E. Gillam

THE

PRIMITIVE HYMNS,

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

AND

SACRED POEMS,

REGULARLY SELECTED, CLASSIFIED AND SET IN ORDER, AND ADAPTED TO SOCIAL SINGING AND ALL OCCASIONS OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

BY

BENJAMIN LLOYD,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, FORMERLY WETUMPKA, NOW GREENVILLE, ALA.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy; they shall obtain gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." *Isaiah.*

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PREFACE.

To Ministers, Churches and others:

The present method of arrangement of this book has been highly approved by a great many Ministers and other brethren, and many of them have given the kindest expressions for its success and extensive circulation. Its general use and circulation have increased more and more; and the higher estimate is placed upon the work by those who are best acquainted with its contents. Its easy method of arrangement, the general index and particular index, so fully illustrate its rich variety of subjects, that persons can easily select hymns suited to any occasion of Divine Service.

In view of the Divine favor conferred on me in enabling me to prepare a Hymn Book which has so fully met the views of the brethren and churches, and given such general satisfaction, I can but give a renewed expression of my sense of gratitude to God, and obligations to the brethren for their many kind and Christian expressions to me and the great interest they have been pleased to take for my success.

With such emotions as must abide in my

heart in reviewing those expressions, and the very favorable reception of my book, I cannot forbear to express with humble gratitude the great desire I have that all the praise may be ascribed to the God of all grace, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and that my humble efforts through this medium may be sanctified to very many of the dear followers of our Divine Master.

To His peculiar blessing, the favorable consideration of my brethren, and the patronage of a generous public, the work is humbly committed.

With my best desires for their spiritual and temporal welfare,

I remain their brother and

Servant in the Gospel, &c.,

BENJAMIN LLOYD.

GENERAL INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

	HYMN.
FREE GRACE	—19
ADVENT OF CHRIST	20—30
SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST	31—57
GLORIES OF CHRIST	58—91
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST	92—100
HOLY SPIRIT	101—113
INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL	114—137
CONVICTION AND CONVERSION	138—168
SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST	169—178
IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS	179—184
CHURCH MEETINGS OR CONFERENCE	185—217
BAPTISM	218—239
LORD'S SUPPER	240—257
WASHING THE SAINTS' FEET	258—262
CHRISTIAN EXERCISES, viz:	
Rejoicing	263—301
Adoration and Praise	302—327
Praying and Praising	328—344
Faith and Prayer	345—361
Supplication	362—379
Conflict	380—393
Admonition and Encouragement	394—404
Hope and Encouragement	405—425
MORNING DEVOTION	426—439
EVENING DEVOTION	440—4
PRAYER	452—463
THE SABBATH	464—473
BEFORE SERMON	474—493
AFTER SERMON	494—504
DISMISSION	505—514

THE GOSPEL.....515—526
ASSOCIATIONS OR GENERAL MEETINGS....527—535
SEASONS OF THE YEAR.....536—541
OPENING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.....542—545
CONSTITUTION OF A CHURCH.....546—549
CHOOSING A PASTOR.....550—552
ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.....553—560
CHOOSING A DEACON.....561—562
ORDINATION OF A DEACON.....563—564
CHURCH LAMENTING HER BARREN STATE..565—572
FAST AND THANKSGIVING.....573—583
NATIONAL HYMNS.....584—589
HEAVENLY PROSPECTS.....590—604
PERSEVERANCE IN GRACE.....605—612
FAREWELL.....613—626
PASTOR'S CARE.....627—633
SICKNESS.....634—638
DEATH.....639—660
RESURRECTION.....661—670
JUDGMENT.....671—678
MISCELLANEOUS.....679—693
DOXOLOGIES.....694, 695, 696, 697, 698 699, 700

PARTICULAR INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

THE FIGURES DESIGNATE THE HYMNS.

A.

ABSENCE from Christ deprecated, 337.
final from God intolerable, 674.
Accepted time, 118, 132.
Adoption, desiring evidence of, 98, 358, 368.
Advent of Christ, 21, 23.
design of the, 22.
second, 673.
Adversity, rejoicing in, 294.
Affliction and mercies from God, 119.
benefit of, 407, 634, 635.
blessedness of submission in, 637.
Christ a support in, 294.
from God, 634, 635.
of Zion, 692.
patience in, 634.
sweetness of the promises in, 637.
submission in, 393, 634, 635.
trusting in God, 635.
Almost Christian, 129.
Angels, song of, 21.
sympathy of with Christ, 57, 64.
Armor, the Christian, 387.
Ark of safety, Christ the, 606.
Assurance of divine favor, desiring, 145, 358, 381.
triumph of, 93, 355.
Atonement, relying on the, 50.
sufficiency of, 87, 126, 334.

B.

BAPTISM an act of obedience, 226, 227, 229, 233, 234.
an act of worship, 225, 239.
a Christian profession, 236, 237.
burial with Christ by, 224.
cheerfulness in, 230.
emblem of Christ's death, 232.
of Christ, 218, 219, 235, 238.
in imitation of Christ, 220, 223.
self-consecration in, 228.
the Spirit invoked in, 231.
Beauties of Christ, 292.
Bethlehem, star of, 20, 148.
Bethesda, pool of, 158, 161.
Beggar, plea of before the Lord, 386.
Bartimeus restored, 147.
Blessed are they that mourn, 156.
Blood of Christ, relying on, 87, 126, 142, 146, 334, 339.
Blood of Christ, the only way of salvation, 126.
Broad and narrow way, 129.

C.

CASTING care on God, 175.
Children admonished and warned, 136.
prayer for, 513.

Choosing a pastor. See ORDINATION HYMNS.
Christ, advent of, 22, 23.
advent second, 673.
our advocate, 70, 90, 98.
all and in all, 81,177,266.
beauties of, 292.
birth of, 20, 21, 24, 25, 399.
blood of, 35, 36, 41, 45, 46, 126, 334.
bread of life, 246.
builder, 72.
captain of salvation, 85.
the chiefest among ten thousand, 88, 680.
the Christian theme, 503.
commission of, 28.
compassion of, 46, 47, 57.
condescension of, 48, 52, 53, 276.
the corner stone, 77.
covert from the tempest, 330.
on the cross, 4, 9, 34, 36, 39, 41, 49, 50, 51, 56.
crucified, the noblest theme, 37, 42, 50.
death of, 31, 36, 49, 54, 56.
death and resurrection of, 26, 33, 45, 48.
deity, humiliation, and exaltation of, 64, 326.
desire of saints, 504.
the divine treasure, 66.
the door, 76, 293.
equal with the Father, 94, 326.
enthroned and worshipped, 64, 265.
exaltation of, 32, 33, 40, 43, 62.
exaltation and intercession of, 45, 52, 92, 93, 98, 100.
Christ exalted to give repentance, 63.
our example, 327.
the end of the law, 11, 87, 279.
excellence of, 84, 85, 86, 89, 177.
faithfulness of, 99.
forgiving his enemies, 9, 327.
fountain of life, 115, 125.
friend, 280, 294.
in Gethsemane, 38, 55,57.
God in, 8.
God incarnate, 29, 33, 332, 399.
the good old way, 127.
guide, 379.
hiding place, 143.
high priest, 90.
highway, 74.
humiliation of, 29, 53.
humiliation and triumph of, 26, 84.
immutability of, 71.
indebtedness to, 177.
intercession of, 82, 97, 100.
king, 60.
king of saints, 68, 69.
kingdom of among men, 27.
Lamb of God, 181.
life eternal in Christ alone, 87.
our life, 65, 80.
living and almighty Saviour, 82.
love of, 1, 10, 16, 39, 43, 46, 53, 97, 99, 263, 294, 298, 311, 395.
love of immutable, 97, 294.
mediation of, 28, 30, 45, 97.
mediator, 70, 90.

Christ the morning star, 79, 317.
not ashamed of, 58, 348.
one thing needful, 67.
the only plea, 126.
pardon in, 73, 87, 126, 162.
pardon through his sufferings, 35.
peace, through his intercession, 70, 368.
praise to, 26, 29, 53, 60, 68, 86, 95, 292,304,310, 311, 326, 332.
precious, 308, 319.
presence of banishes fear, 388.
present in his churches, 478, 487, 546.
priest and king, 92.
propitiation, 126.
ransom, 39, 64.
Redeemer and Judge, 60, 126.
refuge, 330, 373.
remembering, 256, 257.
resurrection of, 33, 39.
resurrection of celebrated, 467.
resurrection and ascension, 33, 64.
righteousness of imputed to sinners, 179, 182, 184.
rock of ages, 324.
the rock that is higher than I 83.
the rose of Sharon, 75.
our sacrifice, 31, 40, 87, 116, 126.
salvation through, 87, 126, 169, 170, 172, 174, 176, 180, 181.
Saviour, 32, 36, 39, 49, 54.
Christ seen of angels, 64.
shepherd, 319, 320, 338, 612.
substance of Levitical priesthood, 30.
sufferings of, 36, 38, 39, 49, 54, 55, 56, 57.
sufferings and exaltation of, 40, 64.
teaching of, 519.
triumphant ascension of, 33.
unchangeable friend,294, 394.
union with, 166.
unseen yet beloved, 274.
victories of, 63.
victory and exaltation of, 61, 62, 63, 532.
vision of anticipated, 296.
vital union to, 65.
is ours and we are his, 86.
way, truth and life, 78.
Christian, anxious, 345, 529.
no abiding city here, 216.
acknowledging relief, 690.
not ashamed of Christ, 58, 222, 224, 356, 396.
backsliding and returning, 337, 345.
bearing shame for Christ, 348.
benevolent, 423.
blessedness of, 427, 654, 658.
brotherly love, 194, 197, 205, 208, 217, 271, 427, 693.

Christian burdened with guilt, 31, 73, 162, 362.
casting care on God, 175.
cast down but not destroyed, 352.
changes, 384.
cheered by God's presence, 328, 342.
Christ the strength of, 691.
Christ all in all to, 177, 266, 308, 318–320, 330, 341.
comforted in prospect of death, 662.
communing with God, 360, 395.
confiding in Christ, 70, 353.
contented, 361.
contrite, 392.
conversing with heaven, 313.
dead to the world and sin, 89.
delighting in God, 268, 277.
delighting in the Scriptures, 282, 488, 526.
depending on Christ, 83.
depending on the Spirit, 101, 105, 111, 113, 366, 375, 482.
desiring to walk the narrow way, 74.
desiring to run the Christian race, 202.
desiring a closer walk with God, 345.
desiring various blessings. See PRAYER.
doubting, 381.
dying, 595, 600, 639, 654.
Christian encouraged, 385, 387, 398, 406, 413, 416, 610.
enjoying assurance, 93, 608, 681.
enjoying presence of Christ, 44, 109, 244, 298, 328, 490.
enjoying presence of God, 342.
example of Christ, following, 38, 188, 219, 222, 224, 229, 327.
exercises, various, 391.
experience of, 167, 688.
filial trust of, 368.
finding mercy in Christ, 117.
fleeing to Christ, 72, 139.
fleeing to the mercy seat, 333, 362, 373.
following example of departed saints, 350.
forgiving enemies, 327.
godly sorrow of, 31.
grace, preserved by, 12.
grace, relying on, 392.
grace, sufficient for, 16.
grace, saved by, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14.
gradual progress of, 607.
gratitude of, 283, 306, 314, 319, 329, 449, 608.
in the hands of Christ, 320, 609.
happiness of, only in God, 342.
heaven, anticipating, 68, 313, 419, 590.
heaven, looking to, 110, 387, 591, 596, 597

Christian, heaven the reward of the, 216, 275, 284, 312, 355, 591, 592, 593, 594, 596, 597, 599, 602, 688.
heavenly joy of on earth, 200.
hoping only in God, 268, 314, 373, 422.
imitating Christ, 38, 188, 219, 222, 224, 229, 327.
indwelling sin lamented, 162.
journey through a wilderness, 383, 691.
justified, 93.
lamenting absence of Christ, 337.
lamenting inconstancy and coldness, 380, 384, 421, 504.
lamenting indwelling sin, 162.
lamenting a hard heart, 376, 377.
lamenting lost comforts, 347, 568, 572.
lamenting inconstancy, 567.
leaving all for Christ, 267.
life perilous, 357.
living by faith, 354, 418.
looking to Jesus, 141.
loving the church, 195, 197, 208.
mansions prepared for in heaven, 400.
mutual fellowship of, 191, 194, 197, 208, 271.
obeying Christ, 188.
parting with the world. 89, 267.
patient in suffering, 347.
pleading merits of Christ, 138.
Christian, pleading promises, 362, 400, 401, 492.
praying for various blessings. See PRAYER.
profited by affliction, 407.
promises sweet to the, 293, 340, 400, 401, 405, 411, 412.
grace, 404, 420.
rejoicing in hope of glory 270, 272.
rejoicing in adversity, 294.
rejoicing in the mercies of God, 278.
rejoicing in the ways of God, 8, 269.
religion exemplified by the, 403.
repentance and faith of, 31, 35, 73, 155, 162, 165, 180, 274, 364, 389.
resignation of, 346, 347, 354, 358, 361, 368, 374, 379, 407, 637.
resorting to God in trouble, 374.
safety of, 324, 410.
safety of in Christ, 99, 320, 356, 357, 373, 501, 606, 610, 612.
safety of in God only, 417.
salvation of secure, 349, 356.
seeking the beloved, 108.
self-dedication, 50, 89, 321, 341, 497.
self-denial for Christ, 348.
self-examination, 380, 381, 384, 390.
sustained by God, 99.

Christian, trusting in Christ for pardon, 28, 87, 126.
trusting in God, 175, 321, 343, 367, 373, 378, 425.
trusting in Christ, 330, 357, 363.
trusting in Providence, 305.
trusting in divine mercy, 408.
union of to Christ, 412.
waiting at the throne of grace, 363.
warfare, 396, 397, 402.
welcoming Christ to the heart, 493, 567.
and wicked, 435.
Church, Christ the foundation of the, 77, 91, 547.
Christ the builder of the, 72.
Christ the head of the, 80.
complete in Christ, 532.
constitution of a, 546, 547, 548.
beauties of the, 531.
the garden of Christ, 209,
God in the, 549.
joining the, 187, 190, 192, 193, 198.
lamenting a barren state, 566.
love to the, 195, 197.
love of Christ to the, 532.
mourning and pleading under desertion, 565.
new members welcomed, 185, 186, 188, 189, 191, 203.
one, 80, 213.
safety of, 210, 214, 215, 322, 532, 534, 549.
victorious, 534.
Coldness and inconstancy lamented, 380, 384, 421, 504.
Comforts, lost, deplored, 337, 345, 572.
Confidence in Christ, 353.
Confession of sin, 153, 155, 162.
and forgiveness, 154.
Contentment, 361.
Contrition, 392.
Confession of sinners, joy for, 494.
joy on account of, 149.
Conviction by the law, 523.
Covenant, 6, 173.
hope in the, 417.
sure, 496.
Cross, safety in, 50.
subdued by the, 35.

D.

DEACON, choice of a, 561, 562.
ordination of. See ORDINATION HYMNS.
Death and eternity, 646.
disarmed, 640.
dying Christian not to be lamented, 639, 661.
dying Christian, farewell of, 595, 600.
friends separated by, 650, 655, 656, 659.
of Christian friends, 639.
of an infant, 644, 658.
of a child rather joyous, 648.
of a child, resignation to, 651.
of children in their infancy, 647.
comfort to pious parents in death of children, 652.
of a young person, 641.

Death of a minister, 646, 243.
of a pastor, 660.
prayer for support in, 649.
presence of God makes it easy, 640.
righteous blessed in, 654, 658.
victory over, in hope of resurrection, 661, 669.
meditation on, 653.
meditation on the tomb, 645.
DEDICATION HYMNS:
God's condescension, 542.
presence and blessing of God invoked, 543–545.
Dependence on Christ, 126, 330.
on the Spirit, 101, 105, 111, 113, 366, 375, 482, 568.
Despair brightened by hope, 151.
Devotion daily and nightly, 370.
enjoyment in, 486.
Difficulties of the way of life, 129.
Dismission, 505–507, 510–512, 514.
Divine guidance, 347.
Dominion of God celebrated, 289.

E.

EARTH, looking from to heaven, 637.
Effectual calling, 299.
Election, 6, 18, 19, 44, 99, 143, 172, 290.
Encouragement, 387, 398, 406, 416.
to Zion, 322, 547.
Enjoyment of Christ's love, 486, 490.
Eternal life, 295.
Evening hymn, 440.
daily mercies recognized, 449.
dependence on God, 448.
devotion, 441, 443.
God's goodness acknowledged, 442.
praise, 306, 450.
prayer, 440, 445–447.
reflections, 444, 446, 447, 451.
Experience of the philosopher, 152.

F.

FAITH, act of, 330, 332, 674.
effects of, 274, 414.
evidence of things not seen, 418.
excellence of, 409.
exercises of, 160, 408.
gift of God, 364.
justification by, 93, 180, 183, 375.
power of, 604.
walking by, 598.
weak, 591.
Family Bible, 685.
FAREWELL HYMNS:
Christian farewell, 618.
Hick's farewell, 723.
minister's farewell, 614 616, 622.
pastor's farewell, 621, 629.
pilgrim's farewell, 617.
parting of Christians, 630.
friends, 624.
hand, 613.
with hope of reunion, 631, 633.
and reunion in heaven, 615, 619, 625-627

Farewell in Christian fellowship, 620.
Fasting and prayer, 579.
public, 573–576.
Favor of God, preferred to sinners' prosperity, 435.
Feed my lambs, 415.
Fellowship of Christians, 185, 189–191, 194–197.
Filial confidence, 368.
submission, 346.
Following Christ, 188, 686.
Forgiveness of enemies, 327.
Forsaking all for Christ, 267.
Friendship, 500.

G.

GOD, all and in all, 342.
all-sufficient refuge, 175.
ark of safety, 606.
author of salvation, 6, 14, 19, 173, 297.
breathing after, 98, 395.
care for his creatures, 343.
character of seen in the gospel, 304.
communion with, 360.
dominion of, 325.
dominion, eternity and immutability of, 289.
faithfulness of, 293, 307, 340.
father, 314, 358.
glory in his works and word, 539.
glory and grace seen in Christ, 11, 14, 343.
goodness of, 344, 354, 359.
goodness of acknowledged, 306, 329.
goodness of celebrated, 344, 538.
God, goodness of seen in his works, 539.
goodness of universal, 583.
greatness of, 302.
in all, 329.
in Christ, 8.
incomprehensible, 323.
justice of, 155, 180.
love of 6, 14, 19, 290, 343.
love of manifested in pardon, 168.
love of seen in the death of Christ, 28, 33, 35, 49, 263, 490, 495.
majesty of, 302, 315, 325.
mercy of, 49, 301, 408.
mercy to soul and body, 347.
omniscient and omnipresent, 291.
omniscience of and mediation of Christ, 96.
perfections of, 323.
perfections in his government, 303.
portion, 342.
present with his people, 11, 478.
preserver, 299, 411, 412.
providence of, 536.
dark providences, 15, 294, 305, 325, 349, 385.
refuge and portion, 343.
rock, 367.
safety in, 367, 373, 637.
seen in creation and the gospel, 343.
shepherd, 299.
sovereign purposes of, 305, 325.
support, 175.
Good old way, Christ the, 127.
Goodness, year crowned with, 538.

Gospel, 343, 539.
exemplified in the life, 403.
feast, 44, 114.
fountain of living waters, 115, 125.
glad tidings of, 116, 516, 518.
not ashamed of, 356.
originating in mercy, 521.
power of, 517.
rejoicing in the, 11, 484, 519.
savor of life or death, 525.
suited to give peace, 134.
trumpet, 114.
uniform, 184.
Grace of God seen in Christ, 7, 9, 14.
day of, 132.
constraining, 8, 44.
preserving, 3.
electing, 7, 12, 14, 19.
relying on, 12.
salvation by, 3, 4, 5, 7, 14, 178.
sufficiency of, 16, 17.
supporting, 2.
Gratitude, 306, 329, 442, 443, 446, 449, 450, 536.
and praise, 314.
Guilt, burden of, 162, 362.

H.

HAPPINESS, true only in Christ, 679.
Hard heart lamented, 376, 377.
Heaven anticipated, 68, 69, 266.
the better land, 602.
the heavenly Canaan, 275.
heavenly mansion, 598.
Heaven, converse with, 313.
desiring, 275, 284, 296, 596.
desiring a view of, 110.
glories of, 604.
glorified martyrs in, 312.
happiness of, 603.
home of the Christian, 419, 594.
hope of, 355, 590, 597.
hope of through Christ, 668.
mansions in prepared by Christ, 400.
peace of, 601.
redeemed in, 592.
rest for the weary, 590, 593, 597, 600.
for the righteous only, 599.
society of, 214.
termination of the Christian's warfare, 387, 597.
vision of Christ, the joy of, 110, 296.
Heavenly Sabbath, 465, 470.
Hiding-place, Christ the, 143.
Hinder me not, 188.
Holy aspirations, 267, 309, 360.
Holy Spirit, breathing after, 112, 482.
comforter, 104.
descent of on the disciples, 520.
earnest of heaven, 105.
enlightening and renewing, 13.
guide, 101.
illuminating, 113.
influence of compared to living water, 102.
inviting sinners, 522.

Holy Spirit invoked, 103, 110, 224, 231, 472, 476, 477.
power of, 281.
prayer for descent of, 106.
prayer for return of, 345, 568.
quickening, 52.
regeneration by, 107, 366.
sanctifying influence of 375, 476.
seal of truth, 47.
teaching, 109, 111.
witness, 105.
Hope in God, 373, 422.
rejoicing in, 662.
Humiliation, public, 573, 576.
Hypocrisy known to God, 459.

I.

IMITATION of Christ, 221, 222, 235.
in suffering, 38.
in forgiving his enemies, 327.
Ingratitude lamented, 567.
Indwelling of God desired, 493.
Invitation to sinners, 114, 118, 120, 121, 125, 134, 139, 142, 522.
I know that my Redeemer lives, 82.

J.

JERUSALEM, new, 284.
Jesus, the bright morning star, 317.
desiring to see, 59.
forever the same, 71.
the living vine, 65.
name of sweetest sound, 339.
physician, 144.
precious, 308, 318.
Jesus the sinner's friend, 141.
Joining the people of God, 198.
Joying in God, 278.
Jubilee proclaimed, 123.
Judgment day, 676.
Christ coming to, 671, 673.
fleeing to Christ in prospect of, 663, 674.
preparation for, 675, 677
saints and sinners judged, 672.
welcomed, 678.
Justice of God in condemnation of sinners, 155, 180.
Justification, 93, 183.

L.

LAMB of God, behold the, 57, 181.
song of Moses and the, 95.
Law, conviction by the, 523, and grace contrasted, 122.
Living to Christ, 341.
Looking unto Jesus, 141, 365.
Lord's Supper instituted, 240, 241.
body and blood of Christ, 243, 244, 246, 255.
Christ's love celebrated, 28, 53, 95, 242, 245, 252, 319.
Christ's compassion, 43, 247.
Christ remembered, 257.
Christ's sufferings, 36, 38, 39, 55, 250, 251, 253.
Christian fellowship, 196.
supper, communion with Christ in, 244, 248, 249.

Lord's supper, enjoyment in, 254, 486.
the Lord's festival, 44.
memorial, 256.
self-consecration at, 50.
sense of unworthiness, 245.
Love, essential to religion, 693.
mutual, 194–197, 200, 205, 208, 217, 427.
of God manifested in the death of Christ, 28, 490, 495.
to Christ, 274, 490, 529.
Lovest thou me, 394.

M.

MEDIATION, 28, 30, 70, 99.
access to God through, 100.
Meeting after separation, 533, 535.
Mercy, God's purpose of, 7, 14, 19.
pleading for, 157, 164.
trusting in, 2.
acknowledged, 301, 329, 335, 352.
Mercy seat, 333.
waiting at, 373.
Ministers desiring to be faithful in preaching, 489.
message of a, 632. See ORDINATION HYMNS.
Morning hymn, 431.
dependence on God, 426.
devotion, 435.
God's goodness acknowledged, 431, 436, 437.
gratitude and prayer, 432.
love mutual, 427.
praise, 436.
prayer, 431, 433, 438, 439.
prayer and praise, 434.
and evening praise, 426.
Morning, Sabbath, 428, 429, 430.

N.

NATIONAL hymn, 586.
blessings, God acknowledged in, 584.
blessings celebrated, 577
goodness to our forefathers, 587.
praise and prayer, 589.
Nation, prayer for, 573, 588
prayer for national gratitude and holiness, 585.
prayer for relief from national judgments, 573.
prayer and confession, 575.
prayer for deliverance answered, 578.
Nearness to the Lord, 345.

O.

OLD age, sustaining grace implored in, 420.
things are passed away, 89.
One thing needful, 67.
ORDINATION HYMNS:
ministers bearers of good news, 518.
ministers abounding in the work of the Lord, 528.
ministers encouraged, 556, 559.
ministers, prayer for success of, 554, 558, 560.
watching for souls, 553.
pastor chosen, 550–552.
ministry, divinely appointed, 555, 557.
deacons chosen, 561, 562.
deacons addressed and charged, 564.
deacons, prayer for, 562, 563.

P.

PARDON on confession, 154.
only by the cross, 87, 126, 180, 181.
implored, 138, 155. 157, 162, 164.
and sanctification, 117.
Pardoning love, 146, 149, 335.
Parental entreaty, 136, 689.
Parting of Christians. See FAREWELL HYMNS.
Pastor chosen. See ORDINATION HYMNS.
affectionate charge to the church, 628.
Paul preaching before Felix, 498.
Penitent venturing, 153.
pleading for pardon, 155, 157, 162, 164.
rest for the, 362.
Perfect man, end of shall be peace, 81.
Perseverance, 70, 99, 281, 416, 495, 612.
through Christ, 288, 417.
through grace, 16, 495, 605, 607.
Piety, early, 137, 513.
Pilgrimage, 404.
life a, 216, 383.
Pleading in the name of Christ, 126, 138.
Praise to God, 273, 302, 306, 324, 608.
to the Trinity, 281.
to Christ, 29, 41, 53, 60, 61, 68, 84, 92, 95, 178, 304, 310, 311, 324, 332, 504.
to Christ as a King, 60, 352.
to Christ, the Lamb, 37, 286, 310.
Praise to Christ as the Redeemer, 9, 28, 42, 47, 311, 503.
to Christ a shepherd, 319, 320.
continual, 306.
exhortation to offer, 273, 287, 311, 315, 316.
exhortation to offer to Christ, 53, 95, 304, 609.
feeble compared with God's greatness, 302.
resolution to offer, 306.
in the temple, 273, 300.
universal, 316, 512, 514.
Prayer, 453–455, 462, 463.
answered, 149, 460, 574.
at the beginning of worship, 452, 456. 461, 475, 477, 479, 480, 481, 483, 485, 491, 492, 493.
at the close of worship, 499, 502, 505, 510, 663.
at baptism, 219, 222, 224, 227, 228, 231, 232, 239.
at dedication of places of worship. See DEDICATION HYMNS.
at joining the church, 192.
at the mercy seat, 335. 424.
at the new year, 536–538, 540.
at parting, 630, 633.
secret, 370.
evening, 440–443, 445–447, 449, 450.
morning, 426, 431–439.
for aid in the expression of gratitude, 329.
for assurance, 358, 381, 458.
for children, 513.
at choosing a deacon. See ORDINATION HYMNS.

Prayer of Christ in the garden, 38, 55, 57, 97.
for the church, 472.
for a closer walk with God, 345.
for contentment, 361.
for conversion of sinners, 128, 132, 134.
for deliverance, 330.
for deliverance from sin, 458.
under desertion, 569, 571, 572.
for divine indwelling, 493.
for evidence of adoption, 98, 358.
for faith, 98, 364.
for grace in old age, 420.
for gratitude, 329.
for guidance, 83, 192, 351, 367, 369, 374, 460.
for help to bear shame for Christ, 348.
for help to imitate departed saints, 350.
for help in worship, 17, 452, 456, 475, 477, 479–481, 483, 485, 491, 492.
for holy affections, 345, 361, 475, 476.
for the Holy Spirit, 101, 102–106, 110, 111, 112, 375, 476, 477, 482, 568.
for the influence of divine love, 527.
invitation to, 424, 455, 457, 458.
for light, 274, 371.
for mercy, 157, 164.
for ministers. See ORDINATION HYMNS.
for the nation, 573–576, 585, 588, 589.
nature of, 453, 455, 463.
Prayer for all-needed good, 374, 460, 496.
for pardon, 153, 155, 157–159, 161–164, 362, 364, 366.
at choosing a pastor. See ORDINATION HYMNS.
for a part in heaven, 304.
for perseverance, 497.
for a place in the sanctuary, 367, 372, 487
for preparation to die, 382, 641, 645.
for preparation for heaven, 372, 604.
for preparation for the judgment, 663, 667.
for the presence of Christ, 328, 374, 461, 475, 479.
for the presence of God, 480, 486.
for protection from carnal professors, 204.
for quickening grace, 345.
for renewing grace, 366.
for renovation, 336, 372.
for repentance, 138.
for resignation in every state, 346, 347, 358, 361, 368, 379.
for restoration, 337, 345, 569, 571, 572, 683.
for a revival, 568, 570.
for sanctification, 345, 361, 496.
for self-knowledge, 360.
for sincerity, 129, 459.
for spiritual improvement, 458.
for support in death, 649.
without ceasing, 378,379, 455, 457.

Presence of Christ, desired, 374, 458, 461, 476, 680.
of God, desiring, 480, 486.
of God, delightful, 268.
Primitive days, review of, 206.
desiring to live over, 207.
Prodigal reclaimed, 119.
Promised blessing claimed, 461.
Promises, pleading the, 340, 362, 401, 492, 683.
secure, 293, 307, 340, 356. 401, 405, 411, 412, 417.
Protection, praise for, 324.
Providences, 15, 294, 305, 349, 354.

Q.

QUICKENING grace, prayer for, 345.

R.

RACE, the Christian, 202, 404.
Redeeming love, 211, 264.
Redemption. God's character seen in, 304, 343.
wonders of, 32–34, 36, 39, 46, 49, 53, 54, 56.
Regeneration by the Spirit, 13, 107, 281.
Reliance on God, 342.
Religion, blessedness of, 137, 200, 201, 268, 285.
importance of, 336.
Repenting sinner, joy over, 494.
Repentance in view of Christ's compassion, 73.
in view of the cross, 31, 36.
prayer for, 138.
Resignation. See CHRISTIAN, resignation of.
Returning to God, 345, 572.
Resolve, the successful, 139, 140.
Rest, earthly and heavenly, 428, 429, 470.
for the penitent, 131, 362.
in heaven, 592, 593, 595, 600.
Resurrection, 665.
death and, 669.
hope of, 661, 662, 664, 670.
and judgment, 663.
scenes of the, 667.
of Christ celebrated, 464, 467, 468, 471.
Revival, prayer for, 568, 570.
Righteousness of Christ imputed to sinners, 179, 182, 184.
robe of, 182, 184.
Righteous, blessedness of, 81, 427.
and wicked, 435. See CHRISTIAN.
Romish lady, 687.
Royal proclamation, 524

S.

SABBATH morning, 428, 429, 471, 472.
evening, 507, 508, 509.
day of Christ's resurrection, 464, 467, 468, 471.
day of rest, 428, 429, 430, 464, 466.
delight in, 428 429, 430, 464, 472.
earthly and heavenly, 428, 429, 471, 508.
type of heaven, 465, 469.
welcomed, 466, 469.

Sabbath, worship on the, 464–467, 469, 472.
blessings implored on the, 429, 464, 471, 473.
Saints, general assembly of, 312.
on earth and in heaven, 80, 213.
Salvation, 171.
through Christ, 6, 28, 54, 87, 93, 126, 169–174, 176, 181, 264, 334.
by grace, 3–9, 11, 12, 14, 17, 19, 178.
a great mystery, 297.
Sanctuary, delight in, 273, 300, 331, 472.
God present in, 478.
invitation to, 582.
thanksgiving and praise in, 582.
Scriptures, delight and instruction from, 488, 521, 526, 685.
excellence of, 282.
only revelation, 526.
suited to our wants, 488, 521.
preciousness of, 282.
sufficiency of 488, 521.
Seasons, 538, 539.
Security in God, 367, 410, 417, 637.
in Christ, 97, 99, 100, 606, 610.
Self-denial for Christ, 348.
distrust, 380, 381.
examination, 381.
righteous hopes renounced, 180.
Shepherd, God a, 299.
Christ a, 319, 320, 338, 365, 612.
Sickness and recovery, 636, 638.
and death, comfort in, 635.
Sickness, sweetness of, submission in, 624, 637.
Sin, confession of, 153–155, 163.
indwelling lamented, 162.
sense of, 157, 159, 162.
Sincerity, prayer for, 459.
Sinners awakened, 151, 164, 165, 167.
entreated by the mercies of Christ, 121, 131.
expostulation with, 118, 120, 130, 132, 133.
glad tidings for, 515, 517
invited to Christ, 115. 117, 120, 121, 125, 127. 131, 133, 135, 142.
invited and warned, 120, 124,
invitation and resolve 139, 140.
room for, 125.
must be born again, 128, 150.
joy for conversion of, 494.
prosperity of, brief, 435.
God just in their condemnation, 155, 164, 180.
at the judgment, 673, 675, 676.
their doom, 124, 129, 663.
Sovereign grace, 3, 5, 6, 12, 17, 143, 178, 611.
Spirit. See Holy Spirit.
Sweet Home, 419, 594.

T.

THANKSGIVING, public, 538, 580, 581, 582, 583.
Thirsting after God, 529, 683.
Throne of grace, 424.
Tidings, glad to sinners, 515, 517.

Time, the accepted, 118, 132.
frailty of life, 684.
and eternity. 351, 666.
Trinity, praise to the, 281.
Truth, worth of, 474.
Trust in Christ, the only refuge, 28, 70, 87, 126, 180, 181, 187.
in God, 340, 343, 367, 378, 425.
Turtle dove, 211.

V.

VANITY of the world, 199, 267, 682.
vows made, 192.

W.

