 Peter 3: 10.

THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, with'ring, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

- 1 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- 2 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.
- 3 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By pow'r oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

CHRIST—

5 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!"

211 *The universal reign of Christ.* 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 pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ev'ry 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 loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

212 *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!

HIS SECOND ADVENT AND REIGN.

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has liv'd, and lov'd, 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.

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!

213 *The Bridegroom cometh.* H. M. 6s & 8s
Matt. 25.

YE virgin souls, arise;
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry—
Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh:
2 He comes! he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend—
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a vail, his face.

CHRIST—

4 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne;
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

214

The day is at hand.

11s

Rom. 13: 12.

THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
 Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
 Rejoice then, ye saints, 't is your Lord's own command;
 Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!
 How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
 A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
 A rich compensation for suff'ring and loss.

3 What is loss in this world when compar'd with that day,
 To the glory that then will from heav'n be reveal'd?
 "The Saviour is coming," his people may say;
 "The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
 Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
 Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame;
 So much to be loved, and so little to love.

215

The millennium.

L. M.

Isaiah 11.

LOOK up, ye saints, with sweet surprise,
 Toward the joyful, coming day,
 When Jesus shall descend the skies,
 And form his saints in bright array.

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
 And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
 The church shall know no cloud's return
 Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.

3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
 Together in his peaceful reign;
 And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
 Of pinching wants no more complain.

HIS SECOND ADVENT AND REIGN.

- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sep'rate rights no more,
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Saviour, to adore.
- 5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail;
And ev'ry knee shall bow to Christ,
And ev'ry tongue shall Jesus hail.

216

The latter day glory.

L. M

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

- 2 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

217

They shall bring the glory, etc.

L. M

Rev. 21: 24.

WHEN God fulfills his promis'd word,
Zion, the city of the Lord,
In all its grandeur then shall shine,
Majestic—terrible—sublime!

- 2 The glory of the Lord shall rest,
On her assemblies—ever blest;
For Christ, the Holy One of God,
Shall dwell in her, as his abode.

- 3 There he will place his glorious throne;
And kings his mighty pow'r shall own;
There all the tribes of earth shall meet,
And spread their off'rings at his feet.
- 4 From thence shall living waters flow
In copious streams to all below;
Dispensing health and life and peace,
Till sin and pain and death shall cease.

218 *How beautiful upon 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 prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well-belov'd.

- 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 deliv'rance
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.

HIS SECOND ADVENT AND REIGN.

219 *All nations shall flow unto it.* C. M

Isaiah. 2: 2.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's Hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His scepter shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years:
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

220 *And the Gentiles shall come to thy light.* 10s

Isaiah 60: 3.

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

CHRIST—

- 3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away;
But, fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

21 *Zeal for the glory of Zion.* C. M.
Isaiah 62: 1.

- F**OR 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."

222 *Israel redeemed.* C. M.

HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near:
The night of death and bondage flies;
The dawning tints appear.

HIS SECOND ADVENT AND REIGN.

- 2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.
- 3 To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's mournful brow they tell
That Jesus lives again.
- From Salem's tow'rs the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurl'd;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine;
His banner is unfurl'd.
- 5 The gladd'ning news, convey'd afar
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransom'd tribes appear.
- 6 Again in Bethl'em swells the song;
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
"Good-will and peace to men."

223

The restoration of the Jews.

C. M.

Ez. 37.

NOR King nor Prince on Judah's throne
For many an age shall reign,
Nor beast upon her altar-stone,
A sacrifice be slain.

Pillar and Ephod cast away,
And Teraphim forgot,
Lie hid, while Judah's children stray,
As though such things were not.

- 3 But days shall come when Israel's feet
A holier path shall tread,
And Judah's crown and hope shall meet
Upon her holiest head.

CHRIST—

- 4 Gather'd from far, her tribes shall own
That David's Lord and Son
Should sit a king on David's throne,
Their last, their noblest one!
- 5 Blow ye the trumpet! let it sound
Till the wide earth shall hear;
Judah her Saviour-King hath found,
And Israel's triumph's near.

224

A prayer for the Jews.

L. M

Rom. 10: 1.

- D**ISOWN'D of heav'n, by men oppress'd,
Outcast from Zion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around?
- 2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expect'd long!
When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

THE JUDGMENT.

225

Thoughts on judgment.

C. M

Rom. 2: 6.

- A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?

THE JUDGMENT.

- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert,
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,
 With what religious fear!
 Who such a strict account must give,
 For my behavior here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 Thy watchful pow'r bestow!
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near!
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

226

At the last trump.

11s.

1 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 heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord:
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
 And there, all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
 Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd:
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south from the
 All the vast generations of men are come forth. [north,

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
 Where the lamb and the bright-crowned elders are met
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

227

Judgment.

C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys!
 Thou Sov'reign of my heart!
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, depart!
- 3 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love,
 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast;
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit can not rest.
- 5 O tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands,
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.

228 *Behold he cometh with clouds.* 8s, 7s & 4
 Rev. 1: 7.

- L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain,
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train;
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus now shall ever reign!
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n 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!

THE CHURCH, ETC.

- 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 gen'ral doom!
Promis'd 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!

THE CHURCH—ITS CHARACTER AND
PRIVILEGES.

229

The sure foundation.

C. M

Isaiah 28: 16.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let 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.

THE CHURCH—

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

230 *God the defense of the church.* 8s, 7s & 4
Psalm 125: 2.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd 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.

231 *He had in his right hand seven stars.* C. M
Rev. 1: 16.

OUR Lord hath reach'd his heav'nly 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.

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

- 3 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy providence its fenced 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!

32 *The immovable kingdom.* C. M.
Heb. 12: 28.

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! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are rocking
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth
A fane unbuilt by hands.

33 *The church still in conflict with foes.* S. M.
2 Tim. 3: 12.

FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day.

THE CHURCH—

- 3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'T was tribulation ages since,
'T is tribulation still.
- 4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.
- 5 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good—
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.
- 6 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

234

Fear not, little flock.

Luke 12: 32.

C. M.

YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defense: [voice
'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises. Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

235 *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 ev'ry groan, and ev'ry sigh,
Divine compassion hears.
- 4 O Zion! learn to doubt no more,
Be ev'ry fear suppress'd;
Unchanging truth, and love, and pow'r,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

236 *The church in trouble.* L. M.
Rev. 12.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

- 3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

THE CHURCH—

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

237 *Not having spot or wrinkle.* C. M.
Eph. 5: 27.

HOPELESS and outcast once we lay,
Worthy thy hate and scorn;
But love-like thine could find a way
To rescue and adorn.

2 Dear Saviour, from thy bleeding veins
A living fountain flows,
To wash thy bride from all her stains,
And soothe her deepest woes.

3 Cleans'd from her sins, renew'd by grace,
Thy royal throne above,
Dear Saviour, is her destin'd place—
Her sweet abode thy love.

4 Thine eye, in that unclouded day,
Shall, with supreme delight,
Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
Unblemish'd in thy sight.

238 *A figurative representation of the 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?

Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her course she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

- 4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe;
- 5 This is the church, by heav'n array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

239 *God is in 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 heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That break and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

240 *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,
Form'd thee for his own abode:

THE CHURCH—

On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
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

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd 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
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

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

241

Sinai and 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;

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declare
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.
- 5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest!
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

242

The ark of God.

S. M.

1 Peter 3: 21.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found—

- 2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
Thy soul shall there be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

THE CHURCH—

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.

243

The wheat and the tares.

L. M.

Matt. 13: 24-30.

THOUGH in the earthly church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here? [knew,
How much they heard, how much they
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 O! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat.
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

244 *The church's desolation.* 8s & 7s, peculiar.

WELL may thy servants mourn, my God,
The church's desolation;
The state of Zion calls aloud
For grief and lamentation:
Once she was all alive to thee,
And thousands were converted;
But now a sad reverse we see—
Her glory is departed.

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

- 2 Her pastors love to live at ease;
They covet wealth and honor;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warmly and undiverted;
The church they lead, and ruin, too—
Her glory is departed.
Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them:
Riches and fashion they adore—
With these the world has bought them.
The Christian name they still retain,
Absurdly and false-hearted;
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.
- 4 And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu! ye proud, ye light and gay!
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.
- 5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
While thousands have revolted;
In earnest for the heavenly land,
They never yet have halted.
With such, religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted;
O! may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

245 *Converts welcomed to the church.* L. M.
Rom. 15: 7.

CONVERTS to Christ's benignant sway,
Welcome to Zion's happy hill.
Welcome where zealous hearts obey
One blessed law—Immanuel's will

THE CHURCH—

- 2 Welcome to Jesus' gentle reign,
Free from the foe's malignant eye;
For God has loos'd the tyrant's chain,
And love's soft bands its place supply.
- 3 But stop—we have not reach'd our rest;
We're pilgrims through a hostile land:
Oft by the foe we're sorely prest,
And dangers frown on every hand.
- Yet welcome to our conflict still;
Danger has lost its deadly power;
Immanuel's hand, with wondrous skill,
With victory crowns the final hour.
- 5 O! welcome, then, to join the war,
And welcome to the Christian's crown
The crown of life, which shines from far
But shines for loyal hearts alone.
- 6 Brethren in Christ! by this new name
Our joyful hearts your coming greet;
Joyful, yet trembling, lest we shame
That cause in which our hearts now meet

246 *Application for admission into the church.* 7s
Ruth 1: 16.

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 unblest;
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;

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

4 Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more—
Every idol I resign.

247 *An invitation to examine the church.* S. M.
Psalm 48: 12, 13.

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints. O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor rise.

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 thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

248 *The gracious visit.* C. P. M.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which make the dead revive.

THE CHURCH—

- 2 O, that this dry and barren ground,
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become:
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 While Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.
- 3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
 Who taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus' ways go on;
 Our troubles and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.
- 4 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun,
 My soul a witness is:
 I taste and see the pardon free
 For all mankind as well as me,
 Who come to Christ may live.
- 5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there;
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heav'nly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

249 *A prayer for a church newly organized.* L. M.

- L**ORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
 In solemn cov'nant 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 right'ousness.
- 3 Make her a garden wall'd with grace,
 A temple built for God below,
 Where thy blest saints may see thy face;
 And fruits of thy bless'd Spirit grow.

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

250 *Christians covenanting together.* C. M.
Hos. 6: 1.

- COME, let us use the grace divine.
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' pow'r,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.
- 5 To each the cov'nant blood apply
Which takes our sins away.
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day,

251 *Christ and his church.* L. M.
Psalm 45.

- THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and right'ousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

THE CHURCH—

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

252 *The church the birth-place of the saints.* L. M.
Psalm 87.

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born, or nourish'd there!

253 *Attachment to the church.* S. M.
Psalm 137: 6.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

ITS CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGES.

- 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 pray'rs ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly 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 ev'ry snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

254

Organizing 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.

Join'd in one body may we be ;
One inward life partake ;
One be our heart ; one heav'nly hope
In ev'ry bosom wake.

- 3 In pray'r, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide ;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

THE CHURCH—

- 4 Complete in us, whom grace hath call'd,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heav'n are one.
- 5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

255

The church admonished.

S. M

Acts 2: 42.

ALL you who have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people join'd yourselves,
According to his word:

- 2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
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 pray'r.
- 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.

THE MINISTRY.

256

Thou hast left thy first love.

L. M

Rev. 2: 4.

GOD named Love, whose fount thou art,
G Thy crownless church before thee stands,
With too much hating in her heart,
And too much striving in her hands.

2 "Love as I loved you"—was the sound
That on thy lips expiring sate!
Sweet words in bitter strivings drown'd!
We hated as the worldly hate.

3 Yet, Lord, thy wronged love fulfill,
Thy church, tho' fall'n, before thee stands
Behold, the voice is Jacob's still,
Albeit the hands are Esau's hands.

4 Hast thou no tears, like those be-spent
Upon thy Zion's ancient part?
No moving looks, like those which sent
Their softness through a traitor's heart?

5 No touching tale of anguish dear,
Whereby like children we may creep,
All trembling, to each other near,
And view each other's face, and weep?

6 O, move us—thou hast power to move—
One in the One Belov'd to be;
Teach us the heights and depths of love;
Give thine—that we may love like thee!

THE MINISTRY.

257

The ministry complete.

L. M

Eph. 4: 11.

THE Saviour when to heaven he rose,
T In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

THE CHURCH—

- 2 Hence sprang th' apostles' honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.
- 3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

258 *How beautiful are the feet, etc.* S. M.
Rom. 10: 15.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
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 blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight

THE MINISTRY.

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 all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

259 *They watch for your souls,* C. M.
Heb. 13: 17.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forgo;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

260 *Motives to ministerial faithfulness.* L. M.
Mark 8: 36.

GO, labor on! spend and be spent,
And strive to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on, while it is day!—
The long dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth
It is not thus that souls are won.

THE CHURCH—

3 See thousands dying at thy side,
Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
See millions perishing afar;
Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!

4 Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find
For labor, rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come." [voice,

61 *Evangelization of our country. 7's & 6's.*

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whit'ning,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 Where prairie flow'rs are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illuming,
With light that ever glows;
To each lone forest-ranger,
The Word of Life unseal;
To every exile stranger,
Its saving truths reveal.

4 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.

THE MINISTRY.

Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransom'd nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

262

The healing leaves.

C. M.

Rev. 22: 2.

GO forth on wings of faith and pray'r,
Ye pages, bright with love;
Though mute, the joyful tidings bear—
Salvation from above.

2 Go, tell the sinful, careless soul
The warning God has giv'n;
Go, make the wounded spirit whole,
With healing balm from heav'n.

3 Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,
That live estrang'd from God:—
Bid them the pearl of price secure,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

4 O Jesus, friend of dying men,
Thy presence we implore;
Without thy blessing all is vain;
Be with us evermore.

263

A prayer for a minister.

S. M.

1 Thess. 5: 25.

GO with thy servant, Lord,
His ev'ry step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

1 Preserve him from all wrong;
Stand thou at his right hand:
And keep him from the sland'rous tongue
And persecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou, to the list'ning crowd,
His faithful labors bless.

THE CHURCH—

4 Farewell, dear lab'rer, go;
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
O may we meet above

264 *Christians debtors to the heathen.* L. M.
Rom. 1: 14.

CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope ye know
Which soothes the heart in ev'ry wo;
While heathen, helpless, hopeless, lie—
No ray of glory meets their eye.

2 Christians, ye taste the heav'nly grace
Which cheers believers in their race;
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hast'ning to the tomb.

3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleans'd for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin—expos'd to hell.

4 To distant lands that grace convey
Which trains the soul for endless day;
O strive that heathen soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

265 *The appeal.* 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.

¿ What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

THE MINISTRY.

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

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

266 *Preach the gospel to every creature.* L. M.
Mark 16: 15.

“GO preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,
“Bid the whole world my grace receive
He shall be sav'd who trusts my word;
He be condemn'd who do n't believe.”

2 “I'll make your great commission known
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.”

3 “Teach all the nations my cominands—
I'm with you till the world shall end,
All pow'r is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy, and I defend.”

THE CHURCH

4 He spake, and light shone 'round his head
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:
They, to the farthest nations, spread
The grace of their ascended God.

267 *Bold to speak the word without fear.* L. M.
Phil. 1: 14.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
S The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys—or flee
The cross endur'd, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r,
Then let winds blow, or thunder roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'T is fix'd! I can do all through thee.

268 *He that winneth souls is wise.* 7s.
Prov. 11: 30.

WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

THE MINISTRY.

- 2 Tell him, how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd;
- 3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agoniz'd in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ, our Advocate and Head.
- 4 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n—
Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

269 *They went every-where preaching.* 8s & 7s.
Acts 8: 4.

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of ev'ry pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy 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;
Shiv'ring 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 ev'ry creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:

THE CHURCH—

Lo! they haste to ev'ry nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

270

As ye go, preach.

S. M.

Matt. 10: 7.

YOU messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign 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 promis'd 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 deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

271 *They spake the word of God, etc.* 8s & 7s

Acts 4: 31.

BOLD in speech and bold in action,
Be for ever! Time will test,
Of the free-soul'd and the slavish,
Which fulfills life's mission best.

2 Be thou like the noble ancients—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

THE MINISTRY.

- 3 Be thou like the great apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it all!
- 4 Face thy foes and thy accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God!

272 *Comfort and encouragement.* L. M.
Isaiah 40: 1.

- COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O, lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.
- 2 Go into ev'ry nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent; the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 4 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
The glory of the Lord, display'd,
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

273 *Prayer for the success of ministers.* L. M.

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

THE CHURCH—

2 How great their work! how vast their
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge; [charge;
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 fear, 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.

274 *The royal proclamation.* 8s,

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd 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 offer'd by the Saviour.”
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 ev'ry nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.

THE MINISTRY.

5 Shout, O saints! make joyful mention,
Christ has purchas'd our redemption;
Angels, shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter world's of glory.

275 *Lift ye up a banner.* L. M
Isaiah 13: 2.

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.

4 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, 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.

276 *A choice for deacons.* L. M
Acts 6: 3.

OZION'S King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy officers are thine,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

THE CHURCH—

- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of such whose gen'rous, prudent zeal
Shall make thy favor'd ways rejoice.
- 3 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd
While patience, sympathy and joy
Adorn, and through their lives abound.
- 4 By purest love to Christ and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.
- 5 And when the work to them assign'd,
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

277

A choice for ministers.

C. M.

Acts 1: 23-26.

VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent pray'r.

- 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 Inspir'd with wisdom from above,
And with discretion bless'd;
Displaying meekness, temp'rance, love,
Of ev'ry grace possess'd;
- 4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of right'ousness:
Such may thy servants ever be
With such thy people bless.

THE MINISTRY.

278

Ordination.

C. M.

Titus 1: 5.

WITH joy we own thy servant, Lord,
Thy minister below,
Ordain'd to spread thy truth abroad,
That all thy name may know.

2 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 In flame his mind with ardent zeal,
Thy flock to feed and teach:
And let him live, and let him feel,
The truths he's call'd to preach.

5 As showers refresh the thirsty plain,
So let his labors prove:
By him extend thy right'ous reign—
The reign of truth and love.

279

Trials of the ministry.

H. M.

2 Cor. 2: 16.

WHAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ!

It is a bitter sweet,

A sorrow full of joy;

No other post affords a place
For equal honor or disgrace.

Who can describe the pain

Which faithful preachers feel,

Constrain'd to speak in vain

To hearts as hard as steel?

Or who can tell the pleasures felt

When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

THE CHURCH—

- 3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd;
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd.
- 4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

280 *A prayer for the ordained.* L. M.

- O** THOU, who on thy chosen Son
Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
To mark the long-expected One,
And seal the Messenger of love;
- 2 And when the heralds of his name
Went forth, his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame
To hallow each devoted head;
- 3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.
- 4 Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day;
Accept our work, our souls possess;
'Tis ours to labor, watch and pray;
Be thine to cheer, sustain and bless.

281 *A prayer for an increase of laborers.* S. M.
Matt. 9: 38.

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

COUNCIL AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Anoint and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God
- 4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

COUNCIL AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

282 *Meeting for council.* C. M.
Acts 15: 6.

- LORD, in thy presence here we meet:
May we in thee be found!
O, make the place divinely sweet,
And let thy grace abound.
- 2 With harmony thy servants bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis
When brethren all agree.
- 3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

283 *A prayer for union in council.* L. M.

INDULGENT God of love and pow'r,
Be with us at this place and hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

THE CHURCH—

- 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.
- 3 O, may we feel the worth of souls,
Be men of God, whom grace controls.
Fight the good fight, and win the crown
And by our Father's side sit down.

BAPTISM.

284 *His commandments are not grievous.* C. M.
1 John 5: 3.

- I**T is a very pleasant thing
To follow Christ our Lord;
And thus obey our heav'nly King,
According to his word.
- 2 Down to the water-side we go,
By Christ's example led;
Into the same we come also,
As did our glorious Head.
 - 3 Saviour, we bless thy wondrous name,
For thy example bright;
We love to imitate the same,
As thou dost us invite.
 - 4 We are baptiz'd as Jesus was,
His easy yoke we bear;
And we are thus baptiz'd, because
That we his subjects are.
 - 5 Lord, may we to thy glory live!
Teach us thy heav'nly ways;
To us thy Holy Spirit give,
And we thy name will praise.
 - 6 As we thy sacred name profess,
May we our moments spend
In ways of truth and right'ousness,
Until o.ur lives shall end.

285

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 lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

- 1 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 suff'rings 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.

286 *We are buried with him by baptism.* C. M.

Rom. 6: 4.

BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the wat'ry grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

- 2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all right'ousness.
- With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain—
Like him be number'd with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

TO the flowing stream of Jordan
 Lo! the King of Zion came;
 There the ancient Baptist waited,
 To immerse the spotless Lamb:
 They descended
 To the Saviour's wat'ry tomb.
 Thus baptiz'd, the great Redeemer
 Show'd the way his saints should tread,
 And, when rising from the water,
 God approv'd and blest the deed,
 And the Spirit
 Rested on his sacred head!

3 Come, then, ye who love the Saviour,
 Fear not now to own your Lord,
 Joyful though the world should scorn you,
 Follow Christ, obey his word:
 He'll defend you—
 Fear ye not to follow him!

4 Hear the Saviour saying to you,
 From his glorious throne above—
 Ye who trust in me for pardon,
 By obedience show your love.
 Be baptized,
 My example shows the way.

5 Lord, our hearts incline to follow
 In the way which thou didst tread;
 We will turn from ev'ry other,
 While thy sacred word we read:
 O, Redeemer!
 Gladly now we'll follow thee!

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
 On these baptismal waters shine,
 And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
 To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

BAPTISM.

- 2 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.
- 3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
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.

289

The emblematic dove.

C. M

Matt. 3: 16.

- M**EEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bow'd;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hush'd the wond'ring crowd.
- 2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hover'd o'er the Son.
- 3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And ev'ry mind serene.
- 4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heav'n belongs:
Rais'd to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

290

I am not ashamed of the gospel.

C M

Rom. 1: 16

- I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

THE CHURCH—

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 my soul a place.

291

Before baptism.

C. M

Luke 15: 10.

