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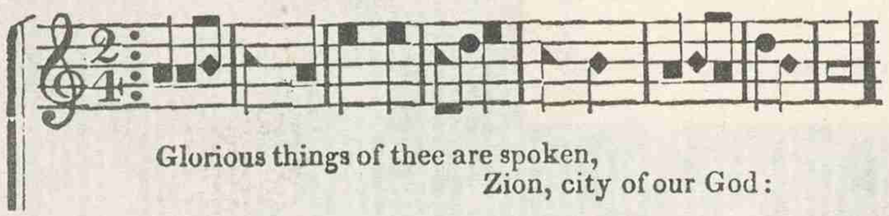

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY

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TO

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SERVICE IN SONG:

A CAREFULLY SELECTED COLLECTION OF STANDARD HYMNS SET TO FAMILIAR TUNES ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO CONGREGATIONAL WORSHIP.

ARTHUR COLYAR BIDDLE.

ISSUED BY THE COMPILER FROM THE

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1891.

1891
SERV

ZG
B473

To Mrs. A. J. McDaniel,

To whom this little work owes much, and I more,

"Service in Song" is gratefully inscribed.

Copyright, 1890, by Rev. A. C. Biddle.

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SOLINET/

PREFACE.

IN the preparation of "SERVICE IN SONG," the compiler has earnestly sought to place in the hands of the worshiper such hymns and tunes as shall enable him intelligently to praise the Lord, in any and all the services of the sanctuary. He has carefully avoided all useless and unpopular tunes, as well as the use of hymns teaching sectarian tenets. This little book is not intended only for the choir; but for the people, for the pew, to promote congregational singing. "LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE, O GOD; LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE."

ARTHUR COLYAR BIDDLE.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

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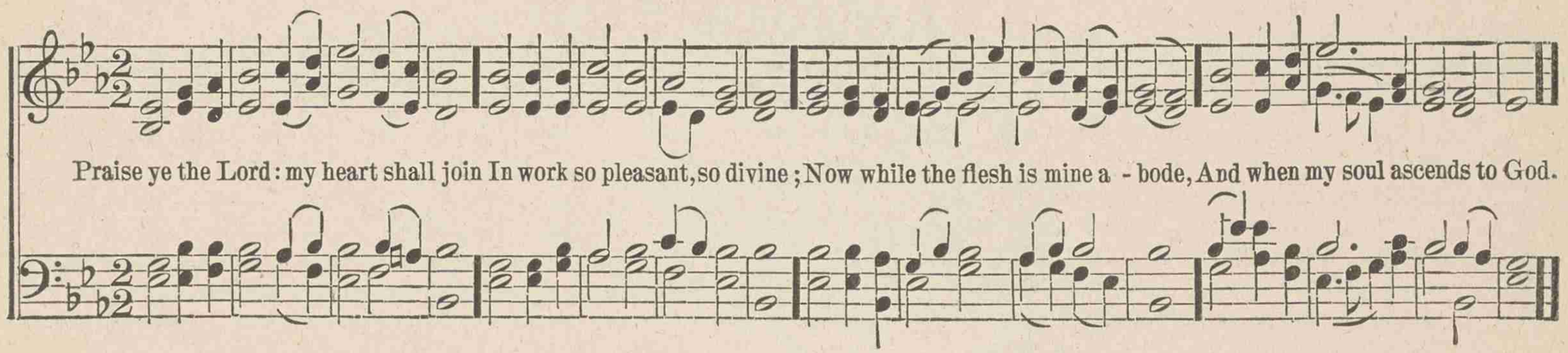
SERVICE IN SONG.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



1

Ps. 146. I. WATTS.

1 Praise ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Praise ye the Lord: His word secure,
Shall comfort, light, and feed the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves His saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

2

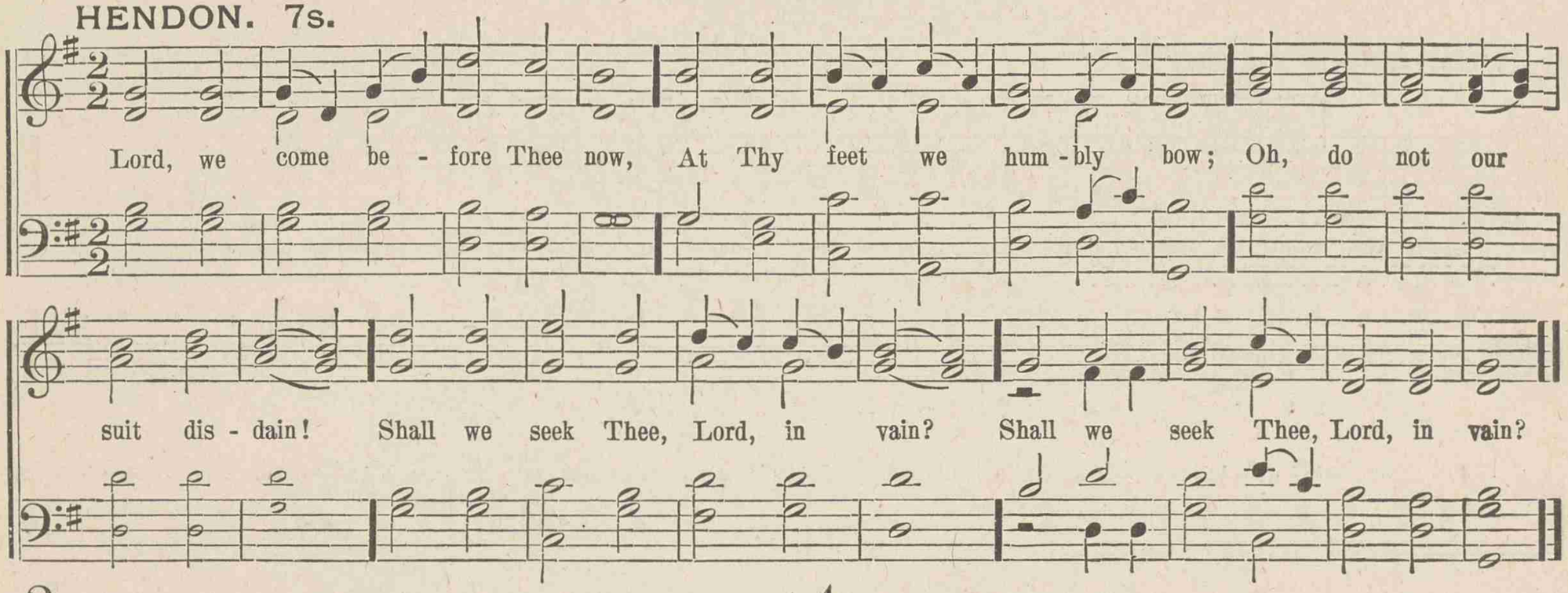
Ps. 147. I. WATTS.

1 Praise ye the Lord!—'t is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 Great is our Lord, and great His might,
And all His glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

4 But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

HENDON. 7s.

3

Gen. 32: 26. HAMMOND.

1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

4

Ps. 29: 2. MONTGOMERY.

1 To Thy temple we repair —
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips — unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads —
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say —
"We have walked with God to-day."

5

Luke 24: 32. G. BURBER.

1 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of Him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love:
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love:
With our wretched hearts He strove,
Took the things of Christ, and showed
How to reach His blest abode.

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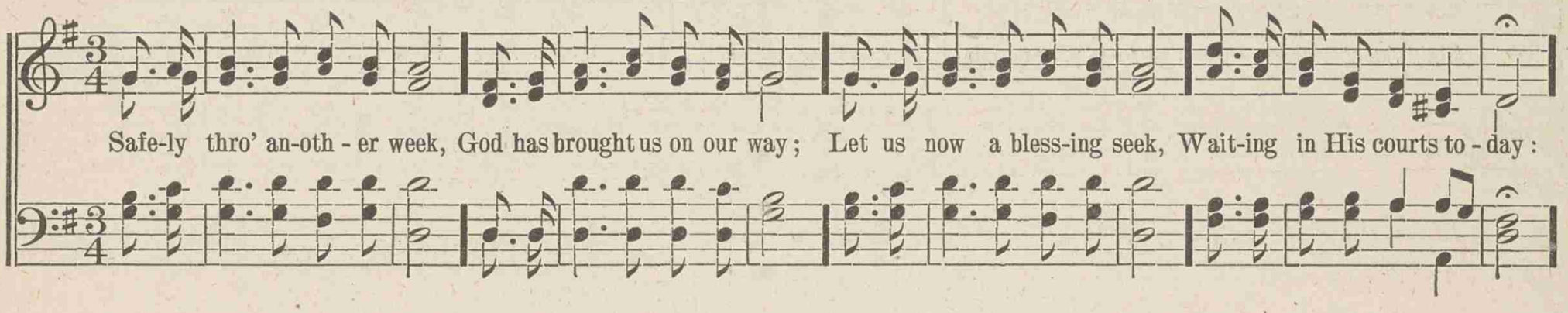
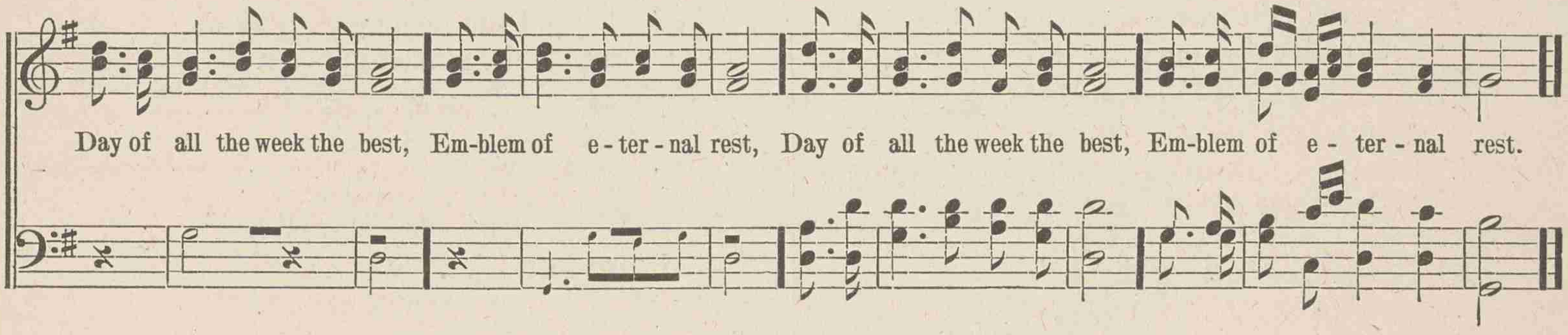



6 *Isa.* 58: 13. NEWTON.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound,—
Unrepenting souls subdue:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

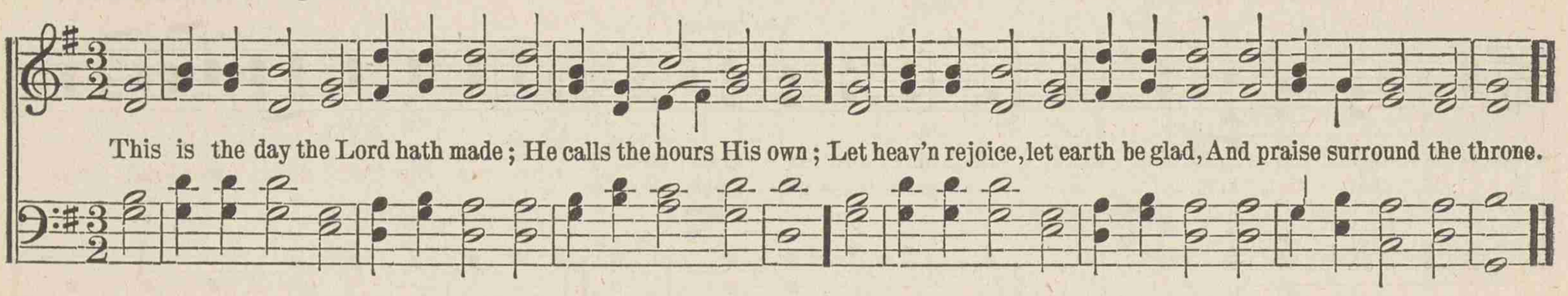
7 *Ps.* 19: 14. T. HASTINGS.

1 Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with Thee:
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—Thy grace restore,
Make me Thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to Thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

MARLOW. C. M.



8

Ps. 118: 24. WATTS.

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 triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

9

Luke 10: 38-42. BROWN.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

10

Ps. 25: 14. C. WESLEY, *alt.*

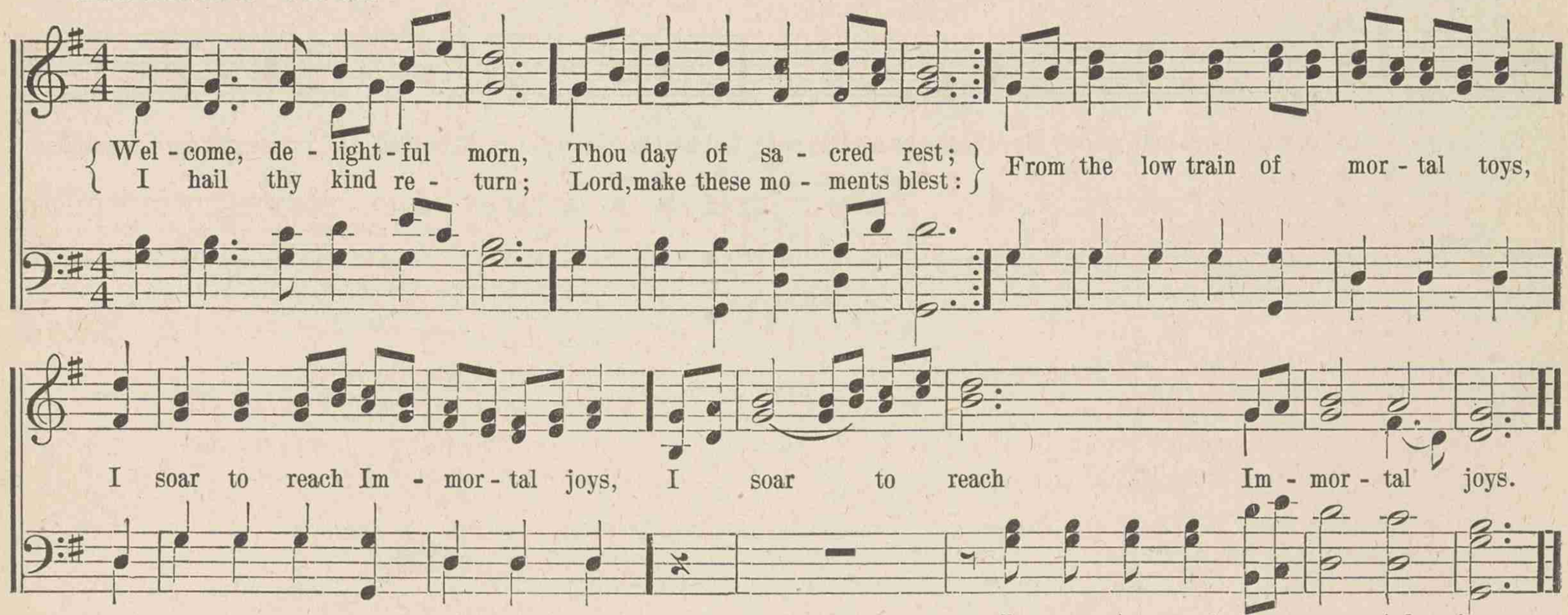
1 Speak to me, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

LISCHER. H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER.