WALKING with God, 345.
Warfare, the Christian, 396, 397, 402.
Washing the saints' feet, 260.
example of Christ in, 258.
in imitation of Christ, 261.
as a Christian duty, 259
the saints' feet, desiring to be worthy of, 262.
Word, blessing on the, desired, 475–477, 479, 480, 483, 491, 499, 502.
World, vanity of, 89, 199, 267, 682
Worship, anticipating, 433
Christ present in, 461, 478.
delight in, 300, 331, 430, 464, 466, 467, 469, 472, 486, 487.
desiring a blessing in, 530.
dismission from, 505, 506, 510, 511.
invocation of a blessing in, 452, 456, 461, 472, 481, 483, 485, 492, 493
Worthies, following the departed, 350.
Work of truth, 474.

Y.

YEAR, close of, 540, 541.
new, 536, 537.
Young, encouraged to seek Christ, 135.
importance of religion to 336.
prayer for, 513.

Z.

ZEAL, 378, 396, 404.
want of lamented, 571.
Zion encouraged, 72, 322 412, 425, 547.
afflictions of, 692.
beauties of, 531.
God's love to, 534, 547.
safety of, 532, 534.

CHOICE HYMNS.

ON FREE GRACE.

1 L. M.

The Love of Christ immutable.

1 AWAKE, 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 ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved 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!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I 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 powers 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.

11s.

Grace free and full.

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

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

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy sunshine I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell,
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

3 C. M.

Salvation by grace alone.

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The world shall soon to ruin go,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

4 C. M.

Free grace displayed on the cross.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me;
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:

"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

5 S. M.

Grace a charming sound.

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

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 [Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feét
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in Heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

6 L. M.

Free Salvation.

1 LONG ere the sun began his days,
Or moon shot forth her silver rays,
Salvation's scheme was fixed, 'twas done
In cov'nant by the THREE IN ONE.

2 The Father spake, the Son replied,
The Spirit with them both complied;

Grace moved the cause for saving man,
And wisdom drew the noble plan.

3 The Father chose his only Son
To die for sins that man had done;
Emmanuel to the choice agreed,
And thus secured a num'rous seed.

4 He sends his Spirit from above,
To call the objects of his love;
Not one shall perish or be lost,
His blood has bought them—dear they cost.

5 What high displays of sovereign grace!
What love to save a ruined race!
My soul, adore his lovely name,
By whom thy free salvation came.

7 C. M.

Truth and grace.

1 WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclosed his kind design,
To rescue his apostate race
From mis'ry, shame and sin,

2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet midst their joys they paused awhile,
And asked, with strange surprise,
"But how can injured Justice smile,
Or look with pitying eyes?"

4 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus replied:
"In me let Mercy be revered,
And Justice satisfied.

5 "Behold, my vital blood I pour,
A sacrifice to God;
Let angry Justice now no more
Demand the sinner's blood."

6 He spake, and heaven's high arches rang
With shouts of loud applause;
'He died!' the friendly angels sang,
And we repeat their joys.

8 L. M.

Grace excites to prayer.

1 THE soul that's truly born of God,
Delights to run the heavenly road;
He mourns for sin, and hates the ways
Which lead to death—behold he prays!

2 Grace is the theme his soul explores;
A God in Christ his soul adores;
Before the cross his fears he lays;
And now to God, behold, he prays!

3 He flies from works to Jesus' blood,
Yet proves by works he's born of God;
He runs with joy in Zion's ways
And to his God, behold, he prays.

4 In Heaven each praying soul shall see
Salvation was both rich and free;
And through eternal ages raise
His song, where now, behold he prays!

9 C. M.

The grace of Christ wondrous.

1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his murd'rers bore,
Which made the tott'ring cross its throne
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
And while we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

10 7s.

Love of Jesus.

1 LOVE divine, how sweet the sound,
May the theme on earth abound;
May the hearts of saints below,
With the sacred rapture glow.

2 Love amazing, large, and free,
Love unknown, to think on me;
Let that love upon me shine,
Saviour, with its beams divine.

3 Better than earth's gilded toys,
Or an age of carnal joys;
Better far than Ophir's gold,
Love that never can be told.

4 Better than this life of mine,
Saviour, is thy love divine;
Drop the veil, and let me see
Rivers of this love in thee.

5 While in Mesech's tents I stay,
Love divine shall tune my lay;
When I soar to bliss above,
Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

11 C. M.

God glorified in grace.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God,
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thought employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

12 L. M.

Grace and works contrasted.

1 SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo grace, free grace.

2 'Twas grace that quickened me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
'Tis grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
Grace is my hope, and grace my song.

4 'Tis grace upholds when danger's near,
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
Grace- -grace, is all they sing above

5 'Tis thus alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis alone in grace I trust;
For all that's past, grace is my theme,
For what's to come 'tis still the same.

6 In countless years of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heavenly King;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout free grace, free grace, alone.

13 L. M.

Gracious operations sovereign and free.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice
Thy cheering words awake our joys:

Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

14 L. M.

Grace, justice, and truth harmonized.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven supreme should stoop so low,
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been its bitt'rest foe?

2 Can holiness and wisdom join
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin, with all its guilt erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great;
That formed the vast stupendous plan
Where all divine perfections meet,
To reconcile rebellious man.

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

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

15 C. M.

A dark though gracious providence.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

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

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

4 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

16 L. M.

My grace is sufficient for thee.

1 COME, all ye chosen saints of God.
Whose souls are washed in Jesus' blood,
Hear what he says; his word is true—
'My grace sufficient is for you.

2 'I am your sure, almighty friend,
Who loving, loves you to the end;
I will be near you, and will show
My grace sufficient is for you.

3 'I know how num'rous are your foes;
I know the ways which they oppose;
I know their cunning malice too;
My grace sufficient is for you.

4 'Tho' Satan strives your souls t' ensnare,
You're still the objects of my care;
You're near my heart, I'll bring you thro';
My grace sufficient is for you.

5 'Do you want proof of this my love?
Calv'ry survey—then heaven above;

See how the ransomed millions bow;
My grace sufficient is for you.

6 'I'll guide you safely in the way,
Thro' life's dark night, to heaven's bright
day;
And there with wonder you shall view,
My grace sufficient was for you.'

17 C. M. Double.

Grace the sweetest sound.

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stamm'ring tongues
To make his glorious reign of grace
The subject of our songs.
No sweeter subject can invite
A sinner's heart to sing,
Or more display the sovereign right
Of our exalted King.

2 This subject fills the starry plains
With wonder, joy, and love,
And furnishes the noblest strains
For all the harps above;
While the redeemed in praise combine,
To grace upon the throne,
Angels in solemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

3 Grace reigns to conquer rebel foes
By mild and easy means,
And thus it manifestly shows,
Of foes it makes its friends.
O'ercome by love, they all delight
To give to grace the praise,
And all their cheerful powers unite,
The lofty theme to raise.

4 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;
And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.
The world and Satan strive in vain
Against the chosen few;
Secure of grace's conq'ring reign,
They all shall conquer too.

5 Grace tills the soil and sows the seed
Provides the sun and rain,
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripened harvest grain.
'Twas grace that called our souls at first,
By grace thus far we've come,
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

6 Lord, when this changing life is past,
May we but see thy face;
How will we praise and love at last,
And sing the reign of grace!
Yet let us aim, while here below,
Thy glory to display,
And own at least the debt we owe,
Although we cannot pay.

18 C. M.

Election the noblest theme.

1 OF all the themes we mortals know,
Election sounds the best;
It makes the heart with raptures glow,
And soothes the mind to rest.

2 Election! 'tis a joyful sound
To wretched, guilty man:

The Father, Son, and Spirit formed
The everlasting plan.

3 O may this Bible-truth inspire
My heart with purest bliss,
And land my soul in mansions where
My chosen Jesus is.

19 L. M.

Electing grace, or saints beloved in Christ.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name,
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

2 'Christ be my first elect,' he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
'Blameless in love, a holy seed.'

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new, regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ, our Lord, we share our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed
Till he forgets his first beloved.

20 10s and 11s.

Hail the blest morn.

1 HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator
Down from the mansions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor,
Brightest and best, &c.

21 C. M.

The nativity of Christ.

1 SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes
And send your fears away!
News from the regions of the skies,
'Salvation's born to-day.

2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 No gold nor purple swaddling-bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 'Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.'

Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

22 C. M.

The Redeemer's message.

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

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

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

23 C. M.

Mortals incited to join with angels in song.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark, the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above
And mingle with their lays.

7 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
'Glory to God on high;
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.'

8 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

24 6, 8. Lenox.

The birth of Christ hailed.

1 AWAKE, awake, arise,
And hail the glorious morn;

Hark, how the angels sing,
'To you a Saviour's born!'
Now let our hearts in concert move,
And every tongue be tuned to love.

2 He mortals came to save
From sin's tyrannic power;
Come, with the angels sing
At this auspicious hour;
Let every heart and tongue combine
To praise the love, the grace divine.

3 The prophecies and types
Are all this day fulfilled;
With eastern sages join
To praise this wondrous child:
God's only Son is come to bless
The earth with peace and righteousness.

4 Glory to God on high,
For our Emmanuel's birth;
To mortal men good will,
And peace and joy on earth:
With angels now we will repeat
Their songs, still new and ever sweet.

25 C. M.

The song of angels at the birth of Christ.

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

2 'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized 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 heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

26 6, 8. Lenox.

Christ's love above all price.

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

2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do;
His every deed of love and grace
All worth exceed and thought surpass.

3 He left his starry crown.
And laid his robes aside;

On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died.
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led.
Up through the sky the conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

6 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, thou wilt receive.

27 C. M.

The new Jerusalem.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place!
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 'The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.

5 'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.'

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

28 S. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 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 wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.

4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;

Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the Saviour's grace.

5 Lord, we obey the call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou has brought,
And love and praise thy name.

29 C. M.

The Incarnation.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord—
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And stooped to wretchedness and woe.
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

30 C. M.

Christ the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars,
Before the rising dawn.

2 The smoking sweet, and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ the Lord comes down to be
The offering and the Priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love,
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 'Father,' he cries, 'forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;'
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

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31 C. M.

Godly sorrow from Christ's death.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood;
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

6 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.

32 C. M.

Christ's death and victory.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when he fell!
'Tis finished,' said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finished,' our Emmanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done!
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown;

When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord:
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

33 L. M.

Christ dying and triumphing.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say, 'Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

34 P. M.

Christ's dignity in death.

1 SEE the Lord of glory dying!
See him gasping, hear him crying!
See his burthened bosom heave!
Look, ye sinners, ye who hung him
Look, how deep your sins have stung him!
Dying sinners, look and live!

2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,
Earth unto her centre quaking!
Nature's groans awake the dead!
Lo! the sun is struck with wonder,
While the peals of legal thunder
Smite the blest Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting to the tuneful regions,
Cease to thrill the quivering string;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war is ended
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King Eternal,
When he poured the vital flood,
By his groans which shook creation,
Lo, we sound the proclamation:
Peace and pardon through his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with admiration,
Fill with songs the wide creation,
Since he's risen from the grave.
Shout, with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee:
Soon he'll come, with bursts of thunder,
Then we shall adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

7 See the blissful scene before us,
Join the universal chorus,
Bid the flowing numbers rise;
Songs immortal sweetly sounding,
Notes angelic loud rebounding,
Trembling round the vocal skies.

35 C. M.

Christ's sufferings on the cross.

1 WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
In agonies and blood,
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Oh! never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
He seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 A second look he gave, and said,
'I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.'

4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

36 L. M.

A dying Saviour.

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

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by;
Oh, why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

6 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.

37 7, 6.

Christ crucified, the noblest theme.

1 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,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning victim died,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

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

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

5 O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love:

Fain would I to sinners show
The blood alone by faith applied,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

38 C. M.

Agony in the garden.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down—
In agony he prayed:

2 'Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will:
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil.'

3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow,
The heavy load he bore for thee,
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey,
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

39 C. M.

Christ on the cross dying.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast that love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done—the precious ransom 's paid;
'Receive my soul,' he cries;
See how he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's iron chain
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

40 L. M.

Remembrance of Christ.

1 HIGH on a throne my Lord doth sit,
Though once he suffered here below
In groans, and tears, and blood, and sweat,
Such pains as mortals never know.

2 And shall I now forgetful be
Of his sharp sorrows while he hung
Extended on th' accursed tree,
Tortured by spear, and whips and thorns?

3 No, rather let me ever mourn,
And weep o'er my expiring God;
For 'twas my sins, and not his own,
That drained his last remaining blood.

4 Lord, how shall I a tribute bring,
For such immeasurable grace?
For thou wast once for me made sin,
That I might be thy righteousness.

41 S. M.

Desiring to live before the Cross.

1 UP, haste to Calvary;
My soul a journey take,
To view the Lord 'twixt earth and sky,
Without the city gate.

2 Before his bloody cross
I'd bow and kiss the ground—
'Twas there my guilt and woe I lost,
A ready pardon found.

3 Lord, tune anew my strings,
Now on the willow dry;
Take off my thoughts from earthly things
Bind them to Calvary.

4 For glorious is the place,
Though 'tis without the gate;
There, Lord, I'll sing redeeming grace,
And for thy blessing wait.

42 L. M.

Gratitude for Christ's sufferings.

1 TO Him who on the fatal tree
Poured out his blood, his life for me,
In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,
And in his service spend my days.

2 To list'ning multitudes I'll tell,
How he redeemed my soul from hell;
And how, reposing on his breast,
I lost my cares, and found my rest.

3 Through him my sins are all forgiven,
He ever pleads my cause in heaven—
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

43 C. M.

The dying love of Jesus.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

44 C. M.

Divine love makes the sweetest feast.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?'

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity our neighbors, O our God,
Constrain our friends to come;

Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring our children home.

45 P. M.

Christ's death and intercession

1 SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Shamefully nailed to the cross;
Oh! he bowed his head and died;
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Oh! the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land:
Oh! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5 When it was finished, when it was finished,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalmed in spices sweet,
With the rich in the grave softly laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour, hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince and the Author of Peace:

Bursting all the bars of death,
Triumphing o'er hell and earth,
Thou ascendest to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live,
Saying, 'Father, I have died,
Oh! behold my hands and side,
To redeem them—I pray thee forgive.'

8 'I will forgive them, I will forgive them,'
Says the kind Father to thee;
'Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And eternally saved they shall be.'

46 C. M.

Christ the sweetest theme.

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise;
Jesus—the angels' sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies.

2 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky,
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

3 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour?

4 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take my heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

47 S. M.

The Spirit witness to the water and the blood.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To bring us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

5 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood,
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

48 L. M.

The wondrous effects of the death of Christ.

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

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

3 He dies, the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises and appears a 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.

49 P. M.

Love and Mercy.

1 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 finished, it is finished,
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished, O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finished, it is finished,
Saints the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law—
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finished, it is finished,
Saints, from hence your comforts 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 finished, it is finished,
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs—
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

50 L. M.

Contemplation of the Cross.

1 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 God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

51 L. M.

Faith strengthened by a sight of the Cross.

1 WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transformed to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part:
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see, he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood;
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the Fountain Head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I could thus always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
Then shall my tongue aloud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear,
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

52 S. M.

Gratitude to Christ.

1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured.

3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay.

And blood and water from his side,
Wash guilt and filth away.

4 And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne,
And answers all the law's demands
With what himself hath done.

5 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

6 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls;
His wisdom, love, and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

7 Though pressed, we will not yield,
But shall prevail at length;
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.

53 C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love! what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left the radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of Grace!)
For man the Saviour bled.

5 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood;
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

54 C. M.

The effects of Christ's death.

1 HE dies, the mighty Saviour dies;
The purple stream runs down:
He closes his resplendent eyes;
All nature seems to mourn.

2 The heavenly harps remained unstrung,
In silence laid aside,
While 'on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled and died.'

3 His groans awake the sleeping dead;
Like lightning Satan fell;
And when to death he bowed his head,
He shook the powers of hell.

4 Well might the sun withdraw his ray,
Earth to its centre heave,
And darkness clothe the mourning day,
And all creation grieve.

5 Well might the Roman soldier say,
When he beheld the blood,

And felt the earth beneath give way,
'This is the Son of God.'

6 Now let me lift my weeping eyes,
And to the cross repair,
The cross of woe, where Jesus dies,
And find salvation there.

55 L. M.

Gethsemane.

1 'TIS midnight! and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lofty shone,
'Tis midnight! in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight! and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his master's griefs and tears,

3 'Tis midnight! and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight! from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

56 8, 8, 6.

A view of Christ on the Cross.

1 AS near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs;
His flesh with ragged irons tore,
His limbs all dressed in purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surprised this spectacle to see,
I asked, who can this victim be,
In such exquisite pain?
Why thus consigned to woes, I cried:
'Tis I, the bleeding God replied,
Crushed with the curse of sin.

3 A God for rebel mortals dies!
How can this be? my soul replies,
What! Jesus die for me!
Yes, says the suffering Son of God,
I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul, for thee.

4 Lord, since thy life for mine is given,
To raise my wretched soul to heaven,
And bless me with thy love;
I therefore at thy feet would fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
For thee would live and move.

5 And when this mortal life shall cease,
O may I leave this world in peace,
And soar to realms of light;
There where my heavenly lover reigns,
I'll join to raise immortal strains,
With full, supreme delight.

57 C. M.

The Saviour's agony.

1 COME and behold the Lamb of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Kneeling beneath your guilty load,
In agonizing pain.

2 Stay here, and watch, he meekly said,
Till I shall yonder go;

And there he knelt and bowed his head,
And prayed with fervor too.

3 And as he knelt and prayed to God,
The angels hover round,
But could not stay the crimson flood–
It dropped upon the ground.

4 Methinks I heard them whispering say,
Almighty, suffering Lord,
Be pleased to teach us how we may
Remove this painful load.

5 Be silent, all ye heavenly host,
Let human bosoms melt;
This is a part of what it costs
To rescue souls from guilt.

6 None but your Sovereign and their God
For sinners can atone;
Your Maker must sustain the load,
And bear it all alone.

GLORIES OF CHRIST

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58 L. M.

Christ not to be ashamed of.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:

He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush be this my shame.
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, and shame despise
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

59 7, 6.

Desiring to see Jesus.

1 O SIR, we would see Jesus,
The blessed Prince of Love,
He only can relieve us,
And all our griefs remove.
O tell us, as a preacher,
Where Jesus Christ doth dwell,
Describe his charming feature,
His glowing beauties tell.

2 O sir, we would see Jesus,
The sinner's constant friend,
We know he won't deceive us,
But love us to the end.
His blessed word assures us,
His hidden ones shall stand,
His mighty arm secures us
From all the hostile band.

3 O sir, we would see Jesus,
The glorious King of Grace;
A sight of him would ease us,
And fill our souls with peace.
We would behold his beauty,
And run into his arms,
And learn the Christian's duty,
Amidst those blessed charms.

4 O sir, we would see Jesus,
As Prophet, Priest, and King;
We hope he will receive us,
Though we are poor and mean:
For in the Holy Scriptures
This sacred truth we find,
He saves such wretched creatures,
Of meek and lowly mind.

5 O sir, we would see Jesus,
And at his feet adore,
His ways, although mysterious,
We humbly would explore.
O tell us how to find him,
And how we may him know,
Where does this Rose of Sharon,
This spotless Lily grow?

6 O sir, we would see Jesus,
And hearken to his voice,

O this would greatly please us,
And make our hearts rejoice;
This sound is so inviting,
It brings the dead to life;
This sound is so transporting,
It ends the sinner's strife.

7 O sir, we would see Jesus,
Descending from above,
And making up his jewels,
The objects of his love;
The sun and moon in mourning,
The stars of heaven fall,
The awful trumpet sounding
The universal call.

8 O sir, we would see Jesus,
On that great burning day,
Collecting all his children,
To carry them away
Unto their seats in glory,
Forever there to sing,
And tell the blessed story,
Of Jesus Christ their King.

60 6, 8.

Christ the King of Saints.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;

When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up the heart, &c.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up the heart, &c.

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

61 7s.

Fame of Christ.

1 'TIS the Saviour! angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
In long triumph, up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

3 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory; mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

5 Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

62 L. M.

The exalted Saviour.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired,
Who died for rebels, yes, 'tis he,
How bright, how lovely, how admired!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place;
Oh! what return can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offering poor.

6 Yet though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honors raise,

Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

63 L. M.

Christ exalted to give repentance.

1 EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne;
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive,
Thine Israel shall repent and live,
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which gives them life who wrought thy death.

64 C. M.

Christ adored by angels.

1 BEYOND the glittering, starry sky,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of joy,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 The hosts of angels, strong and fair
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

3 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft wondering when, or where, or how,
The mystic scene would end.

4 They saw his heart transfixed with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

5 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne,
Clapped their triumphant wings and cried,
'The glorious work is done.'

65 C. M.

Jesus the true and living vine.

1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine,
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quickened by thee and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigor from thy root.

3 Upon my leaf when parched with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

4 Each moment watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

66 L. M.

Christ a divine treasure.

1 JESUS is all I wish or want,
For him I pray, I thirst, I pant;
Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

2 Possessed of him, I ask no more;
He is an all-sufficient store;
To praise him all my powers conspire—
Christ is the treasure I desire.

3 If he his smiling face but hide,
My soul no comfort has beside;
Distressed I after him inquire—
Christ is the treasure I desire.

4 [And while my heart is racked with pain,
Jesus appears and smiles again:
Why should my Saviour thus retire?
Christ is the treasure I desire.]

5 Come, humble souls, and view his charms,
Take refuge in his saving arms,
And sing, while you his worth admire,
Christ is the Saviour I desire.

67 L. M.

Christ the one thing needful.

1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee!

2 Needful art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guard me, lest I stray;
Needful to help me every day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all prevailing prayer.

4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

5 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,
Dwell on the dear, delightful theme:
Glory and praise be ever his--
The one thing needful Jesus is.

68 C. M.

Christ the King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine,
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

69 C. M.

The same.

1 WHEN in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

2 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

3 O happy period, glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

70 L. M.

Christ our Advocate.

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives.
And now before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
Aud justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In ev'ry dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

71 L. M.

Jesus yesterday, to-day, and forever the same.

1 HIGH on his Father's royal seat,
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.

2 Through all succeeding ages he
The same hath been—the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and sun wax old and fade.

3 The same his power his flock to guard,
The same his bounty to reward,
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.

4 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

72 C. M.

The Builder.

1 CHRIST plans the temple of the Lord,
And all the building rears,
And, be his holy name adored,
He all the glory bears.

2 The vast materials all he forms,
Nor love nor power he spares;
He guards the building from all harms,
And all the glory bears.

3 In this blest building may my soul
A living stone appear,
And he, the builder of the whole
Shall all the glory bear.

4 When he the topmost stone shall bring
To heaven, to see him there,
We shall the Builder's praises sing,
And he the glory bear.

73 S. M.

Christ glorious in tears.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He sheds those tears for thee.

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

74 L. M.

Christ the highway of holiness.

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

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

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

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard the Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the way.'

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

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

75 S. M.

Christ the Rose of Sharon.

1 IN Sharon's lovely Rose
Immortal beauties shine;
Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

2 How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely rose forever wear,
And be supremely blest.

76 C. M.

Christ the door.

1 CHRIST is the way to heavenly bliss
And Christ the only door;
My soul pursue no way but this,
For this alone is sure.

2 'Tis through this door, and this alone,
That thou art led to God:
Rest then on what thy Lord has done
And plead his precious blood.

3 This door will lead thee safe to heaven,
And give thee entrance in,
And God will own thy sins forgiven,
However vile they've been.

77 L. M.

Christ the corner-stone.

1 LAID by Jehovah's mighty hands,
Zion's foundation firmly stands;
Raised upon Christ, the corner-stone,
Secure as God's eternal throne.

2 See how the glorious fabric grows,
Framed of materials that he chose;
Each stone prepared and fitly set,
The royal structure to complete.

3 Still shall this edifice arise,
Till all shall reach the lofty skies,
And joyful hosts shall praise above
Jehovah's grace and Jesus' love.

78 S. M.

Christ the way, truth and life.

1 I AM, saith Christ, the way;
Now, if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 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 farther strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
-Nor be deceived, nor die.

79 L. M.

Christ the bright and morning star.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few compared with his.

2 We sing the bright and morning star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love;
See how its rays diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Christian's way;
Still as he goes, he finds the road
Enlightened with a constant day.

4 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright star shall brighter shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

80 C. M.

Christ the Head of the Church.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Give me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord,
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

81 S. M.

Christ the Alpha and Omega of the perfect man.

1 BEHOLD the perfect man,
The upright one in heart;
Christ is the motto of his plan,
Christ fills up every part.

2 For Christ's his all in all,
His Alpha and his end;
In each distress on him he'll call,
For Christ's his chiefest friend.

3 To him in every need
He'll fly and shelter there,
For, lo! his Christ doth live, and plead
His cause, and answer prayer.

4 This man shall end his days
In peace, and fly away,
Where he'll his Christ forever praise,
In everlasting day.

82 L. M.

Christ ever lives our Intercessor.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever-living HEAD.

2 He lives to bless me with his love;
He lives to plead my cause above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to give me full supplies;
He lives to bless me with his eyes;
He lives to comfort me when faint;
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to crush the fiends of hell;
He lives and doth within me dwell;
He lives to heal and keep me whole;
He lives to guide my feeble soul.

5 He lives to banish all my fears;
He lives to wipe away my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart;
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives my kind and gracious friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing;
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.

7 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.'

83 11s.

Christ the Rock that is higher than I.

1 CONVINCED as a sinner to Jesus I come,
Informed by the Gospel for such there is room:
O'erwhelmed with sorrow for sin, I will cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When tempted by Satan my Saviour to leave,
Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The Rock of Salvation that's higher than I

3 When God from my soul shall his presence
remove,
To try by his absence the strength of my love,
I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try
The force of the Rock that is higher than I.

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

5 When weak and encompassed with number-
less foes,
Attempting my happiness here to oppose,
I'll look to the Saviour of sinner's, and cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

6 When I my poor feelings with others com-
pare,
And learn from reflection what mercies I
share;
My backsliding heart is constrained to reply,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

7 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the
land,
And merited vengeance descends from thy
hand,
O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection
I'll fly,
And hide in the Rock that is higher than I.

8 When summoned by death before God to ap-
pear,
Thy free grace supporting, I'll yield without
fear;
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the Rock that is higher than I.

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

84 L. M.

The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of Christ.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds the solemn things.
He tunes and summons all his strings.

2 Proclaim inimitable love;
Jesus the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

3 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans:
The Prince of Life resigns his breath;
The King of Glory bows to death.

4 But see the wonders of his power;
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

5 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood;
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

6 Who shall fulfill this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How long, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

85 C. M.

Christ the Captain of Salvation.

1 BEHOLD, the warlike trumpets blow,
When foes in arms appear,
To let the sons of freedom know
The day of battle's near.

2 Christ's trumpet sounds—let saints be armed,
The battle is begun;
The hosts of Satan are alarmed;
The day will soon be won.

3 The glorious Captain, Jesus, sends
The heralds of his might,
To search and try who are his friends,
And who will list to fight.

4 The gospel calls for volunteers,
Who come with sword in hand:
Where is there one for Christ appears,
Against the foe to stand?

5 Here's bounty-money shall be given
To all his soldiers here,
And glorious crowns of joy in heaven,
When Jesus shall appear.

6 Here's dress and food, and drink and arms
And pay and vict'ry sure;
This every Christian soldier charms,
And makes him war endure.

7 The Captain never quits the field,
But fights before his men,
Until his foes are made to yield,
Or fall among the slain.

8 His foes can neither stand nor fly,
When he appears in sight;

But none of those shall ever die,
Who in his army fight.

9 Here, Lord, behold I set my name
A soldier I would be;
Thy gracious promises I claim,
And give myself to thee.

86 L. M.

Christ is ours, and we are his.

1 THE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds!
How sweet the mention of his wounds!
How good, how excellently good,
Is the dear name of Jesus' blood!

2 What makes it so to me is this:
All that is Christ's my portion is;
I'm his, and all I e'er shall be,
And all he has he gives to me.

3 O what a great estate have I!
A heaven to all eternity!
I'm rich, my Lord hath made me so,
Nor would I greater riches know.

4 What did my Saviour at his death,
To me, unworthy me, bequeath?
All that he had—his merit, blood,
He left me when he went to God.

5 His new eternal testament
I read, and much sweet time is spent
In searching every verse and line;
How much my Jesus' will is mine!

6 My dearest Lord I'll ever bless,
For his most glorious righteousness;
I'll sing how black, how vile I am,
How fair and comely is the Lamb.

7 For black and vile I know I am,
Yet comely through the blessed Lamb;
And hope ere long to mount above,
Ever to praise redeeming love.

87 C. M.

The atonement of Christ.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood,
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God the sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Came down from Jesus' hands.

4 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the Lamb;
And prophets in their vision see
Salvation through his name.

5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

88 8s

Christ the chiefest among ten thousand.

1 HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?

O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
Nor saints that sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace;—
No, this is a myst'ry unknown.

2 In him, all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines,
Though once like a mortal he stood,
To finish his gracious designs.
Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free;
His glory sustained no loss.
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
Seemed then with each other to vie;
When sinners he stooped to restore,
Poor sinners condemned to die.
He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay;
Poor sinners he loved till he died,
To wash their pollution away.

4 O sinners, believe, and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
Come all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're tossed,
Believe, and your peace shall begin.

5 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
'Whoso hath an ear let him hear;'
He promises mercy to all
Who feel their sad wants, far and near,

He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste;
Here's pardon, here's grace, yea and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

89 C. M.

Old things are passed away. 2 Cor. v. 27.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Since I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly objects fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou had'st not chose me first
I had refused thee still.

90 C. M.

Christ a merciful High Priest

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

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

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
He did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

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

91 C. M.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
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.

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

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST

—

92 C. M.

Christ's Intercession.

1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats,
Where the Redeemer stays;
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood;
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice.
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]

5 Jesus alone shall bear our cries
Up to his Father's throne ;
He, dearest Lord, perfumes our sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

6 [Ten thousand praises to the King!
Hosannah in the highest !
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ !]

93 6, 8. Lenox.

Pardon through Christ's blood.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly plead for me ;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die !

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear anointed one ;
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son ;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry

94 L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift our humble thought,
And worship at thy awful feet.

2 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

3 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

4 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

5 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is forever one;
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

6 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

95 S. M.

Praise to Christ.

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

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

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing, on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' exalted King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
'Ye blessed children come;'
Soon he will call us hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

96 C. M.

The omniscience of God and the mediation of Christ.

1 GREAT God, though from myself concealed,
Thou seest my inward frame;
To thee I always stand revealed,
Exactly as I am.

2 Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee!

3 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,

'Tis he, instead of me, is seen
When I approach to God.

4 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

5 What wondrous love, what mysteries
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

97 C. M.

The immutability of the love of Christ.

1 THE intercession of our Lord
His people's safety proves,
And to the end he loves the souls
Whom first he deigned to love.

2 'Father,' he cries, in his last hours,
'My brethren I commend
To thy protection; from the snares
Of death and hell defend.

3 'Father, 'tis my desire that all
Whom thou to me hast given,
Behold my glory and enjoy
With me an endless heaven.'

4 Thus Jesus prayed, nor shall his prayer
Be blown away and lost;
Christians, rejoice, your landing's sure
On the celestial coast.

98 L. M.

Christ the Advocate.

1 LOOK up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,

The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

2 He smiles on every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father God, with joy divine.

99 L. M.

The triumph of Faith.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis 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?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
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 loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love

100 C. M.

Christ's intercession prevalent. John xvii. 21.

1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears he offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he sits
Enthroned in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;
'Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am.

5 'By their salvation recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word.'

6 Eternal life at his request,
To every saint is given;
Safety below; and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

101 L. M.

The leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blessed;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

102 L. M.

The Spirit's influences compared to living water. John iv. 10.

1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then in Emmanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

103 L. M.

A propitious gale longed for.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.

2 'Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.'

104 C. M.

The great Legacy.

1 OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
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,
He came as viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart,
One heart wherein to rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his, and his alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling place!
O make them more like thee!

105 C. M.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16.

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

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

106 C. M.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy and peace and love.

2 Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

3 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each careless hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

4 Then shall we prove thy worship sweet,
And love thy sacred courts,
Where saints in blest communion meet,
And God, our God, resorts.

107 L. M.

The loadstone, &c.

1 AS needles point towards the pole,
When touched by the magnetic stone,
So faith in Jesus gives the soul
A tendency before unknown.

2 Till then, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancy's good we range;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fixed but love of change.

3 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love,
Our wandering, weary, restless hearts
Are fixed at once no more to move.

4 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will;
This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good and bars from ill.

5 By love's pure light, we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end,
And gladly every idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

6 Thus borne along by Faith and Hope,
We feel the Saviour's words are true;
"And I, if I be lifted up,
Will draw the sinner upward too."

108 C. M.

Seeking the Beloved.

1 TO those who know the Lord, I speak:
Is my beloved near?
The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
O when will he appear?

2 Though once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne,
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heaven has known.

3 Grace flies before and love attends
His steps where'er he goes,
Though none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.

4 He speaks—obedient to his call
Our warm affections move;
Did he but shine alike on all,
Then all alike would love.

5 Then love in every heart would reign,
And war would cease to roar,

And cruel and blood thirsty men
Would thirst for blood no more.

6 Such Jesus is, and such his grace;
O may he shine on you:
And tell him when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

109 11s.

The love of God indescribable.

1 O JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign:
Of objects most pleasing I love thee the best;
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel;
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame;
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer;
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part;
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5 I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee my
Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy
word;
With tender emotion I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from
woe.

6 My Jesus is precious, I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to de-
clare;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly,
To praise him in mansions prepared in the
sky.

7 Then millions of ages my soul would employ
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,
Without interruption, when all the glad
throng,
With pleasures unceasing unite in the song.

110 L. M.

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;—

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne:
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds new glories on them all.

5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love.

111 L. M.

Teachings of the Spirit.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The wonders of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread like the sun thy beams abroad;
O show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

112 7s.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

113 L. M.

The influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv. 16, 17

1 DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favor astonishing—divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night;
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure and my trust?

7 And when my cheerful hope can say,
'I love my God, and taste his grace,'
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

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114 C. M.

The invitation of the Gospel.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind!

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like, floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

115 L. M.

Sinners freely invited.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites his chosen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy:
Buy wine and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Come, to the living waters come:
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace can reach you all.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise,
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;

Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

116 L. M.

Come and see.