IF glorious angels do rejoice,
When sinners turn to God,
Let us unite with cheerful voice,
To spread his praise abroad.

2 When Jesus unto Jordan came,
And was baptiz'd of John,
A voice from heaven did proclaim,
'Tis my beloved Son.

3 His ministers he sent about,
To preach the word of grace,
And to baptize the world throughout,
Who should his truth embrace.

4 Lord, we have here before our eyes,
Some that have set their hand
To serve thee and to be baptiz'd,
As thou didst give command.

5 Glory to God, who reigns above,
For his abounding grace,
In this the token of his love,
To us a guilty race.

BAPTISM.

6 Let us employ our tongues to sing,
The praises of the Lord,
For calling sinners home to him,
By his all-pow'rful word.

292 *The renunciation at baptism.* L. M.
2 Cor. 4: 2.

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 heav'nly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd,
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 giv'n,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heav'n,
In concert join their loud Amen.

293 *Baptism significant.* 8s
1 Peter 3: 21.

HOW lovely the emblem of faith
In Christ, our adorable Head—
Who sought our redemption in death,
And, triumphing, rose from the dead

2 How sweet is this beautiful rite,
Our union with him to proclaim—
Our death to each sinful delight—
Our rising to life through his name.

3 How blessed, by bearing the cross,
To show our regard for his will—
To seek, while professing his cause,
"All righteousness here to fulfill."

THE CHURCH—

- 4 How pleasant the path to pursue
His perfect example has led;
With th' scene at the Jordan in view,
We haste in his footsteps to tread.
- 5 Dear Saviour, thine ordinance bless;
The joy of thy presence make known;
Descend, O thou Spirit of grace,
And seal us for ever thine own.

294 *A prayer for the baptized.* C. M

LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

FEET-WASHING.

295 *Feet-washing taught and practiced, etc.* L. M
John 13.

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
He taught his people what to do:
And if we would his precepts keep,
We must descend to washing feet.

- 2 For in that night he was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Before his supper he did eat,
He rose and wash'd his brethren's feet.

FEEI-WASHING.

- 3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose, and laid his garments by,
And wash'd their feet, to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.
- 4 He wash'd them all to make them clean,
But Judas still was full of sin;
May none of us, like Judas. sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.
- 5 Peter said, Lord, it shall not be,
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me.
O that no Christian here may say,
I'm too unworthy to obey.
- 6 You call me Lord and Master too,
Then do as I have done to you;
All my commands and counsels keep,
And show your love by washing feet.
- 7 Ye shall be happy if ye know,
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you till you die,
And then remove you up on high.

296

Desiring an entire cleansing.

C. M.

John 13: 9.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

THE CHURCH—

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

297 "Who 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 heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labor'd for their good.
- 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!

298 "I am among you," etc. 11s & 10s
Luke 22: 27.

O BLESSED Jesus! when I see thee bending,
As a servant, to wash thy servants' feet,
Love, lowliness, and might in zeal all blending,
Prove thy heavenly character complete.

- 2 Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree;
Yet, as from the beginning, to the ending
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee.

THE CHURCH—

6 And then we'll feast on heav'nly love,
And find our joys to be complete:
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow, with angels, at thy feet,

300 *By Love serve one another.* L. M.
Gal. 5: 13.

MAKE up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious spotless church below;
The fellowship of saints make known,
And oh my God, might I be one.

2 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus witnesses,
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples' feet.

3 To wait upon his saints below,
On gospel errands for them go,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And serve the royal heirs of heav'n.

THE LOVE-FEAST.

301 *Love is the fulfilling of the law.* C. M.
Rom. 13: 10.

YE follow'rs of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

The love which all his bosom fill'd
Did all his actions guide;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfill;
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.

THE SALUTATION.

- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honor'd name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

302

The feast of charity.

C. M.

Jude 12 v.

IN mem'ry of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where ev'ry humble contrite heart,
Is made a welcome guest.

- 2 Here let our ransom'd pow'rs unite
His honor'd name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

- 3 One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.

- 4 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate, by faith,
The heav'nly feast above.

THE SALUTATION.

303

Be perfectly joined together.

C. M.

1 Cor. 1: 10.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restor'd,
Together seek his face.

- 2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

THE CHURCH—

- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through ev'ry vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.
- 4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree—
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.
- 5 The kiss of peace to each we give—
A pledge of Christian love;
In love, while here on earth, we'll live,
In love we'll dwell above.
- 6 Love is the golden chain that binds,
Believers all in one;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

304

Let brotherly love continue.

L. M

Heb. 13: 1

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
And strive the crown of life to win!

Come let us join our hearts and hands
All in one band completely;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's land
Where the waters flow so sweetly.

- 6 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

306 *Coming to the table of the lord.* C. M

LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banish'd from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way.

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
To this dear feast draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The suff'rings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and pow'r
To keep his holy word.

307 *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.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

THE COMMUNION.

1 In self-forgetting love
Be Christian union shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

308

Christ our passover.

C. M.

1 Cor. 5:7.

LO! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land:
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his avenging hand.

- 2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appoint'd Lamb must bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

309

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 heav'n, 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!

THE CHURCH—

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!

310 *For a parting blessing.* P. M

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find:
 Think on us who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling soul release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

311 *"This is my body."* L M.
 Matt. 26: 26.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin:
 Receive and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:
 "'T is the new cov'nant in my blood."

THE COMMUNION.

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend:
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

312 *After the communion.* 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.

313 *Christ's compassion.* C. M.
Isaiah 53: 5.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

THE CHURCH—

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

314 "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 veils the sky!
It is finish'd!

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd all that God had promis'd,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!

Saints, from hence your comfort draw

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!

Christ has borne the heavy load.

FELLOWSHIP AND UNITY.

5 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name—
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

315 *The effects of a view of 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 to Jesus' 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.

FELLOWSHIP AND UNITY

316 *"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."* S. M.
Gal. 3: 28.

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

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

FELLOWSHIP AND UNITY.

318

The union of brethren pleasant.
Psalm 133.

C. M

LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love, from Christ the
Descend to ev'ry soul, [spring
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head:
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

319

The saints but one family.
Eph. 1: 10.

C. M

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord, in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

THE CHURCH—

5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
 Then, when the word is giv'n,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heav'n.

320 *Bear ye one another's burden.* C. M.
 Gal. 6: 2.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
 Of ev'ry sinful heart;
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, the living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride:
 Give us in heav'n a happy lot
 With all the sanctified.

321 *Love is of God.* 8s
 1 John 4: 7.

SAY, whence does this union arise,
 Where hatred is conquer'd by love?
 It fastens our souls with such ties,
 That distance nor time can remove

FELLOWSHIP AND UNITY.

- 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 endear'd unto me,
Our souls so united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again,
Engrav'd 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!

322 *Looking for that blessed hope.* C. P. M
Titus 2: 13.

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 heav'nly 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 Gcd.

THE CHURCH—

- 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.

THE ANOINTING.

- 323 *Call for the elders of the church.* L M.
James 5: 14.

WHEN struggling on the bed of pain,
And earth and all its joys are vain,
How sweet, my God, to know thy pow'r
Sustains me in this trying hour.

- 2 I would thy holy word obey
E'en while upon my bed I lie:
I call the elders here, O Lord,
To do according to thy word.
- 3 And while the oil's by faith applied,
O may my soul be sanctifi'd
By the blest unction from above,
And then be fill'd with heav'nly love.
- 4 Then shall my cheerful, gratefu' tongue,
In rapt'rous strains thy praise prolong;
My ransom'd soul adore thy grace,
And swifter run the heav'nly race.
- 5 Or, should my days be near their end,
And I through death my steps must wend,
Then, O my Lord, receive me home.
To mingle with the blood-wash'd throng.

- 324 *A prayer in affliction.* 8s

OTHOU whose compassionate care,
Does all of thy creatures sustain.
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!
- 3 A tender Physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 O, let this affliction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.
- 5 And bless this anointing with oil,
And save me from ev'ry sin,
That when I am taken from earth,
In heav'n with thee I may live.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

325

Bethel—the house of God.

L. M.

Gen. 28: 19.

- O BOW thine ear, eternal One;
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the follow'rs of thy Son
Have rais'd and now devote these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship giv'n,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heav'n.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's pray'r,
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.

THE GOSPEL—

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.

326 *My name shall be there.* C. M.
 1 Kings 8: 29.

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 strengthen'd as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
 And pure devotion rise, [storm
 While round these hallow'd walls the
 Of earth-born passion dies.

THE GOSPEL—INVITATION AND
 WARNING.

327 *No peace to the wicked.* C. M.
 Isaiah 57: 21.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
 His mercy speaks to-day:
 He calls you, by his sov'reign word,
 From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that can not rest,
 You live devoid of peace;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in wo and darkness dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

328 *The broad and 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 trav'ler.

- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

329

Invitation to sinners.

L. M.

- I** LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home
To taste the heav'n of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark! 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold! the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands,
- 3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart;
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless and save them all.
- 5 And when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home;
On Zion's mount you all shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

330

Come, for all things are now ready.

L. M.

Luke 14: 17.

- C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest,
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.
- Since our dear Lord to you doth call,
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world, come sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest!
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

4 The message from the Lord receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty for to heal,
His conqu'ring love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's redeeming pow'r,
And strive against your God no more.

331

And yet there is room.

8s & 6s.

Luke 14: 22.

YE dying sons of men,
Y Immerg'd in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sent to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

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

THE GOSPEL—

332

Glad tidings.

8s, 7s & 4.

Acts 13: 32.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence—O how tender!

Every line is full of love;

Listen to it,

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:"

How important!

Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor:
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears

Tender heralds—

Chase away the falling tears.

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

333

The harvest is past.

12s & 8s.

Jer. 8: 20.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and pray'rs shall be o'er; [morr,
When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath
And Jesus invites thee no more.

2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of wo,
How suffer the night of despair!

3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansion above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fullness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love—

INVITATION AND WARNING.

4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

334

The year of jubilee.

H M.

Isaiah 27: 13.

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

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home

335

The danger of delay.

7s.

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

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

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

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

336

The night cometh, etc.

L. M.

John 9: 4.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.

2 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.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter pray'r,
No Saviour call you to the skies,

4 Silence, and solitude and gloom
In those forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

337 *Hear, and your souls shall live.* C. M.
Isaiah 55: 3.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

338 *Haste thee.* L. M. peculiar.
Gen. 19: 22.

HASTE, trav'ler, haste! the night comes
And many a shining hour is gone; [on,
The storm is gath'ring in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest:
Haste, trav'ler, haste!

2 O, far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light. Yon setting sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun:

Haste, trav'ler, 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, trav'ler, haste!

4 O yes, 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, trav'ler, 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, trav'ler, haste!

339

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 heav'nly whisper, "Come to me."

It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, "Come to me."
- 5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."

40 *Why will ye die!* 11s.
 Eze. 18: 31.

- O** TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O how can you question if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
 And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
 O, how can we leave you? why will you not come!
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

341 *Look unto me and be saved.* 8s, 7s & 4.
 Isaiah 45: 22.

- C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
 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,
 'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

THE GOSPEL—

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous—
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 finish'd!”
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, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

342 *The Lord healeth all thy diseases.* 11s & 10s
Psalm 103: 3.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure—
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;
Come to the feast prepar'd; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

INVITATION AND WARNING.

343

I will go in unto the King.

C. M.

Esther 4: 16.

YE humble sinners, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish, I will pray;
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

344

Eternal life and the second death.

S. M.

Matt. 25: 46.

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.

THE GOSPEL—

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

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

Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

345 *Behold, I stand at the door.* L. M.
 Rev. 3: 20.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
 Has waited long—is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

O! lovely attitude—he stands
 With melting heart and loaded hands;
 O! matchless kindness—and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will—the very Friend you need;
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is he,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine,
 That soul-destroying monster, sin—
 And let the heav'nly stranger in.

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

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INVITATION AND WARNING

346

Life, the time to labor.

L. M

Eccl. 9: 10.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' 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 giv'n
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n.
 The day of grace, when mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
 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 pass'd
 In the cold grave to which we haste;
 O may we all receive thy grace,
 And see with joy thy smiling face.

347

My yoke is easy.

L. M

Matt. 11: 30.

COME, take my yoke, the Saviour said,
 To follow me, be not afraid;
 For I in heart am lowly, meek.
 And offer you the rest you seek.

2 The yoke of pleasure may allure,
 And promise bliss that will endure;
 But when it has thy youth despoil'd,
 'T will cast thee off as garment soil'd.

3 Take not on thee the yoke of wealth;
 'T will eat thy soul, destroy thy health,
 And make thee feel how cheap the cost,
 If worlds could buy the peace it lost.

THE GOSPEL—

- 4 Ambition, too, its yoke displays,
And hangs out its perennial bays:
Be not, poor soul, by it misled;
I offer thee a crown instead.
- 5 Then take my yoke--'t is soft and light,
'T will ne'er disturb thy rest at night;
But guide thee to that world above,
Where no restraint is known but love.

348 *An appeal to the careless.* L. M
Isaiah 32: 10.

- WHY will ye lavish out your years,
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love,
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain,
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart;
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

349 *The gospel invitation.* 8s & 7s.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come!
Free salvation is proclaiming,
In and through God's own dear Son

INVITATION AND WARNING

Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

2 Come, dear friends, and do n't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now 's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore:
May his boundless love constrain us,
His great mercy to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

350 *Prepare to meet thy God.* C. M.
Amos 4: 12.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh;
Death at the farthest can 't be far;
O, think before thou die!

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there 's no defense;
His time there 's none can tell;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or to hell.

THE GOSPEL.—

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
 Shall crawling worms consume;
 But ah! destruction stops not there;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls to-day,
 Sinners, it speaks to you;
 Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
 And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
 How vile soe'er he be,
 Abundant pardon, peace with God,
 All giv'n entirely free.

351 *The close of the day of grace.* C. M.
Gen. 6: 3.

THERE is a time, we know not when,
 A point we know not where,
 That marks the destiny of men,
 To glory or despair.

2 There is a line, by us unseen,
 That crosses ev'ry path;
 The hidden bound'ry between
 God's patience and his wrath.

3 To pass that limit is to die—
 To die as if by stealth;
 It does not quench the beaming eye,
 Or pall the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
 The spirit light and gay;
 That which is pleasing, still may please,
 And care be thrust away.

5 O! where is this mysterious bourne,
 By which our path is cross'd;
 Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
 That he who goes is lost?

INVITATION AND WARNING.

- 6 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?
- 7 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is call'd to-day, repent!
And harden not your heart."

352

Sinners warned.

S. M.

Eze. 3: 17.

- D**ESTRUCTION'S dang'rous road,
What multitudes pursue!
While that, which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living door;
But they, who will not leave their sin,
Must perish evermore.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They think so many can't be wrong
And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,
For many millions drown'd.
- 6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ remains still small,
And none are safe but they.

REPENTANCE.

353

The pool of Bethesda.

S. M

John 5: 2.

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

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in
Their efficacy prove.

3 But I do still remain—
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and shame,
As when at first I came.

4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I?

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

354

Rend your heart.

C. M.,

Joel 2: 13.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of pray'r,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

- 3 I'd smite my breast and weep and mourn,
 And never from the cross return:
 I'd weep o'er the expiring Lord,
 And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 4 I'd hang around his cross and cry,
 Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die!
 O let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son!

357 *Healing mercy implored.* C. M.
 Jer. 17: 14.

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

358 *Pleading for pardon.* L. M.
 Psalm 51.

- O** LORD! show pity and forgive,
 Let a repenting sinner live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
 Great God! thy nature hath no bound;
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

REPENTANCE.

3 O! wash my soul from ev'ry 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 condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, [word
Whose hopes, still hov'ring round thy
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

359

The stony heart.

L. M.

O H for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

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

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
Apply to me the Saviour's blood,
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone

360 *The prayer of the heavy laden.* L. M.

Matt. 11: 28.

- O** THAT my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find,
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I can not rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my Lord,
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood
 The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from ev'ry sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
 Appear, in my poor heart, appear,
 My God my Saviour, come away!

361 *The good that I would, I do not.* S. M.

Rom. 7: 19.

- I** WOULD, but can not sing,
 I would, but can not pray:
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavor oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent,
 Till Jesus makes it soft.

REPENTANCE.

3 I would, but can not love,
 Though woo'd by love divine;
 No arguments have pow'r to move
 A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but can not rest,
 In God's most holy will;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

6 O could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be;
 I would but can not—Lord, relieve;
 My help must come from thee!

362 *Mercy for the chief of sinners.* 7s.
 1 Tim 1: 15.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hear his gracious calls
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament,
 Deeply my revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

363 *Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.* L. M.
 Psalm 51: 11.

STAY! thou insulted Spirit, stay!
 Though I have done thee such despite;
 Cast not the sinner quite away.
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

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

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

Yet if thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes,
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

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

364 *I acknowledge my transgression.* L. M.
Psalm 51: 3.

O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry 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.

Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 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.

REPENTANCE.

365 *O that I knew where I might find him.* C. M.

Job 23: 3, 4.

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

366 *Pleading the merits of Christ.* C. M.

- F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath?
 What pain, what labor to secure
 My soul from second death?

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour!

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it, dies.

367

Ingratitude lamented.

S. M.

Isaiah 1: 2.

IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow.

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God is strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us mighty God,
And mold our souls afresh; [stone,
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.

5 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

368

Harden not your hearts.

C. M.

Heb. 3: 8.

THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a wat'ry hill;
The Saviour waken'd from his sleep:
He spake, and all was still.

370

The pharisee and publican.

L. M.

Luke 18: 9-14.

- B**EHOLD how sinners disagree—
 The publican and pharisee;
 One doth his right'ousness proclaim,
 The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
 And cries for grace with lifted hands;
 That boldly rises near the throne,
 And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows
 And diff'rent answers he bestows:
 The humble soul with grace he crowns,
 Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
 Join'd with the boasting pharisee;
 I have no merit of my own,
 But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

371

The prodigal.

C. M.

Luke 15.

- B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and
 Have wasted his estate; [wine
 He begs a share among the swine
 To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
 "I starve in foreign lands;
 My Father's house hath large supplies,
 And bount'ous are his hands.
 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
 Fall down before his face;
 Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 Nor can deserve thy grace,"
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
 To seek his father's love;
 The father saw the rebel come,
 And all his bowels move.

REPENTANCE

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound:
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

372

Return to me.
Malachi 3: 7.

C. M

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears,
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See! low before the throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer 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 the way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart,
A taste of joys divine.

THE FALL.

373

The deceitfulness of sin.

C. M.

Heb. 3: 13.

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts
But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretense;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food,
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

374

The power of sin.

L. M.

Jer. 13: 23.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives:
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin:
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As sinners save themselves from sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long
'T will not endure the least control:
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

THE FALL.

4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
M The wonders of creating grace.

375

The fall lamented.

L. M.

Psalm 119: 136.

ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise;
A To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves,
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

376

Corrupt nature from Adam.

C. M

Rom. 5: 17.

BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
B Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

THE GOSPEL—

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good ;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God ! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore ;
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

Eternal Spirit ! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

377 *The fall and redemption.* L. M.

Ezekiel 37 : 9.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
L See Adam's race in ruin lie,
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these moldering corpses live ?
And can these perish'd bones revive ?
That mighty God, to thee is known.
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain :
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.

But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice :

5 So when the trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns and rend the ground
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

REDEMPTION.

REDEMPTION,

378

The fountain for sin.

C. M.

Zec. 13: 1.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 1 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 2 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are sav'd to sin no more.
- 3 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.
- 4 And when this feeble, falt'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

379

Man's ruin and recovery.

C. M

Isaiah 55: 1.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 1 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

THE GOSPEL—

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

380 *My soul shall rejoice in his salvation.* C. M.
Psalm 35: 9.

- S**ALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry 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 heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

381 *The coronation.* C. M.

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

THE GOSPEL—

- 3 'T is grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
And grace supports in ev'ry loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
Grace is my shield, and grace my song.
- 4 'T is grace defends when danger 's near,
By grace alone I persevere;
'T is grace constrains my soul to love,
And grace will bear me safe above.
- 5 Of grace, free grace, alone I boast,
And 't is in grace alone I trust;
And when I rise to heav'n, my home,
I'll shout free grace, free grace alone!

383 *I looked and there was none to help.* C. M.
Isaiah 63: 5.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came 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 highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

REDEMPTION.

384

Salvation only in Christ.

C. M.

Acts 4 : 12.

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken sou
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

1 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

2 When penitence has wept in vain
Because of some dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

3 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
This hand that brings relief,
This heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

4 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

385

You hath he quickened.

L. M.

Eph. 2 : 1.

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—

1 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.

2 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.

THE GOSPEL—

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord.
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord:
Till, wak'd by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

386

What is man?

L. M.

Psalm 8: 4.

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 pow'r prevailing, came;
Then follow'd darkness, shame, and death.

3 But Jesus, O amazing grace!
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd 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 ransom'd man ordain'd to be!
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

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

387 *The divine attributes harmonized, etc.* L. M.

Psalm 85: 10.

O LOVE, beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

THE PROMISES.

- 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze.
And justice all her right maintains—
Astonish'd 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.

THE PROMISES.

388

Great and precious promises.

H. M

2 Peter 1: 4.

- THE promises I sing,
Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure
And steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortals' years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears.
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
'Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock,

THE GOSPEL—

389

Always with us.
Matt. 28: 20.

8s & 7s

ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won;

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling ev'ry anxious fear;

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

390

The beatitudes.

Matt. 5: 1-12.

L. M.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd 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 Bless'd are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for right'ousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

5 Bless'd
Of pain
Their
Glory

391

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THE PROMISES.

5 Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

391

The firm foundation.

11s

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!

392

At evening there shall be light.

C. M

Zech. 14: 7.

OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our skies with clouds o'er-cast,
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 Tho' earth-born shadows now may shrou
Our toilsome path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
His love and pow'r 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 praise
 Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
 Token that storms shall cease.
 Then keep we on with hope unchill'd
 By faith and not by sight,
 And we shall own his word fulfill'd—
 At eve there shall be light!