11

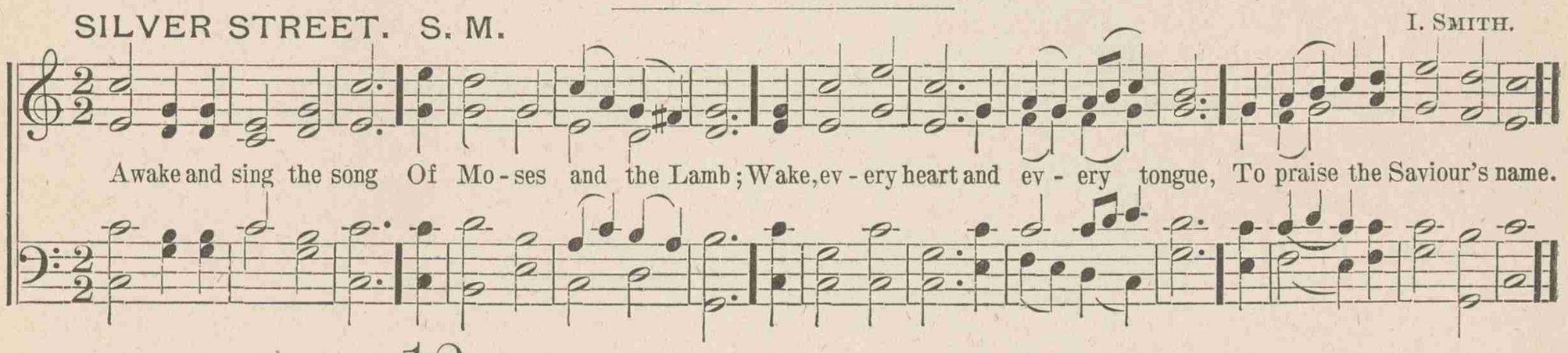
Ps. 132 : 8.

HAYWARD.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

12

Rev. 15: 3.

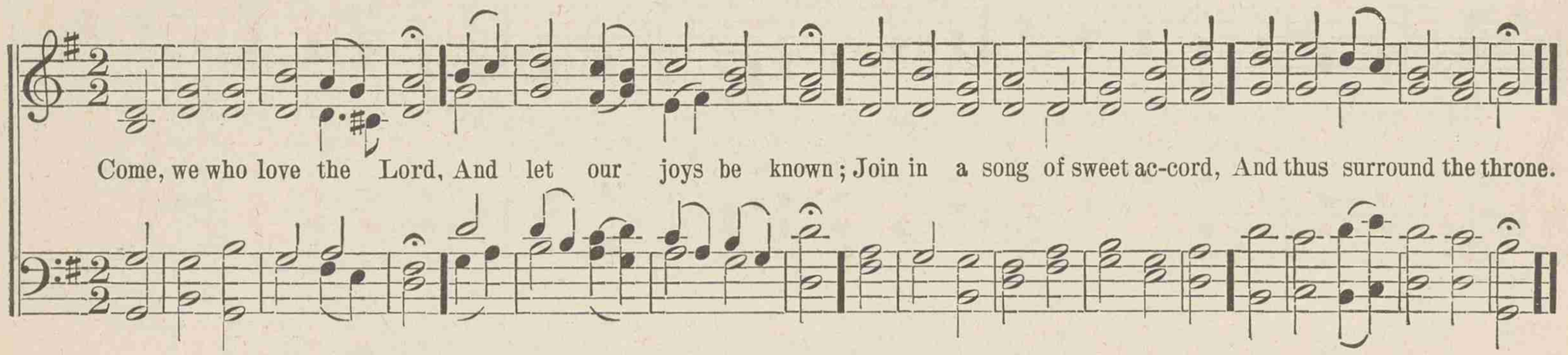
W. HAMMOND.

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

3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,—
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

13

Jas. 5: 13. WATTS.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

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 thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

14

Ps. 84. WATTS.

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 may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, within the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

15

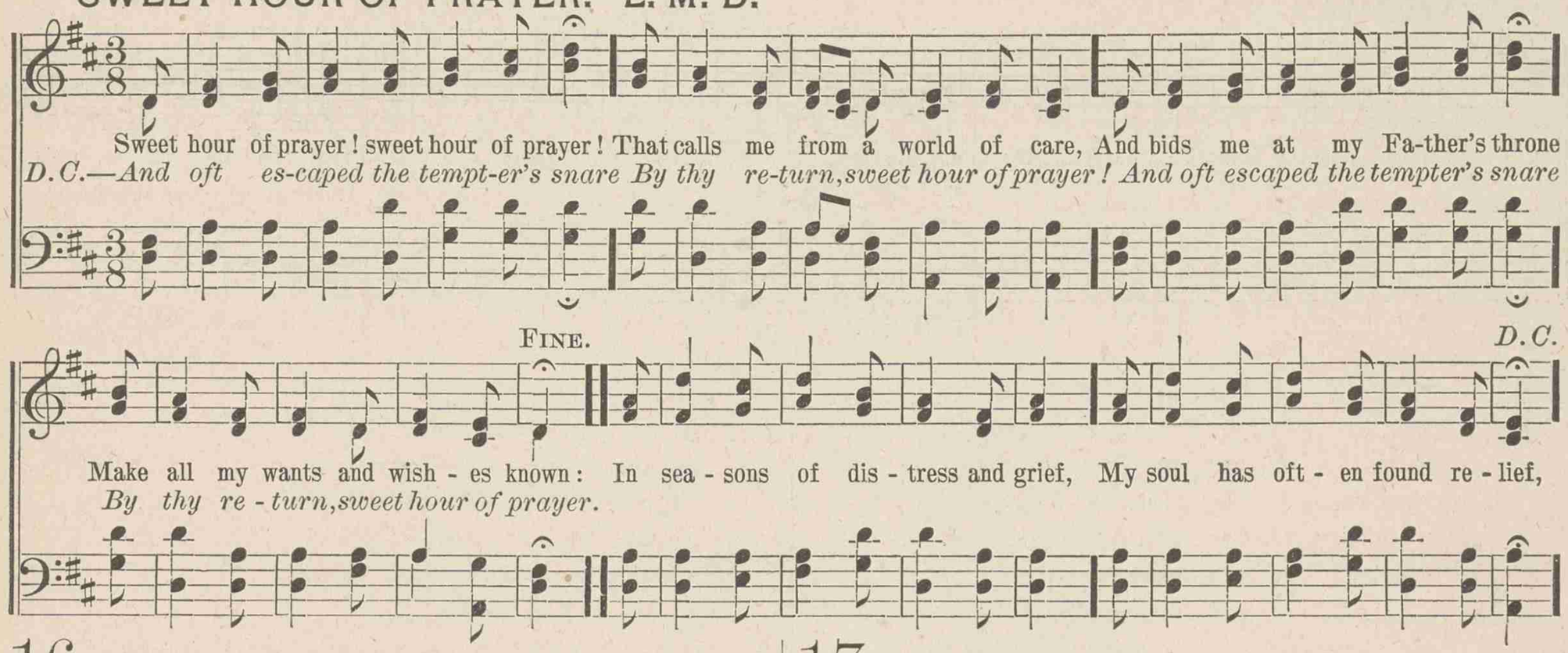
Heb. 10: 25. E. TAYLOR.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there—
He makes that house His home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before His throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts His praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

16

Dan. 9: 21. CROSBY.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

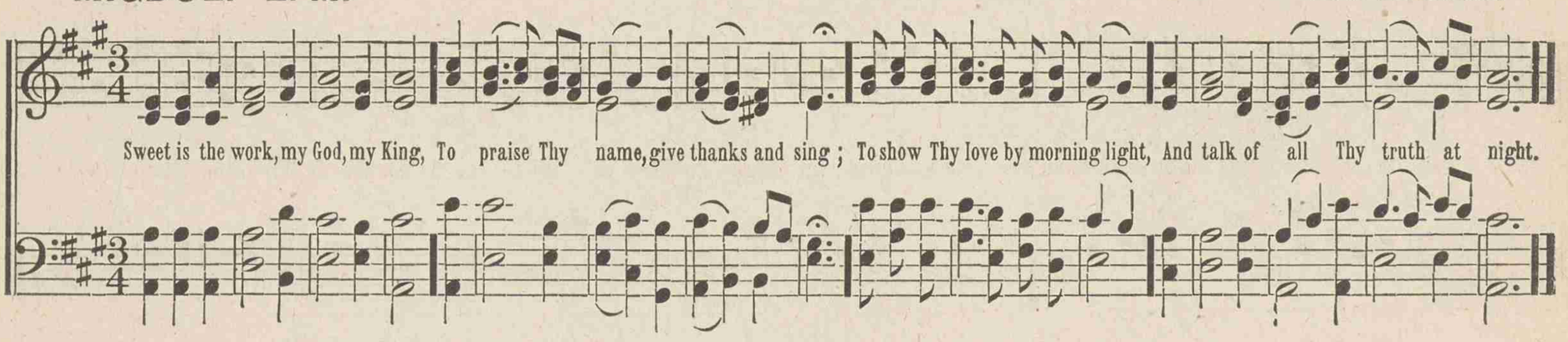
17

Gen. 1: 2. DRYDEN.

1 Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind.
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,—
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
Our frailties help, our wills control,
Subdue the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

3 Chase from our mind the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

18 *Ps.* 92. I. WATTS.

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;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

19 *Eph.* 5: 14. T. KEN.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me when I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

---

20 *Ps.* 116: 7. J. STENNETT.

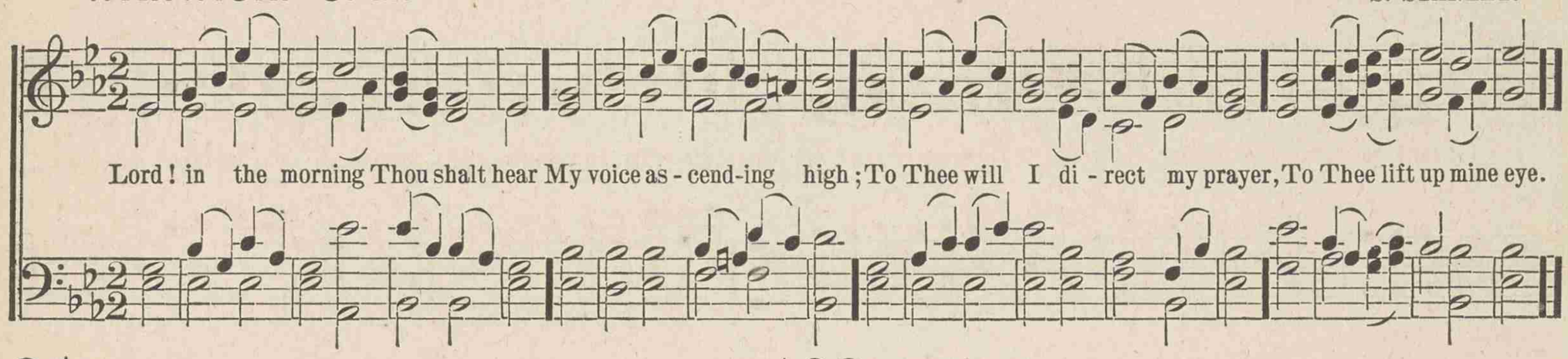
1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains —
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 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.

WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY.

21

Ps. 5. I. WATTS.

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 has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

22

Ps. 31: 20. W. COWPER.

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace and joy and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And — all harmonious names in one —
My Saviour! — Thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love —
A boundless, endless store —
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

23

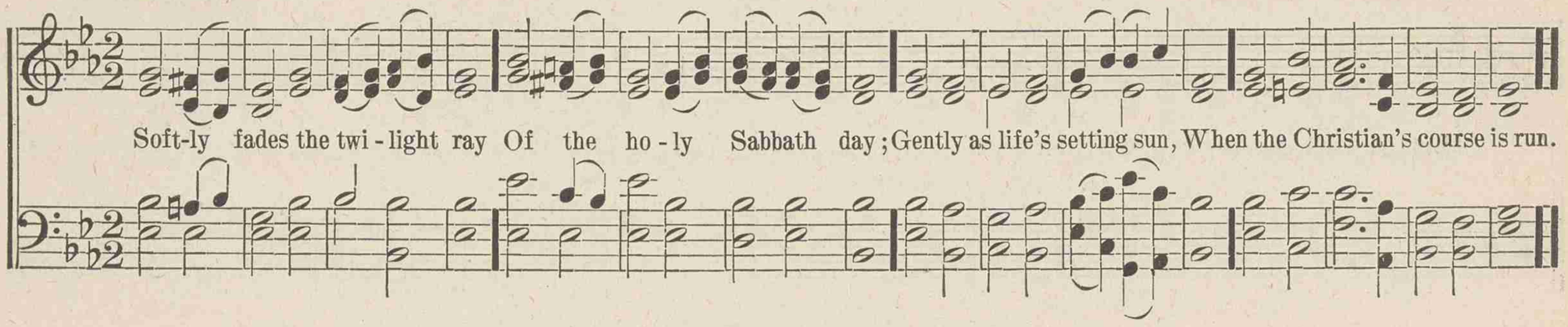
Ps. 145: 18. A. STEELE.

1 Dear Father, to Thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust Thy power and love,
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.

24 *Phil.* 4: 7. S. F. SMITH.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God.
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

25 *Heb.* 13: 15. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 For the mercies of this day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

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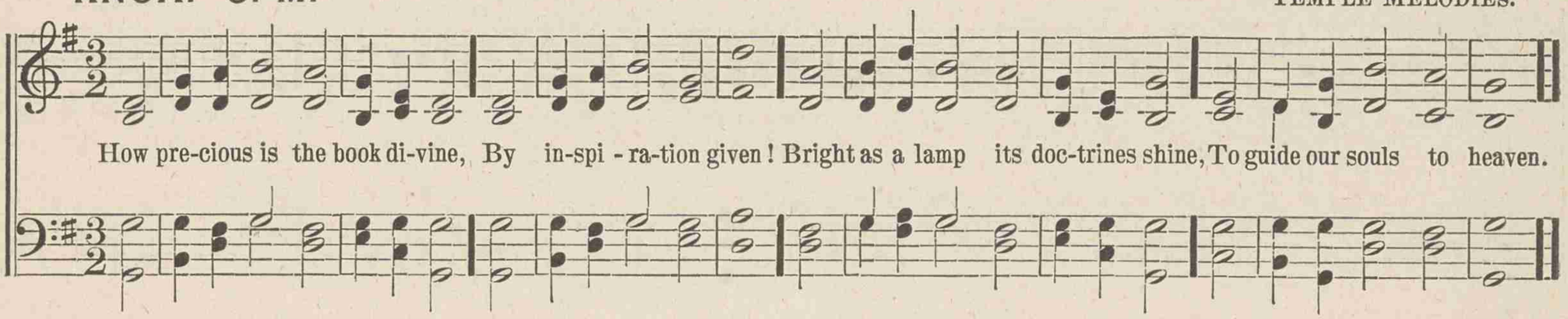
26 *Matt.* 14: 15. G. W. DOANE, *alt.*

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, as Judge, upon Thy throne,
Jesus, Saviour, pity me.

KNOX. C. M. TEMPLE MELODIES.

27

Ps. 119. J. FAWCETT.

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

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast ;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

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

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

28

Ps. 119. I. WATTS.

1 Lord ! I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

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

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies :—

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

29

Ps. 119. I. WATTS.