1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!
Replete with balm for all my wounds;
His word declares his grace is free;
Come, needy sinner, 'come and see.'

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to the world to bleed and die;
Jesus, the Lord, hung on a tree!
Come, thoughtless sinner, 'come and see.'

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part;
His boundless love extends to thee,
Come, trembling sinner, 'come and see.'

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the vilest sinner clean;
This fountain open stands for thee,
Come, guilty sinner, 'come and see.'

5 The garment of his shining grace,
His glorious robe of righteousness;
In this array thou bright shall be,
Come, naked sinner, 'come and see.'

6 No tongue can tell what glories shine
In our Emmanuel, all divine:
O that in sweetest melody
Each heart may sing, 'he died for me!'

117 C. M.

Invitation and promises.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind:

The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In the dear fountain that his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace

118 L. M.

To-day, if you will hear his voice.

1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?

3 Make now your choice and halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor:
Say, now, poor souls what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

4 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Your sports and all your glittering toys,
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.

6 Or must we leave you bound to hell,
Resolved with devils there to dwell?
Still we will weep, lament, and cry,
That God may change you ere you die.

7 Young women, now we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too!
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

8 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell;
We're bound to heaven, but you to hell;
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day.

9 Once more I ask you in his name,
I know his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

119 C. M.

The Prodigal Son.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,

His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinched him sore.

3 'What have I gained by sin,' he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 'I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.'

5 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his repenting child.

6 'Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!'
'Enough,' the father said;
'Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

7 'Now let the fatted calf be slain;
Go spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.'

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And bids the needy come.

120 C. M. Double.

Solemn addresses to young people.

1 YOUNG people all attention give,
And hear what I shall say;
I wish your souls with Christ to live
In everlasting day.

Remember, you are hast'ning on
To death's dark gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

2 Death's iron gate you must pass through
Ere long, my dear young friends;
With whom then do you think to go?
With saints, or fiery fiends?
Pray meditate, before too late,
While in a gospel land:
Behold, King Jesus at the gate
Most lovingly doth stand.

3 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend?
Will you pursue your dangerous ways?
Oh! don't you fear the end?
Will you pursue the dangerous road,
Which leads to death and hell?
Will you refuse all peace with God,
With devils for to dwell?

4 Young women, too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament, and cry,
Where you the least relief can't find
To mitigate your pain;
Your good things all be left behind,
Your souls in death remain.

5 Young people all, I pray then view
The fountain opened wide,
The spring of life, opened for sin,
Which flowed from Jesus' side:
There you may drink in endless joy,
And reign with Christ your King;

In his glad notes your souls employ,
And hallelujahs sing.

121 P. M.

The worst of sinners may be saved.

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

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

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

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

5 View him prostrate in the garden!
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Here him cry before he dies,
'It is finished!'
Sinner, will not this suffice?

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

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

122 L. M. Double.

Law and Grace contrasted.

1 IN thunder, once, Jehovah spoke,
From Sinai's mount, in fire and smoke
But now from Zion's fair abode,
He shows himself a pard'ning God;
Hark, how he speaks in accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child:
'Pardon and peace I freely give;
Poor sinner, look to me and live.'

2 The holy Moses quaked with fear,
And camp-despair and death were there;
But here the God of gospel grace
Invites us now to see his face;
Vengeance no more beclouds his brow,
He speaks in love to sinners now;
It is the voice of Jesus' blood,
Calling poor wanderers home to God.

3 The thundering law, with terrors full,
Pronounced a curse on every soul;

But now from Zion's milder throne
The softest strains of love are known;
Hark, how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds,
Rends temple-vail, and rocks, and land!
Who can the force of love withstand?

4 What other arguments can move
The heart that slights a Saviour's love?
Yet till almighty power constrain,
This matchless love is preached in vain!
Dear Saviour, let that power be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt;
Deeply impress upon our youth
The light and force of gospel truth.

5 O let them in this hour begin
To live to thee, and die to sin;
To enter by the narrow way
Which leads to everlasting day;
How will they else thy presence bear,
When as a Judge thou shalt appear?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn?

123 6 8. Lenox.

The Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;

Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of jubilee, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee, &c.

4 Ye hapless debtors know
The sovereign grace of heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given.
The year of jubilee, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee, &c.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year of jubilee, &c.

124 C. M.

Sinners warned of impending ruin.

1 WHEN pity prompts me to look round
Upon my fellow clay,
See men reject the gospel's sound,
Good God! what shall I say?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doomed to eternal woe;
Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
If God will not speak too.

3 O sinners, sinners! won't you hear,
When in God's name I come?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.

4 What will your doom, poor mortals, be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injured judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

5 Could you but shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye!

6 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before Christ's awful, flaming bar,
And wait his dread command.

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

125 C. M.

Whoever will, let him come.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;

Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 'Whoever will'—O gracious word!—
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore and bless.

126 L. M.

Christ the only plea before God.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar,
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate the sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee

127 L. M.

Ask for the good old way.

1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find
Pardon of sin and peace of mind,
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus is the way to God;
O may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too,
Pursued this way while here below;
Then let not fear your soul dismay,
But come to Christ, the good old way.

4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere,
Nor doubt to meet another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

128 C. M.

Ye must be born again.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men,
For Christ the Saviour hath declared,
'Ye must be born again.'

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God:
'Ye must be born again.'

3 Our nature's totally depraved—
The heart's a sink of sin;
Without a change, we can't be saved;
'Ye must be born again.'

4 Spirit of Life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

5 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word,

And by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

129 L. M.

Warning against hypocrisy.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

3 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

130 L. M.

A solemn warning.

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

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

131 7s.

The weary invited to Christ for rest

1 COME, ye weary souls oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry;
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffered bliss.

4 It is finished, lo, he cries,
Ere on yonder cross he dies;
Oh believe the record true,
Jesus died for such as you.

132 S. M.

Behold, now is the accepted time.

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

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come,

And every promise in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

3 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

4 At length around thy throne,
They shall thy face behold,
While through eternity they'll strive
Their raptures to unfold.

133 L. M.

The coming sinner encouraged.

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear;
He saith—and who his word can doubt?—
He will in no wise cast you out.

2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,
And tell you Christ will cast away?
It is a truth—why should you doubt?—
He will in no wise cast you out.

3 Doth sin appear before your view
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
If black as hell, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out.

4 The publican and dying thief
Applied to Christ and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out.

5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, no longer doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out.

134 C. M.

The Saviour's invitation.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!')
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

135 C. M.

Young persons encouraged to seek Christ.

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

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your safety 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 compared to thee?
What beauty shall command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

136 L. M.

Admonition and warning to children.

1 DEAR children, now, I write to you,
I'll state what I believe is true,
That you may read after this date,
And turn to God before too late.

2 You are the children of my care,
My bowels yearn for your welfare;
I pray that when you read these lines,
The love of God may fill your minds.

3 It is a source of grief to me
To see you grow in vanity;
O may the God that rules above,
Fill all your hearts with sacred love.

4 O think, my children, in your youth,
How gracious are the words of truth;
Pursue the way the Saviour went,
Until your latest breath is spent.

5 For recollect th' approaching day,
When all things here will pass away;

This world will then be all on fire,
And sinners' hearts will quake with fear.

6 O pray to God for pard'ning grace,
That you may see his lovely face,
And you by faith may tread the road,
The narrow way that leads to God.

7 And when the monster death appears,
The love of God may calm your fears,
Your souls mount up to God above,
And praise him for redeeming love.

137 C. M.

Wisdom's royal bounty.

1 HOW happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His 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 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches with splendid honors joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

138 L. M.

Humble pleading.

1 O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn;
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight;
O that with Salem's daughters I
Might stand and see my Saviour die!

3 I'd smite upon my breast and mourn,
And never from the cross return:
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus blood.

4 I'd hang upon his breast, and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemned to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,
And let me shelter in thy Son;
O with my earnest suit comply
And give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only relieve me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

7 Show pity, Lord, and send relief,
To a poor sinner drowned in grief,
Who has no plea to bring him nigh,
Lord, save a soul condemned to die!

8 Didst not thou send thy Son to die
For guilty worms who pine and cry?
O let the vilest now come nigh—
Lord, save a soul condemned to die.

139 C. M.

The successful resolve.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve;

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious king approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,

This were to die—delightful thought!
As sinner never died.

140 C. M.

The same.

1 RESOLVING thus, I entered in,
Though trembling and depressed,
I bowed before the gracious King.
And all my sins confessed.

2 Sweet majesty and awful grace
Sat smiling on his brow;
He turned to me his glorious face,
And made my eyes o'erflow.

3 He held the sceptre out to me,
And bade me touch and live;
I touched, and O what mercy free!
He did my sins forgive.

4 I touched, and lived, and learned to love,
And triumphed in my God;
I set my heart on things above,
And sang redeeming blood.

5 Come, sinners, grieved with sins, distressed,
And ready to despair,
Take courage, though with guilt oppressed,
Jesus still answers prayer.

6 Come, enter in with cheerful haste;
You may his glory see;
You may his richest mercy taste—
He has forgiven ME.

141 C. M.

Lord, remember me.

1 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.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, God,
I pray, remember me.

142 P. M.

Thirsty souls invited.

1 SEE the fountain opened wide,
That from pollution frees us,
Flowing from the wounded side
Of our Emmanuel, Jesus.

CHORUS.

Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink, and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Dying sinners, come and try,
These waters will relieve you,
Without money come and buy,
For Christ will freely give you.
Ho! every one, &c.

3 He who drinks shall never die;
These waters fail him never:
Sinners, come and now apply,
And drink and live for ever.
Ho! every one, &c.

4 Weeping Mary, full of grief,
Came begging for these waters,
Jesus gave her full relief
With Zion's sons and daughters,
Ho! every one, &c.

5 See the woman at the well,
Conversing with the Saviour;
Soon she found that he could tell
The whole of her behaviour,
Ho! every one, &c.

6 When she asked and she obtained
A drink, her heart was flaming;
Thus the gift divine she gained,
And ran to town, proclaiming,
Ho! every one, &c.

7 The thief had only time to think,
And tell his doleful story;
Jesus gave him leave to drink,
He drank, and fled to glory.
Ho! every one, &c

143 L. M.

The hiding-place.

1 HAIL, sovereign love! that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man:
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 But thus th' eternal counsel ran:
'Almighty love, arrest the man!'
I felt the arrows of disgrace,
And found I had no hiding-place.

4 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face,
'This mountain is no hiding-place.'

5 At length a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appeared,
Which led me on with smiling face,
To Jesus Christ my hiding-place.

144 P. M.

Jesus the good Physician.

1 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 snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

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

3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain,
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace!)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
(For sin my eyes had sealed,)
Then bade me look unto him—
I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death!
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only, 'look and live.'

145 P. M.

The joy of assurance.

1 HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
O what joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
The Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore!

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

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,

Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
Overwhelmed with the fullness of God.

8 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die!

9 Now, my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due,
May they all be devoted to him.

146 7s.

Gratitude for pardon.

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I see him on the tree,
Weep and bleed and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Oh, my soul, he bore the load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God!

3 Hark! his dying words, 'Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay.'

4 While I hear this grace revealed,
And obtain a pardon sealed,
All my soft affections move,
Wakened by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross;
Jesus died to set me free,
From the law and sin and thee.

6 He has dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept and claim the whole;
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

147 8s and 7s.

Bartimeus restored.

1 'MERCY, O thou Son of David!'
Thus poor blind Bartimeus prayed;
'Others by thy grace are saved,
O vouchsafe to me thine aid!'
For his crying many chid him,
But he cried the louder still,
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
'Come and ask me what you will.'

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live,
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms that none but he could give:
'Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;'

Straight he saw—and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
'Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
O that all the blind but knew him,
Or would be advised by me:
Sure if they were brought unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

4 'Now I gladly leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way;
He'll direct me by his counsel,
Bring me to eternal day:
There I shall behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent, and pure;
There to reign with him forever,
For his promises are sure.'

148 L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host illumed the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

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

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the Star of Bethlehem!

149 S. M.

Praise for conversion.

1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flatt'ring joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the pois'nous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish roused me into life,
And pleasure sprang from pain.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
Oppressed my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length, to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;

He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he raised,
My bleeding wounds he healed,
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile,
The gracious pardon sealed.

7 O may I ne'er forget,
The mercy of my God,
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

150 8s, 8s, and 6s.

The sinner 'must be born again.'

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not what to do;
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain
I saw I 'must be born again,'
Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun a moving hell,
For death and hell drew near:
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It cursed me, and pronounced me dead—
I fell beneath its weight:
This perfect truth renewed my pain,
'The sinner must be born again:'
My woe I can't relate.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul—

A vast and pon'drous load.
I read and saw this truth most plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 Oft as I heard the preachers tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare—
So oft I found this truth remain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or sink in deep despair.

6 But while in anguish thus I lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way—
On me his pity moved:
Although I might be justly slain,
He spake, and I was born again—
By grace redeemed and loved.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise:
All hail the Lamb on Calvary slain:
For all who shall be born again
We'll shout thine endless praise.

151 8s and 7s.

Despair brightened by hope.

1 POOR mourning soul, in deep distress,
Just wakened from a slumber.
Who wanders in sin's wilderness,
One of the condemned number,
The thunder roars from Sinai's mount,
Fills him with awful terror;
And he like nought in God's account,
All drowned with grief and sorrow.

2 Oh! woe is me that I was born,
Or after death have being;
Fain would I be some earthly worm,
Which has no future being;
Or had I died when I was young,
Oh! what would I have given!
Then might with babes my little tongue
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But now may I lament my case,
Just worn away by trouble;
From day to day I looked for peace,
But find my sorrows double:
Cries Satan, 'Desperate is your state:
Time's been you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented!

4 How can I live, how can I rest
Under this sore temptation,
Fearing the day of grace is past,
Lord, hear my lamentation!
For I am weary of my life,
My groans and bitter crying,
My wants are great, my mind's in strife,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 Without relief I soon shall die,
No hope of getting better;
Show pity, Lord, and hear the cry
Of a distressed sinner.
For I'm resolved here to trust
At thy footstool for favor,
Pleading for life, though death be just,
Make haste, Lord, to deliver.

6 'Come, hungry, weary, naked soul,
For such I ne'er rejected;

My righteousness sufficient is,
Though you have long neglected ;
Come, weary soul, for right you have,
I am such soul's protector ;
My honor is engaged to save
All under this character.

7 'I come to seek, I come to save,
I come to make atonement,
I lived, I died, laid in the grave,
To save you from the judgment.'
By faith, my glorious Lord I see ;
Oh! how it doth amaze me
To see him bleeding on the tree,
From death and hell to raise me!

8 Oh! who is this that looketh forth,
Bright as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun!
Jesus is so adorning!
Jesus hath clothed my naked soul ;
Oh! he for me has died ;
And now I may with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

9 Lord, give me grace to spend my days
In living to thy honor,
And not be found in sinners' ways,
Acting to thy dishonor ;
But let my life devoted be
To Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
And glory to the sacred Three,
All glory now and ever.

152 L. M.

The experience of the philosopher.

1 I WALKED abroad one morning fair,
When odors sweetly balmed the air,

And birds their artless notes did sing,
To welcome in the cheerful spring.

2 Surveying nature all around,
The scene with wonder did abound;
But while my ravished eyes were charmed,
An inward voice my soul alarmed:

3 'Could you all nature comprehend,
You'd better learn to know your end;
These beauties which you now survey
Will, like yourself, soon pass away.

4 'But death is not alone your doom,
To judgment you must shortly come;
When hills and valleys all are fled,
Where will you hide your guilty head?'

5 Black horrors seized my guilty soul,
Billows of woe did o'er me roll;
I fell and almost lost my breath,
I thought I soon should sink in death.

6 The little birds, from spray to spray,
Were hymning praises all the day,
In artless anthems to their God,
While I lay weltering in my blood.

7 Then trembling o'er a gulf I lay,
But dared not move my lips to pray;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And trampled on a Saviour's blood.

8 To my amazement and surprise,
I saw a cloud descend the skies,
And in the midst a fairer one
Than any of the sons of men.

9 His curled locks were snowy white,
His garments far exceeded light;
The sun grew pale before his face,
His feet were like to burnished brass.

10 He spake, and brightness shone around,
He said, 'I have a ransom found;
I bought your pardon on the tree,
And come to set the sinner free.'

11 My heart rebounded like a roe,
And glory in my soul did flow;
My sins were gone, and I was free—
My Saviour lived and died for me.

12 I leaped and shouted out aloud,
And longed for wings to reach the cloud,
T' embrace my Saviour in my arms,
And gaze forever on his charms.

153 L. M.

The penitent venturing.

1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word,
But own my heart with shame and grief,
A mass of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
And venturing hard, behold I come;
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children, room for me?

3 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed:
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,
O magnify that grace in me!

154 S. M.

Confession and forgiveness.

1 MY sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace,
Thy thunder silent lies!

4 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

5 'Rise,' says the Saviour, 'rise;
Behold my wounded veins;
Here flows a sacred crimson flood,
To wash away thy stains.'

6 See, God is reconciled;
Behold his smiling face;
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

155 L. M.

The penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, 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 can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:

Wood
size jar and holds it securely.
g of hands.

Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

156 L. M.

'Blessed are they that mourn.'

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

2 Then cease thy sorrows, banish grief,
Though thou of sinners art the chief;
The wounds that make poor sinners grieve,
Are healed when they in Christ believe.

3 Whom Jesus wounds, he wounds to heal—
Oh! 'tis a mercy thus to feel:
There's none can mourn while dead in sin;
Thine are the marks of life within.

4 Be of good cheer, on him rely,
He'll pass thy great transgressions by,
And guide thee safely by his hand,
Till thou shalt reach fair Canaan's land.

157 C. M.

The penitent imploring mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;

With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favor I implore.

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

3 Without thy grace I sink oppressed
Down to the gates of hell;
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

158 L. M.

The pool of Bethesda.

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

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, a helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou Cov'nant Angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the pool—
I would, thou knowest, I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

159 6, 8. Lenox.

Bartimeus, or a convicted sinner begging.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost, without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face:
Begging, I sit by the way-side,
And long to know thee, crucified.

2 Jesus, attend my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou passeth by,
Stand still and call me near;
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me now thy pard'ning love.

160 C. M.

Faith fulfilling the law.

1 WHEN from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns,
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.

2 God on the table of his heart
Inscribes his love and fear;
He loves the law in every part,
But takes no refuge there.

3 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Conspire to set him free;
Reflect, my soul, admire and view
What God hath done for thee.

161 S. M.

The pool of Bethesda.

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

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

5 [How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie;
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.]

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

8 No, he is full of grace;
He never will permit

A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

162 L. M.

Humble pleadings under conviction.

1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants and ease my smart,
O help me soon, or else I die!

2 Here on my soul a burden lies,
No human power can it remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise;
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

3 Break off these adamantine chains,
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

163 L. M.

The same.

1 BEHOLD a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encouraged by thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
By which thy children here are fed.

2 Do not the humble suit deny,
Of such a guilty wretch as I;
But let me feed on crumbs, though small,
Which from thy bounteous table fall.

3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own,
By sin and guilt I am undone;
Yet will I wait, and plead, and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

164 L. M.

A penitent sinner crying for pardon.

1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape the vengeance due to me?

2 Till now I saw no danger nigh;
I lived at ease, nor feared to die;
Wrapt up in self-conceit and pride,
'I shall have peace at last,' I cried.

3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a guilty wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus name?
To him I look and humbly cry,
'O save a wretch condemned to die.'

165 S. M.

The shining light.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
'Flee from the wrath to come.'

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

166 P. M.

Union with Christ.

1 COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Emmanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with Christ to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

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

3 O God, have mercy! then said I,
And looked this way and that to fly;
It grieved me sore that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.

4 But, when depressed and lost in sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean.
And O what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union!

5 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who gave us heavenly union.

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

7 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise;
And, O my soul, look on and gaze,
He bleeds, he dies, thy debt he pays,
To give thee heavenly union.

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

9 Almighty God, each heart and tongue
To thee shall raise a grateful song;
All praises to thy name belong;
Let Zion sing, 'Thy kingdom come,
And fill the world with union.'

137 7s and 6s.

Christian experience.

1 COME, all ye weary pilgrims,
Who feel your need of Christ,
Surrounded by temptations,
And by the world despised:
Attend to what I'll tell you;
My exercise I'll show;
And then you may inform me
If it be so with you.

2 Long time I lived in darkness,
Nor saw my dangerous state;
And when I was awakened,
I thought it was too late:
A lost and helpless sinner
Myself I plainly saw,
Exposed to God's displeasure,
Condemned by his law.

3 I thought the brute creation
Was better off than I;
I spent my days in anguish,
In pain and misery:
Through deep distress and sorrow
My Saviour led me on,
Revealed to me his kindness,
When all my hopes were gone.

4 When first I was delivered,
I hardly could believe
That I, so vile a sinner,
Such favor should receive;
Although his solemn praises
Were flowing from my tongue,
Yet fears were oft suggested,
That yet I might be wrong.

5 But soon these fears were banished
And tears began to flow,
That I, so vile a sinner,
Should be beloved so:
I thought my trials over,
And all my troubles gone,
And joy, and peace, and pleasure,
Should be my lot alone.

6 But now I find a warfare,
Which often bends me low;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
They do beset me so:
Can one who is a Christian
Have such a heart as mine?
I fear I never witnessed
Th' effects of love divine.

7 I find I'm often backward
To do my Master's will,
Or else I want the glory
Of what I do fulfill.
In duties I feel weakness,
And oftentimes I find
A hard deceitful spirit,
And wretched wandering mind.

8 Sure others do not feel
What's often felt by me;
Such trials and temptations
Perhaps they never see;
For I'm the chief of sinners,
I freely own, with Paul;
Or, if I am a Christian,
I am the least of all.

9 And now I have related
What trials I have seen,

Perhaps my brethren know what
Such sore temptations mean:
I've told you of my conflicts,
Believe, my friends, 'tis true;
And now you may inform me
If it be so with you.

168 11s.

The love of God manifested in pardon.

1 COME, you who have tasted the goodness of God,
And hope you are washed in Jesus's blood;
Who're going to Canaan, that bright world above,
To the arms of a Saviour Emmanuel's love.

2 Come, hear my relation, I'll tell you to-day,
If an heir of salvation, how I come away:
A twelvemonth or past, at the age of fifteen,
I saw what a rebel 'gainst God I had been.

3 Sometimes I endeavored my life to reform,
Then fearing to God I should never return:
At length condemnation appeared so just,
From the hope of salvation be banished I must.

4 My mind so uneasy, my soul was borne down,
My prayers would not save me, my life not my own;
That death was my portion I thought I could see,
Ingulf'd in the dungeon of wrath I must be.

5 At a time unexpected my burden was moved;
I knew not the reason, but Jesus I loved,

Who died for poor sinners, of whom I am one,
Which love seemed to ease me when lost and undone.

6 It is my desire to follow the Lord,
To tread in his footsteps, obeying his word,
But O how unworthy, I'm sure all may see,
I am a disciple of Jesus to be.

7 My great imperfections oft make me to doubt,
Tho' Jesus has promised he will not cast out;
Yet one thing revives me, when brought to the test,
Of all my eyes see I love Christians the best.

8 I know I love Christians wherever they be,
Yet ofttimes am fearing they cannot love me:
For I am imperfect, and cannot do good,
For sin's present with me when freely I would.

9 Now be not deceived, I've told you the truth,
If e'er I believed, it was in my youth;
Now tell me your feelings, say, can it be so,
You think from my sayings that Jesus I know?

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

169 C. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O melodious sound,
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires and chains,
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

3 But may a poor, bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour, God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

170 L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven:
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;

Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

171 C. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

172 8s, 7s, and 4s.

Free salvation.

1 JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem;
He has saved his favorite nation,
Join to sing aloud to him;
He hath saved us—
Christ alone could us redeem.

2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound;
He hath called us
With salvation in the sound.

3 Save us from a mere profession ;
Save us from hypocrisy ;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee ;
Best of favors!
None compared with this can be.

4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee ;
Make us walk as pilgrims here :
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near :
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine :
Saints are kept from final falling ;
All the glory, Lord, be thine—
All the glory—
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

173 C. M.

The covenant sealed by justice.

1 SALVATION, what a glorious plan!
How suited to our need.
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed.

2 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design
To ransom us when lost,
And love's unfathomable mine,
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice, with approving look,
The holy covenant sealed ;
And truth and power undertook
The whole should be fulfilled.

4 Truth, wisdom, justice, power and love,
In all their glory shone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save his own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, power and love,
Are equally displayed,
Now Jesus reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorred;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

174 C. M.

Complete salvation.

1 SALVATION through our dying God
Is finished and complete;
He paid what'er his people owed,
And cancelled all their debt.

2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.

4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
'A sinner saved,' I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

Fits any size jar and holds it securely. Wood handles. ⅛ of hands.

175 L. M.

No trust in creatures.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways.
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

4 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard:
'All power is his eternal due,
He must be feared and trusted too.'

5 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord.
Shall well divide our last reward.

176 8s, 8s, 8s, and 6s.

Salvation realized in experience.

1 SALVATION! O mysterious plan!
Nor saints, nor angels ever can
Unfold the love of God to man,
The boundless love of Jesus.

2 On Calvary's scenes I wondering gaze,
And raise to heaven the voice of praise,
But O how faint are mortal lays,
To speak the love of Jesus!

2 The deeds that wondrous grace performs,
Can ne'er be told by mortal worms;
Assist my song, ye heavenly forms,
To praise the name of Jesus.
Let heaven and earth the tidings spread,
The Saviour died and left the dead,
For sinful man he groaned and bled,
And from destruction frees us.

3 How welcome is this blissful sound
To guilty souls in fetters bound!
'Twas in this state myself I found,
And feared Jehovah's ire.
Beneath the sword of justice slain,
And sinking down to endless pain,
Convinced I must be born again,
Or burn in quenchless fire.

4 Trembling I fell beneath his eye,
And raised to heaven the ardent cry,
'O Jesus! save—I sink—I die—
O hasten to deliver!'
Sweet beams of mercy, love and grace,
O'erspread his charming, smiling face:
My soul received the kind embrace
That seals me his for ever.

177 C. M.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men,

Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

178 L. M.

The song of Heaven.

1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

2 Firm on the ground of sovereign grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne,
The only song in that blest place
Is, 'Thou art worthy, thou alone.'

3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm—

4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
To him who sits upon the throne;
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed,
Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

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179 L. M.

Imputed righteousness.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
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 lived and died for me.'

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While through thy blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

4 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.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice,

Fits any size jar and holds it securely. Wood handles prevent burning of hands.

Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

180 C. M.

Justification by faith.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

181 L. M.

The Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the guilty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners behold the bleeding Lamb;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound,
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

182 C. M.

The robe of righteousness.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice:
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine,
How white these garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;

Fits any size jar and holds it securely. Wood handles prevent burning of hands.

But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all my powers agree.

183 L. M.

Justification by faith.

1 SINNERS, away from Sinai fly,
To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair;
Behold the King of Glory die,
And read your peace and pardon there.

2 Search into every open wound,
Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the spear,
And full salvation will be found,
In golden letters written there.

3 No works of man to raise the sum,
Or pay the ransom, must be brought;
Helpless and poor to Jesus come,
Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.

4 Your faith, your hope, and righteousness,
Are treasured up in him alone;
Your rich supplies of grace and peace
Spring from the works your Lord has done.

184 C. M.

The gospel uniform.

1 DRESSED uniform the soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad;
Not purchased by their cost or care,
But by their Prince bestowed.

2 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skillful hand,
And tinged in his own blood;
It makes the Christian gazing stand
To view this robe of God.

3 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of such texture fine;
Nor could the wealth of all this globe
By purchase make it mine.

4 'Tis of one peace, and wove throughout;
So curious wove that none
Can dress up in this seamless coat,
Till Jesus puts it on.

5 This vesture never waxes old,
No spot thereon can fall;
It makes the Christian brisk and bold,
And dutiful withal.

6 This robe put on me, Lord, each day,
And it shall hide my shame;
Shall make me fight, and sing, and pray,
And bless my Captain's name.

CHURCH MEETINGS, OR CONFERENCE.

185 C. M.

Come in thou blessed of the Lord.

1 COME in, ye blessed of our God,
And join his children here;
Washed in the Saviour's cleansing blood,
For him, your Lord, appear.

Fits any size jar and holds it secure
handles prevent burning of hands.
Surety. Wood

2 Stay not within the wilderness,
Nor waiting at the door;
Sweet Jesus will your woes redress,
Were they ten thousand more.

3 Though fearing, trembling, rise and come,
Yield to the Saviour's voice;
For hung'ring, thirsting souls there's room;
O make the blissful choice!

4 Room in the Saviour's gracious breast—
That breast which glows with love;
Room in the church, his chosen rest,
And room in heaven above.

5 Why will you longer lingering stay,
When Jesus says there's room?
'Now is the time, th' accepted day.
Arise! he bids you come.'

186 S. M.

The Lord's direction desired.

1 MAY sacred awe possess
Our happy spirits, Lord,
While we shall hear thy saints express
Their interest in thy word.

2 Command their thoughts to peace,
Make plain what thou hast done;
Renew to them that full release,
First granted in thy Son.

3 May we, thy people, hear,
And only such receive
As have for thee a filial fear,
And in thy Son believe.

4 May those in union join
With us their joyful lays,

And we with them our love combine,
To sing thine endless praise.

187 C. M.

Asking the way to Zion.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join,
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there:
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

4 O come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

188 C. M.

Hinder me not.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue,
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

Fits any size jar and holds it securely. Wood handles prevent burning of hands.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Emmanuel'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.

189 L. M.

Admission of new members.

1 WELCOME, ye well-beloved of God,
Ye heirs of grace redeemed by blood ;
Welcome with us your hands to join,
As partners of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
We're travelling to a blissful place ;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conducts us on from day to day.

3 Embrace the cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, the way not long ,
Soon shall we sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

190 L. M.

Young members wishing to live to God.

1 RENEWED by grace, we love the word,
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord ;
Then to the church ourselves we give,
In holy fellowship to live.

2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,
And sweetly on thy breast recline ;
Thy name revere, thy word obey,
And never cease to watch and pray.

3 May we continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray, delight to praise;
Among thy saints abide in love,
Till called to shine in realms above.

191 L. M.

Receiving an individual.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust our Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands,
Marked in the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of our Christian love.

192 C. M.

Joining the Church of Christ.

1 YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he with our returning wants
All needful aid supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Fits any size jar and holds it securely. Wood handles prevent burning of hands.

193 S. M.

Receiving members—exhortation.

1 ALL you that in the flood
Have owned your holy Lord,
And to his people joined yourselves,
According to his word:

2 In Zion you should dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Should come to all her duties well,
And all her joys partake.

3 She should employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish
And her increase your prayer.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren in 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
He'll give you rest above.

194 L. M.

A welcome to new members.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

195 S. M.

Love to the saints.

1 I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!

3 They Jesus' image bear—
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;

They humbly follow Christ the Lamb,
In righteousness and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there!

196 S. M.

Christian fellowship.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

3 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

197 C. M.

Praying for each other.

1 JESUS united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
We humbly come to seek thy face—
O may our prayer be heard!

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear the easy yoke,
A band of love—a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree:
And ever to each other move,
And ever move to thee.

4 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.

5 Help us to build each other up,
Our talent, Lord, t' improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

6 Then when our work on earth is done,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified.

198 7s.

The new member's declaration.

1 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.

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

199 10s and 11s.

Renouncing the world.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 No mortal doth know what Christ will bestow,
What life, strength, and comfort do after him go;

Lo! onward I move to see Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And still, which is best, I, in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.

4 When I am to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why:
But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

5 This blessing is mine through favor divine,
And, O my dear Jesus, the praise shall be thine;
In heaven we'll meet in harmony sweet,
And, glory to Jesus! we'll then be complete.

200 S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God:
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high

201 7s.

Rejoicing in hope.

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

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed! be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below:

Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

202 C. M.

Desiring to run the Christian race.

1 O LET me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed;
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.

2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss,
To save from sin and hell?
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

3 Those who to Christ for refuge flee,
Should in his footsteps tread:
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obeyed.

203 L. M.

An invitation to renewed persons.

1 COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word;
Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love.

2 Why should you longer stay without?
Why should you longer fear and doubt?
Why will you longer lingering walt?
O enter now fair Zion's gate.

3 Let every soul that's born again,
No longer wait, but now come in;
Yield to the Lord, and thence receive
Whate'er a pardoning God can give.

204 7s.

Prayer for protection from carnal professors

1 GOD of love, O hear our prayer,
Kindly for thy people care:
We on thee alone depend,
Love and save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain,
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove,
Stay us on eternal love.

4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join;
Till they nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honors at thy feet.

6 Never let the world break in,
Fix thy word of truth between;
Keep us lowly and unknown,
Prized and loved of thee alone.

205 L. M.

Another.

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

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure;
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celestial Dove, descend and bring
The smiling blessing on thy wing,
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

206 P. M. 10s.

A review of primitive days.

1 THE Christians of old, united in one,
As sheep in a fold were never alone;
As birds of a feather they flocked to their nest,
And sheltered together in Jesus's breast.

2 However employed, their joy was the same,
They never were cloyed in hymning the Lamb;
Their sole recreation to sing of his praise,
And publish salvation by Jesus's grace.

3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more,
Not many could read, but all could adore;
No help from the college or school they received,
Content with his knowledge in whom they believed.

4 No riches had they but riches of grace,
No fondness for play or passion for praise,
No moments of leisure for trifling employs,
Possessed of the treasure in God to rejoice.

5 Men, in their own eyes, were children again,
And children were wise and solid as men;

The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
Their hearts were all cheerful, their consciences clean.

6 Wrapt up in the Lord, his service and love,
They lived and adored like angels above;
And blest with his presence, their lives they laid down,
And now with their Saviour inherit the crown.

207 Second Part. P. M. 10s.

Desiring to live over primitive days.

1 O WHERE are the men with virtue endowed
To live as did then the servants of God?
The ancient example who show us again,
Courageous to trample on pleasure and pain?

2 O Jesus, on us the blessings bestow,
We little ones choose thy glories to show;
In this generation thy witnesses raise,
The heirs of salvation, the vessels of grace.