393 *As thy days, so shall thy strength be.* 7s
 Deut. 33: 25.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord;
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon his word,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promis'd needful grace:
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see;
 This is still thy sweet relief,
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure
 With thy promise full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure—
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

394 *It is well with the righteous.* S. M.
 Isaiah 3: 10.

WHAT cheering words are these!
 Their sweetness who can tell?
 In time, and to eternity,
 'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,
 Kept by Jehovah's eye,
 'Tis well with them while life endures
 And well when call'd to die.

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THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.
- 5 'Tis well when, at his throne,
They wrestle, weep and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.
- 6 'Tis well when Jesus calls:
"From earth and sin arise;
Join with the host of virgin souls
Made to salvation wise."

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

395

Desiring the Spirit.

8s & 7s

- COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit!
Fan each spark into a flame;
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we can not name;
Whilst hosannas we are singing,
May our hearts in rapture move—
Feel new grace in them still springing,
Breathe the air of purest love.
- 2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded sea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free:
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious foe;
Love, O love, for sinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
 Daily nearer drawn to thee,
 Sinking in the sweetest union
 Of that heart-felt mystery.
 Keep us safe from each delusion,
 Well protected from all harms;
 Free from sin and all confusion,
 Circle us within thy arms.

306

Pentecost.

L. M

Acts 2.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 While on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave!
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous
 words

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 his 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 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdued;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace, my heart subdued,
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the victories of his word.

397

Breathing after the Spirit.

C. M

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly no go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate —
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

398

The descent of the Spirit.

C. M

NO track is on the sunny sky,
No footprints on the air:
Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
Is desolate and bare.

2 That upper room is heav'n on earth;
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
Or heaven-born charity.

3 One moment — and the silentness
Was breathless as the grave;
The flutter'd earth forgot to quake,
The troubled trees to wave.

THE GOSPEL.

- 4 He comes! he comes! that mighty Breath
From heav'n's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
His Bride, as she adores.
- 5 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That upper room around.
One moment — and the Spirit hung
O'er all with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

399

The Comforter promised.

C. M.

John 16: 7.

- O**UR blest Redeemer, ere he breath'd
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeath'd,
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.
- 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And whispers us of heaven.
And ev'ry virtue we possess,
And ev'ry virtue won,
And ev'ry thought of holiness
Are his and his alone.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.
ADOPTION.

400

Born of God.

S. M.

John 1: 13.

THROUGH thee, O Lord, we own

A new and heav'nly birth,
Kindred to spirits round thy throne,
Though sojourners of earth.

2 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And, through thy Spirit's quick'ning pow'r,
Of the new life partake!

3 With richer beauty glows,
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light Religion throws,
Reflected ev'ry where.

4 Amid repentant tears
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

5 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

401

Now are we the sons of God.

S. M.

1 John 3: 2.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

- 3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purify our souls from sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry
 And thou the kindred own.

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

402 *The pilgrim's hopes.* 8s & 7s.

- D**ARK and thorny is the desert,
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way
 Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
 Lie the fields of endless day.
 Fiends, loud howling thro' the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go:
 And the fiery darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young pilgrims, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way?
 Does your strength begin to fail you,
 And your vigor to decay?
 Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
 He will lead you to his throne;
 He who dy'd his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll,
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose scepter sways the whole:

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

Round him are ten thousand angels
 Ready to obey command,
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest:
 Love and joy and peace for ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast:
 Who can paint the scenes of glory,
 Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
 There, on golden harps for ever,
 Sound redemption through the sky.

5 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
 Such as monarchs never wore,
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their Shepherd there.
 Hail, ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear.
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

403

Afflictions welcomed.

7s & 6s.

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

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

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

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

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

404 *Tell me where thou feedest.* 11s & 10s
Can. 1: 7.

0 TELL me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flocks of thy pastures are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

1 O, tell me the place where thy flocks are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distress'd,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

2 O, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving—
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woe,
And temptations their ruin are proving!

3 O, when shall my foes and my wandering cease?
And the follies that fill me with weeping!
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

4 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the footprints are lying—
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
O fair one, now homeward be flying!

405 *Thou hast delivered my soul, etc.* C. M
Psalm 116: 8.

MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hov'ring 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 quiv'ring lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

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4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear, faithful breast;
Pleas'd 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.

Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

406

In deep affliction.

8s & 7s

Psalm 42: 7.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!

I thy timely aid implore:
Suff'ring Son of Man, be near me,
All my suff'rings 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 wo;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
Bruis'd 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 pow'r.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

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,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient in affliction,
Keep me faithful to the end.

407 *The rivers shall not overflow thee.* C. M.
Isaiah 43: 2.

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 press'd on ev'ry side,
The Lord hath still sustain'd 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.

408 *Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.* 11s & 10s
2 Cor. 6: 10.

WE will not weep, for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us;
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

- 2 We will not faint, if heavy burdens bend 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 friends
 Help us, O Father ! let thy constant blessing
 Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

409

Complaint under temptation.

C. M

Psalm 13

- H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
 My God, how long delay ?
 When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
 That chase my fears away ?
- 2 See how the prince of darkness tries
 All his malicious arts ;
 He spreads a mist around my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.
- 3 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
 My soul in safety keep ;
 Make haste before my eyes are seal'd
 In death's eternal sleep.
- 4 How would the tempter boast aloud,
 If I became his prey !
 Behold the sons of hell grow proud
 At thy so long delay !
 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
 And Satan hide his head ;
 He knows the terrors of thy look,
 And hears thy voice with dread.
- 6 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
 Where all my hopes have hung
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And vict'ry shall be sung.

410

A song of deliverance.

C. M.

Psalm 40: 1-5.

- I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit.
 Where mourning long I lay,
 And from the bonds released my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
 The saints with joy shall hear,
 And sinners learn to make my God,
 Their only hope and fear.
- 5 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
 And light and peace depart,
 My God beholds my heavy wo,
 And bears me on his heart.

411

Light in darkness.

C. M.

- O** THERE 'S a better world on high;
 Hope on, thou pious breast;
 Faint not, thou trav'ler; 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
 When flesh and heart shall fail. [heart,
- 3 Thro' death's dark vale, of deepest shade
 Thy feet must surely go;
 Yet there, e'en there, walk undismay'd;
 'T is thy last scene of wo.

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

- 4 Thy God — and with the tenderest hand—
Shall guard the trav'ler through;
“Hail!” shalt thou cry; “hail! promised
land!
And, wilderness, adieu!”
- 5 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.

412

Help thou mine unbelief.

C. M.

Mark 9: 24.

FATHER, when o'er our trembling hearts
Doubt's shadows gath'ring 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 lie dead,
And blessings, long esteem'd our own,
Are now for ever fled—
When the bright promise of our spring
Is but a wither'd leaf—
Lord, to thy truths still let us cling;
Help thou our unbelief.

And when the pow'rs of nature fail
Upon the couch of pain,
Nor love nor friendship can avail
The spirit to detain—
Then, Father, be our closing eyes
Undimm'd by tears of grief;
And if a trembling doubt arise,
Help thou our unbelief.

413 *Bonds and afflictions abide me.* L. M.
Acts 20: 23.

THROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

2 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her fairest hopes and projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

4 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

414 *We enter heaven through tribulation.* C. M.
Acts 14: 22.

THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree,
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow;
'Till sad desertion makes us droop:
And down we sink as low.

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart,
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path :
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

15 *Psalm lxxiii. 25.* L. M

O LORD, thou know'st my soul's desires,
And thou canst give me perfect ease,
Thou art the God my heart admires,
There's nothing but thy love can please,

2 Give me, O Lord, the happiness
To sit and hear thy gracious voice ;
Come Saviour, come, my soul possess,
And make my mourning heart rejoice.

3 Teach me to do thy holy will,
Unite my heart to fear thy name ;
O lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
Where stands the new Jerusalem.

4 Were not the Lord of hosts my strength
I should have sunk in deep despair :
But now I trust I shall at length
Arrive at Canaan's harbor fair.

5 There shall I rest forevermore,
Fearless of storms and raging seas :
And sit upon the heav'nly shore,
And dwell at everlasting ease.

416 *Our weakness.* C. M

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a portion of thy grace,
 My mem'ry can retain.
- 3 My dear Almighty and my God!
 How little art thou known,
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne.
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love.
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hopes of joys above!
 How few affections there!
- 5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Show my forgetful feet the way,
 That leads to joys on high:
 There knowledge grows without decay
 And love shall never die.

417

Rejoicing in tribulation.

L. M

2 Cor. 7: 4.

- O LOVE Divine, that stoop'd to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On thee we cast each earthborn care,
 We smile at pain while thou art near!
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whisp'ring, thou art near!
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is chang'd to fear,
 The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

AFFLICTIONS AND TRIALS.

4 On thee we fling our burd'ning wo.
 O Love Divine, forever dear,
 Content to suffer, while we know,
 Living and dying, thou art near!

418

The mourner blest.

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 wo and pain
 Are earnest of serener years.

3 O, there are days of hope and rest
 For ev'ry 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.

5 Nor let the good man's trust depart.
 Though life its common gifts deny:
 Though with a pierc'd and broken heart,
 And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

419

Songs in the night.

C. M

Job 35: 10.

718 O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when by sorrows wounded here,
 720 We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 722 When winter comes, are flown;
 724 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows
bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

20

All is vanity.
Eecl. 1: 2.

8s & 7s.

I AM weary, I am weary
Of the cares and toils of life;
I am weary of its sorrows,
I am weary of its strife;
I am weary of its flowers,
That appear so soon to die;
And th' immortal spirit pineth
For its home beyond the sky.

2 I am weary of the trifles
That consume away my days;
I am weary of the longing
For the creature's love and praise;
I am weary of thoughts that turn
So constantly to the earth;
Fain would my spirit rise above
Its transient joy and mirth.

I have seen the flowers wither;
I have seen the lov'd ones die;
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky
I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

ASPIRATIONS.

ASPIRATIONS.

421

The soul longing for God.

6a.

Psalm 119: 20.

MY spirit longs for thee
To dwell within my breast;
Although I'm unworthy
Of so divine a Guest!

2 Of so divine a Guest—
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee!

3 Until it come to 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 bleeding love;
O, let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!

422

Glimpse of glory.

L. M.

O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.

2 There low before his glorious throne
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own,
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise;
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze,
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the ransom'd of the Lamb,
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith, our warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in thy blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

423

Sighing for home.

Psalm 55: 6.

C. M.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know
No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
This world 's a wilderness of wo;
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam,
But, ah! my passport was not seal'd--
I could not yet go home.

5 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

424

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ASPIRATIONS.

424

The importance of religion.

C. M.

Phil. 3: 8.

- R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne,
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own!
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise:
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

25

Communion with Christ in worship.

I. M.

John 6: 48.

- F**AR from my tho'ts vain world begone
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my 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 heav'nly love.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
 And spread the table of thy grace;
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 4 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thy entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

426 *They desire a better country.* 10s & 11s
 Heb. 11: 16.

- T**ELL 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 paradise live;
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.
 My soul, do n't delay—he calls thee away:
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow—
 What light, aid 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 can not tell why.
- 5 But this I do find—we two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.
 So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

427 *Longing after Christ.* 8s
 Phil. 3: 10.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine:
 I long to reside where thou art:
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 And screen'd from the heat of the day

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

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

428 *Desiring the Divine nature.* C. M.
 2 Peter 1: 4.

O FOR a heart to love my God!
 A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that always feels the blood,
 So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord! of thine.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

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

429 *Set your affection on things above.* 7s & 6
Col. 3: 2.

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 prepar'd above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
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 exchange'd for heav'n.

430 *Give us this day our daily bread.* L. M.
Matt. 6: 11.

WHILE others pray for grace to die,
O Lord, I pray for grace to live!
For ev'ry hour a fresh supply—
O see my need, and freely give,

ASPIRATIONS

- 2 I do not dread the hour of death—
 If I am thine, no fears remain,—
 I know that with my parting breath
 I leave for ever mortal pain.
- 3 And if it should be then thy will
 A cloud should on the future be,
 The bow of promise spans it still,
 I will believe—I need not see!
 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 heav'nly light.
- 5 But oh, 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.
- 6 My weary spirit can not drink
 At springs which rise from earth alone;
 When I can do no more, I think
 Of living waters from thy throne.

431

Longing to see Jesus.

7s & 6s

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above?
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 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.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
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 don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O! do not be discourag'd,
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.

432

Walking with God.

C. M

Gen. 5: 24.

OH. for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

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ASPIRATIONS.

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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.

433

Christ exalts his people.

L. M

1 Sam. 2: 8.

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood:
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
The pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 5 First born of many brethren, thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;
Help us to thee our all to give—
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

434

Nearer to thee.

6s & 4s.

James 4: 8.

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 heav'n ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n ;
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!

ASPIRATIONS.

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.

435 *Thirsting after righteousness.* C. M.
 Matt. 5: 6.

- O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do his will.
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise,
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul has gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip:
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'T is a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

436 *Desiring to be weaned from earth.* L. M.
Psalm 131: 2.

- O THAT I could for ever dwell
With Mary at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heav'n 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 pure and filial love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.
- 4 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

437 *Desiring divine communion.* C. M.

- ALAS! my God, that thou shouldst be,
To me so much unknown:
I long to walk and talk with thee,
And dwell before thy throne.
- 2 Thou know'st, my soul doth dearly love
The place of thine abode:
No music gives so sweet a sound
As these two words—my God.
- 3 I long not for the fruit that grows
Within these gardens here:
I find no sweetness in the rose,
When Jesus is not near.
- 4 Thy gracious presence, O my Christ,
Can make a paradise,
Ah, what are all the goodly pearls
Unto this pearl of price?

ASSURANCE.

- 5 Give me that sweet communion, Lord!
 Thy people have with thee;
 Thy spirit daily talks with them,
 O let it talk with me.
- 6 Like Enoch, let me walk with God,
 And thus walk out my day,
 Attended with the heav'nly guards,
 Upon the King's highway.

ASSURANCE.

438

Fears calmed.

C. M.

Matt. 14: 27.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
 My soul is not dismay'd;
 I hear a voice I know full well—
 " 'T is I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threat'ning skies appear,
 And storms my path invade,
 Those accents tranquilize each fear—
 " 'T is I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be cross'd;
 Saviour, be near to aid!
 Whisper, when my frail bark is toss'd—
 " 'T is I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
 Death hides within its shade;
 O say, when flesh and heart shall fail—
 " 'T is I; be not afraid."

439

Because I live, ye shall live also.

L. M.

John 14: 19.

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.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 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 help in time of need.
- 3 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.
- 4 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!"

440

Full assurance.

8s & 7s

1 Thess. 1: 5.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in ev'ry station
 Something still to do or bear.

- 2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;
 Think what Jesus did to win thee:
 Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
- 3 God will give thee grace and glory;
 Fight thy way, and get thy crown;
 Canaan's land lies just before thee—
 There you 'll lay your armor down.
- 4 Soon you 'll close your earthly mission,
 Soon you 'll pass your pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition—
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

441

Security in God's covenant.

C. M.

Deut. 7: 9.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure;
 And in its boundless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.

BACKSLIDING.

- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become—
My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
And heav'n my final home:
3 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy way, great God, is dark
I wait thy light above.
4 Thy cov'nant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

BACKSLIDING.

442

The barren fig tree.

C. M

Matt. 21: 19.

- SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.
2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumb'rer of the ground.
3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads,
The barren tree to spare;
"Let justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.
4 Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The soft'ning dews of heav'nly grace
May life anew impart.
5 But if these means should prove in vain,
No fruits thy efforts crown,
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down."

443 *Where is the blessedness ye speak of.* L. M.
Gal. 4: 15.

- O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That mark'd our union with the Lord;
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 1 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we lov'd?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we prov'd?
- 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.

444 *Declension lamented.* 8s & 7s
Job 29: 2.

- ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
- 2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall see no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither:
Thou canst make them bloom again.
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

M. 445

The backslider's prayer. 7s, 6s & 8s.

Luke 22: 61.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

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

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

446

Christ all in all.

L. M

Col. 3: 11.

THERE'S not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens ev'ry smile;
I see him, when the tempests low'r,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

448

Fellowship with God.

C. M.

1 John 1: 3.

- F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
 And from this earthly clod,
 Arise my soul and strive to gain
 Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Not life or all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
 Can to my soul such bliss impart,
 As fellowship with God.
- 3 When I am made in love to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.
- 4 In fierce temptation's fi'ry blasts,
 Or dark desertion's road,
 I'm happy if I can but taste,
 Some fellowship with God.
- 5 So when the icy hand of death
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
 In fellowship with God.
- 6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
 And gain my blest abode,
 There an eternity I'll spend
 In fellowship with God.

449

Abide with us.

L. M

Luke 24: 29.

- A**BIDE with us, the ev'ning shades
 Begin already to prevail,
 And as the ev'ning twilight fades,
 Dark clouds 'round the horizon sail.
- 2 Abide with us, and still unfold
 Thy sacred though prophetic lore ;
 What wondrous things of Jesus told—
 Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 3 O stay with us, and still converse
Of him that late on Calvary died—
Of him the prophecies rehearse—
It was our Friend they crucified.
- 4 Our souls are faint, our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.
- 5 Thus, while they pray'd, at their request
The Stranger bows with smile divine;
Then round the board the Unknown Guest,
And weary travelers recline.
- 6 Abide with us, amaz'd they cried,
As suddenly, while breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus met their eyes,
With radiant glories round his head!
- 7 Abide with us, thou heav'nly Friend,
Leave not thy followers alone,
The sweet communion here must end—
The heav'nly Visitant is gone.

M

450

We will come unto him.

S. M.

John 14: 23.

OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

God pities all our griefs:
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

- 8 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

CONFIDENCE.

- 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.

451 *We joy in God.* L. M.
 Rom. 5: 11.

- I**F on our daily course our mind
 Be set, to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.
- 2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heav'n in each we see;
 Some soft'ning gleam of love and pray'r
 Shall dawn on ev'ry cross and care.
- 3 O could we learn that sacrifice,
 What light would all around us rise!
 How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
 Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask;
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

CONFIDENCE.

452 "*Underneath are the everlasting arms.*" C. M.
 Deut. 33: 27.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
 As my eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

453

Confidence in God.

8s.

Psalm 91 : 12.

INSPIRER and hearer of pray'r,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign.

- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep:
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne
Repair to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

- 5 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

CONFIDENCE.

6 I, too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus forever shall join,
 And love and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

454 *I can do all things.* C. M.
 Phil. 4: 13.

KIND are the words that Jesus speaks,
 To cheer the drooping saint;
 My grace sufficient is for you,
 Though nature's pow'rs may faint.

2 My grace its glories shall display,
 And make your griefs remove;
 Your weakness shall the triumph tell
 Of boundless pow'r and love.

3 What tho' my griefs are not remov'd,
 Yet why should I despair?
 While my kind Saviour's arms support
 I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord!
 'Tis good to trust thy name:
 Thy pow'r, thy faithfulness and love,
 Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
 I all things can perform;
 And smiling, triumph in thy name,
 Amidst the raging storm.

455 *The safety of believers.* C. M.
 Acts 27.

IF Paul in Cesar's court must stand,
 He need not fear the sea;
 Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand
 By the divine decree.

2 Though neither sun nor stars were seen,
 Paul knew the Lord was near,
 And faith preserv'd his soul serene,
 When others shook with fear.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Believers thus are toss'd about
On life's tempestuous main,
But grace assures beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.
- 4 They must, they shall appear one day,
Before their Saviour's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way
But make his power known.
- 5 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.
- 6 Lord, though we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is past,
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

456

Trust in Jesus.

7s.

- SAVIOUR, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in thee!
Trust thy wisdom me to guide,
Trust thy goodness to provide.
- 2 Trust thy saving love and pow'r,
Trust thee ev'ry day and hour;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth.
 - 3 Trust in joy, and trust in grief,
Trust thy promise for relief;
Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul,
Trust thy grace to make me whole.
 - 4 Trust thee living, dying too,
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee, till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

CONFIDENCE.

5 Trust thee, ever blessed Lamb,
Till I wear the victor's palm;
Trust thee, till my soul shall be
Wholly swallowed up in thee.

457 *The safety of the righteous.* 8s & 7s
Psalm 91: 4-7.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd;
There no tumult can alarm thee—
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 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.

CONSISTENCY.

458

What do ye more than others?

L. M.

Matt. 5: 47.

AND do we hope to be with him,
Who on the cross resign'd his death,
Who died a victim to redeem
His people from eternal death?

2 Then should the question oft recur—
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to things below?

3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
That show we're not what once we were?

4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And little all it can afford.

459

A conversation becoming the gospel.

L. M

Phil. 1: 27.

WHEN Jesus, our great Master, came,
To teach us in his Father's name,
In ev'ry act, in ev'ry thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

CONSISTENCY.

- 4 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 5 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

460

Love not the world.

L. M

1 John 2: 15.

- R**EDEEMED ones, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
What children love and fools admire?
- 4 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by
We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

CONSECRATION—CONTENTMENT.

461 *Present your bodies,* L. M.

Rom. 12: 1.

NOW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

462 *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 heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in ev'ry 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.

CONVERSION.

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.

CONVERSION.

463 *The joy unknown to angels.* L. M.

Rev 14: 3.

TREMBLING, before thine awful throne
O Lord, in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; oh, smile, and heal the strife!

2 The Saviour smiles—upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll!
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heav'n.—
The new-born peace of sins forgiv'n:
Tears of such pure and rich delight,
Ye angels! never dimm'd your sight.

4 Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings;
Loud in your song: the heav'nly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain.

5 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

464

Lovest thou me.

7s.

John 21: 16.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

COURAGE.

465

Adherence to duty.

7s.

Acts 4 : 19.

DARE to think, though bigots frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wrong'd and scorn'd to bless.

2 Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when sinners curse, to bless.

3 Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong
Dare God's precepts to obey.

COURAGE.

- 4 Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest.

466

Ashamed of Jesus!

L M

Mark 8: 38.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee:
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! Sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd 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.

THE CROSS.

467

The strait gate.

C. M.

Matt. 7: 13.