1 Oh, how I love Thy holy law !
'T is daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

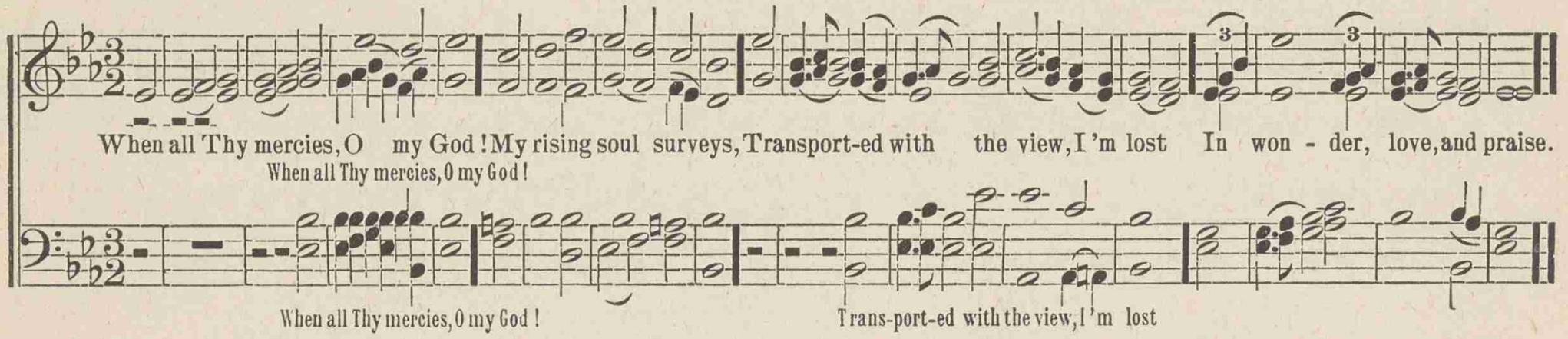
2 How doth Thy word my heart engage !
How well employ my tongue !
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'T is my perpetual feast :
Not honey dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall Thy word be sold
For loads of silver well-refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

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

GENEVA. C. M.



30

Ps. 100: 5. J. ADDISON.

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

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

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

5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

31

Rom. 8: 28. W. COWPER.

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

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

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

32

Ps. 145. I. WATTS.

1 Sweet is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

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

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

AUTUMN. 8s. 7s. D.

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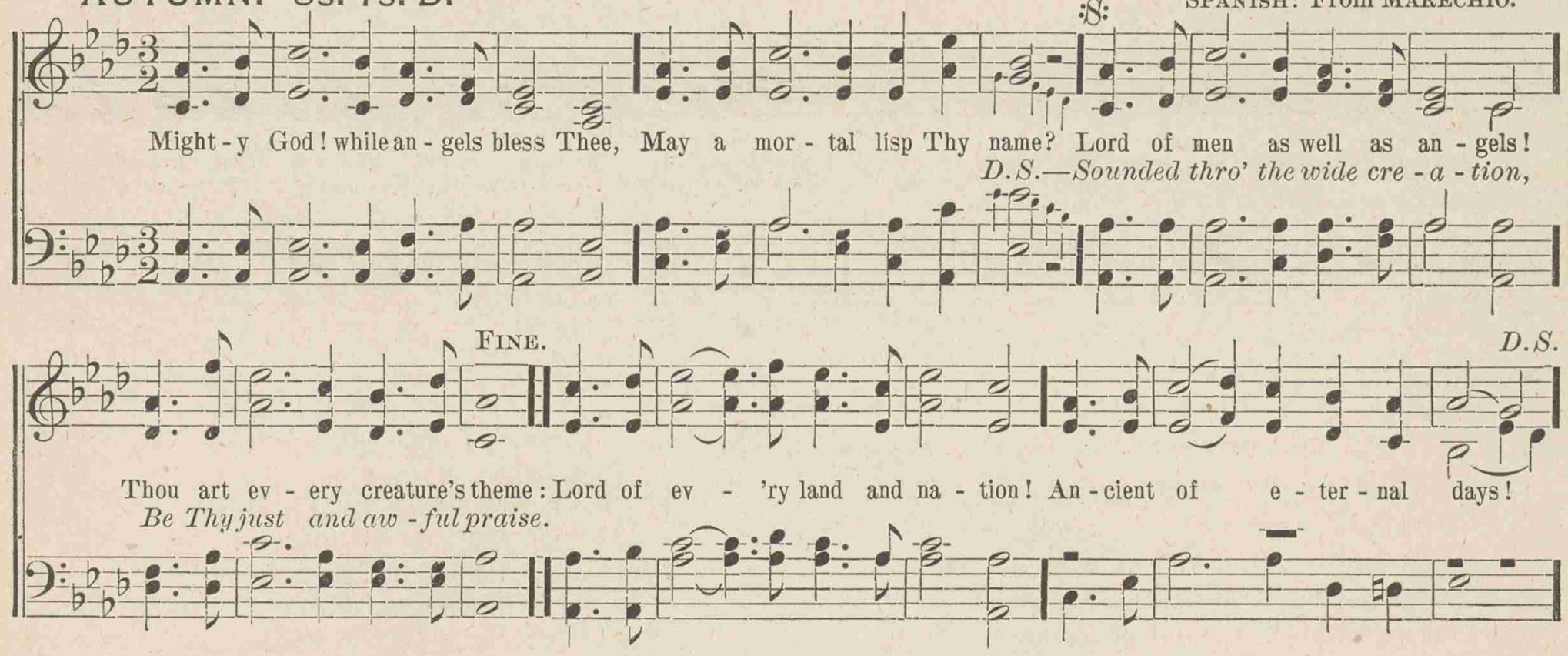
33

I Tim. 3: 16. R. ROBINSON.

2 For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though vailed in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

3 From the highest throne of glory!
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise for ever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;—
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

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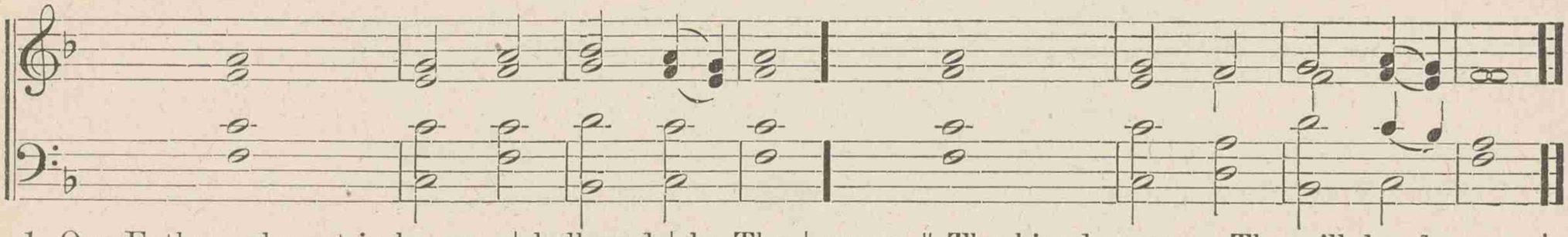
34 THE LORD'S PRAYER.—(Chant.)

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

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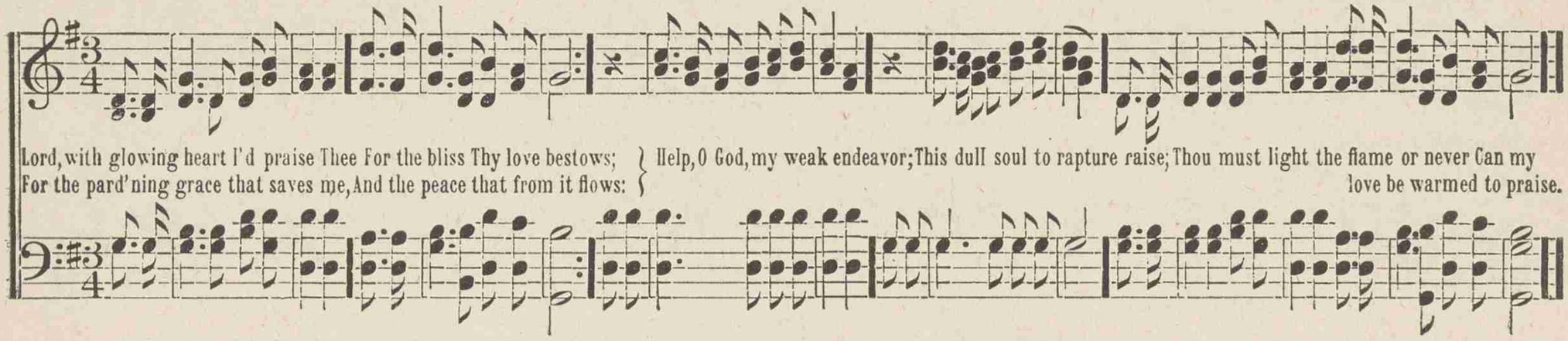

35 *Ps.* 21: 13. F. S. KEY.

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

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

36 *Ps.* 107: 8. F. W. FABER.

1 There 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There 's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

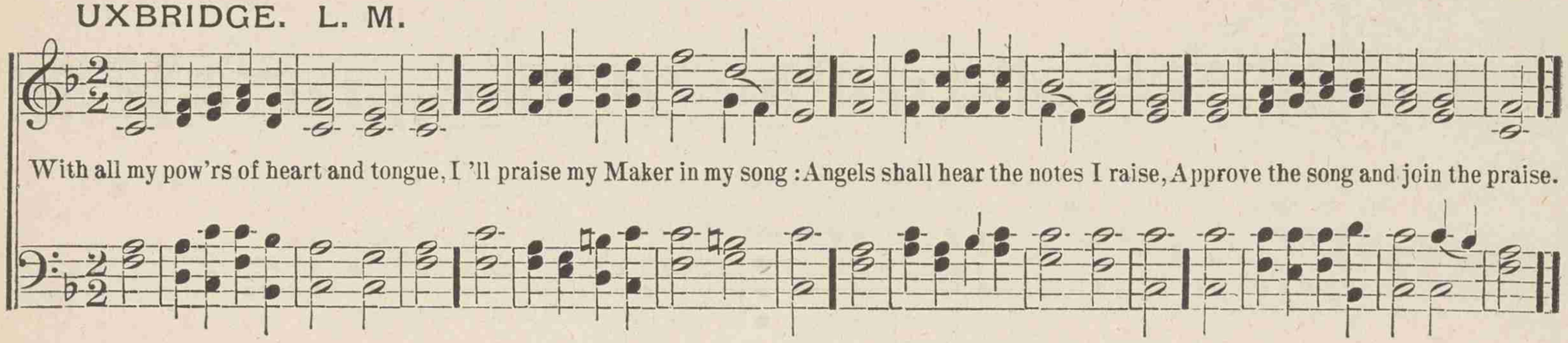
2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

---

37 *II Thess.* 2: 16,17. R. MANT.

1 God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.
Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought —
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

2 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.
All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

38 *Ps.* 138. I. WATTS.

2 I 'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I 'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

39 *Ps.* 46: 10. B. BEDDOME.

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

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

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

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

---

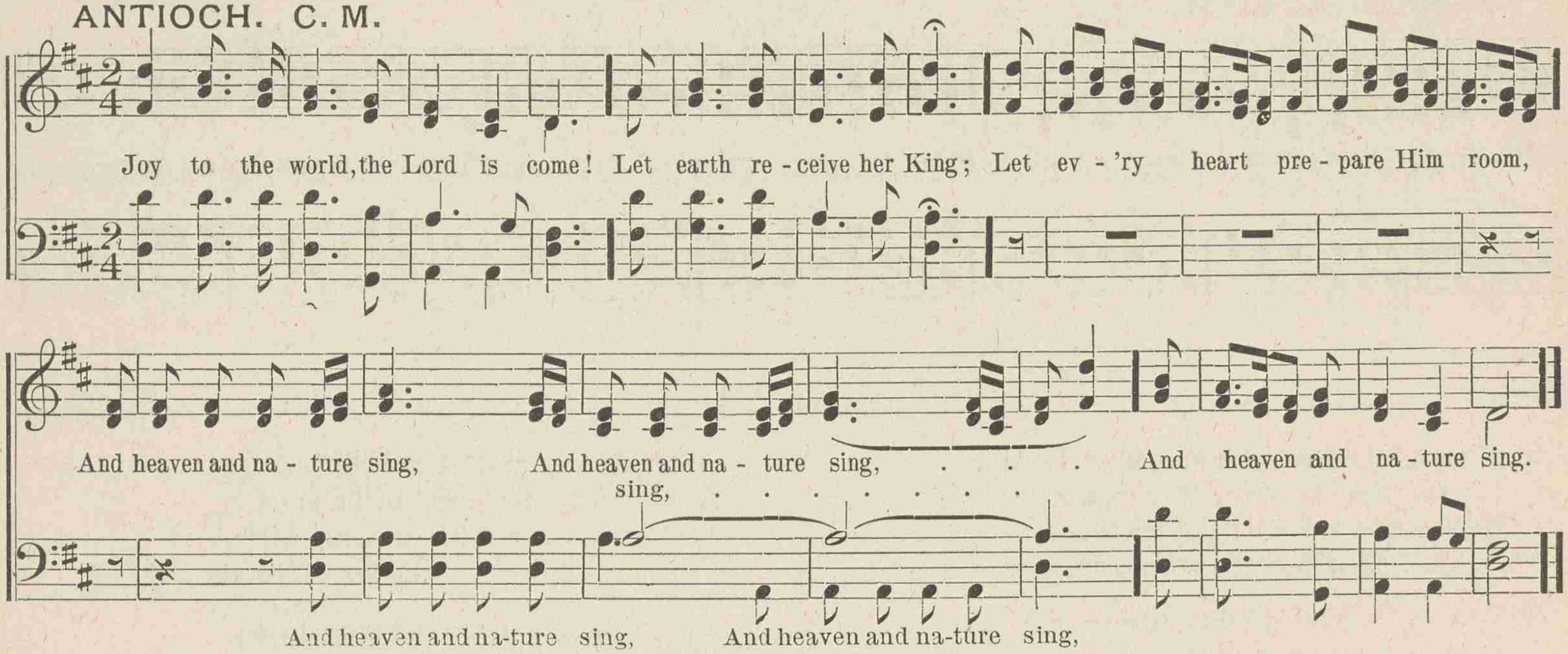
40 *Ps.* 104: 2. T. BLACKLOCK.

1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

ANTIOCH. C. M.

41

Ps. 98. WATTS.

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

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

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

42

Luke 2: 11. A. C. BIDDLE.

1 Hark! hark! the herald angels sing!
O earth, awake and hear
The gracious news from heav'n they bring:—
Salvation draweth near.

2 Glory to God! and peace to men!
The Lord, the Christ, is come;
To-day in princely Bethlehem
The Saviour now is born.

3 Hail, Prince of Peace! Thou mighty God!
Though lowly be Thy birth,
Before Thy name all kings shall bow,
And princes of the earth.

43

Ps. 96: 1. WATTS.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Behold, He comes; He comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

4 But when His voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

ZERAH. C. M.

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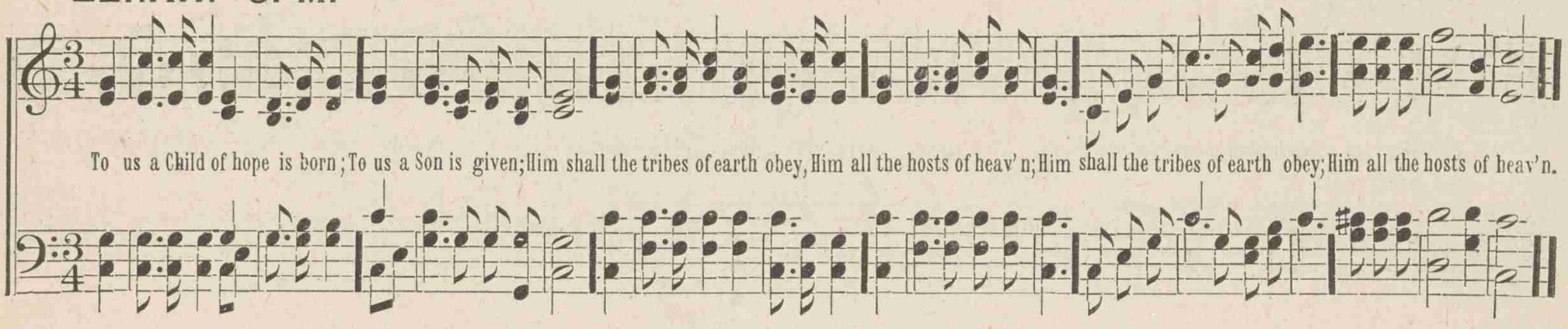

44

Isa. 9: 6. J. MORRISON.