3 Accept our desire, and give us thy love,
Thy children inspire with faith from above;
Purge out the old leaven and early convert,
And open a heaven of grace in our heart.

4 Begotten again and principled right,
Good works to maintain and walk in thy light;
We then shall recover that vigor of grace,
And gladly live over those primitive days.

5 Our moments below shall pleasantly glide,
While nothing we know but Christ crucified;

Our whole conversation in songs shall approve
Thy wonderful passion, thy ransoming love.

6 And if we must win the crown like our God,
And strive against sin, resisting to blood,
We more than victorious o'er death shall arise,
All happy and glorious with Christ in the skies.

208 C. M.

The grace of Christian law.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word:

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows!

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

209 L. M.

The Church the garden of Christ.

Solomon's Song iv. 12–15.

1 WE are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume:
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God;
And faith and love and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

210 L. M.

The stability of the Church.

1 BOUGHT with the Saviour's precious blood,
Thy Church, O God, has firmly stood;
Built on the Rock, secure she stands,
Like some tall cliff in distant lands.

2 When hosts of foes against her came,
Regardless of thy powerful name,
Thine arm, O Lord, salvation wrought,
For them who thy protection sought.

3 Strike to the Lord each joyful string,
Awake each tuneful power, and sing;

Ye saints, redeemed from sin and hell,
Loud let the pleasing anthem swell.

211 L. M.

The turtle dove.

1 HARK! don't you hear the turtle dove,
The token of redeeming love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
The neighb'ring valleys echo round.
O Zion, hear the turtle dove,
The token of your Saviour's love!
She comes the desert land to cheer,
And welcome in the jubil-year.

2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come; how sweet the view.
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
'The resurrection's drawing nigh!'
Behold the nations from abroad,
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God;

O yes! and I will join that band;
Now here's my heart and here's my hand;
With Satan's band no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurled,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair celestial land,
When sun and moon shall darkened be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

212 L. M.

Church complete in Christ. John xiv. 2.

1 WHY should the saints be filled with dread,
Or yield their joys to slavish fear?
Heaven can't be full, which holds the Head,
Till every member's present there.

2 In heav'n the Head—the members here—
Ten thousand thousand, yet but one;
So far asunder, yet so near;
Some yet unborn—some round the throne.

3 How bright eternal wisdom shines.
When it displays eternal love!
Instructing by these dazzling lines,
The earth beneath and heav'n above.

213 C. M.

The saints above and below.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;

Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

214 C. M.

The Church triumphant.

1 A HOST of spirits round the throne
In humble posture stand;
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.

2 From different regions of the globe
These happy spirits came;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.

3 One glorious body now they make,
More glorious far their Head;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake,
Their sorrows all are fled.

4 Without a jarring note they join
In ceaseless songs of praise;
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise.

215 S. M.

Safety of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces.

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

216 L. M.

We have no continuing city here. Heb. xiii. 14.

1 WE'VE no abiding city here:—
This may distress the worldling's 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—we'll soon be there—
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion:—Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

6 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.

7 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 to rest.

217 C. M.

Christian harmony.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight.
Those friendly brethren prove!
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love.

2 When streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head—
The trickling drops perfumed 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 distil.

BAPTISM

218 6, 8. Lenox.

The Saviour baptized by John in Jordan.

1 WHY tarriest thou? arise,
And be baptized straightway;
This institution prize;
O come without delay!
Since Jesus has thy sins forgiven,
This is the way that leads to heaven.

2 This is the way he trod,
He bowed beneath the stream;
The great eternal God
Did not account it mean,
But loud proclaimed, 'This is my Son,
And I'm well pleased with what he's done.'

3 Down from the upper skies
Descends the peaceful Dove;
To Jesus' head he flies,
His conduct to approve.
Thus Father, Son, and Spirit too,
Unite to teach us what to do.

4 Could you have seen that man
Who shed his precious blood,
And John the Baptist stand,
In Jordan's rolling flood,
Then seen him plunged beneath the wave,
An emblem of his future grave;

5 How quickly would you move
Beneath the flowing strand,
To follow him you love,
In this his great command!
Then, O believer, haste away,
And be baptized without delay.

219 S. M.

The Spirit's approval of baptism.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led,
And he who came our souls to save.
In Jordan laid his head.

2 He taught the solemn way,
He fixed the holy rite,
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 The Holy Ghost came down,
The baptism to approve,
The ordinance of Christ to crown,
And stamp it with his love.

4 Dear Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

220 L. M.

Immersion the appointed mode.

1 WHEN we baptize, we see the mode
In honored Jordan's swelling flood;
We're deaf to vain tradition's voice,
The way Christ chose becomes our choice.

2 Down in the stream they both descend,
And John immersed the sinner's Friend;
Out of the water straightway came
The Church's Head, the obedient Lamb.

3 The Baptist saw the heavenly Dove
Descend from opening heavens above,
And now the Father's voice is heard
Approving the incarnate Word.

4 'This is my well beloved Son,
Well pleased am I with what he's done;
In all things he my will obeys,
Then hear and trust whate'er he says.'

5 Now, ye believing souls, regard
The example of your glorious Lord;
Walk in his honored paths, and prove
How much your souls his precepts love.

221 L. M.

A baptismal hymn.

1 SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod,
And follow through this liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God.

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire;
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.

3 O sacred rite! by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men,
Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud amen.

222 C. M.

The believer constrained by the love of Christ to follow him

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God.

4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

223 C. M.

Immersion.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave,
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever living head.

224 L. M.

Baptism.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,
On these baptismal waters shine;
O teach our hearts in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
We joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God for sinners slain.

3 We plunge beneath the mystic flood,
O plunge us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 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.

225 L. M.

Before or after baptism.

1 COME, all ye sons of grace, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you;
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes.

2 When you behold the sacred wave,
You see the emblem of his grave.
Come all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind the rising God.
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,
Exulting see your Saviour rise.

4 Ye too are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word,
And joyfully behold therein
An emblem of your death to sin.

5 Fresh from the stream and filled with love,
Far from the tents of sin remove,
Nobly from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to every righteous deed.

226 L. M.

Single verses just before baptism, or at any interesting time.

1 THE Word, the Spirit and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied.
Was not the Lord who came to save,
Buried in such a liquid grave?

2 Jesus, my Saviour and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
'Arise, my love, and come away.'

3 Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.

4 All ye that love Emmanuel's name,
And long to feel the increasing flame,

'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

227 C. M.

Before baptism.

1 JESUS, we own thy sovereign sway,
For thou art good and just;
Help us thy precepts to obey,
And in thy name to trust.

2 Taught by thy Spirit and the word,
We in thy truth confide,
Regardless of a frowning world,
Who oft thy saints deride.

3 Wast thou in Jordan's flood baptized,
Our great exalted Head?
O may we follow, though despised,
And in thy footsteps tread.

4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
O Jesus, we would be,
And rising from the liquid grave,
Would live, O Lord, to thee!

5 Thus when the great archangel's voice
Shall wake our sleeping dust,
Released from death, we'll then rejoice,
And dwell among the just.

228 S. M.

Before baptism.

1 THOU great incarnate God!
Behold thy children stand;
Warmed with the fire of love divine,
They bow to thy command.

2 When buried with the Lord,
May they his presence find,
Proving that pleasures from thy throne
Are with obedience joined.

3 When rising from the wave,
Lord, show thy lovely face;
May sacred joy from heaven descend,
And glory fill the place.

4 Then may these happy saints
In thy commandments run,
Till they shall reach the realms of bliss,
And mount Emmanuel's throne.

5 There may they sit and sing
The once baptized Lamb,
And make the courts of heaven resound
With his beloved name.

6 With what ecstatic joy
They'll tune the Saviour's praise!
While millions join the sacred theme,
And swell the heavenly lays.

229 P. M.

Invitations to follow Christ.

1 HUMBLE souls, that seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;

Dread no ill that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, 'Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;'
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

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

230 7s.

Meditation before baptism.

1 HEAVENLY raptures fill my soul,
While I gaze on Jesus' tomb;
There no waves of trouble roll,
In its bosom there is room

2 Long I sought, but sought in vain,
How I might evade his call,
Till at length my will was slain;
Jesus now is all in all.

3 Precious souls who linger still,
Or who wait for clearer light,
All that's wanting is a will—
Gospel truth is shining bright.

4 Take the Bible, read with care,
Heed no arguments beside:
Follow Jesus, live in prayer,
Let his counsels be your guide.

231 6s and 8s.

The descent of the Dove in baptism.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew the King to crown.

3 The day was never known
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace,
As that which shed in Jordan's stream
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire;
This ordinance is thine,
Do thou our souls inspire;
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons:
'Till time shall end,' thy promise runs.

232 L. M.

Baptism representing the death and resurrection of Christ.

1 LORD, to this fountain we repair,
Our love by duty to declare;
'Tis thus the followers of the Lamb
Their faith and love to him proclaim.

2 They in these waters deeply laid,
Show him as suffering in their stead,
And rising from this watery grave,
They show his wondrous power to save.

3 Thus we proclaim our faith in him,
As rising from the yielding stream;
And show by his deserted grave,
The power of Christ from death to save.

4 O may we hence proclaim abroad
The honor of our Saviour God,
And wear his livery and renown,
And thus our high profession crown.

233 C. M.

Baptism urged from the command of Christ.

1 DESPISE me not, my carnal friends,
Lest you despise my Lord;
He bids me in the water go,
And I'll obey his word.

2 Christ is the bishop of my soul;
He meekly did appear
In Jordan's stream, and was baptized
By John his harbinger.

3 And shall I now refuse to do
What he's enjoined on me?
No—I'll through grace the cross forego,
And his disciple be.

4 The watery grave I have in view,
It bids me hasten in,
To all the world I bid adieu,
To rise with Christ my King.

5 In thee, my Lord, I put my trust,
With all I have or own—

Hoping that thou wilt raise this dust,
To praise thee on the throne.

234 S. M.

The duty of baptism urged.

1 ARISE and be baptized,
And wash away thy sin—
The Christian soul is here advised
T' obey her Lord and King.

2 You must your Lord obey,
Or crucify afresh;
Therefore arise without delay,
Nor parley with the flesh.

3 For if you know his will
And do not it perform,
The cross will grow more heavy still—
Perhaps you'll grow lukewarm.

4 Arise and be baptized,
And wash away your sin—
If you in heart are circumcised,
The act's a pleasant thing.

235 L. M.

Christ baptized of John. Matt. ch. iii.

1 DOWN by the water side we meet,
To tread the path that Jesus trod,
His name to us is ever sweet,
We follow him, he is our God.

2 In Matthew third there we behold,
John did immerse the Son of God,
Laid him beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of his future grave.

3 Out of the water up he came;
Young converts come and do the same;
His resurrection here we see,
Our death to sin—our liberty

4 Buried in baptism with our Lord,
To life we rise, obey his word,
And soon our mould'ring dust shall rise
Like him, and meet him in the skies.

5 'Go, teach the nations, and baptize,'
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;
Thy precept, Lord, we would obey,
And follow thee without delay.

6 Come, precious souls, that love the Lord,
Fulfil this rite, obey his word;
With cheerful hearts join in his praise,
And love and serve him all your days.

236 S. M.

Christ's love constraineth us

1 CONSTRAINED by love, we come
Down to the water's side,
To imitate God's only Son,
The Christian's only guide.

2 He has commanded us
To be baptized with him,
And cheerfully we bear the cross,
Renouncing every sin.

3 Here, then, we would begin
His blessed cross to bear;
In token of our death to sin
We would be baptized here.

4 Here we would show his death
And resurrection clear;

And him through grace, while we have [breath,
We'll worship, love and fear.

5 Come, all who love his name,
What now can hinder you?
Here's water, you believe in Christ,
Then be baptized too.

6 Sinners, this is the way,
Christ and th' Apostles say;
Believe and be baptized to-day,
We're sure you will be blest.

7 As servants here we sing,
And that with joy of heart;
We have believed, and will obey,
O God, thy grace impart!

237 P. M.

The pleasures of following Christ.

1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee,
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Nought have we to claim as merit;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit;
All the praise to thee is due.

3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go;
O the bliss, the heavenly beauty!
Christ the Lord was buried so.

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave,
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.

6 Is there here a weeping Mary,
Waiting near the Saviour's tomb,
Heavy laden, sick and weary,
Crying, 'O that I could come!'

6 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus,
Welcome in his church below;
Venture wholly on the Saviour,
Come, and with his people go.

238 P. M.

Christ baptized in Jordan

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

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

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

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore;
What sounds are these that roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:

'This is my well beloved Son,
And I'm well pleased with what he's done.'

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

239 C. M.

Christ's baptism.

1 WHEN Christ, who came my soul to save,
In Jordan was baptized,
Arising from the liquid grave,
A voice from heaven replies:

2 Thou art my well beloved Son,
Let men thy word obey;
I am well pleased that thou hast shown
Thy flock this humble way.

3 O heavenly Dove, who did descend,
And rest upon his brow,
With all thy quickening power attend
Upon thine ord'nance now.

4 And while we in obedience move,
And thy command obey,
O breathe the power of faith and love,
And wash our sins away.

240 L. M.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, 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—
'"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'

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.

241 C. M.

A preparation hymn.

1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain
Did, almost with his latest breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,
And to remember thee,

Help each poor trembler to repeat,
'The Saviour died for me.'

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and put in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, 'Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.'

242 C. M.

Viewing the cross by faith.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 Our humble faith here takes its rise.
While sitting round his board,
And back to Calvary it flies,
To view its groaning Lord.

3 His soul, what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew,
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

4 'Here,' says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
'See here the spring of all your joys,
That opened when I died.'

5 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pains:
'All this,' says he, 'I bore for thee,'
And then he smiles again.

6 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine,
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

243 C. M.

After the supper.

1 LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou the immortal bread.

2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

4 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

244 S. M.

Before or after supper.

1 JESUS invites his saints,
To meet around his board:
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the dear children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

245 C. M.

Christ is meat and drink indeed.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I, that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you;

For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumphed too.

5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above!

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours!

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

246 C. M.

My flesh is meat indeed.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares the rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procured
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body torn with rudest hands,
Becomes the finest bread,
And with the blessings he commands
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each opening vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath filled this cup with generous wine,
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of mine,
Which owes so much to thine.

247 C. M.

Divine glories and our graces.

1 HOW are thy glories here displayed,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice,
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin forever die;

Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

248 C. M.

Prayer at the Lord's table.

1 RESPLENDENT Sun, thy rays impart,
Shed forth thy light and heat;
Diffuse thy warmth through every heart,
Make our communion sweet.

2 Celestial breeze, awake and come,
Descend, enlivening showers,
Breathe on our souls a rich perfume,
And cheer these withering flowers.

3 Sweet odors then shall spread abroad,
And fill the sacred place:
And we'll address our Saviour God,
In songs of thankful praise

249 C. M.

The Holy Spirit invoked at the table.

1 TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart,
And let thy sacred flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love
Prepare us for the feast;
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

250 C. M.

The triumphal feast of Christ's victory

1 JESUS the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

2 The Lord, how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

3 'For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

4 'These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.

5 'Justice unsheathed its fiery sword,
And plunged it in my heart;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.

6 'When hell and all its spiteful powers
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

7 'But while I bled, and groaned, and died,
I ruined Satan's throne;
High on the cross I hung, and spied
The monster tumbling down.'

8 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favors so divine?

We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine.

251 L. M.

A preparatory thought for the Lord's Supper.

1 WHAT heavenly man or lovely God
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Arrayed in garments rolled in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord, the Saviour, yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears:
Dear, glorious Man, that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.

4 Whence flow those favors so divine?
Lord, why so lavish of thy blood?
Why, for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?

5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nailed him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own blood this table spread
For such unworthy guests as we.

6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

252 C. M.

Welcome to the table.

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear;
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

253 C. M.

Jesus died for me.

1 THE cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh! what can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree?
This is my dear delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.

2 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
These emblems bring my Lord to view
Upon the bloody tree;
My soul believes and feels it true,
That Jesus died for me.

3 His body broken, nailed and torn,
And stained with streams of blood;
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful shock,
When Jesus died for me.

4 My guilt was on my surety laid,
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I,
Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

5 Angels in shining order stand
Around my Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity,
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me.

6 Oh! had I but an angel's voice,
To bear my heart along,

My flowing numbers soon would raise
To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres,
In sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heavenly choirs,
That Jesus died for me.

254 C. M.

The provisions for the table of our Lord, or the tree of life and river of love.

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand,
For every willing guest.

2 The cup stands crowned with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.

3 The food's prepared by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refined;
They spread new life through every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

4 Shout, and proclaim the Saviour's love;
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

5 A thousand glories to the God
Who gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

255 L. M.

Incomparable food, or the flesh and blood of Christ.

1 JESUS, we bow before thy feet;
Thy table is divinely stored;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat;
'Tis living bread—we thank thee, Lord.

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flowed
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around,
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can, at best,
But cheer the heart or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls forever bless:
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

256 L. M.

The memorials of grace.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

257 C. M.

Remembering Christ.

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

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he could not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
'Meet and remember me!'

4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear?—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

258 C. M.

Christ's example in washing his disciples' feet.

John, ch. xiii.

1 DID Christ the great example lead
For all his humble train,
In washing the disciples' feet,
And wiping them again?

2 And did my Lord and Master say,
'If I have washed your feet,
Ye also ought to watch and pray,
And wash each others' feet?'

3 O blessed Jesus, at thy board
I have thy children met;
The bread I've broke, the wine I've poured,
We've washed each others' feet.

4 In imitation of my Lord,
Who blood for me did sweat,
I yield unto his sacred word,
And wash the pilgrims' feet.

5 Yea, blessed Jesus, I like thee,
Would Christians often meet;
The least of all the flock would be,
And wash his children's feet.

6 For this let men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will;
I still would follow Christ the Lamb,
And be his servant still.

259 L. M.

The Spirit's aid implored.

1 GIVE me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then I can well ail trials meet,

Deny myself, and all my pride,
And wash thy weakest servant's feet.

2 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then shall I in thy footsteps trace,
And show to all who read thy word,
That I'm indeed renewed by grace.

3 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then through my few remaining days
I'll yield obedience to thy word,
And as I go, I'll sing thy praise.

260 C. M.

Washing the saints' feet.

1 JESUS, by heavenly hosts adored,
The church's glorious Head,
With humble joy I call thee Lord,
And in thy footsteps tread.

2 Emptied of all thy greatness here,
While in the body seen,
Thou wouldst the least of all appear,
And minister to men.

3 A servant to thy servants thou,
In thy debas'd estate;
How meekly did thy goodness bow,
To wash thy followers' feet.

4 I come, O God, to do thy will,
With Jesus in my view;
A servant to thy servants still,
My pattern I pursue.

5 The loving labor I repeat,
Obedient to his word,
And wash his dear disciples' feet,
And wait upon the Lord.

6 Shall I, a worm, refuse to stoop?
My fellow worm disdain?
I give my vain distinctions up,
Since Christ did wait on man.

261 L. M.

Washing, &c.

1 COME, brethren, we who love the Lord,
Never depart from Jesus' word;
Let true humility abound
Where'er the love of God is found.

2 Remember when Christ was below,
What condescension he did show;
He did his dear disciples greet,
And condescend to wash their feet.

3 'If I your Lord and Master be,
And you my blest example see,
You should each other kindly greet
And ought to wash each others' feet.

4 'My servants cannot be greater
Than I, your Lord and Master dear;
And though the world should you despise,
It is well pleasing in my eyes.'

5 And we who do this duty see,
With others we'll not disagree;
In lowest stoop we will them greet,
We'll eat our herbs and they their meat.

262 L. M.

Washing, &c.

1 O THAT the Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet;

Greater than Christ I would not be,
But learn from him humility.

C. M.

2 Wash me, and seal me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My head, my hands, my heart.

S. M.

3 We have our Lord's command,
And do as Jesus bid;
For this we his example have,
And do as Jesus did.

CHRISTIAN EXERCISES. REJOICING

263 P. M.

The wondrous love of Christ.

1 WHAT wondrous love is this,
O my soul! O my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
O my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse,
For my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse,
For my soul!

2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,

When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs, fly,
Bear the news, bear the news
Ye winged seraphs, fly,
Bear the news;
Ye winged seraphs, fly,
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news, with the news
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4 To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing:
To God and to the Lamb.
And to the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

5 Come, friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise, join the praise:
Come, friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise:
Come, friends of Zion's King,

With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise, in his praise,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise.

6 Thus while from death we're free,
We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
Thus while from death we're free,
We'll sing on!
Thus while from death we're free,
We'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity
We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
And through eternity
We'll sing on.

7 And when to that bright world
We arise, we arise;
And when to that bright world
We arise;
When to that world we go,
Free from all pain and woe,
We'll join the happy throng,
And sing on, and sing on,
We'll join the happy throng,
And sing on.

264 7s.

Redeeming love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move,
Bless and praise redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove ;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring ;
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

265 P. M.

Ecstatic glories.

1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.
Lo, we lift our longing eyes ;
Break, ye intervening skies ;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angel trumps resound his fame.
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
'Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One!'

4 Hark, the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays—
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

266 P. M. Lenox.

Foretaste of heaven.

1 ON earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet, more loud,
To him that drowns our sins
In his atoning blood.
'To him,' they cry in rapturous strain,
'Be honor, praise, and power,—amen.'

2 Ye saints on earth repeat
What heaven with rapture owns,
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3 Sing as ye pass along,
With joy and wonder sing;
Till others learn the song,
And own your Lord their King;
Till converts join you as you go,
And sing his praises here below.

4 Inform the listening world
How Jesus, when he fell,
The powers of darkness hurled
Down to the depths of hell;
And rising, bore the rescued prize,
His church, in triumph through the skies.

5 Alone he took the field,
Alone the battle fought;
With his own sword and shield
The mighty work he wrought;
The mighty work was all his own,
And let him ever wear the crown.

6 Our feeble minds are lost
Beneath the lofty strain,
But Jordan's billows crossed,
We'll catch the sound again;
In praise assist the heavenly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire

267 L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,

False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your waves were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss!
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

268 C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

269 S. M.

Rejoicing in ways of God.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 Sweet flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring,
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise,
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way,
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day.

270 L. M.

Rejoicing in hope of glory.

1 O MAY I worthy prove to see
The saints in full prosperity;

To see the bride, the glittering bride,
Close seated by the Saviour's side.

CHORUS—And I'll sing glory, glory,
And glory be to God on high.

2 O may I find some humble seat
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet!
A servant, as before he's been,
I'll sing salvation to my King.

3 I'm glad that I am born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to the new Jerusalem.

4 I'll praise him while he gives me breath;
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home;
My Jesus smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath;
Oh! then my happy soul shall tell,
'My Jesus has done all things well.'

7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
'Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.'

8 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems round the skies,
Of all the notes there this shall swell,
'My Jesus has done all things well.'

9 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme to all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

271. C. M.

Christian love expanding.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
With Christ to live or die.

4 Let devils rage and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through;
Though foes unite and friends all fail,
We'll seize the crown we view.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown,
Where all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thy own:

6 May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
For glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

272 8s and 6s.

Rejoicing in earnest hope.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my raptured soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain's top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

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

4 I have no sharers of my heart
To rob my Saviour of a part;
I execrate the whole;
Only betrothed to Christ am I,
I wait his coming from the sky
To wed my happy soul.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or only sojourn as I go,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But all the land possess!
When shall I end my ling'ring years,
My sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness!

7 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Display thy grace, forgive my sin,
My unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide,
And Oh! with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

273 L. M.

Praise to the Creator.

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

274 C. M.

Love to the Saviour.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

275 C. M.

A transporting view of the heavenly Canaan.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
With milk and honey flow.

4 [All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day!
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.]

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There, on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

276 C. M.

The condescension of Christ.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came;

2 While all thy own angelic bands,
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honor to obey
Their great, eternal King:

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by,

First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

277 L. M.

A glimpse of Christ is joyful.

1 JESUS, what shall I do to show
How much I love thy charming name!
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

2 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee
Can give such sweet, such vast delight,
What must the joy, the triumph be,
To dwell for ever in thy sight?

278 C. M.

Rejoicing in the mercies of God.

1 FAIN would my soul with wonder trace
Thy mercies, O my God,
And tell the riches of thy grace,
The merits of thy blood.

2 With Israel's King my heart would cry,
While I review thy ways,
Tell me, my Saviour, who am I,
That I should see thy face?

3 Formed by thy hand, and formed for thee,
I would be ever thine;
My Saviour, make my spirit free,
With beams of mercy shine.

4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell
On thy redeeming grace;

O for a thousand tongues to tell
My dear Redeemer's praise.

279 L. M.

Christ the end of the Law, &c.

1 WHEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfied;
Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command nor curse no more.

2 He having suffered in their stead,
The law, in covenant form, is dead;
He rules them with a gentle sway,
And they with sweet delight obey.

3 Amazing love! how rich, how free—
That Christ should die for such as we;
From hence the holiest duties flow,
Of saints above, and saints below.

280 L. M.

Joying in Christ as a friend indeed.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, tho' I am,
I have a rich, Almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name—
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controlled;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies—
O what a friend is Christ to me!

281 L. M.

The time of love.

1 LORD, 'twas a time of wondrous love
When thou didst first draw near my soul,
And by thy Spirit from above
My raging passions didst control.

2 Guilty and self-condemned I stood,
Nor dreamed of life and bliss so near;
But he my evil heart renewed,
And all his graces planted there.

3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, equal praise.

282 C. M.

Precious Bible.

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

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

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

283 C. M.

Love and gratitude.

1 AND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glowed
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell,
And while I dwell upon the theme
No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this,
What heart but must detest!
Sure, Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,
Had I no love for thee;
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

284 C. M. Chorused.

The New Jerusalem described and desired.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

CHORUS—O the place, the happy place,
The place where Jesus is!
The place where Christians all shall meet
In everlasting bliss.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling light by human sight
Hath never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that makes me dread
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu
I leave you in God's care,
And if no more I here see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 And if our happiness below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet.

9 There shall we meet, and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song—free grace.

10 Millions of years around shall run,
Our song shall still go on,
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit three in one.

285 7s.

The pleasures of religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

286 C. M.

Not unto us, but to thy name, give glory.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

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

3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

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

287 C. M.

Glorying in God only.

1 YE saints, of every rank, with joy
To God your offerings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful hearts and tongues inflamed,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know
How great the master whom you serve,
And yet how gracious too.

288 C. M.

Through much tribulation we go to heaven.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2 The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

289 L. M.

The dominion of God celebrated.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule Omnipotence sustains,
And guides the world his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretched abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixed above,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks, and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

4 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine,
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

290 C. M.

God's love. John iii. 16.

1 'TWAS not to make Jehovah's love
Towards the sinner flame,
That Jesus from his throne above,
A suff'ring man became.

2 'Twas not the death which he endured,
Nor all the pangs he bore,
That God's eternal love procured,
For God was love before.

3 He loved the world, his own elect,
With love surpassing thought ;
Nor will his mercy e'er neglect
The souls so dearly bought.

4 The warm affections of his breast
Towards his children burn,
And in his love he'll ever rest,
Nor from his oath return.

291 C. M.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God celebrated.

1 WHERE from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?

2 Scaled I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul;
Plunged I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

3 If on a morning's darting ray,
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild, lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;

4 Thither thine hand, all-present God,
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

5 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon,
Before thy piercing sight.

6 If in thy being so enclosed,
How vain th' attempt to fly,
Since every rising bud of thought
Is naked to thine eye!

292 C. M.

The praises of Christ.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace;
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending to thy feet;
To thee their prayers and praise ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around,
Sweetly the sacred odors spread
Through all Emmanuel's ground.

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

293 C. M.

Christ the door.

1 THUS saith the Shepherd of the sheep,
'I am the sacred door;
In the fair pastures which I keep,
There's life for evermore.

2 'My tender care shall keep them free
From dangers night and day;
My power their strong defence shall be,
From every beast of prey.

3 'I will enrich them with my grace,
And feed them with my love;
Their souls shall find a joyful place
In the bright fields above.

4 'Come, then, my little purchased flock,
Dear objects of my care,
And let this promise be your hope
While you are feeding here.'

291 C. M.

Christ's love unchangeable.

1 COME, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name,
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his gracious hand,
This friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace
To make it better known.

5 And if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still.

6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains

295 L. M.

Eternal life.

1 ETERNAL life! how sweet the sound,
To sinners who deserve to die!
Publish the bliss the world around,
Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.

2 Eternal life! how will it reign,
When, mounting from this breathless clod,
The soul discharged from sin and pain,
Ascends t' enjoy its Father, God!

3 Eternal life! how will it bloom
In beauty on that blissful day,
When, rescued from th' imprisoning tomb,
Glory invests our rising clay.

4 Eternal life! O how refined
The joy, the triumph how divine!
When saints in body and in mind
Shall in the Saviour's image shine!

296 C. M.

The beatific sight of Christ.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wandering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,

And thousand tastes of new delight,
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

297 8s.

The mystery of salvation.

1 OH! 'tis a glorious mystery—'tis a wonder
That I should ever saved be—'tis a wonder;
No heart can think, no tongue can tell—'tis &c.
The love of God unspeakable—'tis a, &c.

2 Great mystery that God should place
His love on any of Adam's race;
That I should also share a part,
And find a mansion in his heart.

3 Great mystery, I can't tell why
That Christ for sinful worms should die;
Should leave the boundless realms of bliss,
And die for sinners on the cross.

4 Oh! why was I not left behind,
Among the thousands of mankind
Who run the dangerous, sinful race,
And die and never taste his grace?

5 'Twas love that spread the gracious feast:
'Twas love that made my soul a guest;
'Twas love that brought him from above;
'Twas love, Oh! matchless, boundless love.

6 Not all the heavenly hosts can scan
The glories of this noble plan;
Oh! 'tis a glorious mystery,
And will be to eternity!

298 C. M. Double.

The love of Christ is better than wine.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.
I need not go abroad for joys,
I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

2 Down from above, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
Witness of God's eternal love,
This is my heavenly feast.
This makes me Abba, Father, cry,
With confidence of soul;
This makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
And that without control.

3 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as a crystal stone.
This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Thence all my joys do spring.

4 Such joys as these, unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me revealed.

5 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
And taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap, but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!
Then would I fly far hence away,
And leave this world of sin;
Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

6 Then would my soul with angels feast,
On joys that ever last;
Refined, full, and always sweet,
Delighting to the taste.
Bless'd be my God, the God of joys,
Who gives me here a crumb,
And fills my soul with earnest hope,
Till I arrive at home!

299 L. M.

God's love manifested in calling his sheep.

1 THERE is a period known to God,
When all his sheep. redeemed by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in.

2 At peace with hell, with God at war,
In sin's dark maze they wander far;
Indulge their lusts, and still go on,
As far from God as sheep can run.

3 But see, how heaven's indulgent care
Attends their wanderings here and there:
Still hard at heel where'er they stray,
With pricking thorns to hedge their way.

4 Glory to God! they ne'er shall rove
Beyond the limits of his love,

Fenced with Jehovah's shalls and wills,
Firm as the everlasting hills.

5 Th' appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace;
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.

300 C. M.

Delight in the house of God.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns.

301 S. M.

Greatness of God's mercy.

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

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

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

ADORATION AND PRAISE

—

302 L. M.

God exalted above all praise.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God!
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Thee, while the brightest seraph sings,
He veils his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around,
Fall worshipping, 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 learned to lisp thy name;
But, Oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven and man below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

303 L. M.

Divine perfection.

1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honor bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own the Lord.

3 Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.

4 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died,
T' engage his justice on our side.

5 Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolable keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

6 O tell me, with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice;
Filled with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

304 C. M.

God glorious, and sinners saved.

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

2 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Our thoughts are lost in awe divine,
To see what God performs.

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

4 When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
O the dear mysteries of his cross,
The triumph of his groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

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

305

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305 C. M.

The mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

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

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

306 L. M.

The greatness of God.

1 MY God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 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 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make thy song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds;
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

307 C. M.

The faithfulness of the promises.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty words, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing of the glory and the grace
Of our Redeemer, God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;

His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

4 Recorded by eternal love,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness 'rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine;'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

308 C. M.

Jesus precious to the believer.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

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

309 L. M.

Longing to praise Christ better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And see my Maker's broken laws
Repaired and honored by thy cross:

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquished by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groaned and died,
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm winged with faith, and fired with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains
For want of his immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these,
Falls far below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here;
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

310 C. M.

Christ worshipped by all creation.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell below the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

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

311 C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay;
Without one cheering gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O, amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining courts above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

312 C. M.

The saints glorified. Rev. vii 13, &c.

1 THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?

2 From torturing pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode;
And strangely washed their raiments white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveiled glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied,

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
All sorrows from their eyes.

313 C. M.

Meditation of heaven.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There, springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One,
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare.

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

314 C. M.

Gratitude to God for his gifts.

1 MY Father, God!—and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Nor thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

2 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow,
And thanks eternal for that love,
Whence all those comforts flow.

3 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

4 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

315 C. M. Ocean.

Mariners constrained to praise.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord.
That rule the boist'rous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dang'rous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the flood to rest.

4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed;
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid.

5 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord,

And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

316 S. M. Newburg.

Universal praise.

1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works above,
His honors be expressed;
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

317 L. M.

Jesus the bright morning Star.

1 WITH joy, ye saints, attend and raise
Your voices in harmonious praise;
Blest Spirit, every heart prepare
To sing the bright, the morning Star.

2 In glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains;
We view his beams, and from afar,
Hail him the bright, the morning Star.

3 Blest Star, where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines;
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the morning Star.

4 Sweet Star, his influence is divine;
Life, peace, and joy, attending shine;
Death, hell, and sin before him flee,
The bright, the morning Star is he.

5 Great Star, in whom salvation dwells,
His beams the thickest cloud dispels;
The grossest darkness flies afar
Before this bright, this morning Star.

6 Most glorious Star, be thou our guide,
Nor from our souls thy splendor hide;
Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
Thou only bright and morning Star.

7 Eternal Star, our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet thee in the skies;
And, in eternal anthems there,
Praise thee, the bright, the morning Star.

318 C. M.

Jesus precious.

1 BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;

For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

4 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine,
And death shall all its terrors lose
In raptures so divine.

319 C. M.

To Christ the good Shepherd.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise.