STRAIGHT is the way, the door is straight,
That leads to joys on high;
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

Beloved self must be deni'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd and patience tried,
And vain desires subbu'd.

3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry),
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my works perform,
And give the free reward.

468

We glory in tribulations.

8s & 7s.

Rom. 5: 3.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

THE CROSS.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with p'ace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

469

Following Christ in suffering.

L. M.

1 Peter 2: 21.

HOW shall I follow him I serve?
 How shall I copy him I love?
 Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
 Which lead me to his seat above?

- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
 The life of toil, the mean abode,
 The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—
 Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'T was thus he suffer'd though a Son,
 Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
 Until the perfect work was done—
 And drank the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path thro' suff'ring lie,
 Forbid it I should e'er repine;
 Still let me turn to Calvary,
 Nor heed my griefs rememb'ring thine.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

470 *Sympathy with Christ in suffering.* L. M.
 Luke 22: 28.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
 Around thee on the cursed tree,
 Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
 Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
 Our dying Lord, tho' crown'd with thorn;
 Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
 The cross with all its joy or scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
 Show what thy brethren all should be;
 Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
 Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

471 *Take up thy cross.* L. M.
 Matt. 16: 24.

TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said,
 If thou wouldst my disciple be;
 Take up thy cross with willing heart,
 And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
 My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
 And let thy foolish pride be still;
 Thy Lord did not refuse to die
 Upon the cross on Calvary's hill.

Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
 And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
 'T will guide thee to a better home.
 It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross,
 May hope to wear the glorious crown

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driv'n;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fix'd my heart in heav'n.
- 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.

474 *As many as I love, etc.* C. M.
Rev. 3: 19.

- OFTEN the clouds of deepest wo
So sweet a message bear,
Dark tho' they seem, 't were hard to find
A frown of anger there.
- 2 Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.
- 3 He was a man of sorrows—he
Who lov'd and sav'd us thus;
And shall the world, that frown'd on him,
Wear only smiles for us?
- 4 No; we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run;
We must not find a resting-place
Where he we love had none.

475 *"Perfect through sufferings."* L. M.
Heb. 2: 10.

- "PERFECT thro' suff'rings:" may it be,
Saviour, made perfect, thus, for me!
I bow, I kiss, I bless the rod,
That brings me nearer to my God.
- 2 "Perfect through suff'ring:" be thy cross
The crucible to purge my dross!
Welcome, for that, its pangs, its scorns,
Its scourge, its nails, its crown of thorns.

FAITH.

- 3 "Perfect through suff'ring:" heap the fire,
 And pile the sacrificial pyre;
 But spare each lov'd and loving one,
 And let me feed the flames, alone.
- 4 "Perfect thro' suff'ring:" urge the blast,
 More free, more full, more fierce, more fast;
 By grace the suff'ring path I'll tread,
 So the flame waft my soul to God!

FAITH.

476 *Faith looking into the future.* L. M.
 Heb. 11: 13.

- 'T IS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night;
 Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'am, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God;
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,
 And cheer'd him on his toilsome road.

477 *Faith the evidence of things not seen.* C. M.
 Heb. 11.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight;
 It pierces through the veil of sense,
 And dwells in heav'nly light.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heav'ns and earth shall fade
And be again restor'd.
- 4 Abra'am obey'd the Lord's command,
From his own country driv'n;
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
But found his rest in heav'n.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray
The promises in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way
That leads to joy on high.

478

A living faith.
James 2: 17.

L. M.

AS body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decay'd and dead,
Is faith — a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 In true and heaven-born faith we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wander'd there.

479

Triumph of faith.

C. M.

1 John 5: 4.

O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I 'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

480

Faith working by love.

C. M.

Gal. 5: 6.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast,
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

HOPE.

3 Her hallow'd influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom ;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unweari'd wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguish'd heart rejoice :
Though earthly ties are riv'n,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heav'n.

483 *Heavenly rest in anticipation.* C. M

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HUMILITY.

484 *Call me thy servant, Lord.* C. M.

O, NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirr'd:
But give me a diviner name;
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontroll'd 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 heav'n,
This is the name for me;
And be the same dear title giv'n
Through all eternity.

485 *Be clothed with humility.* 7s.
1 Peter 5: 5.

L ORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguil'd,
On thy faithful word I rest.

JOY.

- 4 Israel, now and evermore
 In the Lord Jehovah trust;
 Him in all his ways adore,
 M. O. Wise, and powerful, and just.

JOY.

- 486 *All my springs are in thee.* C. M.
 Psalm 87: 7.

- M**Y 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 op'ning heav'ns 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.

- 487 *The blessedness of the righteous.* C. M.
 Psalm 1.

- B**LESS'D 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 plac'd his chief delight;
 By day he reads or hears the word,
 And meditates by night.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his professions 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.

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 eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

188 *Joy unspeakable and full of glory.* P. M.
1 Pet. 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 believ'd what a joy I've receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

'Tis a heav'n 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!

Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
O that all to this refuge may fly!
He has lov'd me, I cried, he has suffer'd 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!

JOY.

6 O the rapturous hight of that holy delight
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd, I am perfectly bless'd,
Being fill'd with the fullness of God!

7 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.

What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold, with believers enroll'd—
With believers to live and to die!

489

Rejoicing in hope.

C. M.

Rom. 12: 12.

HOW happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heav'n;

2 A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heav'n prepar'd for me.

3 O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs
And antedate that day.

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

490

Blessed is the man whose sins, etc.

L. M.

Rom 4: 7.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades.

Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;

Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!

And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,

But spend the day and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

W

491

True happiness.

C. M

HOW happy is the Christian's state

His sins are all forgiv'n,
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged path of life,

He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,

He feels the chast'ning 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 rapture shall ascend
To everlasting day.

JOY.

492

Joy, the fruit of the Spirit.

C. M.

Gal. 5: 22.

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

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

493

Joy of consecration to Christ.

L. M

O SWEETLY breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quiv'ring string
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardon'd souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
 We own the bond that makes us thine;
 And carnal joys, that charm'd before,
 For thy dear sake we now resign.
- 4 Our hearts, by dying love subdu'd,
 Accept thine offer'd grace to-day;
 Beneath the cross, with blood bedew'd,
 We bow, and give ourselves away.
- 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!

494

Rejoice in the Lord.

H. M

Phil. 3: 1.

- R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore;
 Mortals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice!
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom can not fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:

JUSTIFICATION.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' arch-angel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

JUSTIFICATION.

495

It is God that justifieth.

L. M

Rom. 8: 33.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And, their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through.
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

JUSTICE.

496

Justice and equity.

Matt. 7: 12.

C. M

COME, let us search our ways and see:
 Have they been just and right?
 Is the great rule of equity
 Our practice and delight?
 What we would have our neighbor do,
 Have we still done the same?
 From others ne'er withheld the due
 Which we from others claim?

- 3 Do we, in all we sell or buy,
 Integrity maintain?
 And, knowing God is always nigh,
 Renounce unrighteous gain?
- 4 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
 To God, the just and kind;
 May humbly cast on him our care,
 And hope his grace to find.

LABOR AND SYMPATHY.

497

Strengthen thy brethren.

Luke 22: 32.

8s & 7s.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

- 2 Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul!
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end and way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us further than to-day.

LABOR AND SYMPATHY.

4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

5 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

498 *Ye have the poor always with you.* C. M.
Matt. 26: 11.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
LY 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.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy follow'rs may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the off'rings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

499 *Charity to the poor.* L. M.
Psalm 41: 1-3.

BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor:
Whose soul by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

- 2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and death
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n.
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n

500

Occupy till I come.

Luke 19: 13.

S. M.

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 pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And thy poor servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
A second death I'll die.

501

Be not slothful.

Heb. 6: 12.

C. M.

MY drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

LABOR AND SYMPATHY.

- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;
- 4 We, for whom God's own Son came down,
And labor'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove! from th' heav'nly hill
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

502 *That he who loveth God, etc.* 11s & 10s
1 John 4: 21.

O, HE whom Jesus lov'd 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 pray'r.

3 Follow, with rev'rent 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.

503

Rich in good works.

S. M

1 Tim. 6: 18.

LAB'RERS of Christ, arise,
 And gird you for the toil;
 The dew of promise from the skies
 Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
 Where mourning hearts deplore;
 And where the sons of sorrow pine,
 Dispense your hallow'd lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
 The erring child along
 Where peaceful congregations kneel
 And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
 With prayer, your constant guest.
 And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
 A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
 That earth may ne'er despoil,
 And the blest gospel's saving health
 Repay your arduous toil.

504 *Christians a blessing to the world.* 8s & 7s
 Gen. 12: 2.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
 Where thou art be drear and lone!
 God has set a guardian legion
 Very near thee—press thou on!

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!

LOVE.

- 4 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.
- 5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
 That thou be a faithful son;
 By the pray'r of Jesus—"Father,
 Not my will, but thine, be done!"

505 *Quit you like men; be strong.* 3s & 7s
 1 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, heav'n beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now, the blazon'd 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 ev'ry nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God.

LOVE.

506 *Love begets love.* L. M.
 1 John 4: 19.

'T IS not the skill of human art
 Which gives me pow'r my God to know;
 The sacred lessons of the heart
 Come not from instruments below.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Love is my teacher; he can tell
The wonders that he learnt above.
No other Master knows so well;
'Tis love alone can tell of love.
- 3 Love is my Master; when it breaks,
The morning light, with rising ray,
To thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And love instructs it all the day.
- 6 And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

507 *Thou knowest that I love thee.* C. M.
John 21: 17.

- D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame!
- 5 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

LOVE.

508

Love.

L. M.

1 Cor. 13: 1-3.

HAD [†] 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 inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n 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 bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fi'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

509

No heaven without love.

L. M. D.

THE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heav'nly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields
There is no bliss in bow'rs above.
If thou art absent, holy love!

The cherub near the viewless throne
Smiteth the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel-band;
But tuneless is the quiv'ring string;
No melody can Gabriel bring;
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to love!

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

3 Earth, sea and sky, one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease:
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love.

510

Love and charity.

C. M

1 Cor. 13: 4-13.

LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.
She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

LOVE.

511

As I have loved you.

C. M.

John 13 : 34.

- OUR God is love; and all his saints
 His image bear below :
 The heart with love to God inspir'd,
 With love to man will glow.
- 2 None who are truly born of God
 Can live at enmity ;
 Then may we love each other, Lord,
 As we are lov'd by thee.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 Our hopes and fears the same,
 With bonds of love our hearts unite,
 With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the unbelieving world
 See how true Christians love ;
 And glorify our Saviour's grace,
 And seek that grace to prove.

512

He first loved us.

7s.

1 John 4 : 19.

- SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
 Love's sweet lessons to obey ;
 Sweeter lessons can not be,
 Loving him who first lov'd me.
- ? With a child-like heart of love,
 At thy bidding may I move ;
 Prompt to serve and follow thee,
 Loving him who first lov'd me.
- Teach me all thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in thy grace ;
 Learning how to love from thee
 Loving him who first lov'd me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ—
 In obedience all her joy ;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving him who first lov'd me.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

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 lov'd me.

513

Blessed are the meek.

L. M.

Matt. 5: 5.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts—our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

OBEDIENCE.

514

To obey is better than sacrifice.

C. M.

1 Sam. 15: 22.

TH' importance of a sacred rite
Depends upon the Lord;
For he's a Being infinite,
And awful is his word.

2 If he a trifle shall command
His creatures to fulfill,
'T is not a trifle to withstand
Or counteract his will.

3 Adam might think the thing but small,
And ventur'd to transgress;
But it produc'd a dreadful fall
To all the human race.

OBEDIENCE.

4 These may appear but little things
To do, or not to do;
But see what grievous evil springs
When not attended to.

5 Our business is to learn to know
Our great Redeemer's will,
And with alacrity to go
His pleasure to fulfill.
Whether the thing be great or small,
It matters not to us;
He is the Potter, and we all
Are vessels for his use.

515 *This is the love of God, etc.* S. M.
1 John 5:3.

LOVE is the fountain whence
All true obedience flows;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.
2 He treads the heav'nly road,
And neither faints nor tires;
That generous love which warms his breast,
With fortitude inspires.

3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.

4 May love—that shining grace,
O'er all my pow'rs preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And ev'ry action guide!

16 *Go forward.* 7s
Ex. 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.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 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,
'Tis 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.

PATIENCE—PEACE.

517

Christian patience.

L. M

Luke 21: 19.

- P**ATIENCE! O, what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of pow'r and love,
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O, for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er—
We reach the shores of endless rest!
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign;
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And Patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

518

The peace of God.
Phil. 4: 7.

L. M

WHEN groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hush'd, and cities sleep—
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

2 When infancy at ev'ning tries,
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing, meets their raptur'd eyes:
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

3 In golden pomp, when autumn smiles,
And hill and dale, its rich increase
By man's full barns, exulting piles:
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

4 When mercy points where Jesus pleads,
And faith beholds thine anger cease,
And hope to black despair succeeds:
This, Father, this alone is peace!

519

The Christian's peace permanent.
John 14: 27.

C. M.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend,
The peace of God, which Christ has bought
The peace which knows no end.

2 The burning bush was not consum'd
While God remained there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.

4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

PERFECTION.

520 *They are without fault, etc.* L. M.
Rev. 14: 5.

HAD I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell
The pris'ner sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

3 But O! no foe invades the bliss
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

521 *Be ye perfect as your Father, etc.* L. M.
Matt. 5: 48.

GREAT Author of the immortal mind!
For noblest tho'ts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heav'nly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heav'n descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine
My moral pow'rs by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's wo,
And cheerful feed an hungry foe.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE.

5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O may the grace that pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

522 *Rooted and built up in him.* C. M.
Col. 2: 7.

TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways
Thou holy Lamb of God;
And fix and root me in the grace
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of ev'ry grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3 For this, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing,
Compar'd with thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on my heart
With an eternal pen:
That I may, in some small degree,
Return thy love again.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE.

523 *Life a pilgrimage.* C. M.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 3 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travelers home.
- 4 There, on the green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
- 5 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

524 "*As unknown, and yet well known.*" C. M.
2 Cor. 6: 9.

- WHAT poor, despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way
Along the rugged maze?
- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes, unseen,
The world is not appris'd.
- But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
O! they 're of boundless wealth possess'd
With hidden manna fed!
- 5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that 's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

PRAYER.

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

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

PRAYER.

525

Even as thou wilt.

L. M.

Matt. 15: 28.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting pow'r.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
O be thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its hight, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

526

Prayer answered by crosses.

L. M

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

- 2 I hoped that in some favor'd hour
 At once he'd answer my request;
 And, by his love's constraining pow'r,
 Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 3 Instead of this, he made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart.
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell
 Assault my soul in every part.
- Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
 Intent to aggravate my wo;
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
 Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.
- 5 "Lord, why is this," I trembling cried--
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
 "'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer pray'r for grace and faith.
- 6 "These inward trials I employ,
 From self, and pride, to set thee free;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

527

The hour of Prayer.

8s & 4.

Acts 3: 1.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to ev'ning star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet,
 The hour of pray'r?

- 2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that hour of solemn eve,
 When, on the wings of pray'r upborne,
 The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by thee renew'd;
 Then are my sins by thee forgiv'n;
 Then dost thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heav'n.

PRAYER.

- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
 There from my ev'ry want I find;
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone ev'ry fear:
 My spirit seems in heav'n to stay:
 And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wip'd away.

528

What is prayer.

C. M

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express'd;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say—"Behold, he prays."
- 5 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gate of death;
 He enters heav'n with pray'r.

529

Bring my soul out of trouble.

C. M

Psalm 143: 11.

TO thee, my God, whose presence fills
 The earth, and seas, and skies,
 To thee, whose name, whose heart is love,
 With all my pow'rs 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.
- 6 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

530

The mercy-seat.

L. M.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid.
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat.
 Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet.
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

31 *A prayer for submission.* S. M.

I WANT a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my suff'rings less.

2 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

3 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim—
 Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward—
 To thee and thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

5 I want with all my heart
 Thy pleasure to fulfill;
 To know myself, and what thou art,
 And what thy perfect will.

6 I want I know not what:
 I want my wants to see;
 I want, alas! what want I not,
 When thou art not in me?

532

Lord, teach us to pray.

C. M.

Luke 11 : 1.

- L**ORD, teach thy servants how to pray,
 With rev'ence and with fear;
 Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
 We must to thee draw near.
- 2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee!
 Give broken, contrite hearts;
 Give what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility—the sense
 Of Godly sorrow give;
 A strong desiring confidence
 To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one Sacrifice
 Which can for sin atone;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
 On Christ—on Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience still to wait and weep,
 Though mercy long delay—
 Courage our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee though thou slay.
- 6 Give these—and then thy will be done!
 Thus strengthen'd with all might,
 We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

533

Hinderances to prayer.

L. M.

1 Peter 3 : 7.

- W**HAT various hind'rances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat;
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds with-
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw; [draw;
 Gives exercise to faith and love—
 Gives ev'ry blessing from above.

PRAYER.

- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

534

Prayer for the Jews.

L. M.

- FATHER of faithful Abrah'm, hear
 Our earnest suit for Abrah'm's seed;
 Justly they claim the tenderest pray'r
 From us, adopted in their stead.
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
 Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,
 Blaspheming whom they crucified,
 Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiv'n.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
 For ever cast thine own away?
 Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers look
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray.
- 4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come;
 The vail from Jacob's heart remove;
 O bring thine ancient people home,
 And let them know thy dying love.

35

Prayer in perplexity.

C. M.

- THOU great First Cause! least under-
 In ev'ry clime ador'd; [stood,
 We all know this—that thou art good.
 The universal Lord!
- 2 If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

3 Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

4 Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

36 *Supplication for our country.* C. M.
Gen. 18: 23-33.

WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom sued—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in that place
Ten right'ous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
Forsake us not, O God!

537 *Prayer for a revival.* L. M.
Hab. 3: 2.

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

PRAYER.

- 2 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
 Forgive our sins, and grant us peace;
 Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
 With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 3 May young and old thy word receive,
 Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
 The wounded conscience healing find,
 And joy refresh each drooping mind.
 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
 Abound in fruits of holiness;
 And when translated to the skies,
 May younger in their stead arise.
- 5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
 And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,
 In humble hope that thou wilt hear
 Thy minister's and people's pray'r.

538

Spare thy people, etc. 8s, 7s & 4

Joel 2: 17.

- S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will turn to desolation,
 Unless thou return again;
 Lord, revive us!
 All our help must come from thee!
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thy assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die;
 Lord, revive us!
 All our help must come from thee!
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares;
 Lord, revive us!
 All our help must come from thee!

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

39 *Wilt thou not revive us again?* S. M.
Psalm 85: 6.

O LORD! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring pow'r.

2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest pray'r;
Their solemn vows again renew
And walk in filial fear!

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry:
O, come and bring salvation near!
Our souls on thee rely.

540 *Prayer divinely inspired.* C. M.
Rom. 8: 26.

PRAY'R is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And pray'r the rising flame.

2 It gives the burden'd spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourner here,
And to the weary rest.

PRAYER.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there 's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant can not fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

341 *Lord, help me.* C. M.
Matt. 15: 25.

O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heav'nly succor give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

3 O help us, through the pray'r of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If strangers to thy fold we call,
Imploring at thy feet
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
That is all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.

6 O help us, Jesus, from on high
We know no help but thee:
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be!

542

Throne of grace.

C. M.

Heb. 4: 16.

- O** LORD, to us, assembled here,
 Reveal thy smiling face;
 While we, by faith, with love and fear,
 Approach a throne of grace.
- 2 Thy house is call'd a house of pray'r,
 A solemn, sacred place;
 O let us now thy presence share,
 While at the throne of grace.
- 3 With holy boldness may we come,
 Though of a sinful race;
 Thankful to find there yet is room
 Before the throne of grace.
- 4 Thy tender pity and thy love
 Our ev'ry fear can chase;
 And all our help, we then shall prove,
 Comes from the throne of grace.
- 5 We bless thee for thy word and laws;
 We bless thee for thy peace;
 And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
 There is a throne of grace.

543

The power of prayer.

C. M.

Matt. 17: 20.

- T**HERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night;
 There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs,
 That arm upholds the sky;
 That ear is fill'd with angel songs;
 That love is throned on high.

PRAYER.

- 4 But there's a pow'r which man can wield
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That list'ning ear to gain.
- 5 That pow'r is pray'r, which soars on high,
 Through Jesus, to the throne;
 And moves the hand which moves the world
 To bring salvation down!

544

Encouragement to prayer.

7s

Matt. 7: 7.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord remove this load of sin;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

THE RACE.

545

The Christian race.

C. M.

Heb. 12: 1.

A WAKE, my soul; stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

546

He being dead, yet speaketh.

C. M.

Heb. 11: 4.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who liv'd and walk'd 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 conquer'd ev'ry foe;
To his almighty pow'r and grace
Their crowns of life thy owe.

REPROOF.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heav'n.

REPROOF.

547

Duty to the erring.

L. M

James 5: 20.

WOULDST thou an erring soul redeem
And lead a lost one back to God;
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod?

2 Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own;
And by his side a brother stand
Till thou the demon, sin, dethrone.

3 Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest mood,
And back the lost one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity and good!

4 Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

548

“Admonish him as a brother.”

C. M.

2 Thess. 3: 15.

SPEAK gently to the erring ones:—
Ye know not all the pow'r
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.

2 Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

3 Speak gently to the erring one :—

O do not thou forget,
However darkly stain'd by sin,
He is thy brother yet.

4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones:
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone.
Without our censure rough?

6 It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

SAFETY.

549

The believer's safety.

L. M.

1 Pet. 3: 13.

THAT man, no guard or weapon needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows,
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Thro' burning sands, or mountain snows.

2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear,
Redemption is his shield and tow'r;
He sees his Saviour always near,
To help in ev'ry trying hour.

Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

4 His love possessing, I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come
Whether I go to east or west,
With him I still shall be at home.

SELF EXAMINATION.

- 5 If placed beneath the northern pole,
Tho' winter reigns with rigor there,
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.
- 6 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

SELF EXAMINATION.

550

Self examination.