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

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

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

45

Luke 2: 14. E. H. SEARS.

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

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

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

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

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

46

Luke 2: 13. HURN.

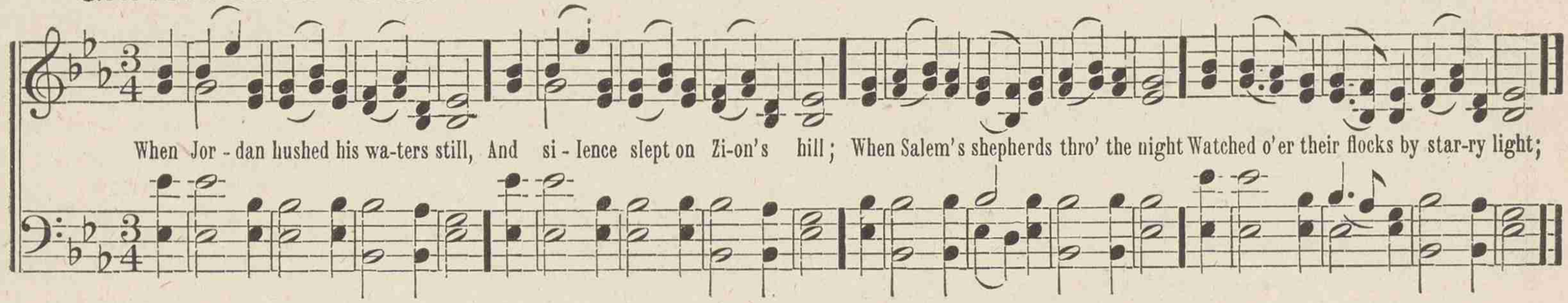
1 Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim His matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent His only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know Thy saving might.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS. *Arr.*

47

Luke 21: 11. T. CAMPBELL.

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

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

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

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Daystar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

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

48

John 1: 1. I. WATTS.

1 Before the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He lead the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

3 But lo, He leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold His face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When in His eyes the Godhead shone!

5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

49

Luke 2: 12. ANON.

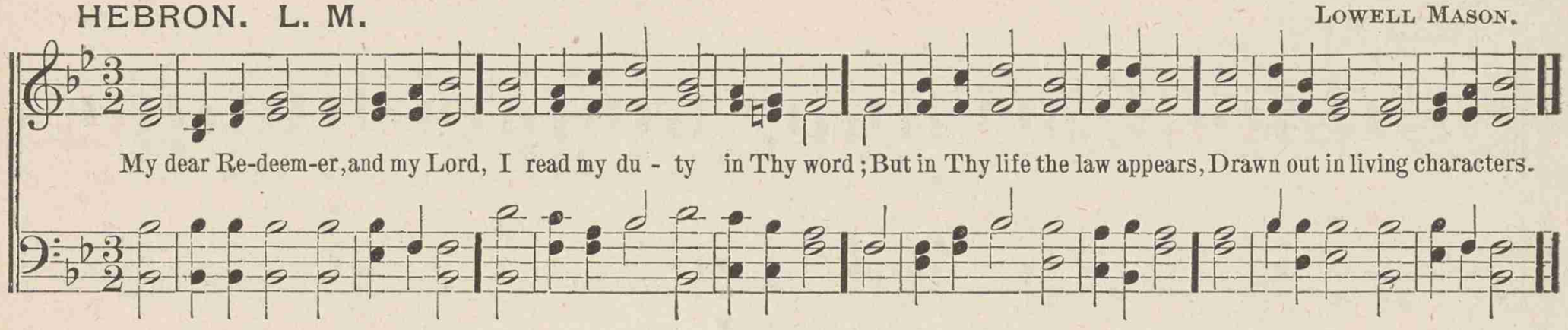
1 Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See! how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



50

Ps. 4: 7, 8. I. WATTS.

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

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

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

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

51

Matt. 16: 24. J. CONDER.

1 How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

3 Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted each earth-born delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

52

Isa. 53: 3. A. C. COXE.

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

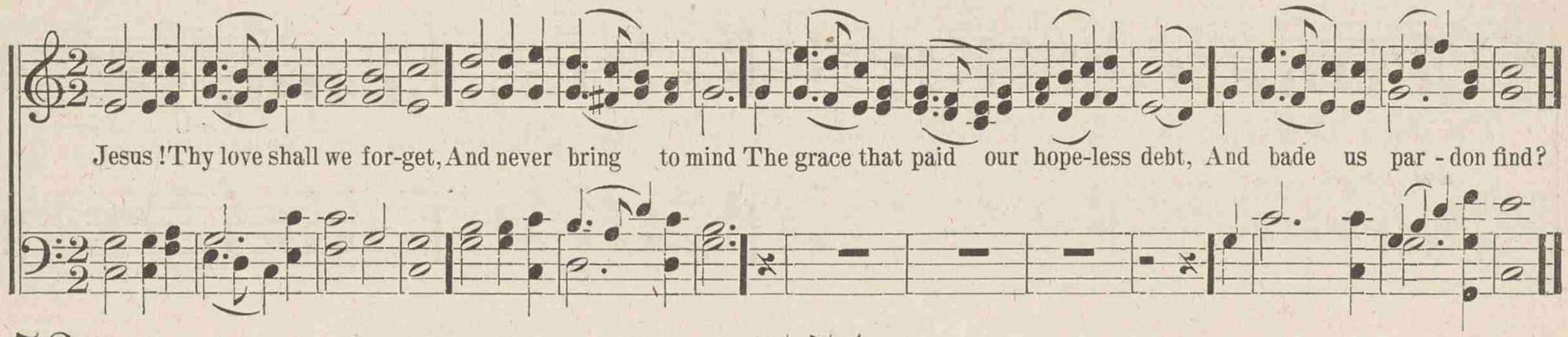
2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

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

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

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.

HENRY. C. M. S. B. POND.



53

Luke 22: 42. MITCHELL.

2 Shall we Thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and Thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget —
Thy struggling agony;
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with Thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On Thee, alone on Thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid —
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget —
Our kindred cease to love;
But He who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

54

John 14: 10. DOANE.

1 Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

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

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know the Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

55

Cant. 5: 10. STENNETT.

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
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

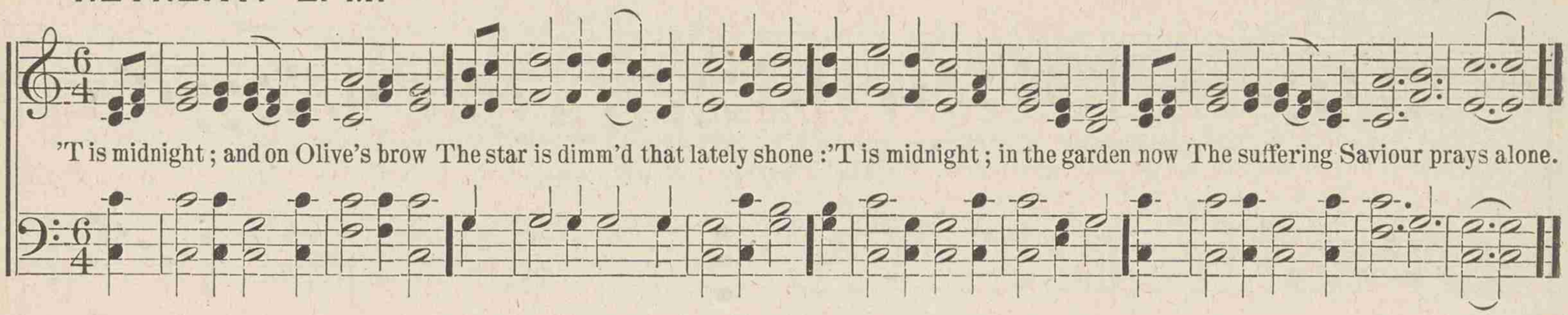
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy 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.

RETREAT. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



56 *Luke* 22: 43. W. B. TAPPAN.

1 'T is midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'T is midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'T is midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

57 *Luke* 23: 46. S. STENNETT.

1 "'T is finished!"— so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died:
"'T is finished!"— yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'T is finished! — all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'T is finished! — Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

4 'T is finished! — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'T is finished! — let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

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58 *Gal.* 6: 14. I. WATTS.

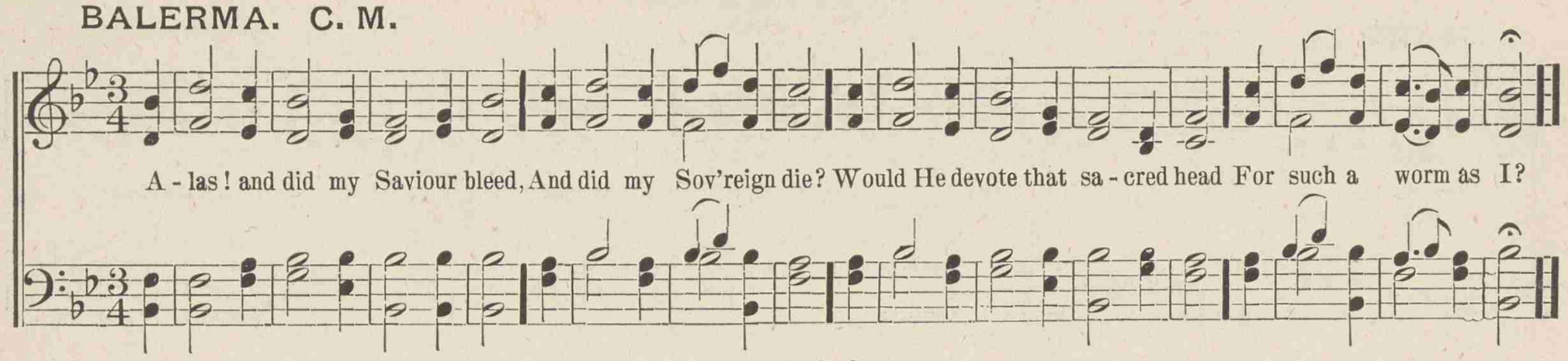
1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 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.

BALERMA. C. M.

59

Matt. 27: 45. I. WATTS.

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

60

Jno. 19: 17. RAY PALMER.

1 O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me:
For me, for all,— oh, grace divine! —
Who look by faith on Thee.

4 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, Thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

5 In patient hope, the cross I 'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On Thy great judgment-day.

61

Rom. 5: 7. I. WATTS.

1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.

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

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

HARWELL. 8s. 7s. D.

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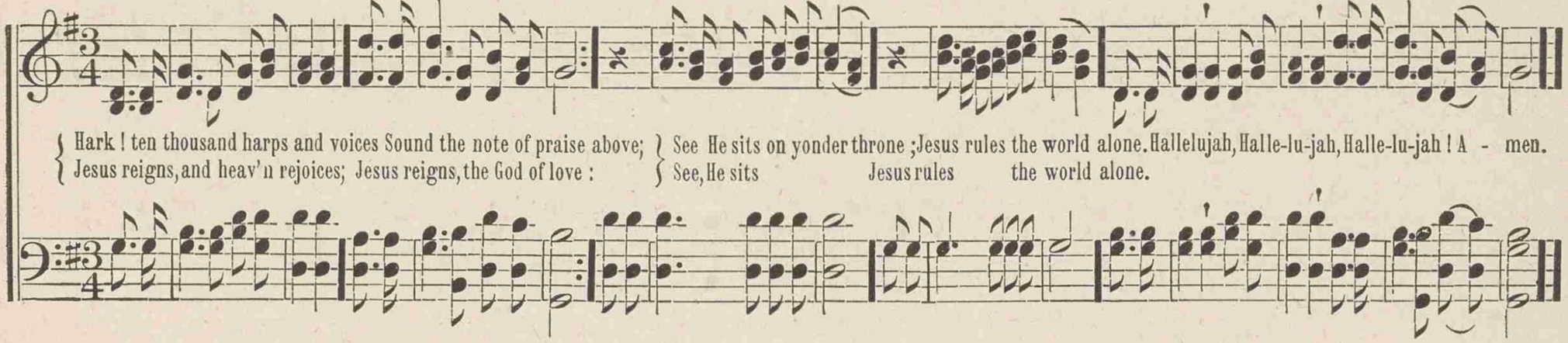

62

Heb. 1: 6. T. KELLY.

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever —
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

63

Rev. 5: 13. T. KELLY.

1 Jesus comes, His conflict over,
Comes to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for Him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at His feet;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.

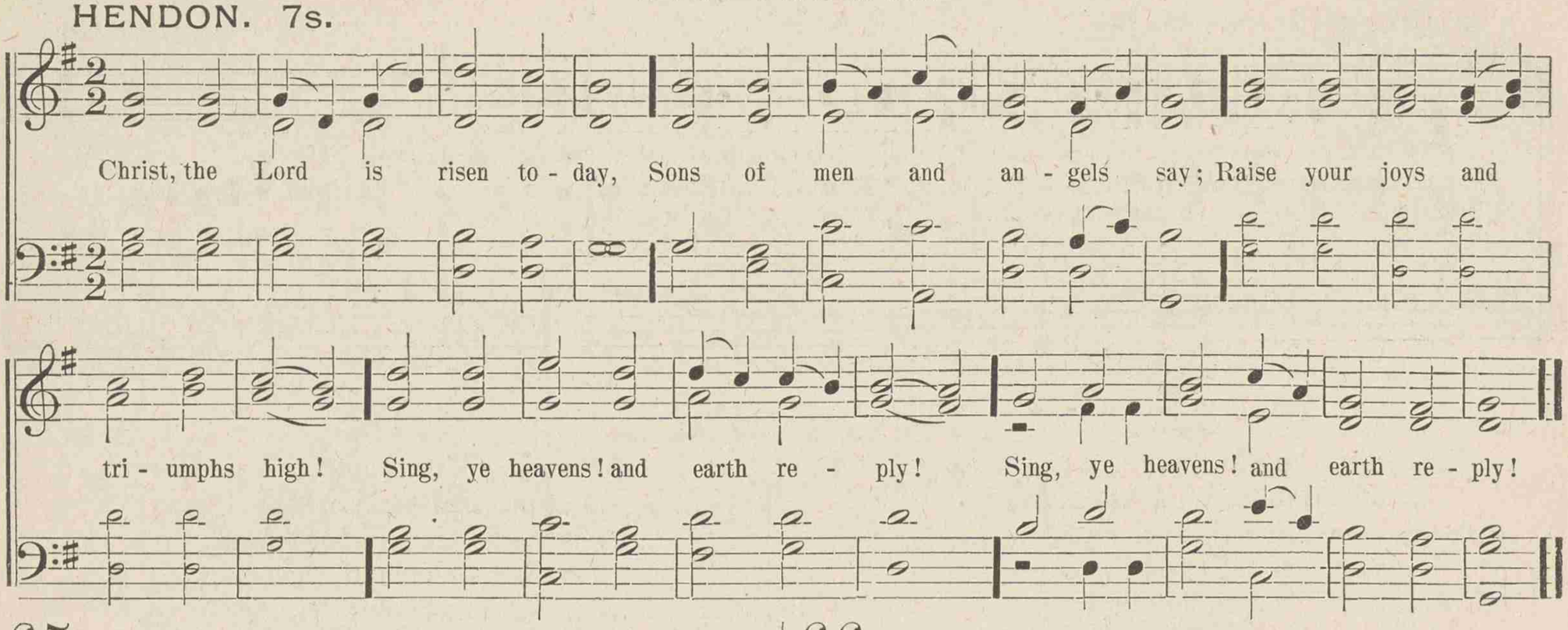
64

Isa. 63: 1. T. KELLY.