2 Vain the attempt! what tongue can speak
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine?

3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From that bless'd world on high,
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To suffer, bleed and die!

4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

320 C. M.

The same.

1 IN one harmonious, cheerful song,
Ye happy saints, combine;
Loud let it sound from every tongue—
The Saviour is divine.

2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.

3 That hand which heaven and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

4 Now let the infernal lion roar—
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's power,
I will begin to fear.

321 C. M.

Devotion to God.

1 SHALL mortals aim at themes so great,
Or raise their notes so high,
When seraphs low beneath thy feet
In self-abasement lie?

2 Though Gabriel tunes immortal lyres
To sweet seraphic lays,
Th' Eternal hears when infant tongues
Attempt to lisp his praise.

3 The early dawn of op'ning life
Has proved thy guardian care;
Nor shall I less through future years
Thy grace and goodness share.

4 Behold, I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend and Guide.

322 8, 7.

Zion is defended and supplied.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Thus they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray

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

5 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.

323 L. M.

God invisible.

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals, blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
Oh! 'tis beyond a creature's mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet,
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur lies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

324 C M.

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;

Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode,
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

325 C. M.

God's dominion and decrees.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the following page he turns
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

326 L. M.

Deity, humiliation, and exaltation of Christ

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son,
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above,

How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains

327 C. M.

Forgiveness of enemies.

1 "FATHER, forgive," the Saviour cried
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

2 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

3 By thine example ever swayed,
We for our foes will pray;
With love their hatred, and their curse
With blessings will repay.

PRAYING AND PRAISING.

328 8s.

The presence of Christ makes all well.

1 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:
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 resigned,
No changes of seasons or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

329 8, 7.

Past mercies acknowledged, and future ones sought.

1 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, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy grace I've come;
And I trust by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

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

4 Oh! that day, when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face,
Richly clothed in blood-washed linen,
How I'll sing thy sovereign grace;
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry;
Take my raptured soul away;
Send thine angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

5 If thou ever didst discover
To my faith the promised land,
Bid me now the stream pass over;
On the heavenly border stand.
Now surmount whate'er opposes;
Into thy embrace I fly;
Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses,
Bid me 'get me up and die.'

330 7s.

Christ a covert from the tempest.

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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;

Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

331 L. M. Portugal.

The blessedness of public worship.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

2 O blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thine indulgent favors raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3 Happy the men whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

4 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state—
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

332 C. M.

The Saviour praised.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound,

Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin.
And doomed to endless woe.

3 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

333 L. M.

The mercy-seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 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 sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still;
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

334 C. M.

The fountain opened.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)

For me a blood-bought free reward—
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

8 In heavenly strains, from every chord,
Shall flow the charming sound,
The praise of my redeeming Lord,
While angels wonder round.

335 7s and 6s.

Thine anger is turned away.

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath their weight I cannot move;
Oh! tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom never let me find
From my dear Lord to rove;

That I never, never more,
May from my dear Saviour part;
To the posts of mercy's door
O bind my wandering heart.

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

5 As the apple of an eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever wait.
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

336 C. M.

Inward religion.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Could give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;

'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise,
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

337 C. M.

O that I were as in days past!

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning love,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue,
And when the evening shades prevailed
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

5 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

7 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercy cannot fail;
O come, without delay!

338 C. M.

Christ the good Shepherd.

1 BEHOLD the Shepherd's tender care
Towards the sheep that strays!
Throughout the desert waste and bare,
He tracks its wandering ways.

2 So Jesus, while he sojourned here,
Amidst this waste of sin,
'Tis said he travelled far and near,
And sought his sheep therein.

3 To save from everlasting woe
An object of his care,
Behold him through Samaria go;
A sheep had wandered there.

4 Though she insults him to his face,
It mattered not to him;

Her name was found among that race
That Jesus must redeem.

5 Amidst this flock, beloved of God,
Manasseh we behold,
And though his fleece was stained with blood,
He brought him to the fold.

6 Yea, from the dregs of sin and woe
Shall grace her trophies wave;
And each to glory safe shall go,
Whom God ordained to save.

339 C. M.

Jesus' name the sweetest sound.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the 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, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

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

340 L. M.

The power of God encouraging prayer.

JEHOVAH is a god of might,
He framed 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 oppressed,
To him in every trouble fly;
His promise is. 'I'll give you rest;'
'The strength of Israel will not lie.'

3 Then why sink down beneath despair?
To Jesus' throne of grace apply;
His promise plead, he'll hear your prayer;
'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 distress 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!'

341 7s.

Christ all in all.

1 HOLY Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am;

Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my dearest object be,
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Only thee I wish to know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

4 All my treasure is above;
My best portion is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell,
Infinite, unsearchable?

5 Nothing else may I require,
Let me thee alone desire;
Pleased with what thy love provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

342 S. M.

God all in all.

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

2 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

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

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

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

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

343 C. M.

God's care for his creatures

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

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

3 He gave his well-beloved Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls that trust in thee

Their humble hopes thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

344 C. M.

The goodness of God.

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

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

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

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

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

345 C. M.

Desiring a closer walk with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

346 C. M.

Submission to the divine will.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,

And bow before thy chast'ning rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here!
How needful every cross!
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

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

347 C. M.

Another.

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

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

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant,
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway,
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

348 C. M.

Self-denial, or taking up the cross.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify thy name,
And count their slander gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

349 L. M.

The ways of God mysterious, yet sure.

1 THY ways, O God, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die

350 C. M.

Faith conquering.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live :
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe ;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honors owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heaven.

351 L. M.

Reflections on life and eternity.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity! tremendous sound;
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But Oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents, how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

4 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

352 C. M.

Cast down, but not destroyed.

1 NOW in thy praise, eternal King,
Be all my thoughts employed,
While of this precious truth I sing—
Cast down, but not destroyed.

2 Oft the united powers of hell
My soul have sore annoyed;
And yet I live this truth to tell—
Cast down, but not destroyed.

3 In all the paths through which I've pass'd,
What mercies I've enjoyed!
And this shall be my song at last—
Cast down, but not destroyed.

4 When I in heaven with God appear,
There I shall him adore;
Destroyed shall be my sin and fear,
And I cast down no more.

353. C. M.

Confidence.

1 FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can pull me down.

2 The lofty hills and stately towers
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled in the dust;
Their very name shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

354 C. M.

Faith and resignation.

1 THROUGH all the downward tracks of [time,
God's watchful eye surveys:
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways?

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

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

355 C. M.

The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

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

356 C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

357 6s and 8s. Lenox.

The Christian's life perilous.

1 JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise,
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies.
While I have such a Lord;
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast:

O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempest bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

358 C. M.

God our Father.

1 MY God, my Father—blissful name—
O may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

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

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

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

359 C. M.

Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there;
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest
Till this frail body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wing
To endless glory rise.

360 L. M.

Holy aspirations.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my nobler birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can call me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn
Let noise and vanity begone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

361 C. M.

Prayer for submission.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

SUPPLICATION.

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362 C. M.

The effort.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;

There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea.
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die;
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

6 'Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;'
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will—
I can—I do believe.

363. C. M.

Pardoning grace sought.

1 I WAIT for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at the gate.

2 Just as the guards that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

3 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first opening of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

5 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

364 C. M.

Pleading the name of Jesus.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies!

4 Surely thou wilt not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

365 7s.

Seeking the Shepherd's flock.

1 TELL me, Saviour, from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy little flock abide,
Sheltered near thy bleeding side.

2 Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where I may my soul recline;
Where for refuge shall I fly,
While the burning sun is high?

3 Wilt thou let me run astray,
Mourning, grieving all the day?
Wilt thou bear to see me rove,
Seeking base and mortal love?

4 Never had I sought thy name,
Never felt the inward flame,
Had not love first touched my heart
With the painful, pleasing smart.

5 Didst thou leave thy glorious throne;
Put a mortal raiment on;
On the tree a victim die,
For a wretch so vile as I?

6 Turn and claim me as thine own;
Be my portion, Lord, alone;
Deign to hear a sinner's call;
Be my everlasting all.

366 C. M.

Praying for renewing grace.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

367 S. M.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;

Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

368 C. M.

My peace I give unto you.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace;
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand that scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

369 L. M.

Choosing the better part.

1 BESET with snares on every hand.
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part;

To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I'll live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

370 C. M.

Secret prayer.

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

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame!
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

371 L. M.

Hope in darkness, longing for light.

1 O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart;

How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn shall never rise?

3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors, fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die;
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

372 S. M.

Desiring to be found ready.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

373 C. M.

Refuge in God the saints' privilege.

1 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 every pain I feel.

3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 No! still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

374 C. M.

Remember me.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Whene'er on my poor burdened heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way
To shake my faith in thee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

4 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I cannot see,
Then, Lord, arise with glorious light,
And still remember me.

5 The hour is near—consigned to death,
I own thy just decree;
Saviour, with my last, parting breath,
I'll cry, 'remember me.'

375 S. M.

A prayer for the Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life in every part
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;

Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

376 L. M.

A stony heart lamented.

1 LORD, hear a burdened sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return;
Thy tender mercies O impart,
And take away this stony heart.

2 'Tis this hard heart that sinks me down,
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown;
This causes all my woe and smart;
Lord, take away this stony heart.

3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,
Which scorns thy love and slights thy word,
Which tempts me from thee to depart;
Lord, take away this stony heart.

4 'Tis this hard heart which, day by day,
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray;
Yea, would from every duty start;
Lord, take away this stony heart.

5 Sure the blest day will shortly come,
When this hard heart shall know its doom;
When I no more shall sin retain,
Nor of a stony heart complain.

377 L. M.

The same.

1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;

Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood;
'Tis his rich blood. and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

378 S. M.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I LIFT my soul to God;
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From beams of dawning light,
Till evening shades arise;
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper years.
And follies of my youth.

379 S. M.

An humble resignation to the will of God desired.

1 I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;

Never to murmur at my stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want;
On thee in each distress to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what's thy perfect will.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
A pure desire that all may learn
To glorify thy name.

5 I want—I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want,—alas! what want I not,
When Christ is not with me?

CONFLICT.

380 L. M.

Self-abhorrence, fear and hope.

1 I AM a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know;
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.

2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me think that I am wrong.

3 I find myself out of the way,
My thoughts are often gone astray,
Like one alone I seem to be;
Oh! is there any one like me?

4 'Tis seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be;
What I desire, I can't attain;
From what I hate, I can't refrain.

5 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry,
I fear at last that I shall fall;
For if a saint, the least of all.

6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus filled with doubts, I ask to know--
Come, tell me, is it thus with you?

7 So by experience I do know
There's nothing good that I can do;
I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If not free grace, then I am lost.

381 7s.

The important point.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought.
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

3 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon the work of grace,
If, indeed, it be begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

382 8s and 11s.

In distress longing for deliverance.

1 WHILE sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see,
Astonished, I cry, can a mortal be found
Surrounded with troubles like me?

2 Few minutes in praise I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain;
If a moment in praising of God I employ,
I have hours again to complain.

3 Oh! when shall my sorrows subside?
Oh! when shall my sufferings cease?
Oh! when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed
To the regions of glory and peace?

4 O may I, prepared for that day,
When Christ shall descend from above,
Be filled with his presence, go shouting away
To the arms of my heavenly love.

5 The spirit to glory conveyed,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.

6 No sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home,
But, singing and shouting, let each brother say,
'He's gone from the evil to come.'

383 C. M.

The path to heaven lies through a maze.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land ;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget the troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

4 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,
To welcome travellers home.

384 6, 7.

A Christian's changes.

1 MIXTURES of joy and sorrow
I daily do pass through ;
Sometimes I'm in a valley,
And sinking down with woe :
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagles' wings I fly ;
I rise above my troubles,
And hope to reach the sky.

2 Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
And think I have no grace ;
Sometimes I'm full of praising,
When Christ reveals his face :
Sometimes my hope's so little,
I think I'll throw it by ;
Sometimes it seems sufficient,
If I were called to die.

3 Sometimes I shun the Christian,
Lest he should talk to me ;
Sometimes he is the neighbour
I long the most to see :

Sometimes we meet together,
The season's dry and dull;
Sometimes we find a blessing,
With joy it fills my soul.

4 Sometimes I am oppressed
By Pharaoh's cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
And view the promised land:
Sometimes I am in darkness,
Sometimes I'm in the light;
And then my soul is winged,
And upward speeds its flight.

5 Sometimes I travel mourning,
Down Babel's ancient stream;
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears my only theme:
Sometimes when I am praying,
It seems almost a task;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

6 Sometimes I read my Bible,
And 'tis a sealed book;
Sometimes I find a blessing
Whene'er therein I look:
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish myself at home;
Sometimes I find my Saviour,
And then I'm glad I come.

7 Lord, why am I thus tossed,
Thus tossed to and fro?
Why are my hopes thus crossed,
Where'er I'm called to go?
O Lord, thou never changest,
And 'tis because I stray:

O grant me thine assistance,
And keep me in thy way!

8 O may thy counsels guide me,
And keep me while I live!
In death be thou my portion,
And then my soul receive,
To praise my blessed Saviour,
And magnify his grace,
Bestowed on such a sinner,
The chief of all the race.

9 There, with the holy angels
That stand around the throne,
And saints of every nation,
Our voices joined in one,
We'll sound aloud the praises
Of our Redeemer God,
Who saved us by his sorrows,
And washed us in his blood.

385. C. M. Double.

Courage under crosses.

1 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 every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

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.'

5 So comforted, and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found them, rightly understood,
All messengers of love:
With silent and submissive awe,
Adored a chastening God,
Revered the terrors of his law,
And humbly kissed the rod.

386 6, 8. Lenox.

The beggar's plea made before the Lord.

1 ENCOURAGED by thy word
Of promise to the poor,

Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door.
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day,
When I possessed more.
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few.
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 'T were folly to pretend
I never begged before,
Or if thou 'lt now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy.
O do not frown and bid me go;
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel.
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend.
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

387 7, 6.

Longing for and encouraging others in the way to heaven.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin?
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before;
Has given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear:
For since he 's gained the victory,
It to his own he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,

And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu ;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He 'll guide you to the end.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
But give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

5 And if you meet with trials,
And troubles by the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the blessed armor
Of faith, and truth, and love.
And when your race is ended,
He 'll take you home above.

6 O then press on with courage,
To meet your dearest Lord ;
He has a place prepared,
He tells us in his word.
For all who live uprightly,
And obedient to his will,
Bright angels shall convey them
To the New Jerusalem.

7 And when my race is ended,
I'll go away to God,
And there I'll see my Jesus,
Who bought me with his blood.

I'll sit, and sing, and praise him,
For a crown he gives to me,
And sing the song of free grace
To all eternity.

388 L. M.

Christ's presence banishes fear.

1 IN darkest hours and greatest grief,
A view of Christ gives joy and light;
Among ten thousand he's the chief,
He turns to day the darkest night.

2 When past offences me assail,
And Sinai's loudest thunders roar,
Then Jesus shows himself my bail,
And Justice says, 'I ask no more.'

3 When sins again to mountains rise,
And fears like raging billows swell,
Then Christ appears my sacrifice,
And sweetly whispers, 'all is well.'

4 Then let me trust, nor yield to fear,
Though I in thickest darkness dwell,
Since he, my Lord, is ever near,
The powers of hell and sin to quell.

389 L. M.

Flesh and spirit in struggle.

1 HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do I hate:
When I to God draw near in prayer,
I feel the conflict even there.

2 I mourn because I cannot mourn;
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve because I cannot grieve;
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Yet, Lord, the blood which thou hast spilt
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within;
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

4 On this rich blood my faith is found,
And on this hope I fix my ground;
Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

390 S. M.

I would if I could.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing;
I would, but cannot 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.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

PAUSE.

5 O could I but believe,
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot:—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee.

6 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun,
And with a will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

391 C. M.

The exercises of saints various.

1 HOW hard and rugged is the way,
To some poor pilgrims' feet!
In all they do, or think, or say,
They opposition meet.

2 Others again more smoothly go;
Secured from hurts and harms,
The Saviour leads them gently through,
Or bears them in his arms.

3 Faith and repentance all must find,
But yet, we daily see
They differ in their time and kind,
Duration, and degree.

4 Some long repent and late believe;
But, when their sin's forgiven,
A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heaven.

5 Their pardon some receive at first,
And then, compelled to fight,

They feel the latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.

6 But be our conflict short or long,
This commonly is true,
That wheresoever faith is strong,
Repentance is so too.

392 C. M.

The contrite heart.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, 'My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go when others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

393 C. M.

Affliction caused by sin.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to care and woes--
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

ADMONITION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

394 7s.

'Lovest thou me?"

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound

Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards 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's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

395 C. M.

Divine fellowship.

1 FROM 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 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
Wherever thou hast trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind, the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

5 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
O may I yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God!

6 When I, at last, to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

396 C. M.

Fortitude and courage.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die:

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

397 7s.

Mutual encouragement.

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

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
'Child, your Father calls, come home.'

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
'Child, your Father calls, come home.'

398 P. M.

Liberty of the Gospel.

1 COME, Christians, be wise,
Learn your liberty to prize;
Each moment in virtue excel;
Since God has made you free,
Stand for your liberty,
And in Jesus you ever shall dwell.

2 Like strangers you rove,
While you seek a world above;
O let love to each other abound!
While surrounded with foes,
Who your liberty oppose,
Your succor in Jesus is found.

3 If faith you have possessed,
You have entered into rest;
But perfection you have not obtained:
Salvation's before,
And the Lord has made it sure;
So your labor shall not be in vain.

4 For God is your friend,
And his love shall never end,
To protect you although you are few;
So you need not despair,
All your breaches he 'll repair,
And fresh vigor and strength he 'll renew.

5 He's blessed you with peace,
And his love shall never cease;
He's blessed you with his smiling charms
So look home and rejoice,
Wait for that inviting voice,
And ere long you shall be in his arms.

6 'Twill be a happy day,
When he calls us all away,

And advances us into his throne,
Where in pleasure we 'll reign,
And our freedom shall remain,
When our Jesus and we are both one.

7 Our souls will be pleased
With those rivers and seas,
While we bathe in this fountain of love:
No affliction comes there,
No, nor grief shall interfere,
And none can our freedom remove.

399 P. M.

Unto you is born a Saviour.

1 HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem haste, 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 Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels!
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat!
Unto our God be glory in the highest!
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

400 C. M.

Ye believe in God, believe also in me.

1 LET not your hearts within you grieve,
My dear beloved friends;

Ye trust in God—in me believe,
For I have borne your pains.

2 Home to my Father's house I go,
Where many mansions are;
I go before, and in your name
Your seats of bliss prepare.

3 When I your mansions have prepared,
I'll come to you again,
And take you to my blissful arms,
For ever to remain.

4 Where I am bound is endless day,
And I 'm th' appointed road;
I am the truth, the living way,
By which you come to God.

401 C. M.

Promise of the kingdom.

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

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence;
'Mid sands and rocks your Shepherd's voice
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

402 12s and 11s.

The Christian warfare.

1 I FIND myself placed in a state of probation,
Which God has commanded us well to
improve;
And I am resolved to regard all his precepts,
And on in the way of obedience to move.
I know I must pass through great tribulation,
And many sore conflicts on every hand;
But grace will support and comfort my spirit,
And I shall be able for ever to stand.

2 I'm called to contend with the powers of
darkness, [through;
And many sore conflicts I have to pass
O Jesus be with me in every battle,
And help me my enemies all to subdue;
If thou, gracious Lord, wilt only be with me,
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
In thy name and thy strength I shall soon
put to flight.

3 But when I must pass through the cold
stream of Jordan,
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu,
And hasten away to the land of sweet
Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there
meet with you.
That rest into which my soul shall then
enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end;
A rest of exemption from warfare and labor,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus my friend.

4 And more than exemption from fighting and hardship,
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me;
And true to that promise he surely will be.
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
A happy reception and truly divine,
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

403 L. M.

Holiness and grace.

1 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.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

404 7s and 6s.

The pilgrim's song.

1 RISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;

Rise from transitory things,
To heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source
Thus a soul new 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 our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below;
And earth exchanged for heaven.

HOPE AND ENCOURAGEMENT

405 C. M.

Hope encourages.

1 A THOUSAND promises are wrote
In characters of blood,
And those emphatic lines denote
The ever faithful God.

2 Through these sweet promises I range,
And, blessed be his name,
Though I, a feeble mortal, change,
His love is still the same.

3 Grace, like a fountain, ever flows,
Fresh succor to renew;
The Lord my wants and weakness knows,
My sins and sorrows too.

4 'Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
When dangers line the road;
Here I mine Ebenezer raise,
And trust a gracious God.

406 C. M.

Good hope through grace.

1 COME, humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

3 God, th' eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

407 C. M.

Sanctified afflictions our best mercies.

1 THY people, Lord, have ever found
'Tis good to bear thy rod;

Afflictions make us learn thy will,
And live upon our God.

2 This is the comfort we enjoy
When new distress begins:
We read thy word, we run thy way,
And hate our former sins.

3 Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings we endure,
Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before we knew thy chast'ning rod,
Our feet were apt to stray;
But now we learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

408 L. M.

Despair prevented by faith.

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Is not thy mercy rich and free,
Sealed in the kind, atoning flood?

2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
Fom thee, to regions of despair?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Presumptuous thought, to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign!
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain!

4 Lord, at thy feet, I'll cast me down;
To thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

409 L. M.

Faith in darkness gives consolation.

1 AMID the dark, the dismal scene,
If I can say the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline

2 The God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

3 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pain depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

4 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine;
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise if thou art mine!

410 C. M.

Trust in God at all times.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

411 11s.

Precious promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

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

4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine

6 'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'

412 11s.

Christ's comfort to the church.

1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, with terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skillful's the pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 'O fearful, O faithless!' in mercy he cries,
'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempests and tossings I'll bring thee to land.

4 'Forget thee, I will not, I cannot—thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain!
The palms of my hands, while I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for
thee.

5 'I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my
bones;
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 'Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is se-
cure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to
shine.'

413 L. M.

Christians animated to courage.

1 COME, ye who know the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed;
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage, and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 That awful day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations, great and small.

4 To see the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder here proclaims

'The world shall hear and know her doom,
The separation now is come.'

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ, the judge, with joy proclaims,
'Here come my saints, I'll own their names

6 'Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye trumps of heaven, proclaim abroad,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.'

7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.

8 They stand, and wonder, and look on;
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

414 6, 8. Lenox.

This is the victory, even our faith.

1 SUPPORTED by thy word,
Though in himself a worm,
The servant of the Lord
Can wondrous acts perform.
Without dismay he boldly treads
Where'er the path of duty leads.

2 The haughty king in vain,
With fury on his brow,
Believers would constrain
To golden gods to bow.
The furnace could not make them fear,
Because they knew the Lord was near.

3 As vain was the decree
Which charged them not to pray;
Daniel still bowed the knee,
And worshipped thrice a day;
Trusting in God, he feared not men,
Though threatened with the lion's den.

4 Secure, they might refuse
Compliance with such laws;
For what had they to lose,
When God espoused their cause?
He made the hungry lions crouch,
Nor durst the fire his children touch.

5 The Lord is still the same,
A mighty shield and tower;
And they who trust his name,
Are guarded by his power.
He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear them harmless through the flame!

6 Yet we too often shrink,
When trials are in view,
Expecting we must sink,
And never can get through:
But could we once believe indeed,
From all these fears we should be freed.

415 L. M.

Feed my lambs.

1 WHEN Christ, the Lord, was here below,
About the work he came to do,
Before he left his little band,
He gave to them his great command.

2 To fishing Peter led the way,
But nothing caught till break of day;

Their folly checked, Jesus reclaims,
And says to Peter, feed my lambs.

3 Though Thomas was of doubtful mind,
Yet Jesus leaves him not behind;
Thomas, he saith, behold my hands,
And, Simon Peter, feed my lambs.

4 Though Simon once denied the Lord,
Departing from his former word,
Yet Christ, with all-engaging charms,
Bids Peter still to feed his lambs.

5 Though men and devils all unite,
And earthly comforts fail us quite,
The holy promise still proclaims,
That Christ will guard and feed his lambs

6 Then, little children, do not fear,
For Jesus lives to answer prayer;
And doubting souls are in his hands
And precious food for all the lambs.

7 But the best feast is kept above,
And there's the fullness of his love;
So run to Christ, with all your might,
And I will try to keep in sight.

416 S. M.

Weak believers encouraged.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Wait till the shadows flee,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with power.

5 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say 'for me.'

417 L. M.

Hope in the covenant.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

418 C. M.

Faith the brightest evidence of things not seen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times 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 worlds were made,
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

419 11, 5, 11.

The saints' home.

1 '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.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease;

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
thee;
Though now my temptations like billows
may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at
home.
Home, home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne
And find even now a foretaste of my home.
Home, home, &c.

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,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

420 C. M.

The aged Christian's prayer and song.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,

I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim,
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach all the world thy love.

421 C. M.

Coldness and inconstancy lamented.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord:
And still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joy above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

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

422 C. M.

God our only hope.

1 BEREFT of all, when hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
Oh! what can save us from despair?
What dissipate the gloom?

2 No balm that earthly plants distill,
Can smooth the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But one alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love,
That long has ceased to burn.

4 Then, O my soul, to Jesus flee,
To him thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His hand alone can heal.

423 C. M.

Works of piety rewarded.

1 HOW blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth nor rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ their Lord,
For ever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

424 C. M.

A throne of grace.

1 A THRONE of grace!—then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show,
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace!—O at that throne
Our knees have often bent;
And God has showered his blessings down,
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace!—rejoice, ye saints,
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need,
Long as we draw our breath;
A Saviour too to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face;
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

425 L. M.

Trusting in the Lord.

1 POOR and afflicted, Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 Poor and afflicted, yet they trust
In God, the gracious, wise, and just:
For them he deigns this lot to choose,
Nor would they dare his will refuse.

3 Poor and afflicted oft they are,
Sorely oppressed with want and care;
Yet he who saves them by his blood
Makes every sorrow yield them good.

4 Poor and afflicted—yet they sing,
For Christ, their glorious, conquering King,
Through sufferings perfect, reigns on high,
And does their every need supply.

5 Poor and afflicted—yet ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng,
And all their sufferings then shall close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

6 Poor and afflicted, filled with grief:—
O Lord, afford us kind relief,
To cheer the heart that heaves a sigh,
And wipe the tears from every eye.

MORNING DEVOTION.

426 L. M.

Family worship.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;

Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
While, pleased and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

427 S. M.

Christian fellowship.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

428 L. M.

The Sabbath morning.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of care, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

429 L. M.

Another.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day:
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away:
Now let our noblest passions rise,
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath that shall never end.

430 L. M.

Another

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine.
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ.
In that eternal world of joy.

431 C. M.

A morning song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy 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 as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 '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.

4 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night.

432 C. M.

A morning hymn.

1 TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day;
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resigned I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

433 C. M.

Morning prayer.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;

To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

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 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

434 L. M.

Morning prayer and praise.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

435 S. M.

Another.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;

But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God;
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

436 C. M.

Praise God in the morning.

1 COME, let us raise our voices high,
And form a sacred song,
To him who rules the earth and sky,
And does our days prolong.

2 Who through the night gave us to rest,
This morning cheered our eyes,
And, with the thousands of the blest,
In health made us to rise.

3 Early to God we'll send our prayer
Make haste to pray and praise,
That he may make our good his care,
And guide us all our days.

4 And when the night of death comes on,
And we shall end our days,
May his rich grace the theme prolong,
Of his eternal praise.

437 C. M.

Another.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day,
Unfold thy drowsy eyes;
Remove the ponderous load away,
And rise to heavenly joys.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep;
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace,
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness arise,
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewildered soul
To everlasting day.

438 C. M.

Nearness to God prayed for.

1 LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to meet thine ear;
Thou art my Father, and my friend,
My help for ever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
By thy sustaining grace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
And live in love and peace.

3 Thus let my moments smoothly run,
My hours thus pass away,
Till evening shades and setting suns
Be lost in endless day.

439 L. M.

Morning hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise.
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
Live this day as if '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 all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to the eternal King.

EVENING DEVOTION.

440 S. M.

An evening hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death is 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 when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

441 C. M.

An evening psalm.

1 LORD, 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 business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice,
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

442 C. M.

An evening song.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off ring of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

6 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.

443 L. M.

Leaning on Jesus' bosom.

1 THE busy scenes of day are closed,
The evening shades invite to rest;
Now let my soul remain composed,
Reclining on my Saviour's breast.

2 Jesus, to thee an evening song
My soul in gratitude would raise;
Oh! could I mount and join that throng,
I'd vie with angels in thy praise.

3 With tears of joy I'd sing the God
Who wept and bled and died for me,
Then hide beneath that precious blood
Which freely flowed on Calvary.

4 There sheltered would my soul remain,
While weary limbs might seek repose,
Nor from that fountain go again,
When morning should the light disclose.

5 And when, at last, nor sun, nor moon,
Nor stars, shall light the pilgrim's way,
May angel bands convey me home
To realms of everlasting day.

444 L. M.

Mercies are new every evening.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in thy name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart;

And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rend my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the souud.

445 L. M.

Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

446 L. M.

An evening song.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And w.tness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

447 C. M.

A review of God's mercies.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep,
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

448 C. M.

A hymn for morning and evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day!
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

6 God is our Sun, whose daily light,
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

449 C. M.

Providential mercies reviewed. Psalm ciii. 1—5.

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

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

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

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

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

450 C. M.

An evening hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

451 L. M.

Evening reflections.

1 STILL evening comes, with gentle shade;
Sweet harbinger of balmy rest
From toilsome hours, and anxious thoughts,
Revolving in the pensive breast.

2 Refulgent day in darkness sets,
The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep;
Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease;
The scene obscured inspires my eye;
And darkness marks the loved retreat,
Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

4 Retirement, solemn yet serene,
And undisturbed by human voice,
Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
And bids my soul in God rejoice.

PRAYER.

452 C. M.

At opening a prayer meeting.

1 THE hour of prayer once more is come!
Once more, O Lord, we meet!
Thanks to thy name, there yet is room
To bow beneath thy feet.

2 Our God, our Hope, our heavenly Friend
Our Father, and our All,

Our first great cause, and last great end—
On thee for help we call.

3 The helpless, poor, and needy soul,
The tempted, and distressed,
Dear Lord, relieve, support, make whole,
And calm the troubled breast.

4 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and prejudice remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

5 The sick, the weak, and those confined,
Upon our hearts we bear;
May they be to thy will resigned,
And thy compassions share.

6 Father, assist their souls, who may
Upon thee further call;
Banish the fear of man away,
And smile upon us all.

453 C. M.

Prayer described.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
The watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

454 L. M.

Exhortation to prayer.

1 PRAYER makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

2 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

3 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

455 L. M.

Pray without ceasing.

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray—
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;

The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Christ—thou canst not fail!
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail!
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

456 7s.

A blessing humbly requested.

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

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go.
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

457 S. M.

Importunate prayer prevalent.

1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of every saint,

Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till he appear
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

458 L. M.

The request.

1 LORD, dost thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt?'
I gladly seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thy image let me bear;
Erect a throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, 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.

459 S. M.

Religion vain without sincerity.

1 RELIGION'S form is vain,
While we deny its power;
What will the hypocrite obtain
In death's tremendous hour?

2 Now he may credit gain,
And in affluence roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.

3 Then, O what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes
And tear his mask away!

4 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere;
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

460 S. M.

Jabez's prayer imitated.

1 THOU God of Jabez, hear
While we entreat thy grace,
And borrow that expressive prayer
With which he sought thy face.

2 'O that the Lord indeed
Would me, his servant, bless!
From every evil shield my head
And crown my paths with peace!

3 'Be his Almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints, in Canaan's land,
My portion he divide.'

4 Thus pious Jabez prayed,
While God inclined his ear;
And all by whom this suit is made
Shall find the blessing near.

461 L. M.

Christ with his people.

1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to record his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my lovely face,
And shed my glories round the place.'

5 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
O send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

462 C. M.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold he prays!'

2 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:—
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

463 C. M.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came:
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

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 cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

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464 C. M.

Day of rest.

1 THE Lord of Sabbaths let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
And in most sweet, harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.

2 O may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;
And may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

3 On this sweet day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who our souls had bought
With blood, and grief, and pain;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

465 C. M.

Another.

1 COME, let us join in sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

466 S. M.

The Lord's day.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

467 C. M.

Christ's resurrection and our salvation.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise

468 S. M.

The Lord is risen.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquered our tremendous foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our loads of guilt were laid,
We by his stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

469 L. M.

Another.

1 SWEET day of rest, with pure delight
I welcome thy returning light;
These golden hours aloud proclaim
The honors of Emmanuel's name.

2 This is the Pisgah where I stand,
To feast my eyes on Canaan's land;
And fresh, immortal fragrance seize,
Borne on the Spirit's gentle breeze.

3 'Tis here I grasp the bending skies,
Released from earth's polluting ties;
Here gather manna for my soul,
And strength my passions to control.

4 Warmed by the Sabbath's smiling rays,
My heart renews her songs of praise;
Hope brightens in the cheering light,
And faith is almost turned to sight.

5 Around its hours my love shall twine;
This precious heritage is mine:
Thanks to the Lord, whose grace has given
This charming type and pledge of heaven.

470 L. M.

The eternal Sabbath.

1 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.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

471 C. M.

God's blessing invoked on Sabbath exercises.

1 ON this sweet morn the Lord arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave;

He died to vanquish all my foes;
Again he lives to save.

2 This is the day for holy rest;
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

3 No heavenly fire my heart can raise,
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle prayer and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

4 On all thy flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet, refreshing, heavenly shower,
Will make them sing and pray.

5 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savor to the furnished food,
And bid the folds rejoice.

472 C. M.

Joy of worship.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song!

3 Spirit of Grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow!

4 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

473 L. M.

Desiring to worship God in the sanctuary.

1 AWAKE, my heart ; my soul, arise ;
This is the day believers prize ;
Improve this Sabbath then with care,
Another may not be thy share.

2 O solemn thought ! Lord, give me power
Wisely to fill up every hour ;
O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above !

3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil ;
To glorify thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray ;
Command thy word to fall like dew,
Refreshing, quick'ning all anew.

5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of thy love ;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

6 Give to thy church a large increase ;
Send her prosperity and peace ;

May all the saints in Zion say,
O happy, happy, happy day!