L. M.

2 Cor. 13 : 5.

- WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear;
How few, alas, approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I? My soul awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, in word, and action shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear!
May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall
live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear!

SINCERITY.

551 *Do all to the glory of God.* S. M

TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

552 *The true Christian.* L. M.
Phil. 1: 10.

THE Christian knows his God aright,
And worships him with strong delight
He's taught of God, and truly wise—
Still sets the Lord before his eyes.

The Christian hates his ev'ry sin—
Evils external or within;
And with an humble, contrite heart,
From all that's sinful doth depart.

3 The Christian has a faith divine,
And doth to faith obedience join;
Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
And always walks in holy ways.

SUBMISSION.

- 4 The Christian is a man of God—
 He takes the pure, the heav'nly road,
 All his affections rise above,
 And all his heart is full of love.
- 5 To thee, O Lord, my soul aspires,
 And kindles with seraphic fires;
 The real Christian I would be,
 And live conform'd to heav'n and thee.

SUBMISSION

553 *Rejoicing in adversity.* C. M.
 Hab. 3: 17.

- WHAT tho no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny,
 The labor of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply:
- 2 Though from the field, with sad surprise,
 My flock cut off I see;
 Though famine reign in empty stalls,
 Where herds were wont to be;
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in his love;
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
 The source of lasting joy;
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

554 *The cup of suffering.* L. M.
 Matt. 26: 42.

DEAR Lord! though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up;
 That can not hurt which comes from thee

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Mix it with thy unchanging love;
Let not a drop of wrath be there!
The saints for ever blest above,
Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

555

Thy will be done.

C. M.

Matt. 6: 10.

- O**NE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No; let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

WATCHFULNESS.

556

Watching against evil talk.

C. M.

Psalm 39: 1.

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong."

WATCHFULNESS.

- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
 With men of lives profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should the occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.

Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overaw'd,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak for God.

557

The watchful servant.

S. M.

Matt. 24: 42.

YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heav'nly word,
 And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,
 And while we speak, he's near;
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
 With his own bounteous hand,
 And raise that fav'rite servant's head
 Amidst th' angelic band.

THE WARFARE.

558 *War against evil proclaimed.* L. M.
Matt. 10 : 34.

JESUS, my King, proclaims the war;
"Awake! the powers of hell are near
To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry;
"'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
I haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield;
The word of God the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight,
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

559 *The battle.* 7s & 6s.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Lo! your Leader from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor—gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See! the strife will soon be done.
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell—
 Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on, to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We can not lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod—
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain;
 Rise to join that glorious train,
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

560

Mighty through God.

C. M

2 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 abhorr'd,
 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 burnish'd steel,
 And seek no gory field;
 Our weapon is the word of God,
 His promise is our shield.

5 And still serene and fix'd in faith,
 We fear no earthly harm;
 We know it is our Father's work,
 We rest upon his arm.

561 *If we suffer, we shall also reign, etc.* C. M
 2 Tim. 2: 12.

A M I a soldier of the cross?
 A follow'r of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 Whilst others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory, through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

562 *The mind of Christ.* S. M
 Phil. 2: 5.

EQUIP me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight:
 My simple, upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright.

2 Control my ev'ry thought:
 My whole of sin remove;
 Let all my works in thee be wrought;
 Let all be wrought in love.

C. M

3 O arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
 And let my knowing zeal be join'd
 With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
 Let me enforce thy call;
 And vindicate thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee—
 In all thy footsteps tread;
 Thou hatest all iniquity.
 But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

563

Christian watchfulness.

S. M

1 Cor. 16: 13.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

O, watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

S. M

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 breath,
 To his divine abode.

WISDOM.

- 564 *Wisdom the source of happiness.* L. M
 Prov. 3: 13.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
 Who knows "the Saviour died for me,"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heav'nly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches and immortal praise—
 Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
 And honor that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

ZEAL.

- 565 *Zealous of good works.* L. M
 Titus 2: 14.

AWAKE, my zeal, awake my love.
 To serve my Saviour here below,
 In works which perfect saints above
 And holy angels can not do.

2 Awake, my charity, and feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heav'n are found no sons of need;
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul;
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high;
There are no foes t' encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let ev'ry flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown,
And when my life and labors cease
May I possess the promis'd crown.

566

Whose faith follow.

L. M

Heb. 13: 7

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire—
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with scrow melt
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways!
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breath'd in David's hallow'd lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour?

DEATH.

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

DEATH.

567

Separations in time.

6s & 8s.

FRRIEND 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 blessed clime
Whence 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,
Form'd 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

568

Death of an infant.

L. M.

SO fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

DEATH.

- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die.
- 3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

569

Weep not for the dead.

L. M.

Jer. 22: 10.

- W**HY weep for those, frail child of wo,
Who've fled and left thee mourning here!
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them; beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.
- 3 Or round their Father's throne above,
With raptur'd voice, his praise they sing,
Or on his messages of love
They journey with unweari'd wing.
- 4 Space can not check, tho't can not bound,
The high exulting souls, whom he
Who form'd these million worlds around,
Takes to his own eternity.
- 5 Then weep no more—their voices raise
The song of triumph high to God,
And wouldst thou join their song of praise
Walk humbly in the path they trod.

570 *Christian parents giving up a child.* 6s & 5s.

SAVIOUR, now receive him
To thy bosom mild;
For with thee we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child.

DEATH.

- 2 Though his eye hath brighten'd
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lighten'd
Half our heart's dismay;
- 3 Now let thought behold him
In his angel rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To a Saviour's breast.
- 4 Yield we what was given,
At thy holy call;
The beautiful to heav'n,
Thou who givest all!
- 5 Still 'mid heavy mourning,
Look thee now to God!
There, thy spirit turning,
Kneel beside the sod.

571

The memory of the just.

Prov. 10: 7.

L M

EARTH'S transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet mem'ry of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

- 2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles establish'd be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain:
- 3 As, in the heav'ns, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age:
- 4 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The mem'ry of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

DEATH.

572 *Death only sometimes pleasant.* L. M.

- WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
 And golden hopes the spirits greet,
 And youth prepares his joy to meet,
 Alas! how hard it is to die.
- 2 When scarce is seiz'd some borrow'd prize,
 And duties press; and tender ties
 Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
 How awful, then, it is to die.
- 3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
 And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
 And man is left alone to mourn,
 Ah! then, how easy 'tis to die.
- 4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
 And films, slow gath'ring, dim the sight,
 And clouds obscure the mental light,
 'Tis nature's precious boon to die.
- 5 When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
 And words of peace the spirit cheer,
 And vision'd glories half appear,
 'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then, to die.

573 *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 th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

DEATH.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell,
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

574 *Here we have no continuing city.* L. M.
Heb. 13: 14.

"WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost a saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 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.

6 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.

DEATH.

575

The Christian never dies.

John 11: 26.

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimm'd by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen can not die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

576

The promised land.

C. M.

Rev. 21: 4.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

3 No clouds those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day

DEATH.

- 5 O. may the heav'nly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear ev'ry thought above!
- 6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

577

Blessed are the dead, etc.

Rev. 14: 13.

C. M.

- H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
 For all the pious dead; [claims
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suff'ring and from sin releas'd,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with their Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

578

Go to thy rest, fair child.

S. M

- G**O to thy rest, fair child!
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefil'd,
 With blessings on thy head.
- 2 Before thy heart had learn'd
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before thy feet had ever turn'd
 The dark and downward way;
- 4 Ere sin had sear'd the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear;
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
 In yon celestial sphere!

DEATH.

- 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.

579

Death of an infant.

L. M

AS the sweet flow'r that scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day,
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
 Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
 Had ever spurn'd at heav'n's control,
 Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
 Perhaps has spared a heavier doom—
 Snatch'd him from scenes of guilty joy,
 Or from the pangs of ill to come.

4 He died to sin; he died to care;
 But for a moment felt the rod;
 Then, rising on the viewless air,
 Spread his light wings and soared to God.

580

Death the gate of heaven.

L. M

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

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

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

581

Christ blessing children.

C. M.

Matt. 19: 15.

THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these tender lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
And mold with heav'nly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
Shall be for ever thine.

DEATH.

582

Death of a pastor.

8s & 7s.

PASTOR, thou art from us taken
 In the glory of thy years,
 As the oak, by tempests shaken,
 Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
 Of the Lamb who died to save—
 Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
 To the deep, baptismal wave—

3 Pale and cold we see the lying
 In God's temple, once so dear,
 And the mourners' bitter sighing
 Falls unheeded on thine ear.

4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
 Where immortal fountains flow,
 And on living bread to feed us,
 In our fond remembrance glow.

5 May the conqu'ring faith that cheer'd thee
 When thy foot on Jordan press'd,
 Guide our spirits while we leave thee
 In the tomb that Jesus bless'd.

583

Deliverance at hand.

C. M

MY span of life will soon be done,
 The passing moments say,
 As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
 Proclaim the close of day.

O that my heart might dwell aloof,
 From all created things,
 And learn that wisdom from above,
 Whence true contentment springs!

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
 In ev'ry trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heav'n above,
 But shall not enter there.

DEATH.

The sighing ones that humbly seek,
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.
 Courage my soul, on God rely,
 Deliv'rance soon will come.
 A thousand ways has Providence,
 To bring believers home.

4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
 From nature's prison free,
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Were written, Lord, for me.
 But thou, my shepherd, friend and guide,
 Hast led me kindly on,
 Taught me to rest my fainting head
 On Christ, the corner stone.

584

The happy change.

L. M.

FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
 Escap'd the prison of his clay,
 The new inhabitant of bliss
 To heaven directs his upward way.

2 Ye fields! that witness'd once his tears,
 Ye winds! that waft'd oft his sighs,
 Ye mountains! where he breath'd his pray'r
 When sorrow's shadow veil'd his eyes--

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
 No more affliction wrings his heart;
 Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—
 Forever he and anguish part!

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

585

The death of children.

C. M.

YE mourning saints whose streaming tears
 Flow o'er your children dead,
 Say not in transports of despair,
 That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise and with joy and rev'rence view
 A heav'nly parent nigh.

3 Tho' your young branches torn away,
 Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
 With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
 Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
 "In my own house a place;
 No names of daughters and of sons,
 Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope,
 A rising race can give,
 In endless honor and delight,
 My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
 Through which thy face we see,
 And bless those wounds which through our
 Prepare a way for thee. [hearts]

586

A thought of death and glory.

C. M.

Deut. 32: 29.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you mine eyes look down and view
 The hollow gaping tomb:
 This gloomy prison waits for you.
 Whene'er the summons come.

DEATH.

- 3 O could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead!
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load;
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

587

Preparation for death.

C. M

- I**F I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.
- 2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refin'd.
- 3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

DEATH.

588 *The Christian's parting hour.* L. M

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with powe
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heav'n is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

589 *Adieu to the dying saint.* L. M.

FAREWELL, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above;
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye;
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

3 O'er all the names of Christ, our King,
Shall our harmonious voices rove;
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

- 4 Come, sov'reign Lord! dear Saviour, come!
Remove these separating days;
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home,
That golden hour, how long it stays?
- 5 How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.
Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay released,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

590 *Death of a minister in his prime.* 10s.
Deut. 34: 7.

- G**O to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power:
A Christian's always ready for 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; thy 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 there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransom'd, 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.

591 *On the death of a child.* C. M

- W**AKE up, my muse, condole the loss
Of those who mourn this day;
Let tears run down on every face,
And every mourner pray.
- 2 The tyrant, death, came rushing in
And here, his pow'r to show,
With icy hand he touched this child,
And laid its visage low.

DEATH.

3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please the parent's eye;
The tender plant, so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.

4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain;
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.

5 The winding sheet enfolds its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast;
To-day 't is seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last—

6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
The nations great and small;
When you and I the test shall stand,
Or at his presence fall.

592

The bereaved husband.

L. M.

YES, she is gone—yet do not thou
The goodness of the Lord distrust;
But meekly to his wisdom bow,
Who lays thy lov'd one in the dust.
The form is there—but seek not there
The spirit born for light and love;
Look upward—free from sin and care,
It rests in joy with God above.

Through many checker'd scenes of life,
Ye hand in hand have journey'd on;
For her the labor and the strife
Are o'er—the peaceful goal is won.
The pleasant voice and cheering smile,
Which oft hath sooth'd thy harass'd mi-
Are gone but for a little while,
She hath not left thee far behind.

3 Then mourn not that an heir of grace,
 Has reach'd the goal of hope and faith,
 Press onward in the Christian race;
 Brief is your parting now by death;
 Soon thou too wilt be called to leave
 This earth, where sadly thou dost roam,
 Soon joyfully wilt thou receive,
 In heav'n, her gentle "Welcome Home."

593

The widow's God.

L. M

IN this lone hour of deep distress,
 When heavy sorrows round me press,
 Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
 I trust thee as the widow's God.

2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
 The grave is now his resting-place;
 O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
 Reveal thyself the widow's God.

3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
 Suppress my murm'ring, dry my tears
 Help me to own thee as my Lord,
 And bless thee as the widow's God.

3 Be thou my counsellor and stay,
 Protect by night, and guide by day;
 Then, as I travel life's rough road,
 I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

594

Beautiful emblems, etc.

C. M

BEHOLD the western ev'ning light!
 It melts in deep'ning gloom;
 So calmly Christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree;
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.

DEATH.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wand'ring cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the mem'ry left behind,
When lov'd ones breathe their last.

5 And lo, above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

595 *Not lost, but gone before.* L. M.

SAY, why should friendship grieve for
those

Who safe arrive on Canaan's shores?
Releas'd from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er!
Now they enjoy a heav'nly birth;
They are not lost, but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep.
And sweet the strain which angels pour
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

4 On Jordan's bank when'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost—but gone before.

596

We are warned of death.

C. M.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head
Is equal warning giv'n;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heav'n.

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze;
He lurks in ey'ry flow'r;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril ev'ry hour.

4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

597 *The righteous hath hope in his death.* C. M.
Prov. 14: 32.

O, MOST delightful hour by man
Experienc'd here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his wo.

Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

3 My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heav'n unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

DEATH.

4 So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

598

Asleep in Jesus.

L. M

1 Thess. 4: 14.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd 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 venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

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.

599

Ye are not your own.

C. M

1 Cor. 6: 19.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of wo
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was giv'n?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heav'n.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow--
God has recall'd his own;
And let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say—"Thy will be done!"

600

Thou art gone to the grave.

12a.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore
thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath pass'd 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 die, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansions forsaking,
What though thy weak spirit in fear lingered long:
The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou hearest was the seraphim's
song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

601

Life is not in length of days.

L. M

GO, spirit of the sainted dead,

Go to thy long'd-for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

If life be not in length of days,

In silver'd locks and furrow'd brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heav'n the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

602

A funeral thought.

C. M.

HARK! from the tomb a doleful sound;
 My ears, attend the cry:
 "Ye living men, come view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie."

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your tow'rs!
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
 Must lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?

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

603

Death of a youth.

C. M.

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

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful pow'r—I too must die—
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

DEATH.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

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

304 *Why seek ye the living among the dead.* L. M.
Luke 24 : 5.

AH! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

2 They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, cloth'd in heav'nly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

3 And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs
Which bloom as bloom the early flow'rs
In breath of summer's viewless airs.

4 And silent aspirations start,
In promptings of their purer thought,
Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even hope had wrought.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darken'd souls forget
The lessons of enduring trust.

5 Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more;
But holy Joy shall walk with him.

605

The summons of death.

8s. 8l.

HOW solemn the signal I hear!
 The summons that calls me away,
 In regions unknown to appear.

How shall I the summons obey?
 What scenes in that world shall arise,
 When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
 And darkness has seal'd up mine eyes,
 And deep in the dust I am laid?

2 No longer the world can I view,
 The scenes which so long I have known
 My friends, I must bid you adieu,
 For here I must travel alone:
 Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
 His hallowed footsteps I know;
 I'll trust for defense to his rod,
 And lean on his staff as I go.

3 Dear Shepherd of Israel, lead on,
 My soul follows hard after thee;
 The phantoms of death are all down,
 When Jesus my Shepherd I see.
 Dear brethren and sisters, I go
 To wait your arrival above;
 Be faithful, and soon you shall know
 The triumphs and joys of his love.

606

She is not dead, etc.

C. M

Luke 8: 52.

THE dead are like the stars by day—
 Withdrawn from mortal eye,
 Yet holding unperceived their way
 Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
 We feel, in hours serene,
 Connected with a world above,
 Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;

4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

607 *The believer's hopeful departure.* L. M.

FAREWELL, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

2 I'm glad that I was born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 And when to that bright world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky,
O then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in pray'r;
Our mourning time shall then be o'er,
And we shall live to die no more.

5 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory to my Jesus be.

608 *A house not made with hands.* C. M.
2 Cor. 5: 1.

THERE is a house not made with hands
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

DEATH.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay,
 Must be dissolv'd and fall;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heav'nly father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heav'n:
 And as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- We walk by faith of joys to come;
 Faith lives upon his word;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see:
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

609 *Hope in prospect of eternity.* C. M

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it droop or die;
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale
 And soar to worlds on high;
 Shall join the disembodied saints.
 And find its long-sought rest
 (That only bliss for which it pants)
 In the Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain.
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain:
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come.
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my raptur'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise!

DEATH.

I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
 4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

610

Death disarmed.

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 should we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.
 3 Why should we tremble, to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
 4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
 And soft'ned ev'ry bed,
 Where shall the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?
 5 Thence he arose; ascended high,
 And show'd our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh 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.

DEATH.

611 *Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.* 8s & 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of ev'ning,
 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.

612 *The meeting in heaven.* C. M.

BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall
 Shall meet to part no more, [meet,
 And with celestial welcome greet,
 On an immortal shore.

2 The parent finds the long-lost child ;
 Brothers on brothers gaze ;
 The tear of resignation mild
 Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie, dissolv'd with pain,
 With endless bliss is crown'd ;
 All that was dead revives again ;
 All that was lost is found.

4 Congenial minds, array'd in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange,
 Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
 On wings of love to range.

DEATH.

5 Their Father marks their gen'rous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim,
Is their immortal crown.

613 *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 seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; nor mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed;
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 sov'reign word!
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

614 *At midnight there was a cry made.* S. M.
Matt. 25: 6.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

DEATH.

4 At midnight came the cry
 "To meet thy God, prepare!"
 He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
 Then, strong in faith and pray'r,

5 His spirit, with a bound,
 Left its incumb'ring clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

615

Sorrow turned to joy.

8s & 7s.

John 16: 20.

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 the 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.

616

To a departed saint.

C. M

DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
 We will not weep for thee:
 One thought shall check the starting tear
 It is, that thou art free.

DEATH.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling pow'r
The tears of love restrain;
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breath'd in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

617

The moment after death.

C. M.

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

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
One effort—and he's gone!
And lo! the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 We strive, but all our efforts fail
To trace that upward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Yet, though we see them not, we know
Saints are supremely blest;
And freed from sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His face they always view;
And if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

DEATH.

618 *The comforts of Christian hope.* C. M.

THE broken ties of happier days,
 How often do they seem
 To come before the mental gaze,
 Like a remember'd dream;
 And earthly hand can ne'er again
 Unite these broken ties,
 Around us each dissever'd chain
 In sparkling ruin lies.

O, who, in such a world as this,
 Could bear their lot of pain,
 Did not one radiant hope of bliss
 Unclouded yet remain?
 That hope the sov'reign Lord has giv'n,
 Who reigns above the skies:
 Hope that unites our souls to heav'n,
 By faith's endearing ties.

3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
 Is sent in pitying love
 To lift the ling'ring heart from earth,
 And speed its flight above.
 And ev'ry pang that wrings the breast,
 And ev'ry joy that dies,
 Tells us to seek a purer rest,
 And trust to holier ties.

619 *Sorrow not even as others, etc.* 8s & 7s.
 1 Thess. 4: 13.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
 O'er the grave of those you love;
 Pain and death, and night and anguish,
 Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
 Lonely through night's deep'ning shade
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the happy Christian's head.

THE RESURRECTION.

- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There, no fear of wo intruding,
Sheds o'er heav'n a moment's gloom.

THE RESURRECTION.

620

I will raise him up.

C. M.

John 6: 40.

- T**HROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's
Admid the deep'ning gloom, [path,
We, follow'rs of our suff'ring Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our pow'rs decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

THE RESURRECTION.

621 *Who shall change our vile body.* S. M.
Phil. 3: 21.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mold'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry form and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

622 *Immortality brought to light.* L. M.
2 Tim. 1: 10.

SHALL man, O God of light and life!
For ever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.

THE RESURRECTION.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way ;
They shall be cloth'd with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall
wake,
From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring ;
Through heav'n, with joy, their myriads rise
And hail their Saviour and their king.

623 *The dead and living saints meeting.* C. M.
1 Thess. 4: 17.

THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend ;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake ;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
While earth's foundations shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore ;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

624 *Triumph over death.* C. M.
Job. 19: 25-27.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
That nature must decay ;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

THE RESURRECTION.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the graves,
And trample on the tombs,
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

625 *Death swallowed up in victory.* C. M.
1 Cor. 15: 54.

HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around!
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!

4 I hear the voice: "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

THE RESURRECTION.

5 O! may my humble spirit stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing.

626

Christ's resurrection.

L. M.

Matt. 28: 5.

THE angels who watch'd round the tomb
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom,
He hid for a season his head!
That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ
Have witness'd his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

2 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorifi'd 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.

O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done:
The blush that spreads over its west—
The last ling'ring ray of its sun!
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise from the shades of the tomb.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 4 Then welcome the last rending sigh,
When these aching heartstrings shall
break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek:
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

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 627 *His days are as a shadow.* L. M.
Psalm 144: 4.

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

- 2 "He lived—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

- 3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us the boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
'To share the glory that succeeds.

- 628 *Importance of time.* L. M.
Eph. 5: 16.

O TIME! how few thy value weigh!
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 2 In painful cares, in empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Then let us ev'ry day give heed,
That we his servants be indeed.

629

Value of a moment.