1 Who is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling onward in His might;
'T is the Saviour, oh, how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save;
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Mighty Victor, reign forever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes,
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

HENDON. 7s.

65

Luke 24: 34. C. WESLEY.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory boasting Grave?"

66

Phil. 4: 4. KELLY.

1 Joyful be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of Thee.

2 Should Thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to Thee,
Thee our Saviour, Thee our King!

3 'T is Thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from Thee,
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

4 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

67

Matt. 28: 2. T. SCOTT.

1 Angels! roll the rock away:
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

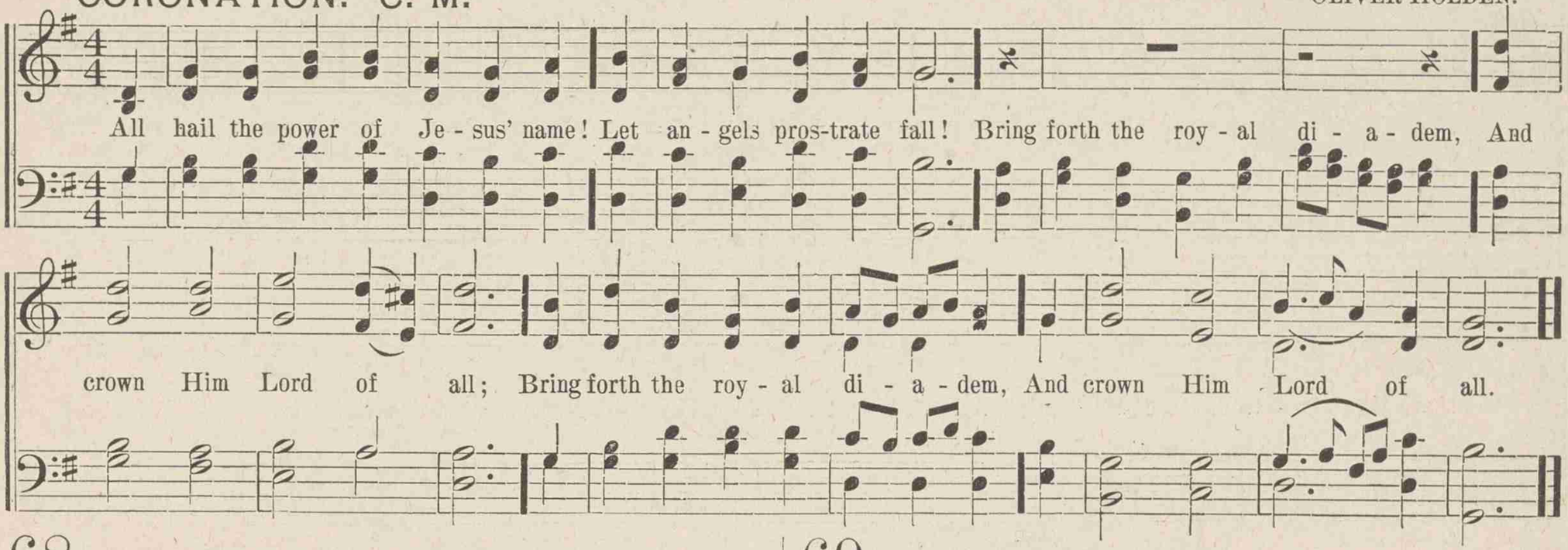
2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see Him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds it's portals wide!
Mighty Conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount Thy throne,
Boundless empire is Thine own.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



68

Matt. 1: 21. PERRONETT.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

69

Rev. 5: 12. I. WATTS.

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, forever Thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

70

Heb. 2: 9. KELLY.

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright; —

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name — an everlasting name,
Their joy — the joy of heaven.

5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

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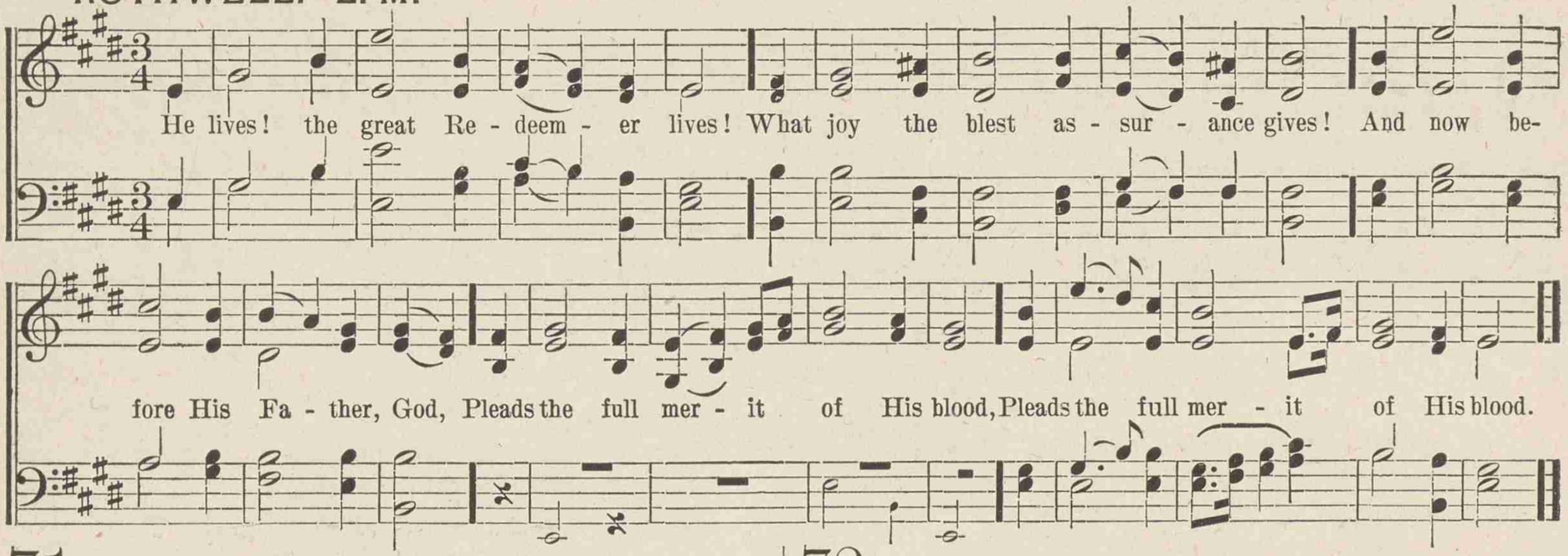
71

I John 2: 1. STEELE.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

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

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

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

72

Rev. 5: 9. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Come, let us sing the song of songs,—
The saints in heaven began the strain —
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests of God —
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign:
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

73

Heb. 7: 25. RAY PALMER, *tr.*

1 O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust Thy word!
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.

2 In Thy dear cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

4 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

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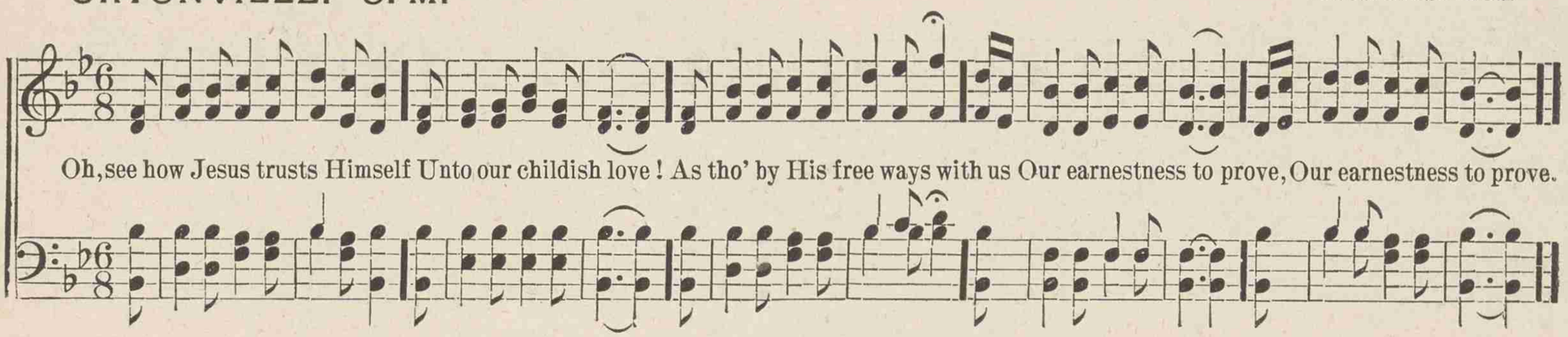

74

II Cor. 8: 9. F. W. FABER.

1 Oh, see how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

2 His sacred Name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

3 The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

4 Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

75

I Tim. 1: 15. A. STEELE.

1 The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The Almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

3 Oh, 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!

76

Ps. 45. I. WATTS.

1 I'll speak the honors of my King,—
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

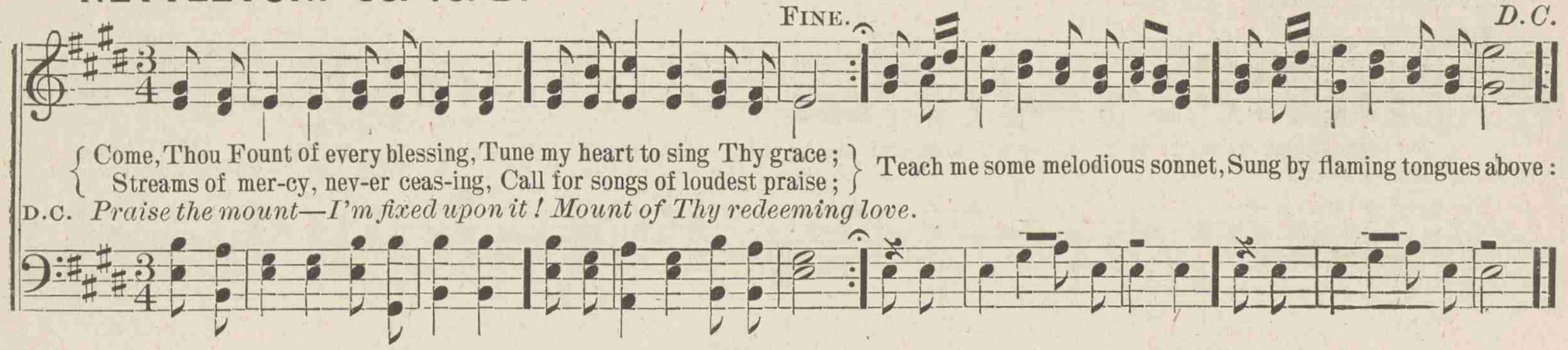
3 Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend Thee still,
But mercy is Thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

NETTLETON. 8s. 7s. D.

ANON.



77

I Sam. 7: 12. R. ROBINSON.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Calls 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'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His 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 heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

78

Rom. 3: 24. ANON.

1 Saviour King, in hallowed union,
At Thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave Thy favor now !
Though celestial choirs adore Thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise;
And our praise be set before Thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

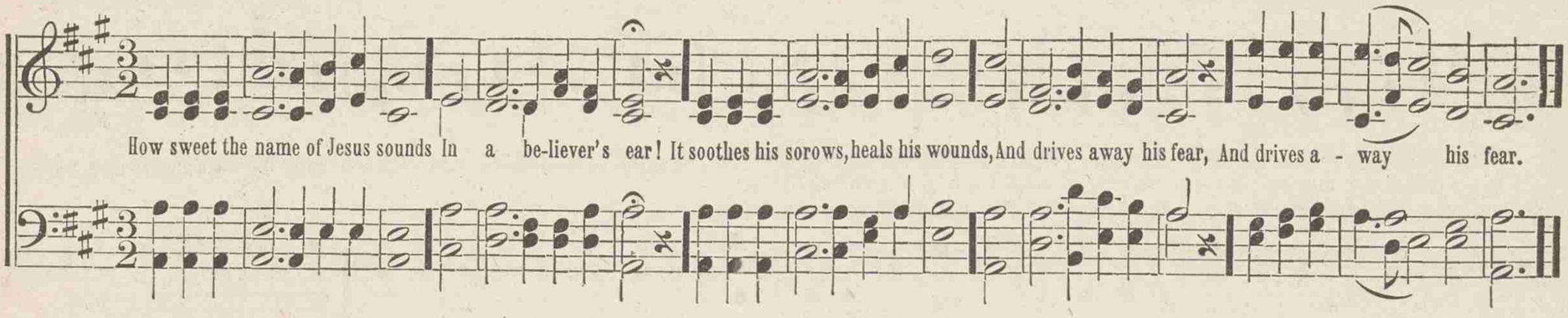
2 When we tell the wondrous story
Of Thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send Thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move !
Oh, that He, the ever-living,
May descend, as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again !

79

John 21: 15. ANON.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare:
We are Thine: do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early help us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour !
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.

ARCADIA. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.

80

I Pet 2: 7. J. NEWTON.

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

4 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.

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

81

Jer. 16: 19. STEELE.

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 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

82

Matt. 1: 21. P. DODDRIDGE.

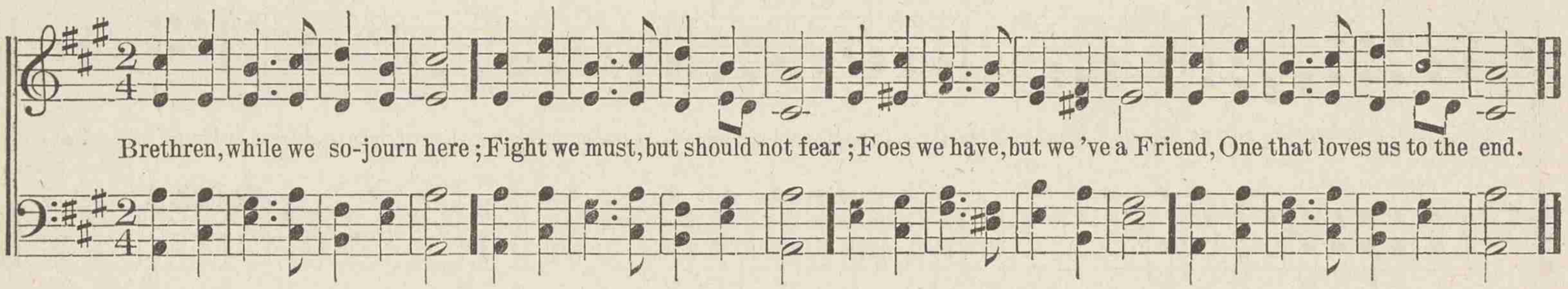
1 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

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 doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. I. PLEYEL.



83

II Cor. 7: 5. J. SWAIN.

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.

2 Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls — come home!"

3 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:

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

84

I Pet. 1: 18. J. LANGFORD.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

85

Heb. 5: R. GRANT.