BEFORE SERMON.

474 L. M.

The effect of truth.

1 THE worth of truth no tongue can tell;
'Twill 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 worth than pearls and rubies are;
More rich than gold or silver coin:
O may it always on us shine!

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free
And sets the soul at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 A freedom they enjoy indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

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 true 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.

7 When Satan comes to tempt our minds,
We'll meet him with these blessed lines:
Since Christ the Lord has won the field.
We are determined not to yield.

475 L. M.

Before sermon.

1 ONCE more we come before thee, Lord,
To preach and hear thy holy word;
Do thou in mercy fill the place;
Display the triumphs of thy grace.

2 Give all thy children hearts of prayer;
Make stubborn sinners bow and fear,
The heavy laden souls release,
And bid the mourners go in peace.

3 Incline thy trembling saints to own
What thou for them hast kindly done;
Thy cross embrace without delay,
And all thy sweet commands obey.

476 C. M.

The presence of God invoked.

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

3 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, m[illegible]
And break this flinty ston[e]

4 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

477 C. M.

God's blessing implored.

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 heaven, in Jesus name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame!

3 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit!

478 C. M.

God always present.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Dost thou a Father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints,
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe our sad complaints?

3 Why droop our hearts, why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?

Why rise our sorrows and our fears
While such a friend is near?

4 To all thine other favors add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

479 L. M.

Before sermon.

1 THY presence, gracious Lord, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed 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 the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

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

480 L. M.

Longing for the presence and blessing of God.

1 LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee;
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart;
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford;
To every heart apply thy word;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

481 C. M.

A prayer for inspiration.

1 NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to speak;
Food to the hungry soul impart,
And cordials to the weak.

2 Furnish us all with light and powers,
To walk in wisdom's ways;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

482 C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor 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, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

483 S. M.

Divine assistance invoked.

1 ASSIST thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend the word,
And every breast inflame.

2 Bid unbelief depart;
With love his soul inflame;
Take full possession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

3 May stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wandering to attend,
And make the wounded whole

484 C. M.

A blessed gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

485 7s.

A blessing requested.

1 GRACIOUS Father, gracious Lord,
Give us ears to hear thy word;
Give us hearts to love and fear;
Give us now to find thee near.

2 Let us know and praise thee more,
Let us live on mercy's store;
Let us sing our Saviour's love,
Till we join the saints above.

486 L. M.

Delight in worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand,
In blooming rows at thy right hand;
And, in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.]

4 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.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are;
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6 Hail, great Emmanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine!
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

487 S. M.

The pleasures of social worship.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

488 C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

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

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

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

5 O may these heavenly 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 here.

489 L. M.

Desiring the direction of the Holy Spirit.

1 LORD, wilt thou come and bless this day,
Help me to watch, and praise, and pray;

Help me to preach thy sacred truth, 3
And warn the aged and the youth:

2 That they may turn from all their sin,
Repent, believe, be born again;
That they may walk the narrow way, 4
That leads from earth to heaven's bright day.

3 Keep me from pride or vain desire,
And let me after truth aspire;
For the advancement of thy cause, 5
And to observe thy holy laws.

4 O leave me not alone, I pray;
Dispose of me in thine own way;
That peace of conscience I may have,
And still declare thy power to save.

5 In thy dear name I put my trust, 4
That I may dwell among the just,
In the bright world of endless light, 1
And praise thee with supreme delight.

6 Now to the sacred Three in one,
The Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
Be everlasting honors given, 2
From saints on earth and saints in heaven.

490 S. M.

We love Him because He first loved us.

1 I LOVE my Saviour, God, 3
Because he first loved me;
Because he shed his precious blood,
To set my spirit free.

2 'Twas love my bosom felt, 4
And made me wipe mine eyes,
When low before his throne I knelt,
To pour my feeble cries.

3 Touch'd by his dying love,
I melted into grief;
Swift on the wings of love he moved,
And brought me sweet relief.

4 With my wh ole heart I love
The God that loved and bled;
Who left the shining realms above,
And suffered in my stead.

5 Who can forbear to love
A God so good and kind?
Sure he is worthy to be loved
By me and all mankind.

491 L. M.

Casting the gospel net. Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

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

2 May this be a much-favored hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led:
O clothe thy word with sovereign power,
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 restored,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 [O hear our prayer and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.]

492 S. M.

Desiring spiritual food.

1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

493 L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

494 S. M.

The constraining motives to praise.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays ?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall ;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all :

3 When the sweet gospel sound.
The silver trump of heaven,
Proclaims to contrite souls around,
That all their sin 's forgiven :

4 When heaven's expanded gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet,
And Jesus at their entrance waits,
To place them on his seat :

5 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

495 C. M.

Divine drawings celebrated. Hos. xi. 4.

1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin ;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away ;
And grace, when first the work begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows ;
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet ;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

496 C. M.

Sanctification and growth. Heb. xiii. 13–20.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from the imprisoning grave
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save—

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

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

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray ;

With glory let his name be crowned,
Through heaven's eternal day.

497 C. M.

Desiring to walk in the right way. Psalm lxxxiv

1 LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.

2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode.

3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength;
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length.

4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all comprised in this;
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

498 C. M.

Felix trembling. Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 SEE Felix, clothed with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucified.

2 He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love;
How he obeyed and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
'Go for this time away;
I'll hear thee on these points again,
On some convenient day.'

4 Attention to the words of life,
Let Felix thus adjourn;
Lord, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

499 C. M.

The parable of the sower.

1 NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
In faith, and love, and fear;
Thy heavenly blessings, Lord, send down,
In answer to our prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine:
'Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.'

500 L. M.

Friendship.

1 FROM low pursuits exalt my mind,
From every vice of every kind;
Nor let my conduct ever tend
To wound the feelings of a friend.

2 Though golden flowers my path should trace
And joys salute me as I pass,

Yet may my gen'rous bosom know,
And learn to feel another's woe.

501 L. M.

Deut. xxxii. 9, 10.

1 THE saints Emmanuel's portion are,
Redeemed by price, reclaimed by power;
His special choice; and tender care
Owns them and guards them every hour.

2 He finds them in a barren land,
Beset with sins, and fears, and woes;
He leads and guides them by his hand,
And bears them safe from all their foes.

502 C. M.

Prayer for a blessing upon the word preached.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast,
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of thee and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares,
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, in mercy sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

503 C. M.

Christ the burden of the song.

1 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 let us ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus 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 thy favored throng,
Then we will sing, more sweet, more loud
And Christ shall be our song.

504 C. M.

Christ the desire of all the saints.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear
And all thy sufferings trace,

What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich, unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 But ah! the song, how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear

DISMISSION.

505 L. M.

Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

506 S. M.

Praise to God at parting.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;

Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

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

507 L. M.

Lord's day evening.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

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

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood
I may lie down, and wake with God.

508 C. M.

Another.

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

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;

Incline my heart to pray with love,
And thou accept my prayers.

3 [Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

4 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

509 8s, 7s, and 4s.

Sabbath evening.

1 LORD, before we leave thy temple,
Comfort every fainting heart;
Assure us we shall reign in glory,
One with thee no more to part;
Reign in glory, &c.
Praising God with all the heart.

2 There, in sweet, triumphant splendor,
We shall all thy love explore;
And through one eternal Sabbath,
Shout thy name for evermore;
All in raptures, &c.
We shall wonder and adore.

510 8s, 7s, and 4s.

A parting blessing invoked.

1 LORD, vouchsafe to us thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us now, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

511 L. M.

At parting.

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

512 L. M.

Praises of the Creator perpetual.

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

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

513 C. M.

Prayer for a blessing.

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;

And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear, betimes,
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

514 S. M.

Praise to God universal.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

515 7s and 6s.

The triumphs of the gospel.

1 THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading far and wide;
And sinners now are coming
Unto the gospel tide:
The standard of King Jesus
Triumphant doth arise;
And sinners crowd around it
With bitter groans and cries.

2 The suffering of our Saviour
Upon Mount Calvary,
Is sounded out to sinners,
And sets the prisoner free;
And while this glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.

3 And of this happy number,
I hope that I am one;
And Jesus soon will finish
The work he has begun;
He 'll cut it short in righteousness,
And I 'll for ever be
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist,
A soldier under Jesus,
My prophet, king and priest.

I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor,
A robe of righteousness.

5 Down, down into the water,
There we young converts go,
Foll'wing our Lord and Master
In righteousness below;
We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of our Saviour,
When he lay in the grave.

6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me:
Behold his mangled body
Hang tortured on the tree.
His head, his hands, his bleeding side,
To you he doth display;
O tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away?

7 Come, all ye elder brethren,
Old soldiers of the cross,
Who for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things loss;
Come, pray for us, young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

516 L. M.

The power of the gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;

Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 Where Satan reigned in shades of night
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

517 L. M.

The convert.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my spirits, calms my fear,
And speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice?
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3 Alas for those! the day is near
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then may they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That conquers oft its proudest foes.

518 S. M.

The blessedness of Gospel times.

1 HOW 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 heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

519 L. M.

The preaching of Christ.

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

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

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

520 L. M.

The descent of the Spirit on the disciples.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the devout disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 He armed and sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Bold to assert the Saviour's cause,
And spread his doctrine and his laws.

3 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,

To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

4 Still wider may thy triumphs spread,
Till all shall own our glorious Head;
Obey the precepts thou hast given,
And thus be led to God and heaven.

521 L. M.

The Gospel of Christ.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood;
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 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.

6 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.

522 S. M.

The Gospel power of God.

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, 'sinner, come;'
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, come.

2 Let him that heareth say,
To all about him, come;
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord, even so we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

523 L. M.

The effects of the Gospel expressed

1 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.

524 8s and 3, Altered.

Royal proclamation.

1 HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature:
Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying;
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is given through the Savlour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing
Here is life and free salvation,
O receive the great redemption.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy;
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn! or you are lost for ever:
Oh! now turn to God the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.

525 C. M.

The gospel a savor of life or death.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme,
The mysteries that we speak,

Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name,
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same,
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

526 L. M.

A written revelation.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord,
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stored the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

527 L. M.

Desiring to be controlled by divine love.

1 CONVENED from different parts, O Lord,
We bow before thy gracious throne;
O may we speak and hear thy word,
Relying on thy grace alone!

2 May those that preach be well prepared
The solemn message to impart;
In prayer and faith may it be heard,
And find access to every heart.

3 Let party spleen, nor pride, nor shame,
Nor fear of man, that fatal snare,
Nor envious views, nor praise, nor blame,
Direct our thoughts, nor harbor there.

4 May love divine our feelings sway,
And all our actions sweetly guide;
And sin and guilt be done away,
Through him who groaned, and bled, and died.

5 Awake, our souls, in sweetest lays;
Unite, our noblest powers, to sing;
And hearts and voices join to raise
The praise of Christ, our sovereign King.

528 L. M.

Ministers abounding in the work of the Lord.

1 BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring;
Their tribute of united praise,
For heavenly news, and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word;

While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise
With us an equal song of praise;
They are the noblest work of God,
But we the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, and crown above;
Thy praise shall be our blest employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

529 C. M.

Love the sweetest passion. John xxi. 15

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 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?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 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?

7 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord,
But Oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

530 8, 7.

At the opening of worship.

1 BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God:
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

2 Look, and see poor sinners round you,
Trembling on the brink of woe;
Death is coming; how alarming!
Can you bear to let them go?
Let us tell them of the Saviour;
Tell them that he may be found

Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

3 Is there here a trembling jailer.
Seeking grace, and filled with fear
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Let us join our prayers to help them:
Let our faith and love abound;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God their souls renew;
Then we'll love them still the better
Take them to our kind embrace,
Journey with them on to glory,
There to sing redeeming grace.

531 C. M.

Beauties of Zion.

1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad,
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with the living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

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

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

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd;
All ardent for the foe.

5 This is the church of heaven, array d
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

532 L. M.

Christ truly precious.

1 ON thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Whilst in this wilderness I rove,
Oft bear me to that heavenly place,
To see my elder brother's face.

2 Hail, precious Lamb! thy work is done;
The throne which thou art seated on
For ever occupied shall be;
O what a pleasing thought to me!

3 Oh! were it not for God's dear Son,
Who made his church with himself one,
Ne'er had my sins been washed away,
On the great expiation day.

4 He laid his life a ransom down;
The ransom that Jehovah found
Saved from the pit of endless woe,
Where his dear fav'rites ne'er shall go.

5 Finished, he cried, and bowed his head,
Awhile to sleep among the dead;
Then from the tomb victorious rose,
Triumphant o'er the church's foes.

6 In his rich blood and sacrifice,
He waves the pleasure of his eyes;

And in those vestments all divine,
His much-lov'd bride shall ever shine.

7 O wondrous man! O glorious hour!
When he displayed his God-like power,
By rising from the gloomy grave,
He showed his mighty power to save.

533 7s.

How do you ds?

1 BRETHREN, we have met again;
Let us join to pray and sing;
Christ our blessed Saviour reigns,
Praise him in the highest strains.

2 [Many days and weeks have past,
Since we met together last,
Yet our lives do still remain;
Here on earth we meet again.

3 Many of our friends are gone
To their long, eternal home;
We are waiting here below;
Soon we after them shall go.]

4 Brethren, tell me how you do:
Does your love continue true?
Are you waiting for your King,
When he shall return again?

5 If you wish to know of me,
How I am, or what I be,
Here I am—behold who will—
Sure I am a sinner still.

6 Weak and wounded, sick and lame,
All unholy, all unclean;
Yet I would from sin be free,
And the Lord remember me.

534 C. M.

Spiritual associations registered in heaven.

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks down
From his celestial throne;
And when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

2 Low to the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

3 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair;
In the Redeemer's book of life,
Their names recorded are.

4 'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'the world shall know
These humble souls are mine;
These, when my jewels I produce,
Shall in full lustre shine.

5 'When deluges of fiery wrath
My foes away shall bear,
That hand which strikes the wicked through
Shall all my children spare.'

535 C. M.

Gratitude for preservation.

1 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 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;

And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
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 wanderings cease;
Then with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

536 L. M.

Help obtained of God. Acts xxvi. 22.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1 GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

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

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

537 C. M.

New Year. Prayer for a blessing.

1 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 loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
Lord, may our children worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

538 L. M.

Spring, summer, autumn and winter, crowned with success.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

539 C. M.

The goodness of God adored.

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

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

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;

With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

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

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

540 C. M.

The end of the year.

1 HOW swiftly time's revolving wheels
Have passed another year!
How short is life! my spirit feels
This truth with sacred fear.

2 Think, O my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be the last.

3 Much of my precious time is gone
Ne'er to return again;
How swift my passing moments run,
Of those which yet remain!

4 My soul, awake, with serious care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair?
And what thy chief concern?

5 Here a new scene of life begins;
O seek afresh for heaven!
Pray for the pardon of thy sins,
In Christ so freely given.

6 Gladly devote thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

541 C. M.

Close of the year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

OPENING A NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

542 C. M.

On opening a place of worship.

1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace;

Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

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

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

543 C. M.

Another.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

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

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

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

544 6, 8. Lenox.

Praying for God's presence and blessing.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own.
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thy ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense to the skies.
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days.
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

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

545 C. M.

Divine blessing solicited.

1 TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now,
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
O may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice!

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls,
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near

CONSTITUTION OF A CHURCH.

546 C. M.

The constitution of a church.

1 ARISE, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit, and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;

Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

547 L. M.

Zion's foundations and materials.

1 COME, happy souls, that know the Lord,
That love and trust his sacred word,
With songs of praise address his throne,
And Jesus sing, the living stone.

2 Chosen of God, and precious too,
Is he in each believer's view;
Built upon him, and 'stablished here,
They all as living stones appear.

3 Here the great Builder, God, will raise
A house, a temple to his praise;
Here gospel sacrifices claim
Acceptance through a Saviour's name.

4 View the vast building, see it rise;
The work how strong! the plan how wise!
Beauty and grandeur all divine
Throughout the whole resplendent shine.

5 Where'er I cast my eyes abroad,
I see the labors of a God;
And through the whole there's not a stone
But cost the Builder's heart a groan.

6 Soon shall the top-stone forth be brought,
To crown the work his love hath wrought;
And to the praise of sovereign grace
Shall loud hosannas fill the place.

548 C. M. Double.

Christian fellowship.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be,
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

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

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

5 Around this feeble, trusting band,
Thy sheltering pinions spread;
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

6 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise.
O Lamb of God, be thine.

549 L. M.

The Church the palace of God.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors wait,
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed 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 dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

CHOOSING A PASTOR.

550 L. M.

Seeking direction in the choice of a pastor.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear;
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right;

Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace, return,
Nor let the flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a Shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

551 L. M.

The goodness of God acknowledged in giving pastors after his own heart. Jer. iii. 15.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Formed by thy own most gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all the sheep appear;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread.

4 Here hast thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succor'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the Shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

552 C. M.

On the removal of a pastor.

1 FATHER, we bow before thy throne,
With hearts oppress'd with grief;
Our pastor's gone; we're left alone;
Where shall we find relief?

2 Thy word he faithfully proclaimed,
His doctrines from it drew;
Regardless whether praised or blamed,
So he thy will might do.

3 Nor did he merely preach alone;
Obedience marked his way;
His holy life, as well as tongue,
Inclined to endless day.

4 We feel the loss of such a guide;
And now, before thy throne,
We pray his loss may be supplied,
Supplied by thee alone.

5 Give us a pastor in his room,
To wipe our falling tears;
And guide and guard us safely on
From all our rising fears.

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553 C. M.

An ordination.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;

Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

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

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear?

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

554 L. M.

The people's prayer for their minister

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And keep him through thy love and power.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn, may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

555 L. M.

The ministry of divine appointment.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
We pay our homage and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Conferred his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung the apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Our pastors hence, and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While numerous churches, by thy care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

556 S. M.

Ministers addressed and encouraged.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his sovereign 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 the Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.

557 L. M.

Matthew x.

1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name;
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
And harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrine be believed,
And by your labors sinners live.

558 L. M.

Setting apart a member to the ministry

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Arrayed in majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all the ethereal hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the seraphim adored:
And while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.

3 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honors of so great a name?
O for thine altar's glowing coal,
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!

4 Then if a messenger thou ask,
A laborer for the hardest task,
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, 'Thy servant's here.'

5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Though every effort seem in vain;
It ample recompense shall be,
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

* If sung on any other occasion, 'his' in the last three verses may be exchanged for 'my.'

559 11s.

Ministers exhorted and encouraged.

1 AWAKE, my dear brethren, who trust in the Lord,
And take your commission to preach from his word;
'Go teach all the nations, and when they believe,
Then lead them to Jordan, and baptism give.'

2 Be sober, be prudent, and watch unto prayer,
And be ye examples of piety here:
That others, beholding the works that ye do,
May glorify Jesus in righteousness too.

3 Be faithful, dear brethren, and stand for his cause,
And preach for his honor, and not for ap- [plause;
The glory to Jesus be careful to give,
And he will be with you as long as you live.

4 The world and the devil against you will rage,
To spoil all your labor most fiercely engage;
But he will protect you, and prosper your way,
And crown you with glory in that coming day.

5 Then stand for your Master, whatever you do,
And suffer as freely as he did for you;
And should you be called unto prison or death,
Like Stephen, the martyr, surrender your breath.

6 And when the great day of redemption is come,
And Jesus, in grandeur, descends on his [throne,
He'll give to his angels a special command
To place you in order upon his right hand.

7 This glorious Redeemer will then to you say,
'Well done, faithful servants! you are welcome to me!'
'Twill be the best welcome that ever was heard,
A welcome to Jesus, to Jesus your Lord.

560 L. M.

Prayer for ministers.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;

We plead for those who plead with thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best endowments are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Oh! 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 flocks 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 new-creating power.

6 Lord, break the sinners' massy chains;
Let mourning souls forget their pains;
Let peace through all our hearts be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

CHOOSING A DEACON.

561 L. M.

At the choice of a deacon.

1 THOU sacred Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Distil thy dews of joy and love;
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,
And guide our erring judgments right.

2 From our dear brethren, taught thy word,
Fain would we choose a deacon, Lord;
One who may fill the office well,
And in the faith of Christ excel.

3 In thee we trust, on thee depend,
Our constant, never-failing friend;
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,
And in thy name we will rejoice.

562 L. M.

At the setting apart of a deacon to his office.

1 HEAD of the church, thy care we bless;
Thy bounties are both rich and large;
While teachers on their teachings wait,
Our temp'rals are the deacon's charge.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of him whose generous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.

3 By purest love to Christ and truth,
May he obtain a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

4 And when the work to him assigned,
The work of love is fully done,
Call him from serving tables here,
To heaven, his endless, blissful home.

563 C. M.

At a deacon being set apart to office.

1 UP to thy throne, O God of love,
Would we now lift our eyes;
Grant us thy presence from above,
And hear our feeble cries.

2 Upon thy servant, called to fill
The deacon's sacred trust,
O may thy Spirit's grace distil,
And make him wise and just.

3 Help him thy table, Lord, to spread,
With reference to that night,
When powers of darkness at thy head
Aimed their malignant spite.

4 By faith and prayer may he uphold
His faithful pastor's hands;
And to his temporal wants afford
Such aid as God commands.

5 Thy poor, the objects of thy love,
Who want and famine dread,
O may his bowels towards them move,
To grant supplies of bread.

6 Thus may he use his office well,
And to himself procure
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure.

564 C. M.

The deacons addressed and charged.

1 DEACONS awake! the work fulfil!
The work to you assigned;

Discharge your sacred duties well,
With pure and upright mind.

2 The table of your gracious Lord—
The Lord for us who died—
The church's poor, and pastor's board,
By you must be supplied.

3 How great, how solemn your employ!
Preserve a conscience pure;
Be grave amid your social joy,
And blameless and sincere.

4 Still let the mystery of your faith
In bright effulgence glow;
Hear what the Lord your Saviour saith
'Fulfil your work below.'

5 Then shall you up to glory rise,
And fill that heavenly place—
That place of pure celestial joys,
Assigned you by his grace!

THE CHURCH LAMENTING, HER BARREN STATE.

565 C. M.

The Church mourning and pleading under aessertion

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love—
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With the Redeemer's blood;

Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Where once thy churches prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely rage;
Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.

4 And still, to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

5 No prophets speak to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn;
Nor know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.

566 L. M.

A barren state lamented.

1 LORD, must thy gospel fly away,
And all thy mercies be removed?
Are we to sin become a prey,
And all our talents misimproved?

2 Oh! must we bid our God adieu?
And must the gospel take its flight?
Oh! shall our children never view
The beamings of that heavenly light?

3 [Forbid it, Lord! with arms of faith
We'll hold thee fast, and thou shalt stay
We'll cry, while we have life or breath,
Our God, do not depart away.]

4 If broken hearts and weeping eyes,
Can find acceptance at thy throne,
Lo, here they are: this sacrifice
Thou wilt accept, through Christ, thy Son

567 L. M.

Inconstancy lamented.

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

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This wandering heart, this rebel mind.

3 Through all resolves how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties!
There's nought beneath a power divine
That can this roving heart confine.

4 O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

568 L. M.

Imploring the return of God's Spirit.

1 FOR ever shall my fainting soul,
O God, thy just displeasure mourn,
Thy grieved Spirit, long withdrawn,
Will it no more to me return?

2 Once I enjoyed—O happy time!—
The heart-felt visits of his grace;
Nor can a thousand varying scenes
The sweet remembrance quite efface.

3 Important guest, thrice happy soul,
While honored with his blest abode;
But ah! my sins, accursed things,
Ye grieved, ye chased away my God.

4 Great source of light and peace, return.
Nor let me mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, re-possess this longing heart,
With all the graces of thy train.

5 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed,
And this thy everlasting rest.

569 C. M.

The danger of worldly attachments.

1 SCARCE in this cold, declining day,
Can one for God be found;
Christians have lost their zeal to pray,
And yielded up the ground.

2 Scarce can the sons of God be known
From Satan's captives led;
They've David's sling, but not his stone,
That slew Goliath dead.

3 Lull'd in Delilah's sofa arms,
Her courtship proves a snare;
Deluded by her flattering charms,
They've lost their Samson hair.

4 But shall the Lord his cause forsake,
And leave his sons forlorn?
Shall Dagon down his purpose break,
And sit upon his throne?

5 Their Samson hair again shall grow,
Their strength again renew;
Down they shall Dagon's temple throw
With all the mocking crew.

6 Help us this once, we humbly pray,
Jehovah-Jireh, Lord!

To plant our footsteps in the way
That leads to thee, our God.

7 Again from thee no more to stray,
No more to leave thy fold;
But in thy presence ever stay,
Thy glories to behold.

8 'O may thy beauties ever be
Our souls' eternal food,
And grace command our souls away,
From all created good.'

570 - 8, 7.

Decline lamented, and a revival sought.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come 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,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, &c.

3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished—
Happy seasons we have seen.
Lord, &c.

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

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?
Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted!
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, &c.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Covered thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipped them in the bud.
Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither;
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither;
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, &c.

10 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

571 C. M.

We hanged our harps upon the willows.

1 ON willows, near to Babel's flood,
Our tuneless harps we hung,
While foes to us, and foes to God,
Said, 'Sing us Zion's song.'

2 When love, and zeal, and joy decline,
And darkness reigns within;
When doubts and fears assail the mind,
And we are grieved with sin;

3 While foes to us, and Zion's King,
Deride and spurn his grace,
Is it a time for us to sing,
In this dark, mournful case?

4 We call to mind those happy days,
When praise was our employ;
But now we weep in silent lays;
Yet, tears, too, have their joy.

5 Remembering, Lord, how once we felt,
When first from guilt set free,
We ask thy love our hearts to melt,
And draw us back to thee.

6 Let sorrows yield to thine embrace;
Let guilt and darkness fly;
Then tuneful harps shall sound thy praise,
In strains of rapturous joy.

572 L. M.

Be not conformed to this world.

1 WHEN first the Lord his grace revealed,
And blessed me with a pardon sealed,

My soul was filled with love and joy,
And prayer and praise my sweet employ.

2 With what delight I walked the road
To Zion's hill, my blest abode,
To mingle songs with kindred souls!
For here salvation's current rolls.

3 But now, alas! those scenes have fled,
And left me joyless, dull, and dead;
Now prayer and praise a task I find,
And darkness shrouds my guilty mind.

4 Can this vain world e'er fill the place
Once occupied by charming grace?
Its glittering toys, its specious charms,
Thrust my Redeemer from my arms?

5 Deluding world, no more intrude;
Awake, awake, sweet gratitude;
Explore the blissful scenes once felt,
Perhaps the frozen heart may melt.

6 Arise, my faith, on wings sublime,
And bear this stupid soul of mine
To Calvary, where my dying God
Shall drown the world and sin in blood.

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573 L. M.

National judgments deprecated, and national mercies pleaded. Amos iii. 1–6.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword.

Oh! whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinners' cries and tears,
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee, our Guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country; spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands, in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

574 C. M.

A hymn for a fast day. Gen. xviii. 23–33.

1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found!

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Columbia, guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast;
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blessed our land,
Forsake us not, O God!

575 L. M.

Confession and prayer.

1 O MAY the power which melts the rock,
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear.

2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fixed on thee;
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 How long hast thou bestowed thy care
On this indulged, ungrateful spot,
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admired our lot!

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt;
The glorious gospel brightly shone;

And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause his own.

5 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We whom like children he has reared,
Rebels against his goodness prove.

6 His grace despised, his power defied,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

7 The Lord, displeased, has raised his rod;
Ah! where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

8 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turned away.

576 C. M.

For a public fast.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and is Columbia spared,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make the awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries 'Forbear!'

4 What land so favored of the skies,
As these United States!
Our numerous crimes increasing rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits.

5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

6 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

577 L. M.

A song for public deliverance.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath;
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallowed deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird, with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth and built the skies;

He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

578 L. M.

Prayer for deliverance answered.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky;
A mighty voice before him goes:
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 'Come, children, to your Father's arms;
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 'My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings;
While heavenly peace around my flock,
Stretches its soft and shady wings.'

579 C. M.

An appeal to the Mediator in view of national judgments

1 COME let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;

Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.

2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.

3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe!
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below!

4 O gracious God, for Jesus' sake
Attend our humble cry!
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye!

5 Though justice, near thy awful throne
Awaits thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land!

580 7s.

Thanksgiving.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by him no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

436

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings:
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

581 S. M

The sacrifice of gratitude.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 O may this sacrifice,
While at thy feet we bend,
An odor of a sweet perfume
To thee, the Lord, ascend.

4 Well pleased our God will view
The products of his grace;
With endless life will he fulfil
His kindest promises.

582 11s and 8s.

Thanksgiving and praise in the sanctuary.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth:
O serve him with gladness and fear:
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone;
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own:
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

583 L. M.

The God of all grace.

1 GREAT God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name ;
Thy hand revolves my circling hours—
Thy hand from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise :
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more ;
And after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

584 L. M.

God acknowledged in national blessings.

1 GREAT 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 hallowed ray ;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly 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.

585 L. M.

Prayer for national gratitude and holiness.

1 LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise ;

Let every peaceful private home,
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight,
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

586 6s and 4s.

National Hymn.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee—
Author of liberty—
To thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.

587 C. M.

God's kindness to our forefathers.

1 TO Him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.

2 'Twas he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'Twas he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.

3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone,
To save, protect, and bless.

4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood, as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth.

588 C. M.

Prayer for our country.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast;
O hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;

With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The song of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

589 L. M.

National praise and prayer.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim,
And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Through every age, O may we own,
Jehovah here has fixed his throne
Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun.

3 Lord, in our land support thy reign,
And all thy sacred rights maintain:
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless

HEAVENLY PROSPECTS.

590 C. M. Double.

Death and heavenly happiness.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and 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 deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured 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.

591 C. M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

592 7s.

Heaven.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Emmanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big, unbidden tear
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Past the scene of toil and pain;
They shall feel distress no more;
Never, never weep again!

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies;
'Mid the angelic lyres above;
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind!

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose—
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away;
Sighs no more shall heave the breast:
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest!

593 C. M.

There the weary are at rest.

1 LOOK up, my soul, behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides!
Eternal life beyond the skies,
For all whom here he guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest;

Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world, a wicked heart,
With Satan now are joined;
Each acts a too successful part,
In harassing my mind.

4 But, fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes;
I shall a conqueror be at length,
O'er all that can oppose.

5 Then why, my soul, complain or fear;
The crown of glory see;
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

594 11s.

Sweet home, or the fruition of God.

1 AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to taste;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given;
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at
home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing
charms;
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is
room,
And there would I feast with his children at
home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home?

4 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will
say,
'Well done, faithful servant! sit down on
my throne,
And dwell in my presence, for ever at
home.'
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O then I shall rest with my Saviour, at
home.

5 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be
o'er;
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven'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.

595 11, 8.

The dying Christian.

1 YE objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart;
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
For joys that shall never depart.

2 Thou Lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
To me ye no longer are known;
I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

3 Ye wonderful orbs that astonish my eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more resplendently bright.

4 Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu;
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5 My lov'd habitation and gardens, adieu,
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

6 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu for the present; my spirit ascends
Where pleasure immortal is known.

7 My cares and my labors, my sickness and pain,
And sorrow are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.

8 Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
I joyfully quit for the mansion of God;
There, there its bright summit appears.

9 No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably blest.

10 My Sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
And thou the blest volume divine,
Ye guided my footsteps like stars during night;
Adieu, my conductors benign.

11 The sun that illumines the regions of light,
Now shines on my eyes from above;
But O how transcendently glorious the sight!
My soul is all wonder and love.

12 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu, my dissolving abode;
But I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

13 And O what a life, what a rest, what a joy,
Shall I know when I've mounted above!
Praise, praise shall my powers triumphant employ,
My God, I shall dwell in thy love.

14 Come, come, my Redeemer, this moment release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

596 11s.

I would not live alway. Job vii. 16.

1 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 thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 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 the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

597 8s and 6s.

The Christian's hope.

1 A FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end,
And I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high:
No more to sigh or shed a tear,
No more to suffer pain or fear,
But God, and Christ, and heaven appear
Unto the raptured eye.

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
O happy day! O joyful hour!
When freed from earth my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be for ever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above:
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear;
It makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with those who 're gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow,
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls, I haste away;
I would not here for ever stay:
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more, adieu!

598 C. M.

The heavenly mansion. 2 Cor. v. 1.

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.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;

Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place
Has his own Spirit given.

4 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.

599 C. M.

Holiness of heaven.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven 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;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

600 C. M.

The final adieu.

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

2 'T is there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

4 Farewell to earth, and earthly things;
In vain they tempt my stay;
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

5 I long to see my Father's face,
And sing his praises too;
Adieu, companions, dearest friends;
Vain world, once more, adieu.

601 C. M.

The peace and repose of heaven.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed;
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts which here annoy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

602 L. M.

The better land.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought:
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more
And those long parted meet again.

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.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

603 C. M.

Happiness of the saints in glory.

1 HOW happy are the souls above!
From sin and sorrow free,
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

2 'Worthy the Lamb,' aloud they cry,
'That brought us near to God!'
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 With wondering joy their lips recount
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power and love,
Which brought them home at last.

5 Lord, let the merits of thy death
To me, like them, be given;
And I, like them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

604 C. M.

Glories of heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair—
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,

Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

PERSEVERANCE IN GRACE.

605 L. M.

As thy days thy strength shall be.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear the mighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Of deep distress, or poverty;
Still, as thy days thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, as thy days thy strength shall be.

606 C. M.

The ark of safety, or sure salvation in Christ.

1 WHEN Noah, with his favored few,
Was ordered to embark,
Eight human souls, a little crew,
Entered on board his ark.

2 Though every part he might secure
With bar, or bolt, or pin,
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.

3 The waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar;
They could not stave the assaulted sides,
Nor burst the battered door.

4 So souls that do in Christ believe,
Quickened by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.

5 In Christ, their ark, they safely ride,
Nor wrecked by death or sin;
How is it they so safe abide?
The Lord hath shut them in!

607 C. M.

Hope in Christ secures enjoyment.

1 IF, Lord, in thy fair book of life
My worthless name doth stand,
And in my heart thy law is writ
By thine unerring hand;

2 I am secure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies;
And on the road, from thy rich stores
Shall meet with fresh supplies.