L. M.

AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death;
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

- 2 Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last;
There is a point no eyes can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.
- 3 This is that moment—who shall tell,
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
Th' immortal soul we save, or lose.
- 4 Time past and time to come are not—
Time present is our only lot;
O God! henceforth our hearts incline,
To seek no other love than thine.

630

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

S. M.

Prov. 27: 1.

TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine.
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 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 pow'r,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursu'd!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

631

Brevity of life.

C. M.

Gen. 47: 9.

- OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heav'n allows to men;
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of three score years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye can not flow too fast.
- 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

632

Time fleeting.

7s & 6s.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclos'd 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.

633 *Serious prospect of eternity.* C. P. M.

L O! on a narrow neck of land,
L' Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will
And to the end endure.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

634 *Rapidity and uncertainty of time.* C. P. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres.

Around the steady pole;
Time, like a tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

The grave is near the cradle seen;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly:

Unthinking man, remember this—
Though fond of sublunary bliss—

That thou must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call!

Thy earthly tent must shortly fall,

And thou must take thy flight,

Beyond the vast expansive blue,

To sing above, as angels do,

Or sink in gloomy night.

635

Our life is a vapor.

L. M.

James 4: 14.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!

How transient ev'ry earthly bliss!

How slender all the fondest ties

That bind us to a world like this!

2 The ev'ning cloud, the morning dew,

The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,

Of earthly hopes are emblems true,

The glory of a passing hour.

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

636

Dust thou art, etc.

S. M.

Gen. 3: 19.

- LORD, what a feeble piece
 LIS this our mortal frame!
 Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
 That scarce deserves the name.
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay,
 That built our body first!
 And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
 'T is mold'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
 Nor will our minutes stay;
 Just like a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight,
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempest'ous sea!
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity.

637

Our frailty.

C. M.

1 Peter 1: 24.

- LET others boast how strong they be,
 LNOR death nor danger fear;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay;
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone;
 Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long!

TIME AND ETERNITY.

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God who form'd us first;
Praise be to his almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

C38

Our mortality.

C. M.

Psalm 90: 12.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who
And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

39 *Vanity of earthly enjoyments.* C. M.
Ecc. 1: 2.

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

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

640 *Brevity and uncertainty of life.* C. M.
Psalm 39: 4-7.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase,
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Infinite joy, or wretched wo,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

641 *Your fathers, where are they?* S. M.
Zech. 1: 5.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.
- 3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace.
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

642 *Man is of few days, etc.* C. M.
Job 14: 1.

KIND souls, reflect awhile with me,
Upon our wretched state!
How frail our life, how short our time,
Our miseries, how great!

HEAVEN.

- 2 How short the pleasures earth afford,
 How transient and how few,
 Compar'd with heav'n's eternal joys,
 And pleasures ever new.
- 3 Come, let us leave the things of earth
 (Whose pleasures poisons are).
 And haste away to Canaan's land,
 And try our int'rest there.
 Make the extended skies your tomb,
 Let heav'n record your worth,
 For know, vain mortals all must die,
 As nature's sickliest birth.
- 5 Would bounteous heav'n indulge my pray,
 A nobler choice I'd frame,
 Than here to be esteemed great,
 Or gain an earthly name.
- 6 But in thy book of life divine,
 My God! inscribe my name;
 There let it fill some humble place
 Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.

HEAVEN.

643

I would not live alway.
 Job 7: 16.

11s.

- I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.
- 2 I would not live alway, if fetter'd by sin—
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 And th' rapture of pardon be mingled with fears,
 And th' cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus hath 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.
- 4 Who, who would live alway away from his God
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

HEAVEN.

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And th' smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

644 *The fatherland.* 9s & 8s.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
My heart and treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

That blissful place is my fatherland;
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 a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
For there is the palace of God!

3 There is a place where my friends are gone
Who suffer'd and worship'd 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.

645 *A home in heaven.* 10s

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart oppress'd, and with anguish driv'n
From his home below to his home in heav'n.

2 A home in heaven! As the suff'rer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blest thought of his home in heav'n!

3 A home in heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heav'n.

A home in heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit's strokes for its evil deeds,
O, then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!

5 A home in heav'n! When our friends are fled
 To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead,
 We wait in hope on the promise given—
 We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

646 *Thy eyes shall see the King in his beauty.* C. M.
 Isaiah 33: 17.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!

It is not to behold
 The glory of thy jasper-walls,
 Thy streets of purest gold;

2 To see the twelve Apostles' names
 Upon thy bulwark traced;
 Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,
 By each an angel plac'd;

3 The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
 Nor yet that throne to see—
 That I would pray, "O may my home
 Be found at last in thee!"

4 No earthly eye I know hath seen
 The glories that are thine;
 Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise
 From 'mid the host divine.

5 But O! than all thy streets can boast
 My eager eyes would see;
 Jesus, the precious Lamb of God,
 Who died to ransom me!

6 "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Name ever dear to me,
 O may at last my name be found,"
 With Christ, my Lord, in thee!

647 *The home of the soul.* 11s & 5

O H 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.

HEAVEN.

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!

648

Rest for the weary.

8s & 7s

I N 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 wo my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd;
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

HEAVEN.

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.

649 *The pilgrimage of life.* C. M.

OUR country is Immanuel's ground—
 We seek that promis'd soil;
 The songs of Zion cheer on hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joys o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears;
 Yet naught but heav'n our hopes can raise
 And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flow'rs that spring along the road
 We scarcely stoop to pluck;
 We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
 Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
 We bear the cross he bore;
 And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet
 His temples pierc'd before.

650 *The former things are passed away.* L. M.
 Rev. 21: 4.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
 In visions of enraptur'd 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.

3 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.

HEAVEN.

- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wand'rer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

651 *A prospect of heaven.* C. M.

LO! I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears;
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!

- 3 I hear the voice—"Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

- 5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

- 6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward, through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

652 *Sweet 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.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

HEAVEN.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face,
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

653

They are safe—we follow.

C. M.

PRAISE to the Lord, for they are past,
They are gone safe before;
They've borne the wildest tempest-blast,
And heard the last storm's roar.

2 Mourners they were—they weep not now
Sick—now they know not pain:
And glory shines on every brow
Of that once feeble train.

3 O blest, and beautiful, and bright,
How fair their white robes gleam!
O to behold the glorious sight,
Without a veil between!

4 Yet once, like us, with trembling fear,
Their unknown path they view'd:
Now, God has wip'd away each tear,
From all that multitude.

HEAVEN.

5 Shout! they have gain'd their rest at last,
The port where they would be;
Through adverse gales and tempest's blast,
Their foll'wers still are we.

654

The holy Jerusalem.

C. M.

Rev. 21: 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 heav'n-built
And pearly gates behold? [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end?

4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

655

Ever with the Lord.

S. M.

1 Thess. 4: 17.

“FOR ever with the Lord!”

Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word—
'T is immortality.

HEAVEN.

- 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 foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!
- 4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.
- 5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
In death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

656 *Termination of the Christian warfare.* 8s & 7s
Rev. 2: 10.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war for ever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

- 3 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.

HEAVEN.

3 When we gain the heav'nly regions,
 When we touch the heav'nly shore—
 Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more:
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O, that hope! how bright, how glorious
 'Tis his people's blest reward;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

657

Are we almost there?

P. M.

ARE we almost there? are we almost there?
 A Says the weary saint as he sighs for home;
 Are those the verdant trees that rear
 Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome?

2 Then he talks of the flowers, th' unsullied stream,
 That flows through the paradise of God:
 And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,
 To walk those golden streets abroad.

3 He's weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
 And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;
 To glow with the vigor of endless life,
 And be compassed no more by the bounds of time.

4 His eye is fixed on the world to come,
 He walks by faith through this vale of care,
 And oft inquires, as he draws near home,
 With anxious heart—Are we almost there?

5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,
 At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
 To enter the giddy halls of mirth;
 But, ah! how vain do they all appear!

6 For he's had an earnest of those joys
 Which the righteous alone can ever share;
 He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
 And fervently asks—Are we almost there?

7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
 And to meet his Saviour in the air!
 The day-star dawns—soon, with joyous bound,
 He can say indeed—We are almost there!

658 *What must it be to be there?* 88.

WE speak of the realms of the blest—
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd:
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold—
Its walls, deck'd with jewels so rare—
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 to 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, amidst gladness or wo,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

659 *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 wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

HEAVEN.

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast;
And, following their incarnate Lord,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

660

No tears in heaven.

C. M

Rev. 21: 4.

WHAT, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave
By adverse winds be driv'n,
And howling tempests 'round us rave?—
There are no tears in heav'n.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riv'n!
Still, let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heav'n.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heav'n.

4 The mourner sad, who, drown'd in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striv'n,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heav'n.

5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shalt be,
And sorrow far be driv'n;
And sin and death forever flee;
There are no tears in heav'n.

6 There, from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is giv'n;
There, there, shall cease the painful strife;
There are no tears in heav'n.

661

The dwelling place of God.

L. M.

THERE is a region lovelier far
 Than sages tell or poets sing,
 Brighter than noonday glories are,
 And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fann'd by summer's gale;
 'T is not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;
 It never needs the moonbeam pale—
 For there are known no ev'ning hours

3 No; for that world is ever bright
 With purest radiance all its own:
 The streams of uncreated light
 Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

4 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.

5 In vain the curious, searching eye
 May seek to view the fair abode,
 Or find it in the starry sky:
 It is the dwelling-place of God.

662

The Christian's home.

P. M.

AN alien from God and a stranger to grace,
 I wander through earth, its gay pleasures to trace
 In the pathway of sin I continue to roam,
 Unmindful, alas! that it leads me from home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 O Saviour, direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
 But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are giv'n—
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

HEAVEN.

- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!
- 4 Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!
The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus shall say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.
- 6 Affliction and sorrow, and death shall be o'er
The saints shall unite, to be parted no more,
Their loud hallelujah fill heav'n's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

663

The new song.

L. M.

Rev. 14: 3.

ON Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host redeem'd by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
I heard the song and strove to join.

- 2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

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
Th' amazing highs and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

HEAVEN.

5 O what a sweet, exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd 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.

664

A little while.

S. M. D

John 16: 16.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall lie with them 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.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

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.

5 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

HEAVEN.

865

My Father's house.

L. M.

John 14: 2.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine,
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home, to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here a stranger far from home,
Afflictions waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heav'nly mansion is secure.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be—
This heav'nly mansion stands for me.

666

A better country.

C. M

Heb. 11: 16.

O, WHAT a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in thee!

- 2 But thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day

HEAVEN.

3 There shall thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.

4 There Jesus, on his heav'nly throne,
Our wond'ring eyes shall see;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.

5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

667 *Behold, the tabernacle of God, etc.* C. M.
Rev. 21: 3.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
“Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

“The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode!
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

“His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears
And death itself, shall die.”

HEAVEN.

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

668 *A prospect of heaven, etc.* C. M.
 Deut. 34: 5.

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-with'ring flow'rs;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
 These gloomy doubts that rise—
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unobscured eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er— [flood,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
 Could fright us from the shore.

669 *Your redemption draweth nigh.* C. M.
 Luke 21: 28.

YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
 Who are oppress'd sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;

HEAVEN.

Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
 And waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you,
 Take courage and be bold!

2 For Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on;
 A few more beating winds and rains
 And winter will be gone.
 Methinks I now begin to see
 The borders of that land;
 The trees of life, with heav'nly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand.

3 O what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes;
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies:
 Bright angels whisp'ring me away—
 "O come, my brother, come!"
 And I am willing to be gone
 To my eternal home.

670 *Prospect of heaven.* C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's far and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow:
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son for ever reigns
 And scatters night away.

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HEAVEN.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

671

Heaven invisible.

C. M

1 Cor 2: 9.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HEAVEN.

672

Heavenly places in Christ.

L. M.

Eph. 1:3.

HEAV'N is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew,
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heav'n! O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believ'd;
Fulness of joy and depth of bliss.
Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceiv'd.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, pryncedoms,
pow'rs,
And saints made perfect triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,
There is a heav'n on earth for us.
- 5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word;
In those our Saviour's steps we trace,
By this his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn ev'ry lesson of his love,
And we from grace to glory led,
From heav'n below, to heav'n above.

673

And there shall be no night there. 7s & 6s.

Rev. 22: 5.

THERE is no night in heaven:
In that blest world above,
Work never brings weariness—
For work itself is love.

- 2 There is no grief in heaven:
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have pass'd away.

HEAVEN.

- 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.
- 4 There is no sin in heaven :
 Behold that blessed throng!
 All holy is their spotless robe,
 All holy is their song.
- 5 There is no death in heaven :
 For they who gain that shore
 Have won their immortality,
 And they can die no more.

674

They rest from their labors.

7s.

Rev. 14: 13.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
 Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love.
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Tort'ring pain and heavy wo.

- 2 'Mid the chorus of the skies.
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark! their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
 Happy spirits, ye are fled.
 Where no grief can entrance find,
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,
 Sooth'd the anguish of the mind
- 3 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturb'd repose;
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows!

HEAVEN.

Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

675

The shining shore.

8s & 7s.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.

For now 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 heavenly 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 naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever! O, for ever!

676

A rest for God's people.

C. M.

Heb. 4: 9.

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

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above—
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

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HEAVEN.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now thy pow'r bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love.

I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This—only this be giv'n—
Nothing beside my God I want—
Nothing in earth or heav'n.

677 *They shall walk with me in white.* L. M.
Rev. 3: 4.

O HAPPY saints, that dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Releas'd from sorrow, sin and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life,
And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing his love in melting strains.

3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of his grace;
Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
Sink down, adoring at his feet.

4 Ah, Lord! with falt'ring steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep
When shall I wake in heaven, to prove
The highs and depths of Jesus' love?

MEETING AND PARTING.

MEETING AND PARTING.

678

It is good to be here.

C. M.

Matt. 17: 4.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O, may thy special presence still
With ev'ry one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.

679

Thanks rendered, etc.

C. M.

COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.

2 'T was by his bidding we were call'd
In pain a while to part;
'T is by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserv'd
Our feet from ev'ry snare,
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

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MEETING AND PARTING.

4 O, may the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wand'rings cease;
Then with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

580

Friends parting.

7a

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,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in faith's well-known domain,
Within the veil, we'll meet again.

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

581

When shall we meet again. 6s & 5s

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

MEETING AND PARTING.

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!

682 *Acknowledgment for preserving mercy.* S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,
 For his redeeming grace:
 Preserv'd by power divine
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
 What conflicts have we pass'd!
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last;
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love;
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming pow'r,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more:

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MEETING AND PARTING.

Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

683

A farewell hymn.

L. M

MY dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Our hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship 's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like chords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray,
How loath I 've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all in one.
We 'll say our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow-youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies:
Fight on, you 'll win the happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.
How oft I 've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we 'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls, in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O taste his grace, in all that land
We 'll no more take the parting hand.

MEETING AND PARTING.

684 *Upon the closing of a series of services.* C. M.

NOW, brethren, to you homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God for what your ears have heard,
For what your eyes have seen;
Praise him for what has here occur'd—
For all you feel within.

3 Improve the strength you here have gain'd,
To do God's holy will;
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
You've serv'd your God for nought;
But grow in grace, from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell—and to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble pray'r,
And raise to God a song.

685 *Unity and love.* C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

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MEETING AND PARTING.

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death can part.
- But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

686 *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 heav'n.

- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot.
- 3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again.
- 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.

MEETING AND PARTING.

5 No ling'ring look, nor parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from ev'ry eye,
And love immortal glows.

687

The pilgrim's parting hymn.

C. M

NOW, pilgrims, let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove;
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.

2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.

3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove;
And join with heart and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heav'nly land,
And tread the peaceful shore;
And there unite, a glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

688

Parting of ministers.

S. M.

NOW, brethren, though we part,
And to our homes repair—
May we be true, and join'd in heart,
Like friends of Jesus are.

O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

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MEETING AND PARTING.

- 4 O let our heart and mind
 With ev'ry day ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end.
- 5 When all our toils are o'er,
 Our suff'ring and our pain :
 We'll meet on that celestial shore,
 And never part again.

689 *The parting prayer.* 8s & 7c

JESUS grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down. Lord, from above ;
 May we all go home a praying,
 And rejoicing in thy love !
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet above.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
 While together we have been ;
 Make us humble. make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin !
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall met again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
 To each one's respective home,
 And the presence of our Jesus,
 Rest upon us ev'ry one !
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet at home.

690 *The happy meeting.* L. M

O HAPPY day ! when saints shall meet
 To part no more ; the thought is sweet
 No more to feel the rending smart,
 Oft felt below when Christians part.

2 O happy place, I still must say,
 Where all but love is done away ;
 All cause of parting there is past ;
 Their social feast will ever last.

MEETING AND PARTING.

- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in ev'ry heart will reign;
There separation can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet;
Time's rapid motions soon compel,
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell
The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall met in heaven, the
Eternally with Christ to dwell, [home;
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

691 *Parting with friends.* C. M.

- N**OW, Lord, tho' we must part awhile
Upon the heav'nly road,
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us near our God.
- 2 And if on earth again we meet,
Lord, let us meet with thee;
'And let thy gracious presence sweet,
From bondage set us free.
- 3 This, only this, we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode,
That we with Christ and saints may have
Communion on the road.
- 4 For since our fellowship below
Affords such joy and love,
We long its full extent to know,
When we shall meet above.

692 *The pilgrim's farewell.* L. M.

PILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part.
Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, no distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

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THE FAMILY—MORNING HYMNS.

- 2 Parting with joy, we'll join and sing
The wonders of our bleeding King;
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing can divide our love.
- 3 In vain may earth and hell combine
To quench that love which is divine;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.
Now, join'd in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part and fly to spread his fame,
That other souls may leave their wo,
And join with us in glory too.
- 5 A few more rolling days and years,
Shall bring a period to our tears,
Soon shall we reach the blissful shore,
Where parting shall be known no more.
- 6 There shall our souls adore the hand
That led us through this desert land,
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

THE FAMILY.

MORNING HYMNS.

693

Begin with God.

S. M

Matt. 6: 33.

BEGIN the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

2 Look up, beyond these clouds!
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

3 Cast ev'ry weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

THE FAMILY—

- 4 Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heav'nly food;
Feed *with* and *on* him; he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.
- 5 Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still his company.
- 6 Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

694

Early will I seek thee.

C. M.

Psalm 63: 1.

- E**ARLY, 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 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temples shine:
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.
 - 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.

695

Christ's example of early prayer.

S. M.

Mark 1: 35.

HOW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in pray'r.

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MORNING HYMNS.

- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

696

A morning invocation.

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run!
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice!

- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as 't were thy last;
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare!
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear!
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And ev'ry secret thought surveys.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

697

A morning prayer.

C. M.

Psalm 5: 3.

L ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r
To thee lift up mine eye.

THE FAMILY—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there,
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of right'ousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

698 *Morning reminding us of eternity.* S. M.
2 Cor. 5: 2.

THE night is past and gone,
The evening shades are fled;
O may each morning bring to mind
Our rising from the dead!

2 We put our garments on,
Our labor to pursue;
So in the resurrection morn
Saints shall be cloth'd anew.

Lord, keep us safe this day,
Support us by thine arm;
May angels guard us on our way
Secure from ev'ry harm.

4 Now may we all as one
The Christian course pursue;
And with new strength and courage run
To win the prize in view.

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699 *Prayer*

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MORNING HYMNS.

5 And when our nights are past,
And time bears us away,
May we possess a crown of life
In an eternal day.

699 *Prayer at evening, morning and noon.* S. M.
Psalm 55: 17.

COME to the morning pray'r,
Come let us kneel and pray;
Pray'r is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages rest and pray;
Sweet is that shadow from the heat
When the sun smites by day.

3 At eve, shut to the door,
Round the home altar pray,
And finding there "the house of God,
At "heav'n's gate" close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray."

700 *Morning hymn.* C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide on the heav'n, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

2 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise,
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

THE FAMILY—

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

EVENING HYMNS.

701 *Cheerful confidence.* C. M.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

702 *The safety of the righteous, etc.* 8s & 7s
Job 5: 19-21.

SAVIOUR, breathe an ev'ning blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

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EVENING HYMNS.

- 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 can not hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
- Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And command us to the tomb.
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

703

An evening hymn.

C. M.

- L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
 I am for ever thine;
 I fear before thee all the day
 Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and bus'ness free;
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pray this ev'ning sacrifice,
 And when my work is done,
 Great God! my faith and hope rely
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 'T'hus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

704 *Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.* 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,
 Under thine own almighty wings.

THE FAMILY—

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 Whatever ills this day I've done,
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
 Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
 Close to my bed, his vigils keep;
 Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
 Nor pow'rs of darkness me molest.

705

The evening sacrifice.

C. M.

NOW from the altar of my heart,
 Let incense flames arise;
 Assist me, Lord, to offer up,
 My ev'ning sacrifice.

- 2 This day was God my sun and shield,
 My keeper and my guide,
 His tender care o'er me was shown,
 His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favor, and new joys,
 New songs of praise require;
 Till I shall praise thee as I would,
 Accept my heart's desire.

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EVENING HYMNS.

5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Thee shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

706

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 unlink'd with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

707

One day's journey less.

L. M.

NOW one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides;
If I have walk'd by faith, in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here,

2 I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep;
I've one day less to see within
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.

3 And O, reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

THE FAMILY—

4 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place
Where he will never hide his face.

708 *A review at the close of the day.* C. M.

THOU sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings 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 prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

709 *Thy sleep shall be sweet.* L. M.
Prov. 3: 24.

SLEEP! drowsy sleep! come close mine
eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities:
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day.

2 On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O, Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed;

EVENING HYMNS.

- 3 Let not the spirits of the air,
While I slumber, me ensnare;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasp'd in thine everlasting arms.
- 4 Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne
Thy wonderful pavilion;
O! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!
- 5 Thus when the morn in crimson dress'd,
Breaks through the windows of the East.
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise
Like morning incense to the skies.

710

Evening hymn.

L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on.
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home!
But he forgives my follies past,
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.
In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things—
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

THE FAMILY—

3 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.

711 *Self-examination.* C. M.