1 Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;

2 Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

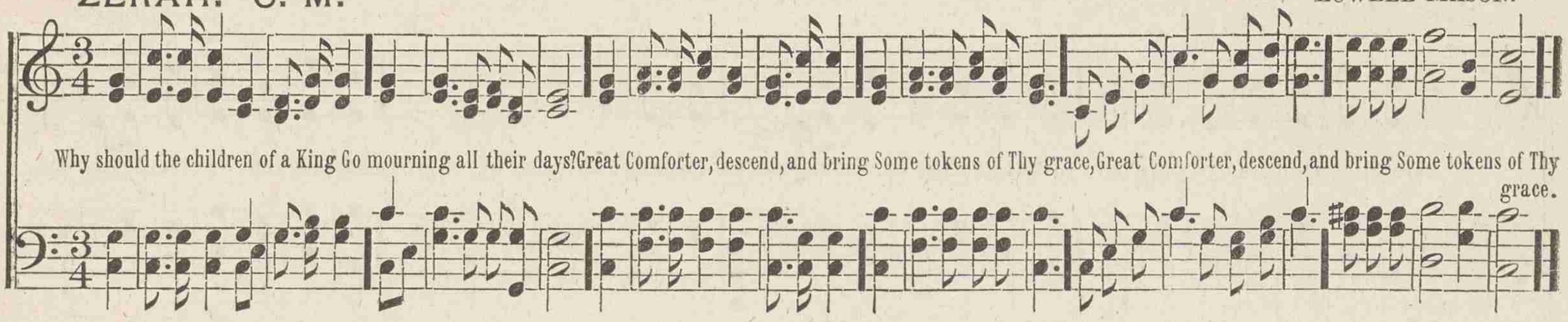
3 By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;

4 By the gloom that vailed the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice; —
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God; —

6 Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

ZERAH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

86

John 14: 18. I. WATTS.

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 the saints,
And seal the 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.

87

Ps. 51: 10. T. COTTERILL.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only Thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

88

John 16: 7. I. WATTS.

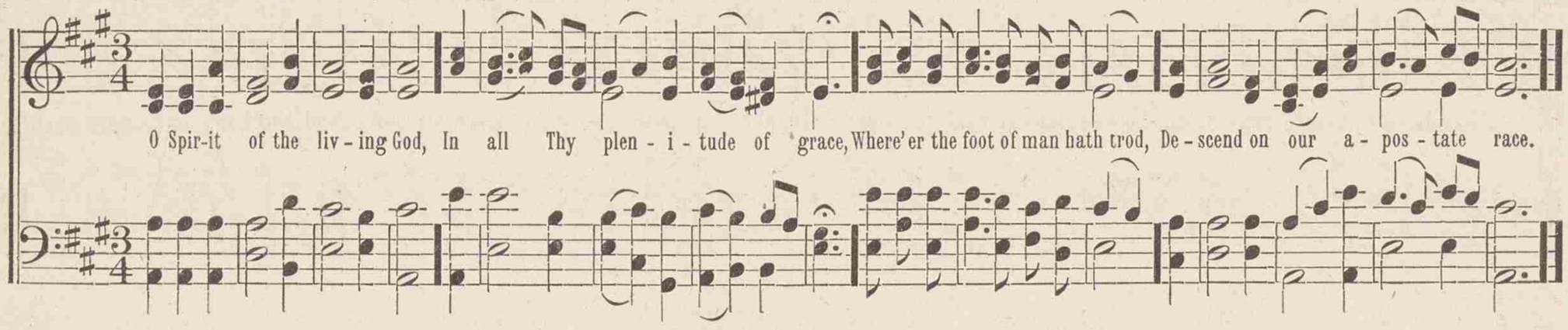
1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

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?

6 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

89 *Acts* 2: 4. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord.

90 *Jno.* 14: 26. A. STEELE.

1 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,
'T is He sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

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

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste His grace,—
Lord! is it not Thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let Thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

91 *Gen.* 6: 3. HYDE.

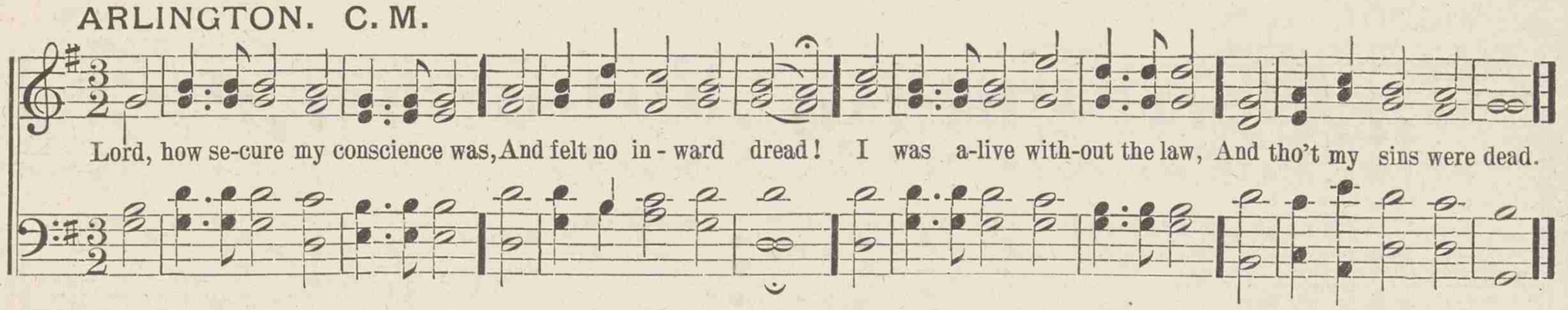
1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light,
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

92

Rom. 7: 7. I. WATTS.

1 Lord, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was Thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

93

Rom. 8: 8. A. STEELE.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is Thine, almighty Spirit! Thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is Thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is Thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be Thine.

94

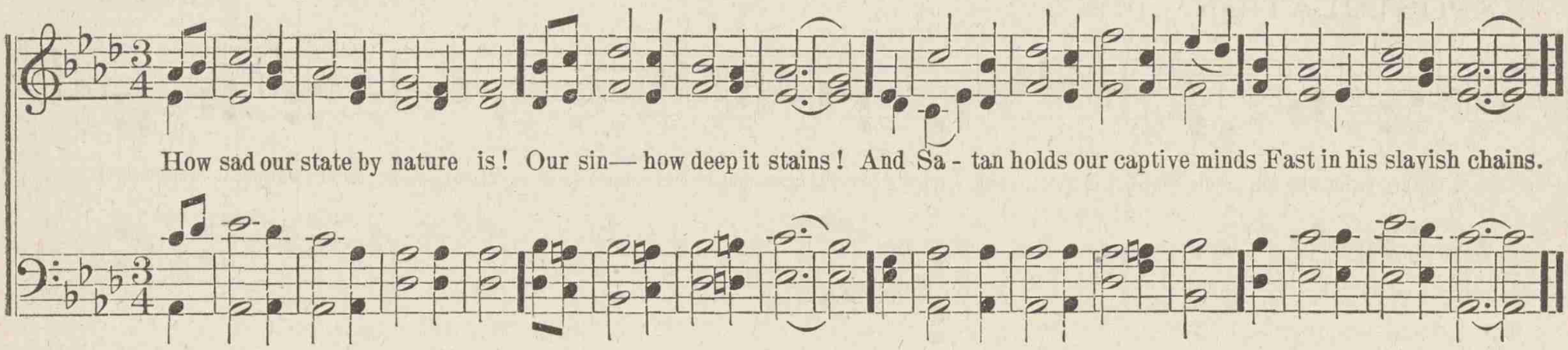
Gal. 2: 16. I. WATTS.

1 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Nothing, O Saviour! but Thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God His sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But Thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by Thy hands.

4 'T is by Thy death we live, O Lord!
'T is on Thy cross we rest:
Forever be Thy love adored,
Thy name forever blessed.

MANOAH. C. M. From G. ROSSINI.

95

Ps. 46: 1. I. WATTS.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin — how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

96

Rom. 6: 6. I. WATTS.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

97

Ps. 42. H. F. LYTE.

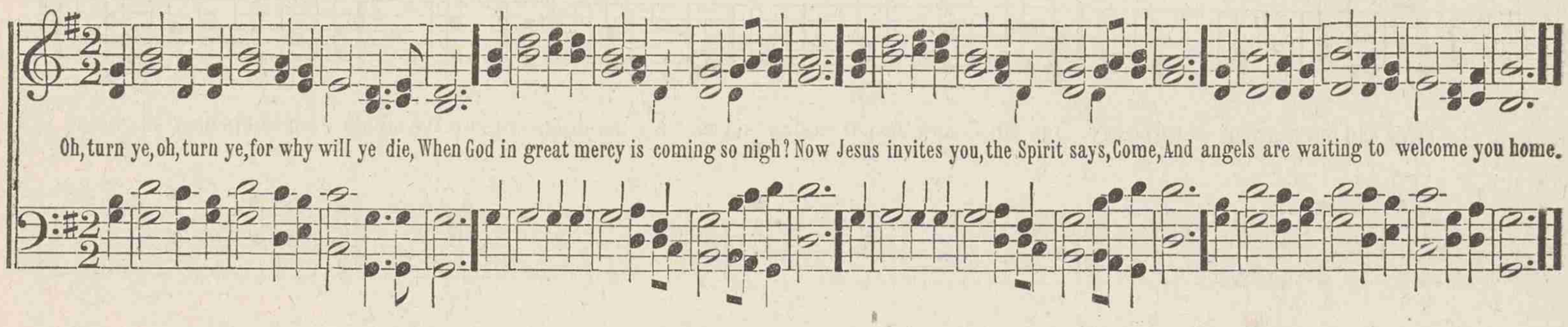
1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God — the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. J. HOPKINS.



98 *Ezek.* 33: 11. J. HOPKINS.

1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

99 *Job.* 22: 21. KNOX.

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

3 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God —
With Jesus who bore all thy sins as a load;
The Spirit now waits at thy heart to come in
And show thee His power in the pardon of sin.

---

100 *Ps.* 119: 60. HASTINGS.

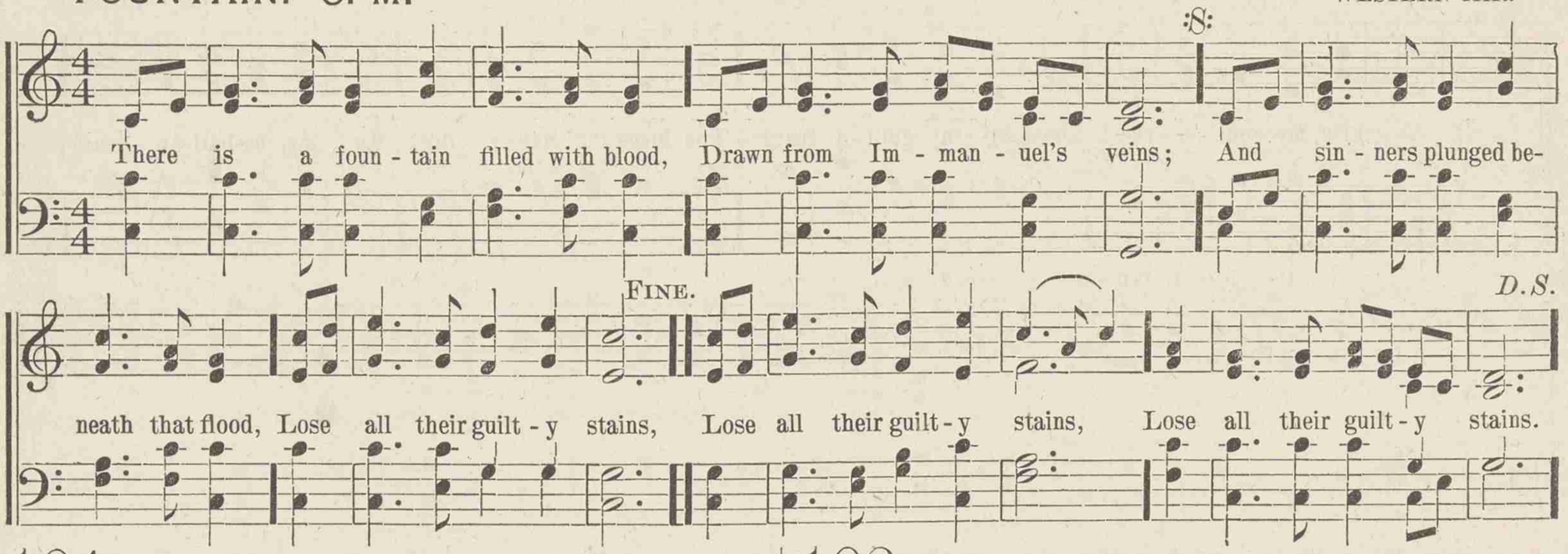
1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

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

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WESTERN AIR.

101

Zech. 13: 1. W. COWPER.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

102

Eph. 2: 5. J. NEWTON.

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 'T was 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;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

103

Isa. 63: 9. I. WATTS.

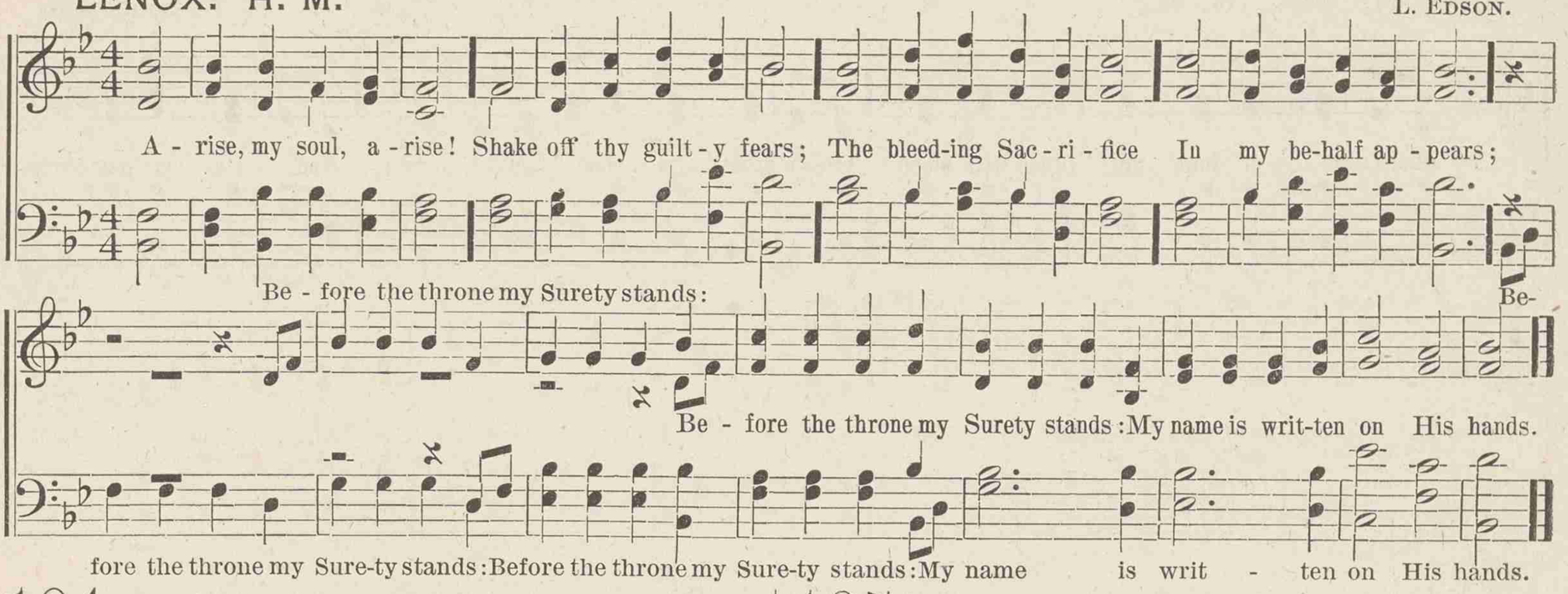
1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — oh, amazing love! —
He ran to our relief.

3 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

4 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

LENOX. H. M.

L. EDSON.

104

Heb. 7: 22. C. WESLEY.

1 Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on His hands.

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

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

105

Luke 4: 18. C. WESLEY.