3 To thee, in sweet, melodious strains,
My grateful voice I'll raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To show forth half thy praise.

4 [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.]

608 C. M.

My God, &c.

1 MY God! how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasures bound,
Where God has fixed his seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply,
From his redundant stores!
What streams of mercy from on high,
An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever living spring,
These ample blessings flow;
Prepare, my lips, his praise to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

609 L. M.

The righteous shall not be utterly cast down.

1 ALTHOUGH the righteous man may fall
In deep distress, his soul in thrall,
God, in his precious word, has shown
He can't be utterly cast down.

2 For Christ the Lord, with his own hand,
Engages he shall ever stand;
He's given his word to hold him up,
Nor can he want a better prop.

3 All worlds are his—the sun and moon
May be dissolved, and fall, as soon
As those may fail to see his face
Whom he's renewed, and saved by grace.

4 Come, saints, let's join and hymn his praise,
For such displays of glorious grace;
He will our names delight to own,
Before his heavenly Father's throne.

610 C. M.

The Christian safe in Christ.

1 'TWAS when the seas, with horrid roar,
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed.

2 Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who fearless viewed the storm,
And playful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

3 'Why sporting thus,' a seaman cries,
'While sorrows overwhelm?'

'Why yield to grief?' the boy replies,
'My father's at the helm!'

4 Poor doubting soul, from hence be taught
How groundless is thy fear;
Think what the power of Christ hath wrought,
And he is ever near.

5 Safe in his hands, whom seas obey
When swelling surges rise,
He turns the darkest night to day,
And brightens lowering skies.

6 Then upward look, howe'er distrest;
Jesus will guide thee home,
To that eternal port of rest
Where storms shall never come.

611 L. M.

The sovereignty of grace.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoiced
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas.

2 'I thank thy sovereign power and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success;
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 'But all this glory lies concealed
From men of prudence and of might;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 'Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
Chose and ordained it should be so;

'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 'There's none can know the Father right,
But those who learn it from the Son—
Nor can the Son be well received,
But where the Father makes him known.

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
Who deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions or decrees.

612 S. M.

The security of Christ's sheep. John x. 27, 29.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 'I know my sheep,' he cries,
'My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 'I freely feed them now,
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4 'Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my sheep will give;
And while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.

5 'This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defence:
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence?'

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

FAREWELL.

613 L. M

The parting hand.

1 MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear;
Yet when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for awhile,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,

Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace; in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore!

10 I hope you'll all remember me
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought.
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

614 7s, 6s.

Minister's farewell.

1 SEE how the wicked kingdom
Is falling every day;
And still our blessed Jesus
Is winning souls away;
But oh! how I am tempted
No mortal tongue can tell;
So often I'm surrounded
With enemies from hell.

2 With weeping and with praying,
My Jesus I have found,
To crucify old nature,
And make his grace abound.
Dear children, don't be weary,
But march on in the way,
For Jesus will stand by you,
And be your guard and stay.

3 If sinners will serve Satan,
And join with one accord,
Dear brethren, as for my part,
I'm bound to serve the Lord;
And if you will go with me,
Pray give to me your hand,
And we'll march on together,
Unto the promised land.

4 Through troubles and distresses
We make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road;
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we, who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5 Though dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you, I find
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind;
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
And conquer all my fears.

6 And now, my loving brethren,
I bid you all farewell;

With you, my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell;
Farewell to every mourner;
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind

7 Farewell, poor careless sinners;
I love you dearly well;
I've labored much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell:
I now am bound to leave you;
O tell me will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu.

8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain.
And mount aloft with Jesus
For evermore to reign:
We'll join to sing his praises,
Above the ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinners,
What will become of you?

615 11s.

Affectionate parting of brethren.

1 WITH gladness, dear brethren, we met
at this place,
To speak and to hear of God's rich and free
grace;
For all that are needy, afflicted and poor,
The Saviour has balsam and riches in store

2 If hungry, and thirsty, and burdened with
guilt,
For you the dear Saviour his blood freely
spilt:
If naked and wounded, just ready to die,
He waits from his fulness your wants to
supply.

3 You 're welcome, poor sinners; no longer
delay;
The gospel invites you to Jesus to-day;
If you are but willing, you need not to doubt,
For those that come to him he will not cast
out.

4 On parting, my brethren, I give you my hand,
In token of friendship, that uniting band;
Since we here together no longer can stay,
Be sure you continue devoutly to pray.

5 Farewell, my dear brethren, beloved of the
Lord;
The footsteps of Jesus you 'll find in his
word;
Then follow your leader, wherever he goes;
Stand fast and unshaken, whatever oppose.

6 The time is approaching, when Christ shall
appear
In glory, and then *all* his saints shall be there;
No fear then of parting, or grief, or complaint,
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint.

7 But praise and thanksgivings shall be our
employ;
Our souls always feasting, yet never shall
cloy;

New scenes then unfolding new joys will
afford;
All glory, and honor, and praise to the Lord

616 C. M.

Minister's farewell.

1 DEAR friends, farewell, I do you tell,
Since you and I must part;
I go away, and here you stay,
But still we 're joined in heart;
Your love to me has been most free,
Your conversation sweet;
How can I bear to journey where
With you I cannot meet?

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready then to go;
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.

3 I trust you 'll pray both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light;
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done—
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.

4 If I 'm called home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me:
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.

Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go; then farewell woe;
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord,
And so, dear friends, farewell.

617 P. M.

The Pilgrim's farewell.

1 FAREWELL, my friends, I must be gone
I have no home nor stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.

CHORUS.

I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll rest on Canaan's shore,
Where pleasures never end,
And parting is no more—
Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

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

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord;
To you I 'm bound in cords of love—

If we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above.
I 'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God;
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I 'll march, &c.

5 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross;
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n
You've counted all things here but dross;
Fight on—the crown shall soon be given.
I 'll march, &c.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too;
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you:
O turn, and seek salvation near.
I 'll march, &c.

618 11's.

The Christian's farewell.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We 'll soon meet again if kind Providence smile;
But while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We 'll pray for each other and trust in the Lord

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be
discharged,
The war will be ended, the bounty enlarged—
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may
roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed for
war,
Sore trial awaits you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel this dark wilder-
ness,
Your Captain's before you, he 'll lead you
to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;
But Jesus your leader is stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad,
broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save;
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell, all
around;
Perhaps we 'll not meet till the last trump
shall sound:
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

619 C. M.

The parting of Christians painful.

1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace.

Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We 're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every soul remain.

3 O may we all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne
Shall joyful meet above;

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
And pain and grief shall fly,
And not a thought that we must part,
E'er interrupt our joy.

5 Deliver'd then from cares and pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire

6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heav'nly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah, we 'll adore.

620 C. M.

A parting hymn.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are joined in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we 'll go,
And in his holy footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 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.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And Christians part no more.

621 P. M.

The pastor's farewell.

1 MY brethren, farewell; I do you now tell,
I'm sorry to leave you, I love you so well;
But now I must go, and where I don't know,
Wherever Christ bids me the trumpet to blow.

2 Strange friends I shall find; I hope they'll
prove kind;
Neither people nor place shall alter my mind:
Wherever I be, I'll still pray for thee,
And, O, my dear brethren, do you pray for me.

3 'Tis here I've labored, and labored awhile,
And labor is sweet, if my Jesus doth smile;
And when I am done, I hope to go home,
Where Jesus is smiling, and bids me to come.

4 Poor mourners, adieu, I weep over you;
My heart's filled with sorrow, but still I
must go;

If I see you no more till the trumpet doth
sound,
May we all meet in heav'n, where pleasures
are found.

5 'Tis there we shall meet, in harmony sweet,
All dressed in white linen, to bow at his feet;
We'll join the bright throng, and sing a new
song,
All glory, all glory to God and the Lamb.

622 11s.

Minister's farewell.

1 AND now, my dear brethren, I bid you
farewell,
I'm going to travel, glad tidings to tell;
Although for a while these vile bodies must
part,
Cemented in love, we are still joined in heart.

2 May heav'n protect you, be Jesus your guide;
On the walls of Mount Zion may we all abide;
Although we live distant, and you I ne'er see,
On the banks of cold Jordan acquainted
we'll be.

3 There all things are plenty, like Eden in
bloom;
To those blissful mansions no sorrow can
come;
Nor sin nor temptation shall enter that place,
And there we shall join in the song of free
grace.

4 Adieu to affliction, to trial, and pain;
I'm going to Jesus, for ever to reign;

I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore;
With saints and bright angels to dwell evermore.

5 Live near to the Saviour, be fervent in prayer,
And while I am absent, remember me there;
That Jesus his gospel would crown with success,
And my poor exertions to numbers would bless.

6 And when we meet Jesus in mansions above,
Where saints and bright seraphs are filled with his love,
O then may I see these dear mourners appear!
How glad we shall be to meet each other there!

623 C. M.

Hicks' farewell.

1 THE time is swiftly rolling on,
When I must faint and die;
My body to the dust return,
And there forgotten lie.

2 Let persecution rage around,
And Antichrist appear;
My silent dust beneath the ground,
There's no disturbance there.

3 Through heats and colds I've often went,
And wander'd in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour dear.

4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see,
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children, near my heart,
And nature seems to bind;
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm;
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.

8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.

9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn,
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

10 How often have you looked for me,
And oft-times seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return:

11 For I can never come to thee;
Let not this grieve your heart;
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.

624 7s.

Parting friends.

1 WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

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

3 When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day,
When around the youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may the lov'd bower remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.

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

625 L. M.

Parting hymn.

1 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.

3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As then in every 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.

5 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heaven, their home;
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, Farewell

626 C. M.

An affectionate farewell.

1 YE pilgrims, that are wand'ring home,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
Sweeter to me than honey-comb,
Is Christ's despised name.

2 Let us with undissembled love,
Like children in one band,
March to our Father's house above,
And to the promised land.

3 My little flock, I bid adieu,
Our parting is to-day;
O may we all to Christ prove true,
And try to watch and pray.

4 There is one thing that wounds my heart,
And grieves my soul full sore:
To think we must in body part,
Perhaps to meet no more.

5 And if we never meet below,
Let us our lamps prepare,
To meet when the last trump shall blow,
And in his glory share.

6 So fare you well, my brethren dear,
With melting hearts we part;
God make you faithful to the end;
Your souls lie near my heart.

7 We need not wait but few more days,
Then he will call us home,
Where fear of parting ne'er will come,
In that bright world above:

8 Where we'll surround the throne of God,
And sing redeeming love;
And there I hope to see your face,
And join to praise the Lord.

PASTOR'S CARE.

627 C. M.

A minister leaving his people.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.

2 In heaven they meet again with joy,
Secure no more to part;

Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace,
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warned,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorned.

5 On your own head your blood will fall,
If any perish here;
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approved and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

628 L. M.

The pastor's affectionate charge.

1 MY brethren, from my heart beloved,
Whose welfare fills my daily care.
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear:

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practice what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid our bodies, mean and vile,
In his own glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear honored name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchased with his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view.

629 C. M.

The pastor's affectionate adieu.

1 BRETHREN, I bid you all farewell,
And, from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell
That you and I must part.

2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labor shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.

3 I trust I can to record call
All you that hear me now;
I have declared God's counsel all,
As he did me endow.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord;
And may we all henceforth appear
To be of one accord,

5 And if we part to meet no more,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
And never part again.

6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in his holy ways;
So, brethren, fare you well.

630 7s.

At parting.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

631 C. M.

A pastor leaving the church.

1 OUR cheerful voices let us raise,
And sing a parting song:
Although I'm with you now, my friends,
I can't be with you long.

2 For I must go and leave you all;
It fills my heart with pain:
Although we part, perhaps in tears,
I hope we'll meet again.

632 6, 8.

The faithful minister's message.

1 PEACE be unto this house;
The God of peace come near;

Or has my Master got
A tabernacle here?
If so, then here I would remain;
If not, I'll go my way again.

2 My Master sent me here,
His Son a bride to find;
If then you would appear,
With him for to deal kind—
If so, then go with me to-day;
If not, I'll go some other way.

3 Though deserts dark and great
Do lie along the way,
Yet from the nuptial state
How can you longer stay?
The eternal feast will please you so,
O now, come, tell me, will you go?

4 If I could hear one say,
My sins I'll leave behind,
And with the man will go,
With Jesus to deal kind—
Oh! how it would my soul rejoice,
To hear one speak with such a voice!

633 L. M.

A blessing sought on parting.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain:
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

SICKNESS.

634 C. M.

Sickness.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down;
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne.
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries;
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;

May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

6 And if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

635 C. M.

Complaint and hope under great pain.

1 LORD, I am pained, but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of Providence;
While they who love thee, groan,
Thy reasons lie concealed from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburdened heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease;
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

5 How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confined?
Damp'd is my vigor while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.

6 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joy it brings.

636 C. M.

Praise for recovery from sickness.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chast'ning stroke;
And while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bowed thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolonged,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our laboring breath;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain, and sin, and fear, and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the blest
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

637 S. M.

Sweetness of submission.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis 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.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend.

5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Directly, Lord, from thee!

638 C. M.

Sickness and recovery.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 I calmly bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast,

And waited for my father's call,
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven, with thee.

DEATH.

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639 C. M.

The death and burial of a saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the 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 softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending 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!

640 L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

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

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

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

641 C. M.

At the death of a young person.

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

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest,
With awful power—'I too must die,'
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb;
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly! to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

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

642 L. M.

The death of a minister.

1 HIS death we mourn, who lately stood,
A herald of the mighty God;
Proclaimed the Saviour of our race,
And bore the message of his grace.

2 Laborious in his Master's cause,
His view not lucre nor applause;
To spend and to be spent resigned,
If souls through Christ salvation find.

3 With pointed language, flaming zeal,
He to the conscience did appeal;
With terror sought the soul to move,
Or draw it with the cords of love.

But all his labors now are o'er,
And we shall hear his voice no more;
His dust lies silent in the tomb,
He's gone to heaven, his final home.

5 Jesus, though earthly shepherds die,
Do thou thy churches still supply
With gifts instruction to impart,
Pastors according to thy heart.

643 C. M.

Comfort under the loss of a minister.

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comforts to impart;

His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 'Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord,
'My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.'

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

644 L. M.

Death of an infant.

1 THE little babe is gone to rest,
To reign with God for ever blest;
Its little tongue will always praise
A Saviour's love, redeeming grace.

2 Far from a world of sin and strife,
It now enjoys a heavenly life;
And joins to praise, and shout, and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

3 Could we but hear its little tongue
So sweetly sing the heavenly song;
Could we but see its smiling face,
Delighted with the happy place;

4 We could not wish it back again,
But say, dear babe, with God remain;
We'll try to gain that peaceful shore,
Where those who meet shall part no more.

5 Now let us strive the prize to gain;
Let's come to Christ, with him remain;
Then we shall share in Jesus' love,
And meet the little babe above.

645 C. M.

A thought of death.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears, attend the cry:
'Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.'

3 Great God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

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

646 C. M.

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 But oh! the soul that never dies,
At once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

3 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;

Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

4 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

5 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

647 C. M.

Children dying in their infancy in the arms of Jesus

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transports all divine;
Thy image trace in every word,
Thy love in every 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 little 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 power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'

8 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
'Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
Shall be for ever thine.

648 C. M.

The death of a child rather joyous.

1 AND is thy lovely shadow fled!
Yet stop those fruitless tears;
He from a thousand pangs is freed,
You from ten thousand fears.

2 Though lost, he's lost to earth alone;
Above he will be found,
Amidst the stars and near the throne,
Which babes like him surround.

3 Look upward and your child you 'll see,
Fix'd in his blest abode;
What parent would not childless be,
To give a child to God!

649 C. M.

Prospect of death.

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command—

2 Thou source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance of the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
Beneath my sinking head,
And with a ray of life divine
Illume my dying bed.

4 Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in thy sweet embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

650 C. M.

A mother, bereaved of a lovely daughter and dear husband, in quick succession, venting her sorrows to her sisters in Christ.

1 MY sisters, hear, and I 'll relate
The trouble I have seen;
What sorrows I have seen of late,
Which are the fruit of sin.

2 My Father laid his chast'ning rod,
The strokes have not been light;
But sure he is a faithful God,
A judge that will do right.

3 I had a loving daughter dear,
Most precious to my sight;
Alas! that stroke, it was severe,
Which took my heart's delight.

4 Only twelve months and fourteen days
Had quickly passed along,
Before my all was took away,
And left me quite undone.

5 I had a husband, good and kind
The partner of my cares;
He's gone, and left me here behind,
Exposed to many snares.

6 A mortal bad disease came on,
And laid his body low;
But still his faith in Christ was strong;
He seem'd inclined to go.

7 The king of terrors did appear;
His soul had peace within;
The monster death he did not fear
For he had lost his sting.

8 He called his children to his bed,
And bid them to prepare;
Then turned his eyes to me, and said
'I hope I 'll meet you there.'

9 Yet for two days he was confined,
In pain and anguish still;
Yet patiently he seemed resign'd
To wait his Father's will.

10 But dreadful was the tedious strife,
Toiling for mortal breath,
Till he could end his dying life,
And triumph over death.

11 His friends around his bed did stand,
And long'd to see him go;
For Jordan all o'erflowed its banks,
Its waves around did flow.

12 At length his spirit got release,
And left his cumbrous clay;
Up to the realms of endless peace
It quickly soar'd away.

13 There, in an ocean all divine,
His weary soul does rest,
Doth in his Saviour's image shine,
And is completely blest.

14 There's not a doubt upon my mind,
But victory he obtained;
Although he's left me here behind
I hope we 'll meet again.

15 Then I shall join and praise with him,
And tell my trials here;
How much I've felt, and heard, and seen,
Since he has landed there.

651 C. M.

Resignation to the death of a child.

1 O LORD, it seemed good to thee
To take my infant dear;
I hope it will work good for me,
And cause me thee to fear.

2 To show me that I should not prize
Nothing on earth so high
As thee, the sovereign Lord of all,
That rules the earth and sky.

3 O Lord, my follies I have seen,
And grief has filled my heart;
My troubles rose when thou didst call
My babe from me to part.

4 O cease, fond nature, cease to mourn,
And let my Saviour's will
Be mine in all things here below,
Then should I fear no ill.

5 Now, Lord, I humbly would resign
Myself into thy care;
Prepare my heart to worship thee
In faith, with godly fear.

6 O may I meet my babe above,
In heaven among the blest;
That I may praise thy holy name,
Who saved its soul by grace.

652 C. M.

Comfort to pious parents who have been bereaved of their children. Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.

1 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 reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye staud,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the 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 every 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 hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

653 C. M.

A thought of death and glory.

1 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.]

3 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then we should 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 evening 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.

654 C. M.

Blessed are the dead, &c. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
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 sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

655 C. M.

The husband lamenting the death of the wife.

1 COME, my dear friends and mourn with [me
In my afflicted state;
I am bereaved, as you may see,
Of my dear, loving mate.

2 Her heart was bound with mine by love,
Good works for to maintain:
But she is gone to Christ above,
For ever there to reign.

3 My loss is great—to lose my mate;
I 'm like the lonesome dove;
I 'll go alone, and sigh, and mourn
My dear and absent love.

4 My children cry,—no mother by,
To dandle on the knee;
The breach is great; it doth create
Much grief, as all may see.

5 But why should I lament my case,
Since God has thought it best
To take her soul from hence away
To its eternal rest?

6 Since it is so, let sorrows go;
My God hath sent his rod;
He doth his will, I must be still,
And know that he is God.

656 C. M.

A wife bereaved of her husband.

1 MY head and stay is took away,
And I am left alone—
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is took away and gone.

2 It grieves my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind;
Where shall I go to tell my woe,
Or ease my troubled mind?

3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days;
Much comfort we did find:
But he is gone, his glass is run,
And I am left behind.

4 Nought can I find to ease my mind,
Of things which are below;
For earthly toys but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe

5 But I 'll repair to Jesus, where
I 'll ease my troubled breast;
And leave my sorrows all behind,
And be for ever blest.

657 C. M.

Death of kindred improved.

1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper, and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be weaned from all below;
Let hope our grief expel;
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

658 L. M.

Blessedness of the pious dead.

1 O STAY thy tears, for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3 Oh! cheerless were our lengthened way,
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom;
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 O stay thy tears, the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth;
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

659 L. M.

Death of an infant.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower;
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh;
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

660 C. M.

The flock approaching the Shepherd's tomb.

1 WITH holy awe and solemn dread,
Approach the silent tomb;
Your shepherd lies beneath the shade
Of death's tremendous gloom.

2 How gentle was the stroke divine,
Which bow'd his head in death!
How peaceful did his soul resign
His friends, his life, his breath!

3 E'en death to him is endless gain,
Though we are left to mourn;
Shepherd divine, thy flock sustain,
Nor leave thy fold forlorn.

4 Display thy pardoning, healing grace;
Assuage our rising grief;
Reveal thy smiling, cheering face,
And grant us sweet relief.

5 Give us to kiss the painful rod,
Nor at thy will repine—
'Be still, and know that thou art God'—
To all thy will resign.

6 Furnish thy church, from shore to shore
With gospel truth and grace;

And while we thus our loss deplore,
E'en here thy flock increase.

RESURRECTION.

661 C. M.

The bodies of the saints quickened and raised by the Spirit.

1 WHY should our mourning thoughts de-
To grovel in the dust? [light
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?

4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun,
Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living king.

662 C. M.

A lively hope.

1 SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What rapture must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

6 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay;
Till from her sinful rage dismissed,
My spirit flies away.

663 S. M.

Serious inquiries as to a future state.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must this trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave shall rise,
To see the Judge with glory crowned,
And view the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave the tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O thou, who wouldst not have
One mourning sinner die;
Who died thyself that soul to save
From endless misery;

6 Show me some way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

664 S. M.

Death and the resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;

And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

665 C. M.

Death vanquished.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake—
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled;
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And vanquished quite the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
O Grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?'

666 C. M.

Time and eternity.

1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies;

Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise, in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond Nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

667 C. M.

Scenes of the resurrection.

1 HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain,
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

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 the expected day.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

9 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

668 C. M.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a living hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

669 L. M.

Death and the resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
To yonder throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

670 C. M.

Hope of the resurrection.

1 I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart, my tongue, their joy express;
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body in the grave,
To see destruction there.

3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
Thy presence, joys unknown.

JUDGMENT.

671 7, 6.

The midnight cry.

1 WHEN descending from the sky,
The bridegroom shall appear,
And the solemn midnight cry
Shall call professors near;
How the sound our hearts will damp,
How will shame o'erspread each face
If we only have a lamp,
Without the oil of grace!

CHORUS.

Let us then, while time is yet,
Time to seek the Saviour's face,
Haste away, that we may get
The precious oil of grace.

2 Foolish virgins there will wake,
And seek for a supply,
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy;
Then with those they now despise,
Earnestly they'll wish to share,
But the best among the wise
Will have no oil to spare.

3 Wise are they, and truly blest,
Who then shall ready be,
But despair will seize the rest,
And endless misery.
Once, they'll cry, we scorned to doubt,
Though in him our trust we put:
Now our lamp of hope is out,
The door of mercy shut

4 If they then presume to plead,
'Lord, open to us now,
We on earth have heard and prayed,
And with thy saints did bow;'
He will answer from his throne,
'Though you with my people mixed,
Yet to me you ne'er were known;
Depart, your doom is fixed!'

5 O that none, who worship here,
May hear that word, Depart!
Lord, impress a godly fear
On each professor's heart.
Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
Let us not ourselves beguile;
Trusting to a dying lamp,
Without a stock of oil.

672 C. M.

I sing of mercy and judgment.

1 BEFORE the great Jehovah's bar,
Soon must assembled worlds appear;
And every word, and deed, and thought,
Shall into judgment then be brought.

2 Then all shall hear the righteous doom
Of wrath or endless joys to come;
And each receive his just reward
Of bliss or vengeance from the Lord.

3 Dear Lord, it was thy highest joy,
To save where sin did once destroy;
While thundering vengeance rolls above,
We trust in thy redeeming love.

4 Hail! God of unexampled grace!
All heaven shall sound thine endless praise:

High glories to the dying Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame.

673 P. M.

The last judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom:
The new heaven and earth t' inherit
Take thy pining exiles home:

All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne;
Saviour, take thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

674 C. M.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

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

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, 'Depart!'

3 [The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

4 [What! to be banished from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]

5 O wretched state of deep despair!
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;

Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

675 S. M.

Preparation for the judgment.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away!

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there!

676 L. M.

The books opened.

1 METHINKS the last great day is come;
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command,
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with th' important fates of men:
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No plea the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enrolled,
And triumph in redeeming love.

677 L. M.

The day of judgment.

1 AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak;
His word is faithful, firm, and true;
Sinners, attend, he speaks to you!

2 Mercy and vengeance in me dwell;
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell;
My favor's more than life, my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.

3 Short is the space, and death must come;
And after death, the day of doom;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their due deserts to all.

4 Fixed in their everlasting state,
Could men repent, 'twere then too late;

Justice has bolted Mercy's door,
And God's long-suffering is no more

5 'Tis now the gospel message sent,
Commands repentance—now repent;
Wisely be warned, to refuge run,
Obey the Father, kiss the Son:

6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption through his blood;
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,
And everlasting life in heaven.

678 L. M.

Come, Lord Jesus.

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt, a heavy load!

2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears;
Fly, winged Time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years!

3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow!
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!

4 Hark! how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, Thou, the source of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of Christians, come!

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou ablest Lord, thou dear Unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fair!

679 C. M.

Something new.

1 SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly strives for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

2 The new possessed, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue,
The bubble now no longer stays,
The soul wants something new.

3 Now could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel the power of Christ,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
In Christ finds something new.

5 The joy the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

6 Come, sinners, then, and seek the joys
Which Christ bids you pursue,
And keep the glorious theme in view,
In Christ seek something new.

7 But soon a change awaits us all,
Before the great review,
And at his feet with rapture fall,
And heaven brings something new.

680 11s and 8s.

Christ the chiefest among ten thousand.

1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all:

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, if ye've seer
The star that on Israel shone:
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.

5 'What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?
What excellent beauties has he?
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,
That we may embrace him with thee.'

6 This is my Beloved: his form is divine,
His vestments shed odor around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

7 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

8 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

9 His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

10 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

11 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And millions attend on his word;
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

12 Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleased he looks down from above,
Like the morn when he breathes from the chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.

681 8s and 6s.

The happy child of grace.

1 HOW happy's every child of grace,
That feels his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek a place in heaven:

A country far from mortal sight,
Yet oh! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
A heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in this world below,
I only sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But oh! the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I repair;
While in this vale, my hope and love,
My ravished soul is there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,
Or keep me back from home,
When angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret to leave my friends
Here in this vale confined?
To Christ, the Lord, my soul ascends;
Farewell to all behind!

5 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed;

And with his glorious presence here
Our longing hearts are filled.

6 When he shall more of heaven bestow
And bid my soul remove,
And let my trembling spirit go
To meet the God I love;
With rapturous awe on him I'll gaze,
Who died to set me free,
And sing and shout redeeming grace
Through all eternity.

682 C. M.

Love to the creatures dangerous.

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

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering 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.

683 L. M.

Complaining at the throne of grace.

1 O'ERWHELMED with restless griefs and fears
Lord, I approach thy mercy seat,
With aching heart and flowing tears,
To pour my sorrows at thy feet.

2 Thy promises are large and free,
To humble souls, who seek thy face;
O where for refuge can I flee,
My God, but to the throne of grace!

3 Thou seest the tempest of my soul,
These restless waves of fear and sin;
Thy voice can all the rage control,
And make a sacred calm within.

4 My thoughts recall thy favors past,
In many a dark, distressing hour;
The kind support my heart confessed,
And owned thy wisdom, love, and power

5 And still these bright perfections shine,
Eternal their unclouded rays;
Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
And just and right are all thy ways.

6 Let thy enlivening, healing voice
The kind assurance of thy love,
Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
And all my sins and fears remove.

684 C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 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;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

685 12s and 11s.

The family Bible.

1 HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotion and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high!
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And the richest of books which excels every other,
The family Bible that lay on the stand

CHORUS.

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

2 The Bible, that volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening would yield us
delight;
The prayers of our father, a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety by night.
Oh! hymns of thanksgiving with harmo-
nious sweetness,
As warmed by the hearts of the family
band,
Hath raised us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the
stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we been
parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents
no more,
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander alone on a far-distant shore.
O why should I doubt a dear Saviour's pro-
tection,
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, &c.

4 Though age and misfortune press hard on
my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust to the Lord;

Though darkness should cover his merciful
dealings,
My soul is still cheered by his heavenly
word.
And now from things earthly my soul is
removing;
I shall soon be in glory with heaven's
bright band;
And in rapture of joy be for ever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

686 P. M.

A scriptural appeal.

1 ALL you that profess to be going to glory,
Be patient awhile, and to you I'll relate:
Oft-times I have trod in the paths of trans-
gression;
I hope you'll not share in my unhappy
fate.
But still my desires to God are a flowing,
And sometimes my soul his love is enjoy-
ing;
The highway to heaven I aim to be going,
To follow the Lamb to his glory above.

2 But pray let me tell you, I'm somewhat
unhappy,
Under some divisions that lately arose;
Instead of the watchmen being helpful to-
gether,
The one does the other's endeavors oppose.
The scripture directs us to love one another.
For he that loves Jesus will sure love his
brother:

The Christian that lives in discharge of his
duty,
Will ne'er hate the brother that's travel-
ling the road.

3 Here's one that gets perfect, and then can't
fall from it,
The other he meets with an indwelling
sin;
One preaches and holds to believers' baptism,
The other denies it, and so they begin.
I grant, that in stewardship, men should be
faithful,
And no gospel righteousness should ap-
pear hateful;
He that follows Jesus must follow him care-
ful,
Or never expect to enjoy him above.

4 Here's one persevering, the other is perfect;
The one he goes on, the other he stands
still;
And he that is perfect, he can get no further,
And his Christian warfare is all at an end.
Saint Paul he exhorts us always to be moving,
For he that is standing will be back turning.
Come on, fellow-travellers, honor the high
calling,
And press for the glorious eternity.

5 But if you do hope that you'll meet with
perfection,
I pray you go on, that the prize you may
gain;
And don't let the enemy fill you with no-
tions,
That you have got perfect before you begin.

For if John the Baptist was no gospel
preacher,
I know that Saint Paul was a good, wise
teacher;
And he that climbs over, is only a traitor,
And ne'er shall be owned as a sheep in
the fold.

6 I hope you don't think that I speak as a
boaster,
Nor yet as a scoffer your zeal to reprove;
I only desire to give God the glory,
And credit religion that comes from above.
The way of unity leads us to the Saviour,
And they that walk in it shall soon find
his favor:
The Scripture's your guide, press on, and
don't weary,
The angels will meet you at Jordan's
cold stream.

687 7, 6.

The Romish lady.

1 THERE was a Romish lady, brought up
in Popery,
Her mother always taught her the priest
she must obey:
O pardon me, dear mother, I humbly pray
thee now,
For unto these false idols I can no longer
bow.

2 Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she con-
cealed,
And there she gained instruction till God
his love revealed,

No more she prostrated herself to pictures
decked with gold,
But soon she was betrayed, and her Bible
from her stole.

3 I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God
unseen;
I'll live by faith for ever; the works of men
are vain:
I cannot worship angels, nor pictures made
by men:
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon,
if you can.

4 With grief, and great vexation, her mother
straight did go,
To inform the Romish clergy the cause of
all her woe:
The priests were soon assembled, and for
the maid did call,
And forced her in the dungeon, to fright
her soul withal.

5 The more they strove to fright her, the more
she did endure;
Although her age was tender, her faith was
strong and sure:
The chains of gold so costly they from this
lady took,
And she with all her spirits the pride of life
forsook.

6 Before the pope they brought her, in hopes
of her return,
And there she was condemned, in horrid
flames to burn;

Before the place of torment they brought
her speedily,
With lifted hands to heaven she then agreed
to die.

7 There being many ladies assembled at the
place,
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begged
supplying grace:
Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear
for me;
While my poor body's burning, my soul the
Lord shall see.

8 Yourselves you need to pity, and Zion's
deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make
delay:
In comes her raving mother, her daughter
to behold,
And in her hands she brought her some
pictures decked with gold.

9 O take from me these idols, remove them
from my sight;
Restore to me my Bible, in which I take
delight.
Alas! my aged mother, why on my ruin
bent?
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am
innocent.

10 Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as
you think best;
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul
to rest.

Soon as these words were spoken, up steps
the man of death,
And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal
breath.

11 Instead of golden bracelets, with chains
they bound her fast:
She cried, 'My God, give power, now must
I die at last:
With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall
dwell:
God pardon priest and people; and so I bid
farewell.'

688 12s and 11s.

The Christian experience.

1 YE friends of religion, I pray give atten-
tion,
And I'll tell you what Jesus has done for
my soul:
A sinner by nature, a sinner by practice,
An unworthy sinner by grace was made
whole.
I saw that my heart was a seat of corruption,
And my best performance could do me no
good;
I cried out for mercy, Lord Jesus, relieve me,
Or I must be spurned from the presence of
God.

2 But mercy, free mercy, that still interposes,
And pleads for the vilest of sinners like me;
God's goodness appeared in the sufferings
of Jesus,
And opened a way for to set my soul free.

God's justice required a sinless obedience,
And I was ashamed, and I fell to the ground;
Then Jesus appeared, and quickly relieved
me,
And that very moment the pardon I found.

2 I soon did discover my gilt was removed,
And I was delivered from under the law;
For Christ's pure obedience, when strictly
examined
By justice, it would not admit of one flaw.
On this I depend for my justification,
When I must appear in the judgment to
come,
And for my adoption and sanctification,
And true perseverance, until I get home.

4 Now, if I have told you a Christian expe-
rience,
In token of fellowship give me your hand;
We'll join in sweet union, in Christian de-
votion,
And glorify Jesus as well as we can.
And if you'll agree to my short experience,
And join in a contract to serve my dear
Lord,
My soul will rejoice, and I'll call you my
kindred,
And patiently wait for my glorious reward

5 And when we've accomplished our days as
a hireling,
We then shall lay down these vile bodies
of clay;

We'll join with those spirits who've entered
before us,
To sing of redemption through Jesus's
blood;
We'll cease to complain of temptation and
sorrow,
We'll enter the city, and then we'll get
home:
All glory, all glory, all glory to Jesus,
The saint is at rest, and set down on his
throne.