NOW, O my soul! the circling sun
 Has all his beams withdrawn;
 Once more his daily race is run,
 And gloomy night comes on.

2 Thus, one day more of life is gone,
 A doubtful few remain:
 Come then: review what thou hast done
 Eternal life to gain.

3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
 As time still posts away?
 And die to sin, and grow in grace,
 With ev'ry passing day?

4 This day, what conquest hast thou gain'd?
 What sin is overcome?
 What fresh degree of grace obtain'd,
 To bring thee nearer home?

5 Thus let us still our course review,
 Our real state to learn;
 And with redoubled zeal, pursue
 Our great and chief concern.

712 *The Lord is my light.* L. M.
 Psalm 27: 1.

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 the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wear'd eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!

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EVENING HYMNS.

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 Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark!
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.

713 *Thoughts suggested by evening.* S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear,
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

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

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

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unweari'd 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!

TABLE HYMNS.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

714

Providence.

L. M.

Matt. 5: 45.

GOD from his cloudy cisterns pours
 On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs
 The grove, the garden, and the field,
 A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 O bless his name, ye nations, fed
 With nature's chief supporter—bread;
 While bread your vital strength imparts,
 Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

715 *Be content with such things as ye have.* L. M.

Heb. 13: 5.

IF peace and plenty crown my days,
 Then help me, Lord, to sing thy praise!
 If bread of sorrow be my food,
 Those sorrows work my real good.

2 Be present at our table, Lord!
 Be here, and ev'rywhere ador'd!
 Thy people bless, and grant that we
 May feast in paradise with thee.

716

God the fount of all good.

S. M

James 1: 17.

GOD is the fountain whence
 Ten thousand blessings flow;
 To him my life, my health and friends,
 And ev'ry 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.

717

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TABLE HYMNS.

GRACE AFTER MEALS.

717

Divine goodness.

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.

718

Psalm 106.

L. M.

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
A tribute equal to his praise!

719

Thou preparest a table.

L. M.

Psalm 23: 5.

BLESSINGS to God, for ever blest—
To God, the Master of the feast—
Who hath for us a table spread,
And from his hands us creatures fed.

2 O, give us all a thankful heart;
Help us from evil to depart:
Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
Thy will to do, and follow thee.

PARENTAL HYMNS.

720 *In all thy ways acknowledge him.* S. M
Prov. 3: 6.

IN all thy 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 pray'r and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone—
A nursery for thee.

721 *Parents' concern for their children.* C. M

THOU, who a tender parent art,
I regard a parent's plea;
My offspring, with an anxious heart,
I now commend to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care—
A charge which thou hast giv'n;
In all thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heav'n.

On me thou hast bestow'd thy grace,
Be to my children kind;
Among thy saints give them a place,
And leave not one behind.

4 Happy we then shall live below,
The remnant of our days;
And when to brighter worlds we go,
Shall all resound thy praise.

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PARENTAL HYMNS.

722 *A prayer of parents for their children.* 7s.

- G**OD of mercy, hear our pray'r
 For the children thou hast giv'n;
 Let them all thy blessing share,
 Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n!
- 2 In the morning of their days,
 May their hearts be drawn to thee;
 Let them learn to lisp thy praise
 In their earliest infancy.
- 3 Cleanse their soul from ev'ry stain,
 Through the Saviour's precious blood;
 Let them all be born again,
 And be reconcil'd to God.
- 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
 Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
 While on thee our souls rely,
 Hear our pray'r, in mercy hear!

723 *God's blessings necessary for success.* L. M.
 Psalm 127: 1.

- I**F God succeed not, all the cost
 And pains to build the house are lost:
 If God the city will not keep,
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the sun,
 And work and toil when day is done,
 Careful and sparing eat your bread
 To shun that poverty you dread;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest:
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God our sov'reign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends:
 How sweet our daily comforts prove,
 When they are season'd with his love.

724

The happy home.

C. M.

- H**APPY the home, when God is there,
 And love fills ev'ry breast;
 Where one their wish, and one their pray'r,
 And one their heav'nly rest.
- 2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
 Is sweet to ev'ry ear;
 Where children early lisp his fame
 And parents hold him dear.
- 3 Happy the home where pray'r 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 blessed peace to gain;
 Unite our hearts in love to thee,
 And love to all will reign.

725

A prayer for the aged.

C. M.

Psalm 71 : 9.

- G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd 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 pow'r and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age,
 And leave a savor of thy name,
 When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
 Attend my next remove;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love!

PARENTAL HYMNS.

- 5 By long experience have I known
 Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.
- 6 When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care;
 These wither'd limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair.

726 *The salutation of peace.* 8s & 7s.
 Matt. 10 : 12.

- PEACE be to this habitation;
 Peace, to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation;
 Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;
 Peace, that speaks the heav'nly Giver,
 Peace to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come;
 Raise to heav'n our expectation,
 Give our favor'd souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

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

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
 Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
 When blest with parental advice and affection,
 Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high.
 I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,
 The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand
 And that richest book which excels every other,
 The family Bible, which lay on the stand.
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

THE FAMILY—

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

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 my 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, etc.

728

Home happy.

7s & 6s

SWEETEST bonds of friendship, here
 Bind our hearts together ;
 Where our fire-side comforts cheer,
 In the wildest weather :
 O, they wander wide, who roam,
 For the joys of life, from home !

2 Bonds of everlasting love
 Draw our souls in union,
 To our Father's house above,
 To the saints' communion.
 Thither may our hopes ascend ;
 There may all our labors end !

729

The good resolve.

8s & 6s

Josh. 24: 15.

I AND my house will serve the Lord ;
 But first obedient to his word,
 I must myself appear ;
 By actions, words and temper show
 That I my heav'nly Master know,
 And serve with heart sincere.

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YOUTH.

2 I must the fair example set;
 From those that on my presence wait,
 The stumbling-block remove;
 Their duty by my life explain,
 And still in all my works maintain,
 The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
 Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
 A foll'wer of my God;
 A saint indeed I long to be,
 And lead my faithful family
 In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
 A vessel fitted for thy use,
 Into thy hands receive;
 Work in me both to will and do,
 And show them how believers true,
 And real Christians live.

YOUTH.

730

Early instructions.

C. M

HOW happy are the young who hear
 Instruction's warning voice;
 And who celestial wisdom make
 Their early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the aged head.

THE FAMILY—

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

731 *Before the evil days come.* C. M.
Eccl. 12: 1.

O IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose—

2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd;

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest;
O then improve the morn of life,
To make its ev'ning blest.

732 *Youth the seed-time of life.* C. M.
Gal. 6: 8.

THE bud will soon become a flower.
The flower become a seed.
Then seize, O youth, the present hour;
Of that thou hast most need.

2 Do thy best always—do it now;
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plow,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

— YOUTH.

- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
 Each seed that thou hast sown,
 And ev'ry act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.
- 4 And soon the harvest of thy toil,
 Rejoicing, thou shalt reap,
 Or o'er thy wild neglected soil,
 Go forth in shame to weep.

733 *Life transitory and passing.* 11s

- L**IKE mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea,
 So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;
 In the grave of our fathers how soon we shall lie!
 Dear children, to-day to a Saviour fly.
- 2 How sweet are the flow'rets of April and May!
 But often the frost makes them wither away;
 Like flow'rs you may fade!—are you ready to die?
 While yet there is room, to a Saviour fly.
- 3 When Samuel was young he first knew the Lord—
 He slept in his smile and rejoic'd in his word;
 So most of God's children are early brought nigh:
 O, seek him in youth—to a Saviour fly!
- 4 Do you ask me for pleasure? Then lean on his breast,
 For there the sin-laden and weary find rest:
 In the valley of death you will triumphing cry—
 If this be called dying, 't is pleasant to die.

734 *By cool Siloam's shady rill.* C. M.

- B**Y 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.

THE FAMILY—

- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r
And stormy passion's 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.

735

Benefits of early piety.

C. M.

- H**APPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Tis easier work, if we begin,
To serve the Lord betimes:
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young:
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

736

Scripture instruction.

C. M.

Psalm 119: 9.

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

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YOUTH.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'T is like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road—
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

737

Youth invited to Christ.

C. M.

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

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love.
Like what in Christ I see?

THE FAMILY—

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'T is here I fix my lasting choice
 And here true bliss I find.

738

Early piety.

M. 7s & 6s

GO thou in life's fair morning,
 Go, in thy bloom of youth,
 And seek, for thine adorning,
 The precious pearl of truth;
 Secure the heav'nly treasure,
 And bind it on thy heart;
 And let no earthly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:
 Sell all thou hast and buy it;
 'T is worth all earthly things—
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Scepters and crowns of kings!

3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
 Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
 Defer not till to-morrow;
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go, seek thy great Creator;
 Learn early to be wise;
 Go, place upon the altar
 A morning sacrifice.

739

Prayer for young persons.

C. M

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
 The gift of saving grace;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

YOUTH.

- 2 Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love;
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- For you the public pray'r is made,
O, join the public pray'r!
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear!
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach:
You can not be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

740 *Child's evening prayer.* 8s & 7s.

- J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless a little child to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand shall lead me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me,
Listen to my evening pray'r.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heav'n,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

741 *The orphan's hymn.* C. M.
Psalm 10: 14.

WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

THE FAMILY—

- 2 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 trouble 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.

742 *Children praising the Lord.* 8s & 7s.
 Matt. 21: 15.

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 heav'n. 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.

743 *A birth-day hymn.* C. M.

LORD of my life, whose word of pow'r
 Did first inspire my breath,
 Thy hand has kept me to this hour,
 From danger and from death.

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MARRIAGE HYMNS.

- 2 Spared to commence another year
The past I now review:
How num'rous do my sins appear,
How great thy mercies, too!
- 3 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my earlier days,
And for each privilege I share,
That still thy love displays.
- 4 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace;
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.
- 5 How long or short my course may be,
'T is not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favor grow.

MARRIAGE HYMNS.

744

Marriage.

L. M.

Gen. 2: 18.

- I**T is not good, Jehovah said,
For man new form'd to be alone;
Then of his rib an help-mate made,
And man and wife pronounc'd but one.
- 2 From near his heart this rib he took,
To show the favor should be priz'd;
Not from his head, to overlook,
Nor from his foot, to be despis'd.
Beneath his arm, to signify
Wives should authority disclaim,
And that protection and supply
Are from the husbands due to them.
- 4 Bless, Lord, this newly-married pair,
And make the match a blessing prove;
Their int'rest one, their joys, their care,
Made happy in each other's love.

THE FAMILY.

5 Jesus, we ask thy presence here;
 O may thy face upon us shine;
 Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
 Than costliest food or richest wine.

745

Marriage.

7s & 6s

WHEN on her Maker's bosom
 The new-born earth was laid,
 And nature's opening blossom
 Its fairest bloom display'd;
 When all with fruit and flowers
 The laughing soil was drest,
 And Eden's fragrant bowers
 Received their human guest:

2 No sin his face defiling,
 The heir of nature stood,
 And God, benignly smiling,
 Beheld that all was good!
 Yet in that hour of blessing,
 A single want was known:
 A want the heart distressing—
 For Adam was alone!

3 O God of pure affection!
 By men and saints ador'd,
 Who gavest thy protection
 To Cana's nuptial board—
 May such thy bounties ever
 To wedded love be shown,
 And no rude hand dissever
 Whom thou hast link'd in one.

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SPECIAL OCCASIONS—FASTS.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—FASTS.

746 *During a pestilence.* C. M

LET the land mourn through all its coasts
And humble all its state;
Princes and rulers, at their posts,
A while sit desolate.

Let all the people, high and low,
Rich, poor, and great and small,
Invoke, in fellowship of wo,
The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summon'd 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 place,
And families apart;
Let each in secrecy bewail
The plague of his own heart.

5 So while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease,
And mercy, temp'ring wrath, bring in
God's blessed health and peace.

747 *Pardon sought for national sins.* 8s & 7s
Jonah 3: 8.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 Let that love veil our transgression;
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save thy people from oppression;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.
- 4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us and defend.

48 *For the hiding of God's countenance.* L. M
 Isai. 8: 17.

- L**ORD, in these dark and dismal days,
 We mourn the hidings of thy face;
 And when to happier days we turn,
 Those days but teach us how to mourn.
- 2 The blessing from thy truth withdrawn,
 Its quick'ning, saving influence gone—
 Unwarn'd, unwaken'd, sinners hear,
 Nor see their awful danger near.
- 3 In dews unseen, or scanty show'rs,
 Thy Spirit sheds his healing pow'rs;
 The thirsty ground is parch'd beneath,
 And all is barrenness and death.
- 4 Yet still thy name be ever bless'd,
 On thee our hope shall safely rest;
 Thy saints shall yet exult and sing
 The matchless glories of their King.

749 *National ingratitude.* L. M

- H**OW long hath God bestow'd his care
 On this indulged, ungrateful land!
 How oft in times of danger near,
 Preserv'd us by his sov'reign hand!
- 2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
 The glorious gospel brightly shone;
 And oft our mightiest foes have felt
 That God hath made our cause his own

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THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 3 But, ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
For all his care unthankful prove.
- 4 See! he uplifts his chast'ning rod!
O, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?
- Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray;
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
In mercy turn thy wrath away!

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

750 *Reflections at the end of the year.* C. M.

- AND now, my soul, another year,
Of thy short life is past;
I can not 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?
- Behold another year begins;
Set out afresh for heav'n;
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 heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

751 *Grateful review.* L. M.

OUR helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

THE NEW YEAR.

752 *New Year's Day.* C. M.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known,
Now, let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name,
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free,
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

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753 *New*

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THE SEASONS.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

753. *New year.* P. M. 10, 5, 11, 12, 6, 12.

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 labors 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;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may hear the glad word:
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

THE SEASONS.

754 *Spring.* C. M.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the op'ning year,
What various sounds of joys arise!
What prospects bright appear!
Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.
- 5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

755

Summer: a harvest hymn.

C. M.

Isaiah. 9: 3.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls — and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

- 2 His covenant with earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time;
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on, my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sow'd in hope.

756

Autumn.

8s & 7s.

Ecc. 11: 9.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound—

THE SEASONS.

2 " Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 " What though yet no losses grieve you —
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives the autumn place."

4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stay'd:
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

757

Winter.

C. M.

STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How black, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

THANKSGIVING.

758 *The season of harvest suggestive.* I. M

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

Long has thy favor crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd;
No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garner stor'd!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests low'r!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

759 *God the source of every blessing.* 7s.
James 1: 17.

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 gen'rous olive's use.

THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral 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.

760

God acknowledged, etc.

L. M.

- G**REAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide.
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.
- We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heav'nly blessings round us spreads
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our Guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

761

Seed-time and harvest.

C. M.

Gen. 8: 22.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The changing 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, was
The plants in beauty grew; [thine;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies, from above,
Matur'd the swelling grain:
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

762

Praise for national blessings.

L. M

ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing.
From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health and strength thy hands bestow
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing show'r,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

TEMPERANCE.

- M. 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 ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
 Unite to swell the grateful song;
 While age and youth in chorus join,
 And praise the Majesty divine.

TEMPERANCE.

763

Ravages of intemperance.

S. M

Prov. 23: 29.

- M**OURN for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnish'd gem—
 For reason's light divine—
 Quench'd from the soul's bright diadem,
 Where God hath bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruin'd soul—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fi'ry, madd'ning bowl,
 And turn'd to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost; but call,
 Call to the strong, the free;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
 Pray to our God above
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.

764 *The prevalence of intemperance.* C. M.

INTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on ev'ry hand.

- 2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?
- 3 Almighty God, no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of pow'r divine,
And bid the flood subside.
- 4 Dry up the source from whence it flows;
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

WAR.

765 *Deploring war.* C. M.

DESTRUCTIVE sword! how oft hast thou
Been bath'd in human blood!
What cities, fields and seas, have been
Stain'd with the crimson flood!

- 2 All-gracious God! permit our souls,
Impress'd with human wo,
With thee to plead, how long, how long
Shall this mad deluge flow?
- 3 How long shall brethren's hands, imbru'd
With blood, each other slay?
The field with ghastly scenes be strew'd,
Of man to man a prey?

4 To punish crime, though justly due,
Shall vengeance ever burn?
Back to the scabbard, whence it flew,
Sword of the world, return!

5 Thou God of hosts! whose sov'reign will
Controls the swelling flood,
The madness of thy people still,
And bring from evil good.

O, may thy Spirit's mighty sword
Our lusts subdue and slay;
Then force and war shall yield to love,
And all from love obey.

766

Prayer for general peace.

L. M.

THEY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

2 O, show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Command the din of war to cease;
O, bid contending nations rest,
And love pervade each human breast.

3 Then peace shall lift her balmy wing,
Glad plenty laugh, the valleys sing;
Reviving commerce lift her head,
And want, and wo, and hate be fled.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy word;
O, soon let ev'ry nation prove
The perfect joy of Christian love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

767

The house of the Lord.

12s

Psalm 84: 10.

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silv'ry 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, blessed 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.

768

Jesus crucified.

P. M.

1 Cor. 2 : 2.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego:
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
He tasted death for me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

12s
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atonig Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

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

4 O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

769

The day is at hand.

9s & 8s

Rom. 13: 12.

CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee,
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;
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Toss'd on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly, composed, and dauntless, stand:
For lo! beyond those scenes emerge
The highs that bound the promised land.
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er
Bark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering;
See in what throngs they range the shore

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
 Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
 The star-gemm'd 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.

770

Weep for the lost.
 Luke 19: 41.

C. M.

WEEP for the lost! Thy Saviour wept
 O'er Salem's hapless doom;
 He wept, to think their day was past,
 And come their night of gloom.

2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept
 O'er Israel's gloomy fate,
 When vengeance had unsheath'd her sword
 Repentance came too late.

3 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept,
 That men should error choose;
 That dying men should Christ reject,
 And endless life refuse.

4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
 In that long night of wo,
 On which no star of hope will rise,
 And tears in vain will flow.

5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
 And toil with ceaseless care,
 To save our friends, ere yet they pass
 That point of deep despair.

771 *Against persecution and intolerance.* L. M.
 Rom. 12: 19.

ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
 With iron chains the free-born mind
 To force conviction, and reclaim
 The wand'ring, by destructive flame.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
 Dominion not to mortals giv'n;
 O'er conscience to usurp the throne
 Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
 Doth no such cruelties approve;
 Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
 No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
 It leads the willing mind along;
 And conquests to thy church acquires
 By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

772 *Where the dove is to be found.* C. M.

- O** TELL me where the dove is flown
 To build her downy nest,
 And I will search the world around,
 To win her to my breast.
- 2 I sought her in the rosy bower
 Where pleasure holds her reign;
 Where fancy flies from flower to flower,
 But there I sought in vain.
- 3 I sought her in the bower of love,
 I knew her tender heart;
 But she had flown—that peaceful dove
 Had felt the traitor's dart.
- 4 Upon ambition's craggy hill
 I thought this bird might stray,
 And there I sought, but vainly still;
 She never flew that way.
- 5 Faith smiled and shed the tender tear,
 To see me search around,
 And whisper'd, "I can tell thee where
 The dove may yet be found.

MISCELLANEOUS.

6 In meek religion's humble cot,
She built her downy nest;
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast."

773 *We shall greet them, etc.* P. M. 10s & 8s

WE shall greet them at home, we shall greet them
When the sorrow of life shall be o'er,
Our loved ones, we hope soon to meet them,
On Eden's fair, beautiful shore;
The glorious thought, how consoling,
To know that the time is so nigh,
When Jesus, the world, shall, controlling,
Permit us to join them on high.

2 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Though now they are hid from our sight,
We think of the time we shall meet them;
And it oft fills our hearts with delight;
We have laid them away in deep sadness,
Yet not without hope in our breast,
For again they will join us with gladness,
And enter the heav'nly rest.

3 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Where nothing can ever divide,
Where sickness, or death, can not harm them,
Nor tear them again from our side;
There we 'll range beside life's cooling river,
'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,
With the glory of God shining ever,
We 'll greet them, we 'll greet them at home.

774 *Having a desire to depart.* L. P. M.
Phil. 1: 23.

WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains?
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign!

2 When sin no more obscures the sight,
And sorrow pains the heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of light,
And all his works of grace explore?

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MISCELLANEOUS.

What hights, what depths of love divine
Shall there through endless ages shine!

- 3 This is the heav'n I long to know,
For this I would with patience wait;
Till wean'd from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat—
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And with the elders cast it down.

75 *The equality of men.* C. M.
Acts 17 : 26.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

- 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

- 4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In pow'r and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

776 *The heavenly treasure.* P. M. 10s & 8s.
Matt. 13 : 44.

RELIGION! 't is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood,
It fills the soul with consolation,
It lifts the thoughts to things above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows
 It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea,
 'T is mix'd with goodness, meek humble patience
 This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

2 How fleeting—vain—how transitory,
 This world with all its pomp and show;
 Its vain delights, and short-lived pleasure—
 I'll gladly leave them all below.
 But love and grace shall be my story,
 While I in Christ such beauties see;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house must be dissolved,
 And mortal life will soon be o'er;
 All earthly care, and earthly sorrow
 Shall pain my eyes and heart no more;
 Religion pure will stand for ever,
 And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be,
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

4 While journeying here through tribulation,
 In Christian love we'll march along;
 And while strife severs the ambitious—
 In Jesus Christ we'll all be one;
 Religion pure unites together
 In bonds of love and makes us free:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

777

How much we owe.

7s.

WHEN we stand before the throne,
 Dress'd in beauty not our own,
 When we see thee as thou art,
 Love thee with unsinning heart—
 Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
 Not till then—how much we owe.

2 When the praise of heav'n we hear,
 Loud as thunder to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
 Not till then—how much we owe.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make us know
Something of how much we owe.

778

The anchor within the veil.

L. M

Heb. 6: 19.

MY bark is on a troubled sea;
The winds and waves may adverse be;
But hope, my anchor's firmly cast
Within the veil, for ever fast.