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 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

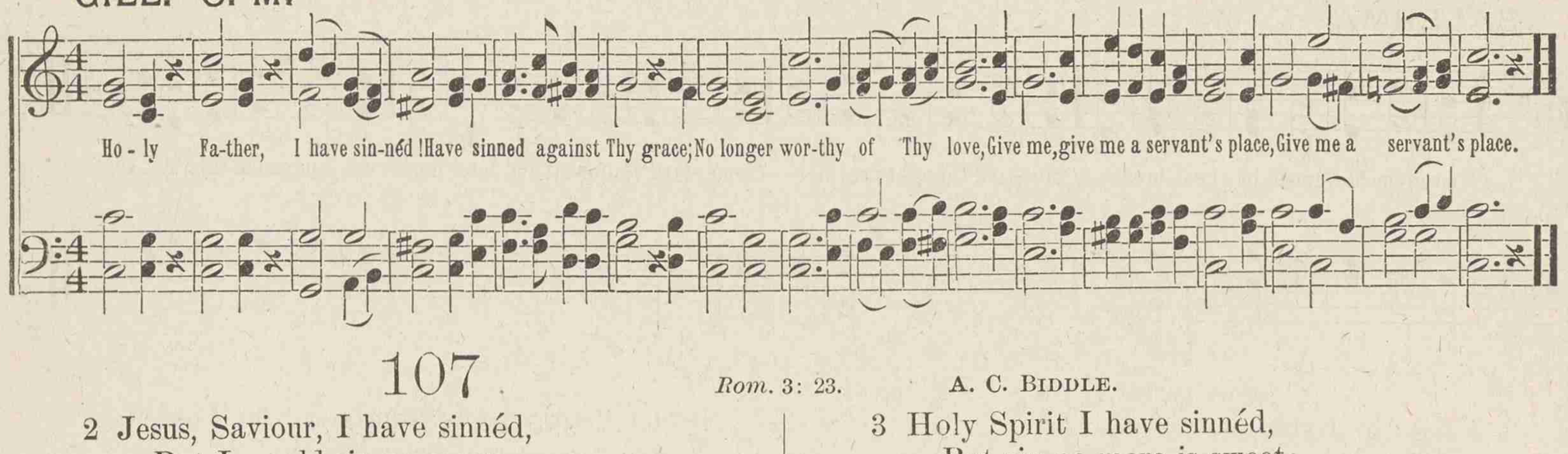
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

106

Luke 15: 6. A. C. BIDDLE.

1 Awake, my soul, and sing
Salvation through His grace;
Thy loftiest praises bring,
And fall before His face.
Rejoice, and ring the echoes 'round—
Once was I lost, but now am found.

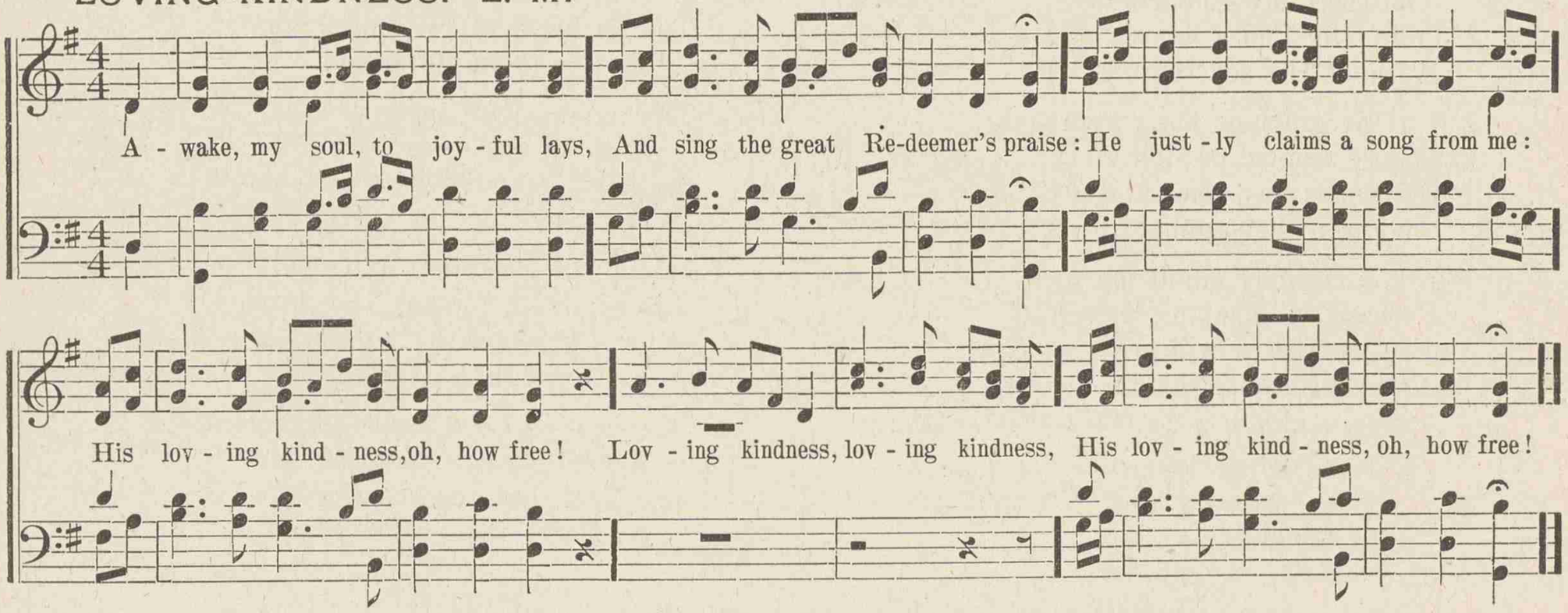
2 Once under wrath I stood,—
For me my Saviour died;
Redeemed by precious blood,—
I now am justified.
Rejoice, and ring the echoes 'round—
Once was I lost, but now am found.

GILL. C. M. A. C. BIDDLE.

107

Rom. 3: 23. A. C. BIDDLE.

2 Jesus, Saviour, I have sinnéd,
But I would sin no more;
Repenting now, to Thee I come,
I stand at mercy's door.

3 Holy Spirit I have sinnéd,
But sin no more is sweet;
My hard heart breaks, I yield, I fall
Low at the Saviour's feet.

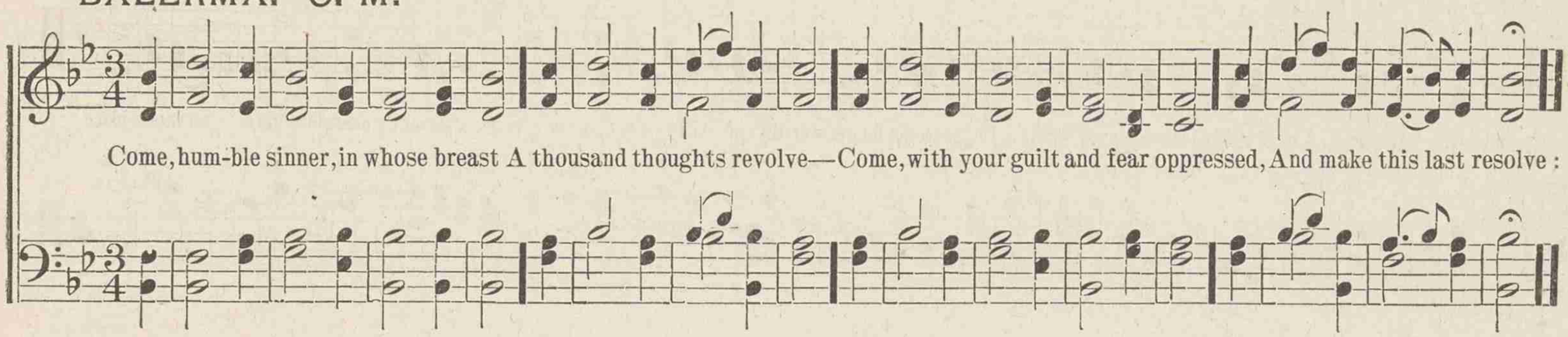
LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. WESTERN MELODY.

108

Ps. 103: 1–5. S. MEDLEY.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, oh, 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, oh, how good!

BALERMA. C. M.

109

Mark 10: 21. E. JONES.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close;
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 for ever die.

110

Jno. 3: 17. I. WATTS.

1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty Grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging rod;
No hard commission to perform—
The vengeance of a God;

4 But all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace,
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

111

Rom. 2: 4. STEELE.

1 Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of Thy grace,
Low at Thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

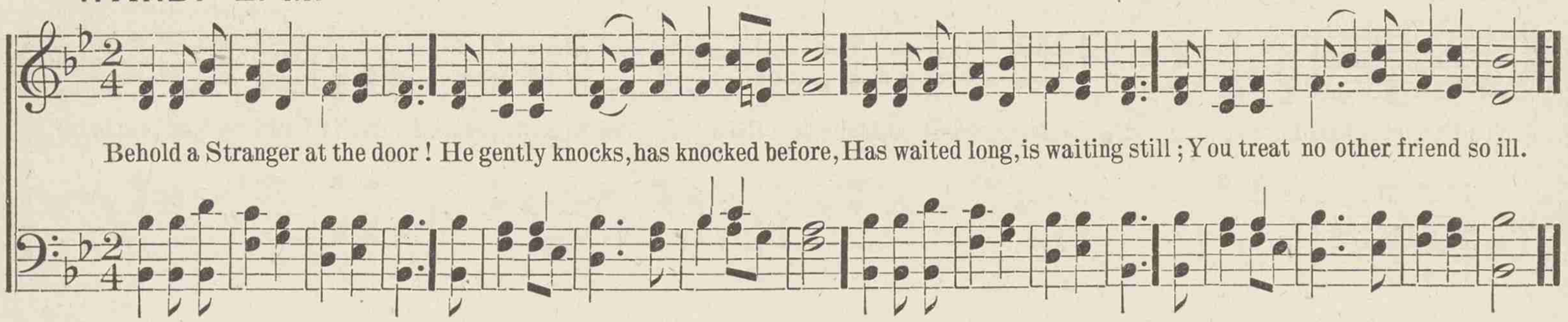
2 Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.

3 But He, for His own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
The deep repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
And save me, or I die.

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON. *Arr.*



112 *Rev.* 3: 20. J. GRIGG.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

113 *Luke* 10: 42. P. DODDRIDGE.

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

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114 *Matt.* 7: 7. J. B. WATERBURY.

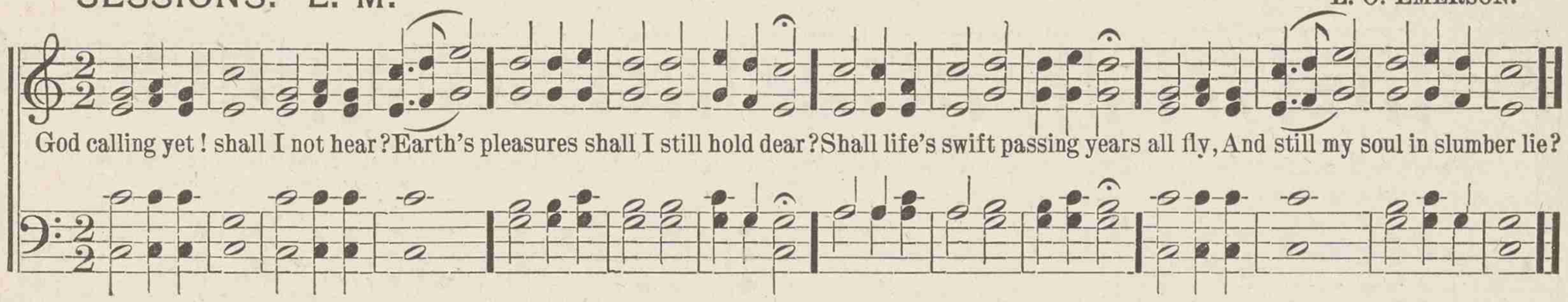
1 Infinite Love! what precious stores
Thy mercy has prepared for us!
The costliest gems, the richest ores
Could never have endowed us thus.

2 But Thy soft hand, O gracious Lord!
Can draw from suffering souls the sting:
And Thy rich bounty to our board
Can bread for hungering sinners bring.

3 How rich the grace! the gift how free!
'T is only ask—it shall be given;
'T is only knock, and thou shalt see
The opening door that leads to heaven.

4 Oh! then arise and take the good,
So full and freely proffered thee,
Remembering that it cost the blood
Of Him who died on Calvary.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

115

Gen. 6: 3. J. BORTHWICK.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

116

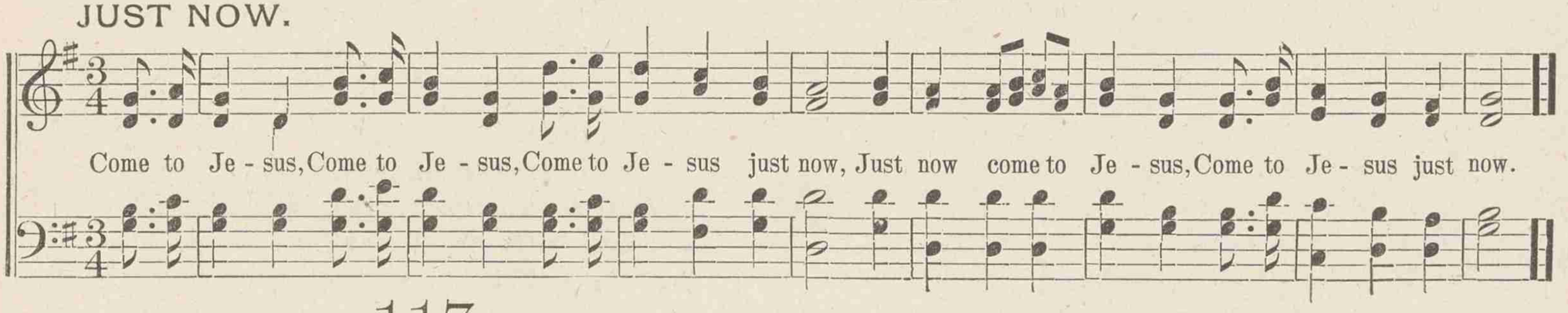
Heb. 3: 7, 8. MRS. E. REED.

1 Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

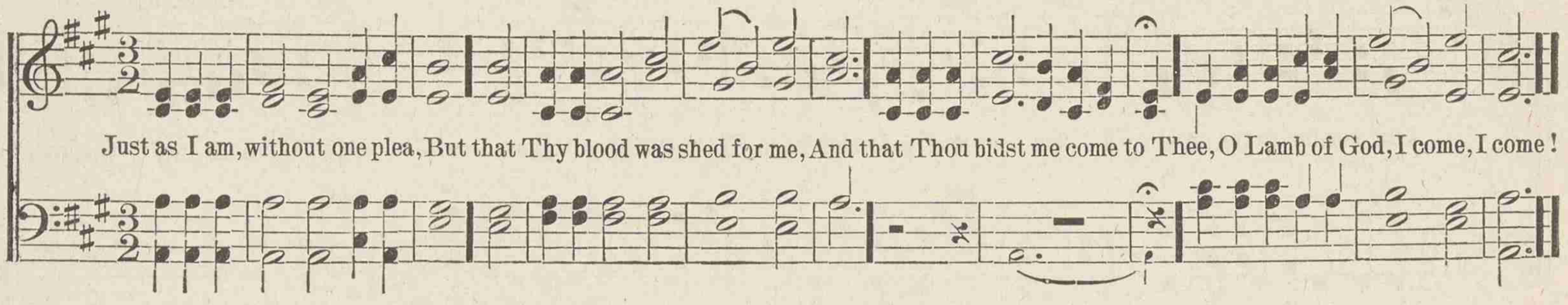
4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

JUST NOW.

117

Heb. 7: 25.

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He 'll receive you.
5 Call upon Him.
6 Look unto Him.
7 He 'll forgive you.
8 Only trust Him.
9 I believe Him.