689 C. M.

The minister's advice to his children.

1 DEAR children, when you read these lines,
May love possess your hearts;
May you, like Mary, humbly choose
That good and better part.

2 May you be guided by God's word,
To love and fear his name,
Who bore your sins, if heirs with him,
When on Mount Calv'ry slain.

3 Oh! do not slight his blessed word,
As many sinners do,
But pray to him to guide and keep
Your souls from pain and woe.

4 If you should die in love with sin
Dreadful your doom will be;
Banished from God and all his saints,
To all eternity.

5 But Jesus waits with grace that's free,
And gives it to the poor;
Oh! humbly seek, that you may drink,
And live for evermore.

690 L. M.

A manifestation of the goodness of God.

1 MY brethren dear, hear me relate
The troubles I have seen of late;
The sorrows I have waded through,
Only my God and Christ can know.

2 My heart with sorrow is cast down;
My brethren on me cast a frown;*
Which often makes me fear and doubt,
The Lord has never called me out.

3 I do go mourning every day,
And feel like some poor castaway;
Which makes me often doubt the call,
Or whether I am called at all.

4 I have been tempted oft of late,
By the great tempter of my soul,
From the church of Christ to turn away;
And treat them all as they treat me.

5 But my poor heart was then so hard,
'Twas not one tear that I could shed;
One look from Christ did melt it down,
And made me love the church again.

6 Now, my dear brethren, I confess
That this indeed has been the case;
Thanks be to God, who brought relief,
In and through Christ's own righteousness.

---

* This hymn was composed by Rev. F. Swint, formerly a member of the Darien Church, Ga., in view of the discord produced by the introduction of the religious societies in the churches.

691 8s and 7s.

Thorny desert.

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

2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles 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 dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation;
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole;
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransomed dwell on high?
Where the golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky?

5 Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory, glory is their strain!
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring;
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heavenly host in rapture
Gaze upon the shining band;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand!
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along;
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song!

Oh! their crowns, how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wear;
They are gone to heavenly pastures—
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign!

692 P. M.

Afflictions of Zion.

1 GOD, who rules the times and seasons,
Doubtless for the best of reasons,
Has been pleas'd to visit Zion,
With afflictions sore and trying.

CHORUS.

When, O when will Christ the Saviour
Come, his little flock to favor?
When, O when?

2 See of late the sad declension,
Bitter strife and fierce contention;
Fiery zeal and persecution,
Raging like the troubled ocean.

3 See the proud assuming spirit,
Some among us now inherit;
Striving who shall have dominion,
Slaves to popular opinion.

4 See the world and church uniting
In the work of proselyting;
Wood, and hay, and stubble bringing,
To build up the gospel kingdom.

5 See the train of "means and measures,"
Filthy lucre, wordly pleasures;
Honors, titles, wealth, and numbers,
All combined to gain more members.

6 See the wide-spread desolations,
Churches and associations,
Once so happily united,
Now are like a house divided.

7 Christian fellowship and union,
Correspondence and communion,
All are sacrificed together;
Brother scandalizing brother.

8 Oh! it is a day of terror;
Dark and low'ring clouds of error
O'er devoted Zion hover;
Oh! when will the storm pass over?

693 L. M.

Religion vain without love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove;
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to man
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

---

694 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

695 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

696 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

697 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

698 8s, 7s, and 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory,
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

699 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

700 . 6, 8. Lenox.

TO God the Father's throne
Our humble songs we raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we bless, thy nature sing.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A FEW more days on earth to spend....8s and 6s..597
Afflicted saint to Christ draw near.....L M..605
Afflictions, though they seem severe.....C M..119
A host of spirits round the throne.....C M..214
Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart.....L M..567
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....C.M.. 31
All you that in the flood.....S.M..193
Aloud we sing the wondrous grace.....C M.. 9
Almighty God, thy word is cast.....C.M..502
All you that profess to be going to glory.....P.M..686
Although the righteous man may fail.....L.M..609
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.....C.M.. 3
Amid the dark, the dismal scene.....L.M..409
Am I a soldier of the cross..... C.M..396
An alien from God, and a stranger to grace....11s..594
And have I, Christ, no love for thee.....C.M..283
And am I born to die.....S.M..663
And art thou with us, gracious Lord.....C.M..478
And let this feeble body fail.....C.M. double..590
And now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell..11s..622
And is thy lovely shadow fled.....C.M..648
And must this body die.....S.M..664
And will the judge descend..... .....S.M..675
Another six days' work is done.....L.M..428
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.....C.M..362
Arise, and be baptized.....S.M..234
Arise, my soul, arise.....6s and 8s.. 93
Arise, my soul, my joyful powers.....C.M..324
Arise, O King of grace, arise.....C.M..546
As near to Calvary I pass.....8, 8, 6.. 56
As needles point toward the pole.....L.M..107
As on the cross the Saviour hung.....C.M.. 4
Assist thy servant, Lord.....S.M..483
At anchor laid, remote from home.....L.M..103
A thousand promises are wrote.....C.M..405
A throne of grace! then let us go.....C.M..424
Awake, awake, arise.....6s and 8s.. 24
Awake, awake, the sacred song.....C.M.. 29
Awake, and sing the song.....S.M.. 95
Awake, my dear brethren, who trust in the Lord.11s.559
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue.....C.M..182
Awake, my heart, my soul arise.....L.M..473

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays..... L.M.. 1
Awake, my soul, to meet the day.....C.M..437
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....L.M..439
Awake, sweet gratitude and sing.....C.M..100
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes.....C.M..541
Awake, ye sleeping souls, awake.....L.M..677
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....8, 8, & 6..150

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne.....L.M..273
Before the great Jehovah's bar.....L.M..672
Before thy throne, eternal King.....L.M..528
Begin, my soul, the heavenly song.....L.M.. 84
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme.....C.M..307
Behold a sinner, dearest Lord.....L.M..163
Behold the blind their sight receive.....L.M.. 48
Behold the perfect man.....S.M.. 81
Behold the sin-atoning Lamb.....L.M..181
Behold the sure Foundation Stone.....C.M.. 91
Behold the Shepherd's tender care.....C.M..338
Behold the Saviour of mankind.....C.M.. 39
Behold the warlike trumpets blow.....C.M.. 85
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth..11s & 8s..582
Bereft of all, when hopeless care.....C.M..422
Beset with snares on every hand.....L.M..369
Beside the gospel pool.....S.M..161
Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth.....C.M..513
Beyond the glittering, starry sky.....C.M.. 64
Bless'd be the tie that binds.....S.M..196
Bless'd Jesus, source of grace divine.....L.M..102
Blest Jesus, when my soaring thoughts.....C.M..318
Blest are the sons of peace.....S.M..427
Blest are the souls that hear and know.....C.M..484
Blest be the everlasting God .....C.M..668
Blest be the dear, uniting love.....C.M..620
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....6, 8..123
Bought with a Saviour's precious blood.....L.M..210
Brethren, I bid you all farewell.....C.M..629
Brethren, we have met again.....7s..538
Brethren, we have met to worship.....8, 7..530
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....7s..397
Bright King of glory, dreadful God.....L.M.. 94
Broad is the road that leads to death.....L.M..129
Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring.....P.M..265

CHILDREN of the heavenly King.....7s..201
Christ and his cross is all our theme.....C.M..525

Christ is the way to heavenly bliss.....C.M.. 76
Christ plans the temple of the Lord.....C.M.. 72
Come, all ye chosen saints of God..... .....L.M.. 16
Come, all ye weary pilgrims..... 7s and 6s..167
Come, all ye sons of grace, and view.....L.M..225
Come, and behold the Lamb of God.....C.M.. 57
Come, blessed Spirit, source of light.....L.M..111
Come, brethren, we who love the Lord.....L.M..261
Come, Christians, be wise.....P.M..398
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part.....L.M..511
Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day.....L.M..429
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell.....L.M..493
Come, every pious heart.....6, 8. 26
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.....L.M..101
Come, happy souls, that know the Lord.....L.M..547
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....S.M..375
Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine.....L.M..224
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....C.M..482
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.....C.M..139
Come, humble souls, ye mourners, come.....C.M..406
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.....L.M..191
Come in, ye blessed of the Lord.....L.M..203
Come in, ye blessed of our God.....C.M..185
Come, let our hearts and voices join..... ....C.M..294
Come, let our souls adore the Lord .....C.M..579
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....C.M..310
Come, let us join in sweet accord.....C.M..465
Come, let us raise our voices high..... .....C.M..436
Come, let us strike our harps afresh.....C.M..535
Come, my dear friends, and mourn with me..C.M..655
Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell.....P.M..166
Come, thou desire of all thy saints.....C.M..504
Come, thou Fount of every blessing.....8, 7..329
Come, we that love the Lord.....S.M..200
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched.....P.M..121
Come, ye that fear the Lord.....S.M..149
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name.....C.M.. 68
Come, ye weary souls oppressed.....7s..131
Come, ye who know the Lord indeed.....L.M..413
Come, you who have tasted the goodness of God.11s..168
Constrained by love we come.....S.M..236
Convened from different parts, O Lord.....L.M..527
Convinced as a sinner, to Jesus I come.....11s.. 83

DARK and thorny is the desert.....8s and 7..691
Dark was the night, and cold the ground.....C.M.. 38

Deacons awake! the work fulfil.....C.M. 564
Dear children, now I write to you.....L.M..136
Dear children, when you read these lines.....C.M..689
Dear friends, farewell, I do you tell.....C.M..616
Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest.....L.M..113
Dear Lord, and will thy pard'ning love.....C.M..222
Dear Lord, my best desires fulfil.....C.M..347
Dear refuge of my weary soul.....C.M..373
Dear Shepherd of thy people here.....C.M..543
Descend, celestial Dove..... ....6s and 8s..231
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove.....L.M..110
Despise me not, my carnal friends.....C.M..233
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....S.M.. 73
Did Christ the great example lead.....C.M..258
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame.....C.M..348
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord.....L.M..505
Down by the water side we met,.....L.M..235
Down to the sacred wave.....S.M..219
Do not I love thee, O my Lord.....C.M..529
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song.....C.M..442
Dressed uniform the soldiers are.....C.M..184

ENCOURAGED by thy word.....6, 8..386
Eternity is just at hand.....L.M..351
Eternal life, how sweet the sound.....L.M..295
Eternal Power, whose high abode.....L.M..302
Eternal Source of every joy.....L.M..538
Eternal Spirit, we confess.....L.M.. 13
Exalted Prince of life, we own.....L.M.. 63

FAIN would my soul with wonder trace.....C.M..278
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss.....C.M..359
Faith is the brightest evidence.....C.M..418
Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand.11s..618
Farewell, my friends, I must be gone.....P.M..617
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone...L.M..486
Far from these narrow scenes of night.....C.M..604
Father, divine, thy piercing eye.....C.M..370
Father, forgive, the Saviour cried.....C.M..327
Father, how wide thy glory shines.....C.M..304
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....C.M..364
Father of all, thy care we bless.....L.M..426
Father of mercies, bow thine ear.....L.M..560
Father of mercies in thy house.. .....L.M..555
Father of mercies, in thy word.....C.M..488
Father, we bow before thy throne.....C.M. 552

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....C.M..361
Firmly I stand on Zion's hill.....C.M..353
For a season called to part.....7s..630
For ever shall my fainting soul.....L.M..568
From all that dwell below the skies..... L.M..512
From all that's mortal, all that's vain.....C.M .395
From every stormy wind that blows.....L.M. 333
From low pursuits, exalt my mind.....L.M. 500
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise.....C.M..296

GIVE me thy Spirit, O my God.....L.M..259
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....8, 7..322
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....L.M..445
God, in the gospel of his Son.... .....L.M..521
God moves in a mysterious way.....C.M..305
God of love, O hear our prayer.....7s..204
God of my childhood and my youth.....C.M..420
God of my life, look gently down.....C.M..634
God, who rules the times and seasons.....P.M..692
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name.....L.M..557
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....S.M.. 5
Gracious Spirit, love divine.....7s..112
Gracious Father, gracious Lord.....7s..485
Great God, let all my tuneful powers.....L.M..583
Great God, though from myself concealed....C.M.. 96
Great God, thy glories shall employ.....L.M..303
Great God, thy watchful care we bless.....C.M..542
Great God, to thee my evening song.....L.M..446
Great God, we sing thy mighty hand.....L.M..536
Great God of nations, now to thee.....L.M..584
Great is the Lord our God.....S.M..215
Great Jehovah, we adore thee.....8s, 7s and 4s..698
Great King of glory, come.....6, 8..544
Great Spirit of immortal love.....L.M..205
Great was the day, the joy was great.....L.M..520

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.....L.M..693
Had not the Lord, may Israel say.....L.M..577
Hail, sovereign love, that first began.....L.M..143
Hail the blest morn, see the great, &c...10s & 11s.. 20
Happy the church, thou sacred place.....L.M..549
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd.....C.M..213
Hark, don't you hear the turtle dove.....L.M..211
Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound.....C.M..645
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord..... .....7s..394
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes.....C.M.. 22

Hark, the voice of love and mercy.....P.M.. 49
Hark, 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear.....L.M..133
He dies, the friend of sinners dies.....L.M.. 33
He dies, the mighty Saviour dies.....C.M.. 54
He lives, the great Redeemer lives.....L.M.. 70
Head of the church, thy care we bless.....L.M..562
Hear the royal proclamation.....8s and 3..524
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims..C.M..654
Heavenly raptures fill my soul..... .....7s..230
Here at thy table, Lord, we meet..... ..C.M..246
High in yonder realms of light.....7s..592
High on a throne my Lord doth sit.....L.M.. 40
High on his Father's royal seat.....L.M.. 71
Hither ye faithful, haste, with songs, &c.....P.M..399
His death we mourn who lately stood.....L.M..642
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh.....L.M..115
Holy Jesus, lovely Lamb.....7s..341
Hosanna with a cheerful sound.....C.M..448
How are thy glories here displayed.....C.M..247
How beauteous are their feet.....S.M..518
How blest the children of the Lord.....C.M..423
How charming is the place..... .....S.M..487
How condescending and how kind..... ....C.M.. 43
How did my heart rejoice to hear.....C.M..300
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord..11s..411
How happy are the souls above.....C.M..603
How happy are they.....P.M..145
How happy's every child of grace.....8s and 6s..681
How happy is the man who hears.....C.M..137
How hard and rugged is the way.....C.M..391
How helpless guilty nature lies.....C.M..366
How lost was my condition.....P.M..144
How long, thou faithful God, shall I.....L.M..158
How long shall death the tyrant reign.....C.M..667
How lovely, how divinely sweet.....L.M..331
How oft has sin and Satan strove.....L.M..417
How painfully pleasing the fond, &c.....12s & 11s..685
How precious is the book divine.....C.M..282
How sad and awful is my state.....L.M..389
How shall I my Saviour set forth..... ....8s.. 88
How shall the sons of men appear.....L.M..126
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.....C.M..208
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....C.M..339
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound.....L.M..519
How sweet and awful is the place.....C.M.. 44
How swiftly time's revolving wheels.....C.M..543

How tedious and tasteless the hours.....8s..328
How vain are all things here below.....C.M..682
Humble souls, that seek salvation.....P.M..229
Hungry, and faint and poor.....S.M..492

I AM a stranger here below.....L.M..330
I am, saith Christ, the way.....S.M.. 78
I find myself placed in a state of, &c....12s & 11s..402
If human kindness meets return.....C.M..257
If, Lord, in thy fair book of life.....C.M..607
I hear a voice that comes from far.....L.M..517
I know that my Redeemer lives.....L.M.. 82
I lift my soul to God..... .....S.M..378
I love my Saviour God.....S.M..490
I love the sons of grace.....S.M..195
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....C M..356
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....C.M..188
In darkest hours and greatest grief.....L.M..388
Infinite excellence is thine.....C.M..292
Infinite grace, and can it be.....L.M.. 14
In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands.....P.M..238
In one harmonious cheerful song.....C.M..320
Inquiring souls, who long to find.....L.M..127
Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way.....C.M..187
In Sharon's lovely rose.....S.M.. 75
In thine own ways, O God of love.....L.M..578
In thunder, once, Jehovah spoke.....L.M. double..122
In thy great name, O Lord, we come.....C.M..476
In vain we lavish out our lives.....C.M..117
In vain we seek for peace with God.....C.M.. 87
I send the joys of earth away..... .....L.M..267
I set the Lord before my face.....C.M..670
I sing my Saviour's wondrous death.....C.M.. 32
I wait for thy salvation, Lord.....C.M..363
I walked abroad one morning fair.....L.M..152
I want a heart to pray.....S.M..379
I would, but cannot sing.....S.M..390
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay.....11s..596

JEHOVAH is a God of might.....L.M..340
Jerusalem, my happy home.... ...C.M. chorused..284
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....L.M.. 58
Jesus, at thy command.....6s & 8s..357
Jesus, by heavenly hosts adored.....C.M..260
Jesus, dear name, how sweet it sounds.....L.M..116
Jesus, engrave it on my heart.....L.M.. 6"

Jesus, I love thy charming name.....C.M..308
Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace.....C.M.. 80
Jesus, immutably the same.....C.M.. 65
Jesus, in thy transporting name.....C.M.. 46
Jesus invites his saints.....S.M..244
Jesus is all I wish or want.....L.M.. 66
Jesus is gone above the skies .....L.M..256
Jesus is our great salvation.....8s, 7s & 4s..172
Jesus, lover of my soul.....7s..330
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....L.M.. 74
Jesus, the God, invites us here.....C.M..250
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.....C.M..141
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.....L.M..179
Jesus, united by thy grace.....C.M..197
Jesus, we bow before thy feet.....L.M..255
Jesus, we own thy sovereign sway.....C.M..227
Jesus, we bless thy Father's name.....L.M.. 19
Jesus, what shall I do to show.....L.M..277

KEEP silence, all created things.....C.M..325
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake.....L.M..194

LAID by Jehovah's mighty hands.....L.M.. 77
Let all our tongues be one.....S.M.. 47
Let every mortal ear attend.....C.M..114
Let every creature join.....S.M..316
Let everlasting glories crown.....L.M..526
Let God the Father and the Son.....C.M..694
Let me dwell on Golgotha.....7s..146
Let not your hearts within you grieve.....C.M..400
Let sinners take their course.....S.M..435
Let us adore th' Eternal Word.....C.M..243
Let worldly minds the world pursue.....C.M.. 89
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....C.M..553
Life is a span, a fleeting hour.....C.M..666
Lift up your eyes to th' heavenly seats.....C.M.. 92
Lo ! he comes with clouds descending.....P.M..673
Lo ! what a glorious sight appears.....C.M.. 27
Lo ! what an entertaining sight.....C.M..217
Look from on high, Great God, and see.....L.M..480
Look up, my soul, behold the prize.....C.M..593
Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye.....L.M.. 98
Long ere the sun began his days.....L.M.. 6
Long have we heard the joyful soul.....C.M..421
Lord, at thy feet in dust I lie.....C.M..157
Lord, at thy table I behold.....C.M..245

Lord, and is thine anger gone.....7s & 6s..335
Lord, before we leave thy temple.....8s, 7s & 4s..509
Lord, didst thou die, but not for me.....L.M..408
Lord, dost thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt'....L.M..458
Lord God, omnipotent to bless.....C.M..49
Lord, hear a burdened sinner mourn.....L.M..376
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see.....L.M..567
Lord, how divine thy comforts are.....C.M..242
Lord, I am pained, but I resign.....C.M..635
Lord, in humble, sweet submission.....P.M..237
Lord, in the morning I will send.....C.M..438
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....C.M..433
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land.....L.M..585
Lord, must thy gospel fly away.....L.M..566
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray.....C.M..441
Lord, 'twas a time of wondrous love.....L.M..281
Lord, to this fountain we repair.....L.M..232
Lord, vouchsafe to us thy blessing.....8s, 7s & 4s..510
Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand.....C.M..254
Lord, we come before thee now.....7s..456
Lord, we are blind, we mortals, blind.....L.M..323
Lord, what a wretched land is this.....C.M..383
Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er.....C.M..447
Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll.....L.M..309
Lord, when together here we meet.....C.M..619
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.....C.M..588
Lord, with a grieved and aching heart.....L.M..162
Lord, wilt thou come and bless this day.....L.M..489
Love divine, how sweet the sound.....7s.. 10

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned.....C.M..177
May sacred awe possess.....S.M..186
Mercy, O thou Son of David.....8s and 7s..147
Methinks the last great day is come.....L.M..676
Mid scenes of confusion, &c.....11, 5, 11..419
Mixtures of joy and sorrow.....6, 7..384
Mortals awake, with angels join.....C.M.. 23
Must friends and kindred droop and die.....C.M..657
My brethren dear, hear me relate.....L.M..690
My brethren, farewell, I do you now tell.....P.M..621
My brethren, from my heart beloved.....L.M..628
My Christian friends in bonds of love.....L.M..613
My country, 'tis of thee.....6s & 4s..586
My Father, God, and may these lips.....C.M..314
My former hopes are fled.....S.M..165
My God, accept my early vows.....L.M..434

My God, how cheerful is the sound.....C.M..698
My God, my Father, blissful name.....C.M..358
My God, my King, thy various praise.....L.M..306
My God, my life, my love.....S.M..342
My God, permit me not to be.....L.M..360
My God, the spring of all my joys.....C.M..268
My God, thy service well demands.....C.M..638
My God, what silken cords are thine.....C.M..495
My head and stay is took away.....C.M..655
My Saviour, let me hear thy voice.....C.M..368
My sister hear, and I'll relate.....L.M..656
My sorrows like a flood.....S.M..154
My soul, come meditate the day.....C.M..653
My soul doth magnify the Lord.....C.M. double..298
My soul, repeat his praise.....S.M..307
My soul, with joy attend.....S.M..612
My span of life will soon be done.....C.M. double..387
My spirit looks to God alone.....L.M..171
My thoughts surmount these lower skies.....C.M..314

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard.....C.M..599
Not from the dust affliction grows.....C.M..393
Not unto us, but thee alone.....C.M..286
Now begin the heavenly theme.....7s..264
Now for a tune of lofty praise.....L.M..326
Now from the altar of our hearts.....C.M..450
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal.....C.M..537
Now is the accepted time.....S.M..132
Now in thy praise, eternal King.....C.M..352
Now let our drooping hearts revive.....C.M..643
Now let our voices join.....S.M..269
Now let us raise our cheerful strains.....L.M.. 61
Now Lord, the heavenly seed is sown.....C.M .499
Now may the God of peace and love.....C.M..496
Now may the Lord reveal his face....C.M. double.. 17
Now may the Spirit's holy fire.....C.M..106
Now while the gospel net is cast.....L.M..491
Now, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart.....C.M..481

OF all the themes we mortals know.....C.M.. 18
O for a closer walk with God.....C.M..345
O for a glance of heavenly day.....L.M..377
O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn.....L.M..138
O God, my Sun, thy blissful rays.....L.M..371
O glorious hope of perfect love.....8s & 6s..272
O happy day when saints shall meet.....L.M..625

O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine...11s..109
O let me run the Christian race.....C.M..202
O Lord, it seemed good to thee.....C.M..651
O may I worthy prove to see.....L.M..270
O may the power which melts the rock .....L.M..575
O sir, we would see Jesus.....7, 6.. 59
O stay thy tears, for they are blest.....L.M..658
O tell me no more of this world's, &c....10s & 11s..199
O that the Lord would count me meet.....L.M..262
O thou in whose presence, &c.....11s & 8s..680
O thou from whom all goodness flows.....C.M..374
O what amazing words of grace.....C.M..125
O when shall I see Jesus.....7, 6..387
O where are the men with virtue, &c.....P.M. 10s..207
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave.....11s..412
O 'tis a glorious mystery,—'tis a wonder.....8s..297
On earth the song begins.....P.M..266
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....C.M..275
On this sweet morn the Lord arose.....C.M..471
On thy soft wings, celestial Dove.....L.M..532
On willows near to Babel's flood.....C.M..571
Once more, before we part.....S.M..506
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....C.M..431
Once more we come before our God.....C.M..477
Once more we come before thee, Lord.....L.M..475
Our bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed,.....C.M. 104
Our cheerful voices let us raise.....C.M..631
Our God ascends his lofty throne.....L.M..558
Our souls by love together knit.....C.M..271
O'erwhelmed with restless griefs and fears....L.M..683

PEACE be unto this house.....6, 8..632
People of the living God.....7s..198
Pity a helpless sinner, Lord.....L.M..153
Planted in Christ, the living vine.....C.M. double..548
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....C.M..311
Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine.....L.M..425
Poor mourning soul, in deep distress.....8s & 7..151
Poor, weak, and worthless though I am .....L.M..280
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.....L.M..699
Prayer is the breath of God in man.....C.M..465
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice.....C.M..462
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....C.M. 453
Prayer makes the darkened cloud, &c.....L.M..454
Prayer was appointed to convey.....L.M..455
Prepare a thankful song.....S.M.. 52

Prepare me, gracious God.....S.M..372

RAISE your triumphant songs.....S.M.. 28
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....6, 8.. 60
Religion is the chief concern.....C.M..336
Religion's form is vain.....S.M..459
Renewed by grace, we love the word.....L.M..190
Resolving thus, I entered in.....C.M..140
Resplendent Sun, thy rays impart.....C.M..248
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....7s & 6s..404
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path.....C.M..350

SALVATION is for ever nigh.....L.M..170
Salvation, O melodious sound.....C.M..169
Salvation, O mysterious plan.....8s & 6s..176
Salvation, O the joyful sound.....C.M..171
Salvation through our dying God.....C.M..174
Salvation, what a glorious plan.....C.M..173
Saviour of men, and Lord of love.....C.M..276
Saviour, visit thy plantation.....8, 7..570
Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour .....P.M.. 45
Say, who is she that looks abroad.....C.M..531
Scarce in this cold, declining day.....C.M..569
See Felix clothed with pomp and power.....C.M..498
See, gracious God, before thy throne.....C.M..576
See how the willing converts trace.....L.M..221
See how the wicked kingdom.....7s & 6s..614
See the Lord of glory dying.....P.M.. 34
See the fountain opened wide.....P.M..142
Self-righteous souls on works rely.....L.M.. 12
Shall mortals aim at themes so great.....C.M..321
Shepherd of Israel, bend thine ear.....L.M..550
Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep.....L.M..551
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes.....C.M.. 21
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.....L.M..155
Since man by sin has lost his God.....C.M..679
Sinful, and blind, and poor.....6, 8..159
Sing we to our God above.....7s..697
Sinners, away from Sinai fly.....L.M..183
Sinners, this solemn truth regard.....C.M..128
Sinners, O why so thoughtless grown.....L.M..130
So fades the lovely, blooming flower.....L.M..659
So let our lips and lives express.....L.M..403
Sovereign of life, I own thy hand.....C.M..636
Still evening comes, with gentle shade.....L.M..451
Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise...C.M..646

Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies... ..L.M.. 36
Submissive to thy will, my God.....C.M..346
Supported by thy word..... .....6, 8..414
Sweet day of rest, with pure delight.....L.M..469
Sweet is the memory of thy grace.....C.M..344
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....L.M. .430
Sweet to rejoice in lively hope.....C.M..662
Sweet was the time when first I felt.....C.M..337
Swell the anthem, raise the song.....7s..580

TEACH me the measure of my days.. .....C.M..684
Tell me, Saviour, from above.....7s..365
That awful day will surely come.....C.M..674
That doleful night before his death.....C.M..241
The busy scenes of day are closed.....L.M..443
The cross of Christ inspires my heart.....C.M..253
The countless multitude on high.....L.M..178
The Christians of old, united in one.....P.M. 10s..206
The day is past and gone.....S.M..440
The glorious light of Zion.....7s & 6s..515
The hour of prayer once more is come.....C.M..452
The intercession of our Lord.....C.M.. 97
The law commands and makes us know.....L.M..523
The little babe is gone to rest.....L.M..644
The Lord, descending from above.....C.M.. 11
The Lord of Sabbaths let us praise.....C.M..464
The Lord on mortal worms looks down.....C.M..534
The Lord, the God of glory reigns.....L.M..289
The Lord will happiness divine.....C.M..392
The Lord, who truly knows.....S.M..457
The name of Christ, how sweet it sounds.....L.M.. 83
The saints Emmanuel's portion are.....L.M..601
The Saviour, O what endless charms.....C.M..332
The Saviour calls, let every ear.....C.M..134
The soul that's truly born of God.....L.M.. 8
The Spirit in our hearts.....S.M..522
The time is swiftly rolling on..... .....C.M..623
The true Messiah now appears.....C.M.. 30
The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride.....L.M..226
The worth of truth no tongue can tell .....L.M..474
There is a fountain filled with blood.....C.M..334
There is a land mine eye hath seen.....L.M..602
There is a land of pure delight.....C.M..591
There is a period known to God.....L.M..298
There is an hour of hallowed peace.....C.M..601
There is a house not made with hands.....C.M..598

There is a world of perfect bliss.....C.M..606
There was a Romish lady.....7, 6..687
There was an hour when Christ rejoiced.....L.M..611
These glorious minds, how bright, &c.....C.M..312
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.....L.M..470
This is the day the Lord hath made.....C.M..467
This is the feast of heavenly wine.....C.M..252
This is the word of truth and love.....L.M..516
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb.....C.M..503
Thou God of Jabez, hear.....S.M..460
Thou great incarnate God.....S.M..228
Thou lovely source of true delight.....C.M..274
Thou sacred Spirit, heavenly Dove.....L.M..561
Through all the changing scenes of life.....C.M..410
Through all the downward tracks of time.....C.M..354
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....L.M..444
Thus saith the Shepherd of the sheep.....C.M..293
Thus was the great Redeemer plunged.....C.M..223
Thy bounties, gracious Lord.....S.M..581
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess.....C.M..539
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord.....C.M..647
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme, &c.....11s.. 2
Thy name, Almighty Lord.....S.M..514
Thy presence, everlasting God.....L.M..633
Thy presence, gracious Lord, afford.....L.M..479
Thy people, Lord, have ever found.....C.M..407
Thy way, O God, is in the sea.....C.M.. 15
Thy ways, O God, with wise design.....L.M..349
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord.....C.M..315
'Tis a point I long to know.....7s..381
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.....L.M.. 55
'Tis religion that can give.....7s..285
'Tis the Saviour, angels raise.....7s.. 61
Together with these symbols, Lord.....C.M..249
To God, the Father's throne.....6, 8..700
To God the Father, God the Son.....L.M..694
To him from whom our blessings flow.....C.M..587
To him who on the fatal tree.....L.M.. 42
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....C.M.. 53
To those who know the Lord, I speak.....C.M..108
To thee let my first offerings rise.....C.M..432
To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord.....C.M..319
To thee this temple we devote.....C.M..545
To-day, if thou wilt hear his voice.....L.M..118
To-day the Saviour rose.....S.M..468
'Twas not to make Jehovah's love.....C.M..290

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night.....L.M..240
'Twas when the seas with horrid roar.....C.M..310

UP, haste to Calvary.....S.M.. 41
Up to thy throne, O God of love.....C.M..563

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men.....C.M..180
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....7, 6.. 37

WE are a garden walled around.....L.M..209
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....S.M..466
Welcome, ye well-beloved of God.....L.M..189
We've no abiding city here.....L.M..216
We seek a rest beyond the skies.....C.M..288
What heavenly man or lovely God.....L.M..251
What wondrous love is this.....P.M..203
When Abra'm, full of sacred awe.....C.M..574
When all thy mercies, O my God.....C.M..449
When bending o'er the brink of life.....C.M..649
When blooming youth is snatched away.....C.M..641
When Christ the Lord was here below.....L.M..415
When Christ, who came my soul to save.....C.M..239
When descending from the sky.....7, 6..671
When first the God of boundless grace.....C.M.. 7
When first the Lord his grace revealed.....L.M..572
When from the precepts to the cross.....C.M..160
When God is nigh, my faith is strong.....L.M..669
When I can read my title clear.....C.M..355
When I survey the wondrous cross.....L.M.. 50
When in his earthly courts we view.....C.M.. 89
When Jesus for his people died.....L.M..279
When Jesus hung upon the tree.....C.M.. 35
When languor and disease invade.....C.M..637
When marshalled on the nightly plain.....L.M..148
When Noah with his favored few.....C.M..606
When on the cross my Lord I see.....L.M.. 51
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I.....C.M..508
When overwhelmed with grief.....S.M..367
When Paul was parted from his friends.....C.M. 627
When pity prompts me to look round.....C.M..124
When shall thy lovely face be seen.....L.M..678
When shall we all meet again.....7s .624
When the last trumpet's awful voice.....C.M..665
When we baptize we see the mode.....L.M..220
Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch.....C.M..291
Where two or three with sweet accord.....L.M..461

While o'er our guilty land, O Lord.....L.M..573
While shepherds watched their flocks, &c.....C.M.. 25
While sorrows encompass me round.....8s & 11s..382
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn.....L.M.. 99
Who can forbear to sing.....S.M..494
Why do we mourn departing friends.....C.M..
Why, mourning souls, why flow these tears...L.M..
Why should the children of a King.....C.M..105
Why should the saints be filled with dread....L.M..212
Why should our mourning thoughts, &c.....C.M..661
Why should we start and fear to die.....L.M..640
Why tarriest thou, arise.....6, 8..218
With gladness, dear brethren, we meet, &c....11s..615
With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues....L.M..589
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend.....L.M..554
With holy awe and solemn dread.....C.M..
With joy we hail the sacred day.....C.M..
With joy we meditate the grace.....C.M.. 90
With joy, ye saints, attend and raise.....L.M..
With melting heart and weeping eyes.....L.M..
Will God forever cast us off.....C.M..

YE angels round the throne.....S.M..
Ye friends to religion, I pray, &c.....12s & 11s..
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm.....C.M..
Ye humble souls, approach your God.....C.M..
Ye little flock, whom Jesus feeds.....C.M..
Ye men and angels, witness now.....C.M..
Ye messengers of Christ.....M..
Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears...M..
Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments, &c.....8..
Ye pilgrims that are wandering home.....
Ye saints of every rank, with joy.....M..287
Ye worlds of light, that roll so near.....M.. 79
Young people all attention give.....C.M. double..120
Your harps, ye trembling saints.....

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