- 2 How oft, when tempest-toss'd at night,
I watch in vain for dawning light,
Yet think, when terrors would prevail,
My anchor is within the veil.
- 3 Within the veil—where Jesus stands,
And shows to God his blood-stain'd hands
Within the veil—he went to bear
My name upon the breast-plate there.
- 4 My hope must have his righteousness,
For it can rest on nothing less;
Within the veil—is still my pray'r,
O! may my anchor enter there.
- 5 Although the billows round me roll,
They never can o'erwhelm my soul;
Within the veil my anchor's cast,
Unshaken by the stormy blast.
- 6 Whene'er I quit this changing scene,
May I depart in hope serene;
And find, when heart and flesh shall fail,
My anchor cast within the veil.

779

The Christian crowned.

L. M.

Rev. 1: 6.

- H**ONOR 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!
- 1 A kingly character he bears,
 No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
 Salvation shines upon his face;
 His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
 His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honors he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth:
 The King of kings himself maintains
 Th' expenses of his heav'nly birth.
- 5 The noblest creatures seen below,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
 God gives him all he can bestow,
 His kingdom of eternal love!
- 6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought,
 Methinks from earth I see him rise;
 Angels congratulate his lot,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

780

Love the proof of true piety.

L. M.

1 John 3: 14.

- Y**E diff'rent sects, who all declare,
 "Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there!
 Your stronger proofs divinely give,
 And show us where the Christians live!
- 2 Your claim, alas! ye can not prove;
 Ye want the genuine mark of love:
 Thou only, Lord, thine own canst know,
 For sure thou hast a church below

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 4 For this the pleading spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones:
Love, greatest of thy gifts, impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

781 *Who follows in the train?* C. M

- THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of wo,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train!
- 3 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could look beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save;
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for those that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?
- 5 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant souls, their hope they knew
And mock'd the torch of flame;
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel,
Who follows in their train?

MISCELLANEOUS.

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

8 They climb'd the steep ascents of heav'n
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God! to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train!

182

The joy of pardon.

Psalm 103: 12.

P. M. 9s & 8s.

COME, all who love my Lord and Master,
And like old David I will tell,
Though chief of sinners, I've found favor,
By grace redeemed from death and hell;
Far as the east from west is parted,
So far my sins by dying love
From me by faith are separated,
Blest antepast of joys above.

2 I late estranged from Jesus wandered,
And thought each dang'rous poison good;
But he in mercy long pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood;
Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night conceal'd,
But Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And he his pard'ning grace reveal'd.

3 Now I will serve him while he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud;
Though hell oppose, and sinners mock me,
In rapt'rous songs, I'll praise my God;
By faith I view the heavenly concert,
They sing high strains of Jesus' love;
O! with desire my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

That blessed day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels,
To call each faithful spirit home;
There's Abra'am, Isaac, holy prophets,
And all the saints at God's right hand;
There hosts of angels join in concert—
Shout as they reach the promis'd land.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

783

The way of holiness.

L. M

Isaiah 35 : 8.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.
- 4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say "Behold the way to God."

784

Pilgrim's hope.

P. M.

OUR bondage here shall end,
By and by—by and by ;
Our bondage here shall end, by and by ;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan march along,
By and by—by and by ;
And to Canaan march along, by and by.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Our Deliv'rer he shall come, by and by, etc.
 And our sorrows have an end,
 With our three score years and ten,
 And vast glory crown the day, by and by, etc.
- 3 Though our enemies are strong, we 'll go on, etc.
 Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
 Lo! Sinai's God is near!
 While the fiery pillar moves, we 'll go on, etc.
- 4 Through Marah's bitter streams, we 'll go on, etc.
 Though Baca's vale be dry,
 And the land yield no supply:
 To land of corn and wine, we 'll go on, etc.
- 5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come, etc.
 Jehovah rules the tide—
 And the waters he 'll divide,
 And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come, etc.
- 6 Then friends shall meet again, who have lov'd, etc.
 Our embraces shall be sweet,
 At the dear Redeemer's feet;
 When we meet to part no more, who have, etc.
- 7 Then with that happy throng, we 'll rejoice, etc.
 Shouting praises to our King,
 Till the vaults of heaven ring;
 And through eternity, we 'll rejoice, etc.

785 *The presence of Christ affords delight.* 8s
 Acts 16: 25.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flowers

Have all lost their sweetness to me:
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay:
 But when I am happy in him,
 December 's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;

MISCELLANEOUS.

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

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

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

786

The Rock higher than I.

11s.

Psalms 61: 2.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart's overwhelmed 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.

1 When Satan, my foe, cometh in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of God,
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, etc.

3 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
And th' service of Christ, my Redeemer to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus, on high—
The Rock of Salvation, that's higher than I.
Higher than I, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 O Saviour of sinners, when faint and depress'd,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppress'd,
I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, etc.

5 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure right'ousness let me appear;
In the swelling of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, etc.

And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
With millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
To praise the kind Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, etc.

787

The water turned to wine.

C. M.

John 2: 1-11.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the
house,

Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine:

2 Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

4 The social talk, the ev'ning fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

788 *The Saviour on the cross.* P. M. 10, 7s & 9

SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?

O! he died on Calvary,

To atone for you and me,

And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,

Painfully nailed to the cross;

Here he bowed his head and died,

Thus my Lord was crucified,

To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Darkness prevail'd, darkness prevail'd,

Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,

And the sun refus'd to shine

When his Majesty divine

Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Hail mighty Saviour! hail mighty Saviour!

Prince, and the author of peace!

O! he burst the bars of death,

And, triumphant from the earth,

He ascended to mansions of bliss.

5 There interceding, there interceding,

Pleading that sinners may live,

Crying, "Father, I have died,

O, behold my hands and side.

O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

6 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them

When they repent and believe;

Let them now return to thee,

And be reconcil'd to me,

And salvation they all shall receive."

789

Angels ministering spirits.

C. M.

Heb. 1: 14.

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend

Our steps, whate'er betide,

With watchful care their charge defend,

And evil turn aside.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.
- 3 Jehovah's charioteers surround;
The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.
- 4 Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.
- 5 By thronging round, with busiest love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.
- 6 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

790

Following Jesus.

S. M.

WHAT happy children who follow Jesus
Into the house of pray'r and praise;
And join in union, while love increases,
Resolved this way to spend our days:
Altho' we're hated by the world and Satan
By the flesh, and such as love not God,
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We oftentimes 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 burn'd with holy rapture,
We long to be absorbed by love:

MISCELLANEOUS.

Then let us hold fast what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come:
 Sure we shall find our way to heav'n,
 So farewell, brethren, we're going home.
 3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
 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 heart 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.

791

The Golden City.

7s & 6s.

Rev. 21: 21.

WE seek the Golden City,
 The city of our King,
 And as we journey thither,
 We joyfully will sing.

Come, friends, come, friends, together let us
 Of the Golden City, [sing,
 The beautiful Golden City,
 Of the Golden City, the city of our King

2 Its walls are built of jasper,
 Its streets are of pure gold,
 And countless are the glories
 Which we shall there behold
 Come, friends, etc.

3 The pearly gates stand open,
 For there they have no night,
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle—
 The Lamb, he is the light.
 Come, friends, etc.

4 And there is no more sorrow,
 Nor pain, nor death, nor sin,
 For naught that worketh evil
 Shall ever enter in.
 Come, friends, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5 And there life's crystal river,
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Close by its waters grow.
Come, friends, etc.

6 But through that Golden City
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest and King.
Come, friends, etc.

792

The pearl of great price.
Matt. 13: 45.

7s

'T IS 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.

793

Now is our salvation nearer, etc.
Rom. 13: 1.

S. M

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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.

794 *Looking to God in trouble.* C. M.

7s
e;
DEAR Refuge of my weary soul
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
S. M
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

795

Christian fellowship.

L. M.

- K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
 A hearty welcome here receive;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 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.
- 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 suffer'd 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 that glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.

796

Without Christ.

S. M.

Eph. 2: 12.

- W**RAPT in a Christless shroud,
 He sleeps the Christless sleep;
 Above him, the eternal cloud,
 Beneath, the fiery deep.
- 2 Laid in a Christless tomb,
 There, bound with felon-chain,
 He waits the terrors of his doom,
 The judgment and the pain.
- 3 O Christless shroud, how cold,
 How dark, O Christless tomb!
 O grief that never can grow old,
 O what a dreadful doom!

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 O Christless sleep, how sad!
 What waking shalt thou know?
 For thee no star, no dawning glad,
 Only the lasting wo!

5 To rocks and hills in vain
 Shall be the sinner's call;
 O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
 The lost soul's funeral!

6 O Christless soul, awake
 Ere thy last sleep begin!
 O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
 Burst thou the bands of sin!

797

Rejoicing in the Lord.

L. M

Phil. 3: 1.

O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
 , On thee, my Saviour and my God;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away!
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 O, happy bond that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
 While to his altar now I move.

'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 heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.

- 5 High Heav'n, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd, shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

798

Rejoicing in hope.

10s

Rom. 12: 12

- J**OYFULLY, 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 thy 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,
Joyful y, joyfully, safely at home.

799

Home in view.

L. M

Acts 7: 56.

- A**S when the weary trav'ler gains
The hight of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He slights the space that lies between ;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews.
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
 No more he grieves for troubles past,
 Nor any future trial fears
 So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode:
 Assur'd our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

800 *Perfect love casteth out fear.* P. M.
 1 John 4: 18.

THE wondrous love of Jesus,
 From doubts and fears it frees us;
 With pitying love he sees,
 And toiling here below:
 Through tribulation driven,
 We'll force our way to heaven;
 Through consolation given,
 Rejoicing on we'll go.

2 Companions now distressed,
 By Satan sore oppressed,
 Cheer up, you'll be relieved,
 Your captain's gone before:
 In every trying hour,
 He'll save you by his power,
 And bring you safe to heaven,
 On that eternal shore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 O yonder is the glory,
 It lies but just before you,
 And there we'll tell the story
 Of all redeeming love:
 And there we shall for ever
 Drink of that flowing river,
 And ever, ever, ever,
 Surround the throne of love.

There in the blooming garden
 Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
 Upon the banks of Jordan,
 We'll worship the Lamb:
 We'll sing the song of Moses,
 While Jesus sweet composes
 A song that never closes,
 Of praises to his name.

801 *Christian love and happiness.* P. M.

THE reason we love friendship,
 We will deny to no man;
 How shall, how shall, how shall we,
 Who are thus formed for happiness,
 E'er slight a loving Christian.
 Since Jesus, Jesus, hath died on the tree
 For to deliver man,
 From violence and treason,
 That we might love each other,
 And seek our soul's salvation.
 'T was love that mov'd the mighty God
 For to redeem the nations,
 That happy, happy, they might be.
 On the feast day in ancient times
 Jesus stood thus crying—
 Who so thirsteth, let ev'ry man
 Come unto me and freely drink,
 And thus be saved from dying:
 For surely, surely, nothing else can
 Quench the immortal thirst,
 That in your heart is glowing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Come then and drink the streams of grace,
Which are so freely flowing,
Saying drink, my love, my only dove,
For you it is a-flowing—
Then happy, happy, you shall be.

- 3 Let us, who have begun to taste
The sweets of this salvation,
Follow, follow, let us follow on;
Believing we shall overcome,
Resisting all temptation,
Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the Son,
With outstretched arms,
And voice that's so inviting,
To purling streams of purest joys
Is thus our souls exciting:
Let us impart to him our hearts,
By faith and love uniting,
Then happy, happy, we shall be.

802 *A prayer of the Christian.* L. M.

tree
AS pilgrims in this vale of tears
We sigh to reach our heav'nly home;
That we, released from all our fears,
May tune our harps and cease to roam.

d
2 O God, protect us by thy pow'r,
And keep us safe within thy fold;
That we in each unguarded hour,
May never lose on thee our hold.

3 Oh, wipe the tears from sorrow's eye,
And let us all rejoice in thee;
Give joy for ev'ry rising sigh;
Make us from ev'ry fetter free.

4 Help us to view our dying Lord,
And gaze upon his bleeding side;
That we may faithful to his word,
Eternally in him abide.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5 Then when we quit this mortal frame,
 Oh, may we soar away to thee;
 Raise hallelujahs to thy name,
 And our divine Redeemer see.

803 *The longing flock and, etc.* 8s & 7s

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come, and bid our jarring cease;
 Come, O come, and reign for ever,
 God of love, and Prince of peace,
 Visit now thy precious Zion,
 See thy people mourn and weep;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Lord, in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth:
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 That shall teach us all thy truth;
 On the gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
 Love's our bond, and Christ our center.
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
 Saying, "Fear not, little flock,
 I myself am your foundation,
 Ye are built upon this rock:
 Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 Near your Shepherd constant keep,
 Look to me and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep."

4 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
 Taught by him we own his name;
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our hearts inflame!
 Glory! glory! give him glory,
 Strong is he, and he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

804

Stand for the right.

C. M.

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
 “ And dare to stand alone ;”
 Strive for the right, whate’er ye do,
 Though helpers there be none.

2 Nay—bend not to the swelling surge
 Of fashion’s sneer and wrong ;
 ’T will bear thee on to ruin’s verge,
 With current wild and strong.

Stand for the right : though falsehood rail
 And proud lips coldly sneer ;
 A poisoned arrow can not wound
 A conscience pure and clear.

4 Stand for the right, and with clean hands
 Exalt the truth on high ;
 Thou’lt find warm, sympathizing hearts
 Among the passers-by.

5 Stand for the right : proclaim it loud,
 Thou’lt find an answering tone
 In honest hearts, and then no more
 Be doomed to stand alone.

805

Christ, the way, etc.

S. M.

I AM, saith Christ, the way .
 Now if we credit him,
 All other paths must lead astray,
 How fair soe’er they seem.

I am, saith Christ, the truth ;
 Then all that lacks this test.
 Proceed it from an angel’s mouth,
 Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the life :
 Let this be seen by faith,
 It follows without further strife,
 That all besides is death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 If what those words aver,
 'The Holy Ghost apply,
 The simplest Christian shall not err,
 Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

806

Walking in the light.

C. M.

1 John 1: 7.

- W**ALK in the light! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly his,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness pass'd away,
 Because that Light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquer'd there.
- 5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is Light.

- 807 *Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath.* C. M.
 Luke 14: 33.

- A**ND 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.
- 2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls! while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

808 *Desiring the Divine presence.* L. M.
Ex. 33: 15.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me
Suggest whate'er I think or say, [do,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey:
What thou abhor'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

809 *The happy land.* P. M.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O, how they sweetly sing—
Worthy is the Saviour King!
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be!
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love can not die.
 O, then, to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign evermore.

10 *In the beginning was the word.* C. M.
 John 1:1.

IN the beginning was the word:
 Athwart the chaos-night
 It gleam'd with quick creative power,
 And there was life and light.

2 Thy word, O God! is living yet,
 Amid earth's restless strife
 New harmony creating still
 And ever higher life.

3 And as that word moves surely on,
 The light, ray after ray,
 Streams further out athwart the dark,
 And night grows into day.

4 O word that broke the stillness first,
 Sound on! and never cease
 Till all earth's darkness be made light,
 And all her discord peace!

Till wail of wo, and clank of chain,
 And bruit of battle still'd—
 The world with thy great music's pulse,
 O word of love! be thrill'd.

6 Till selfish passion, strife and wrong,
 Thy summons shall have heard,
 And thy creation be complete,
 O thou eternal word!

811

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MISCELLANEOUS.

811 *Divine protection acknowledged.* C. M.
 Psalm 3: 5.

MY God was with me all the night,
 And gave me sweet repose;
 His angels watch'd me while I slept,
 Or I had never rose.

Now for the mercies of the night
 My humble thanks I'll pay,
 And unto God I'll dedicate
 The first fruits of the day.

3 In pressing dangers, fears and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, when death must be my lot,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

812 *Comfort in affliction.* C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,
 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 :

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 on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on the cov'rant of his grace
 For all things to depend :

MISCELLANEOUS.

1 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

2 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
O Lord, direct from thee!

813

The good old way.

L. M

Jer. 6: 16.

THE righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus, is the way to God;
O may we then no longer stray,
But come to Christ, the good old way.

2 The prophets and apostles too,
Pursu'd this path while here below;
We therefore will without dismay,
Thus walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 With faith and love and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere:
And when I die, triumphant say,
This is the right, the good old way.

814

The ornament of a meek spirit.

L. M.

1 Peter 3: 4.

HOW proud we are, how fond, to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.

2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me still.

3 O, that my heart were set to find
Inward adornings of the mind!
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace—
These are the robes of richest dress.

4 Then,
For this
The Son
Put on th

5 In this.
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'Tis his c

815

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MISCELLANEOUS.

4 Then, worms would not with me compare,
For this is raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

5 In this, on earth I should appear;
Then go to heaven, and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

815

Fear not.

8s & 7s.

Gen. 15: 1.

THOUGH thy days are dark with trouble,
And thy heart is filled with fear,
There is one that sees thee ever,
And will hold thee near and dear.
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces,
Often make thee happy here,
Yet no one was e'er so happy,
But sometimes the clouds appear.
There 's a friend that 's ever near,
Never fear,
He is ever near,
Never fear, never fear, etc.

2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart.
Many days have dawn'd serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy,
Ere the sun had reach'd its hight.
There 's a friend, etc.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss for evermore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thou shalt see a world of glory,
 And eternal joy and bliss;
 Let not then thy soul be mourning
 O'er the woes and cares of this.
 There's a friend, etc.

§16 *The branch can not bear fruit of itself.* S. M
 John 15: 4.

TO keep the lamp alive
 With oil we fill the bowl;
 'T is water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.

- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream;
 It is not at our own command,
 But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's words,
 Nor confidently say,
 "I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
 But grant I never *may*.
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide;
 This more exalts the King of kings
 Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store,
 Grace issues from his throne.
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

817

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- 2 Possessing
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- 3 There is no
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§18 *A shado*

[SRAEL in
 Not only
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 But learn'
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 In which the

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
 I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
 And build on him alone;
 For no foundation is there giv'n
 On which to place my hopes of heav'n,
 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 heav'nly 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.

818 *A shadow of things to come, etc.* P. M.

Col. 2: 17.

ISRAEL in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the gospel too;
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 The paschal sacrifice
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once appli'd with pow'r,
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile us to our God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood of matchless worth
 Should be the soul's defense;
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
 The people's trespass bore,
 And, to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more:
 In him our surety seem'd to say,
 "Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free;
 The type well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea:
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death dischar,'d.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in ev'ry age!
 O grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

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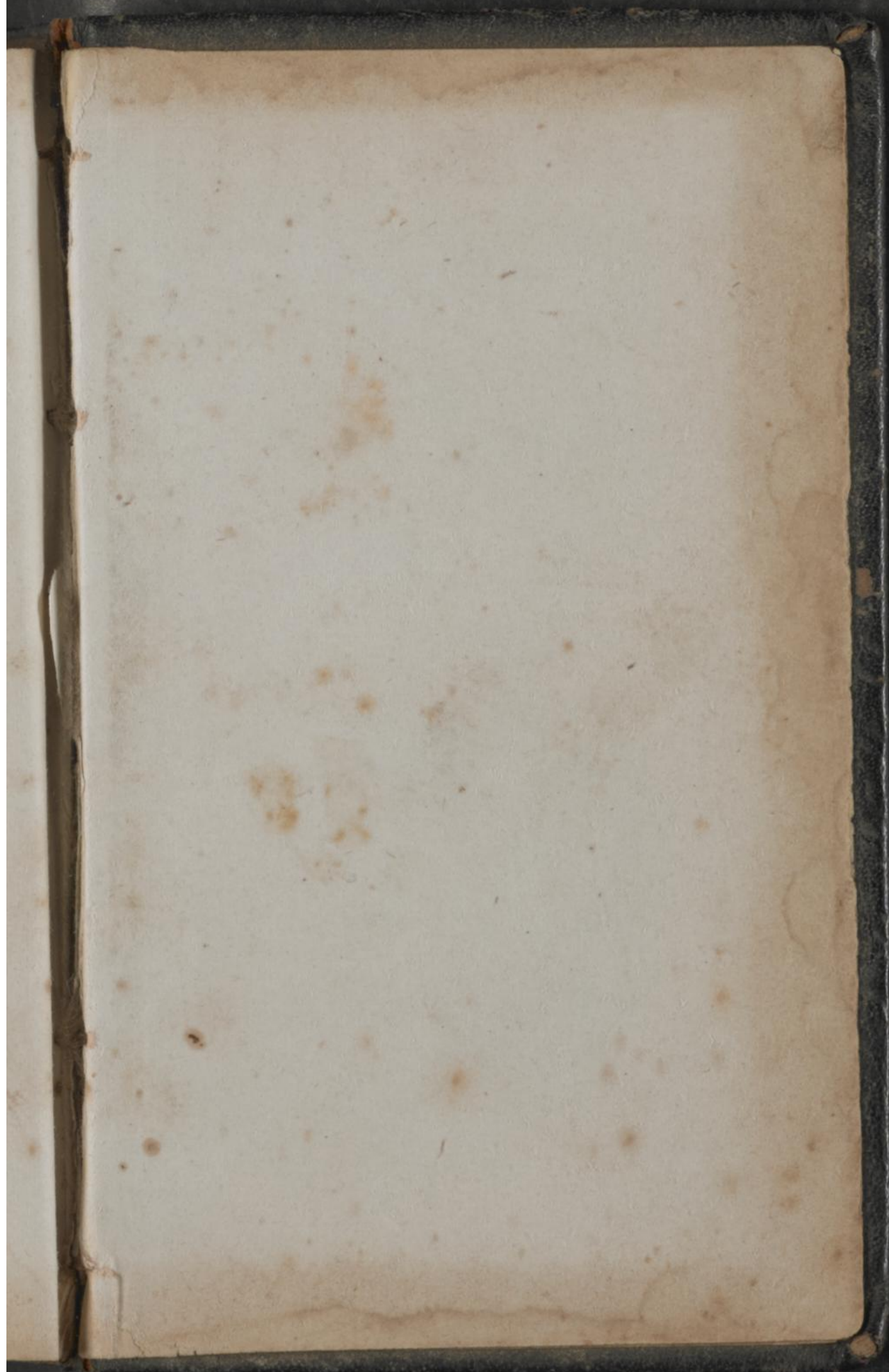
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