WARE. L. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



118

Jno. 1: 30. C. ELLIOTT.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

119

Ps. 57: 1. C. ELVEN.

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

120

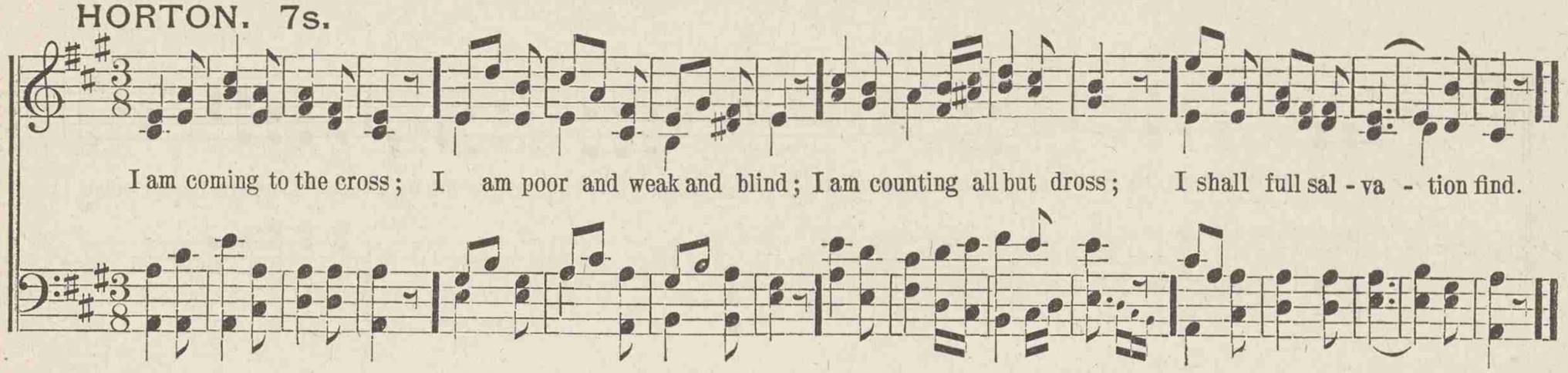
Ps. 51. I. WATTS.

1 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

HORTON. 7s.

121

I Jno. 1: 7. W. McDONALD.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

122

Ezek. 33: 11. WESLEY.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die:
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.

3 Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

4 Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners! why,
Why will ye forever die?

123

Ps. 51: 17. C. WESLEY.

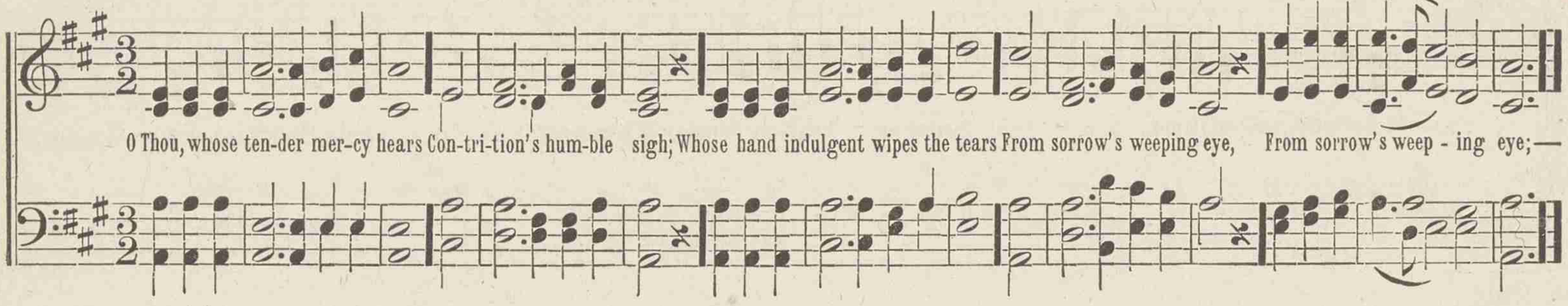
1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands.
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

ARCADIA. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



124

Mal. 3: 7. A. STEELE.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;—

2 See, Lord, before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
Hast Thou not said—" Return ? "

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet ?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat !

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let Thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

125

Luke 23: 42. T. HAWEIS.

1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me !

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sin lies heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;
Thus, Lord, remember me !

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me !

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree :
Be this the prayer of my last breath ;
Now, Lord, remember me !

126

Jno. 6: 68. S. STENNETT.

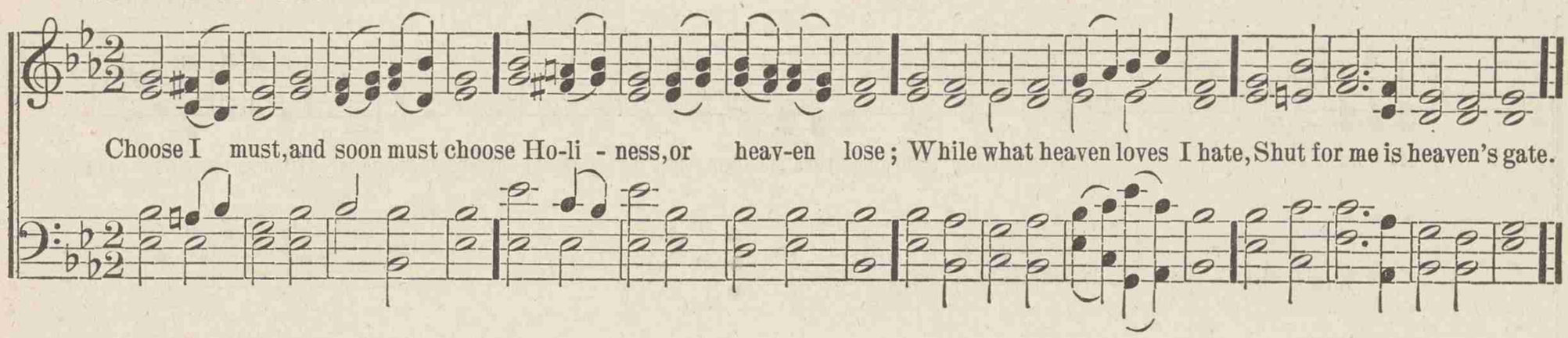
1 Prostrate, dear Jesus ! at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upwards, to Thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not Thy justice frown me hence ;
Oh, stay the vengeful storm ;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed,—
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



127

II Cor. 6: 2. JOSEPH COOK.

1 Choose I must, and soon must choose
Holiness, or heaven lose;
While what heaven loves I hate,
Shut for me is heaven's gate.

2 Endless sin means endless woe;
Into endless sin I go
If my soul, from reason rent,
Takes from sin its final bent.

3 As the stream its channel grooves,
And within that channel moves,
So doth habit's deepest tide
Groove its bed, and there abide.

4 Speed, my soul, this instant yield;
Let the Light His sceptre wield;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

128

Isa. 26: 3. H. BONAR.

1 Oh, this soul, how dark and blind!
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind!
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still!

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to Thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind to and fro!

3 Giver of the heavenly peace!
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease;
Minister Thy holy balm;
Fill me with Thy Spirit's calm.

4 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as Thou wilt.

129

I Tim. 1: 15. MCCOMB.

1 Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity.

3 As the branch is to the vine,
I am His and He is mine; —
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own.

4 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

BOWDON. 6s. D.

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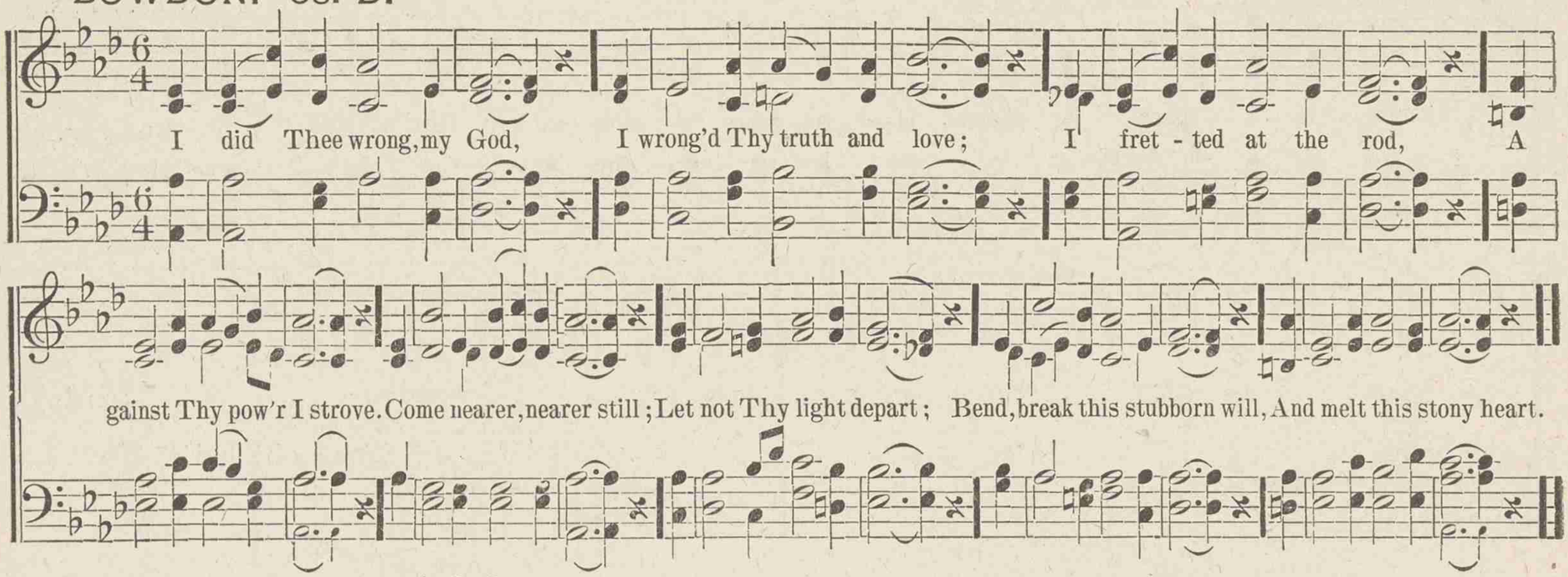

130

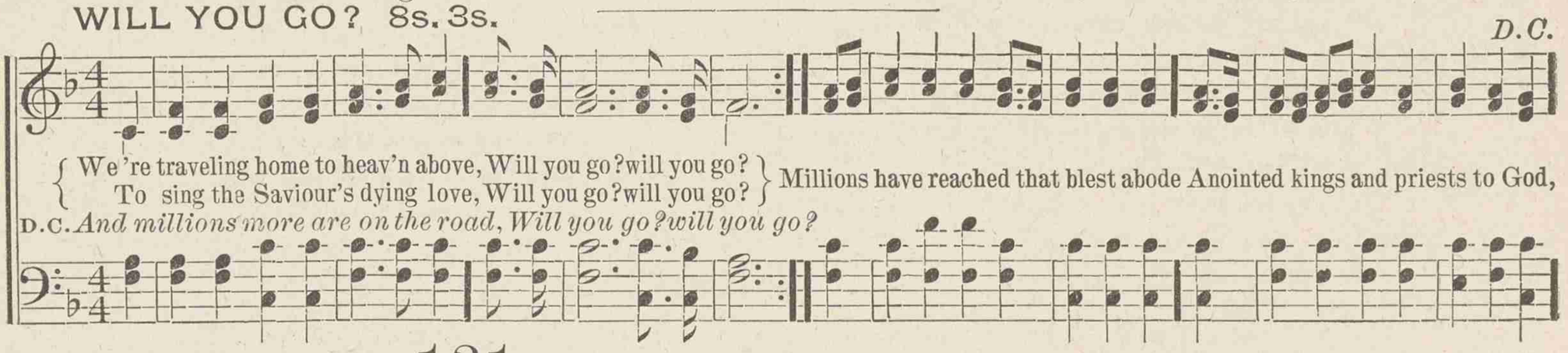
Rom. 8: 14.

H. BONAR.

2 Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild,
In glad simplicity
More like a trustful child.
Less, less of self each day,
And more, my God, of Thee;
Oh, keep me in the way,
However rough it be.

3 Less of the flesh each day,
Less of the world and sin;
More of Thy Son, I pray,
More of Thyself within.
More moulded to Thy will,
Lord, let Thy servant be;
More true, and truer still,
More, and still more, like Thee!

WILL YOU GO? 8s. 3s.



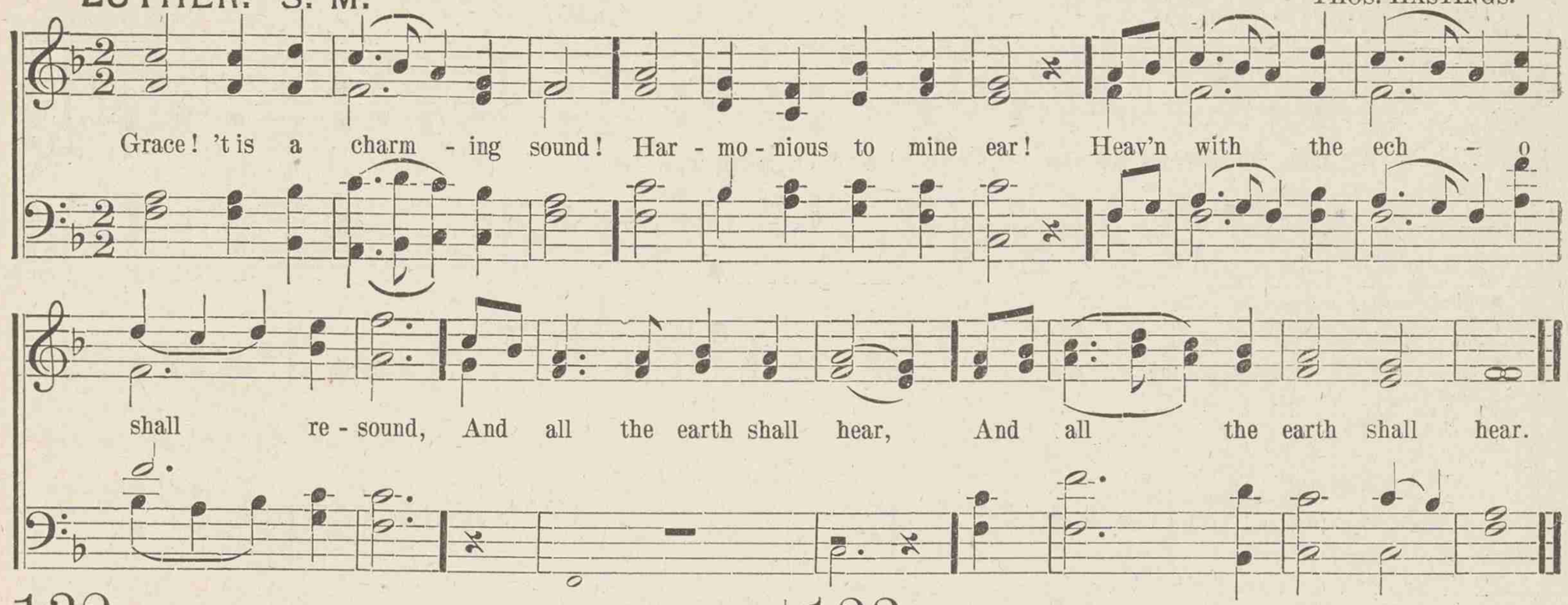
131

Num. 10: 29.

ANON.

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise His name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

LUTHER. S. M. THOS. HASTINGS.

132

Eph. 4: 7. P. DODDRIDGE.

1 Grace! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to mine ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

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

133

Isa. 3: 10. J. KENT.

1 What cheering words are these?
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
"'T is with the righteous well."

2 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness vails the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls, —
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

134

I Jno. 3: 3. I. WATTS.

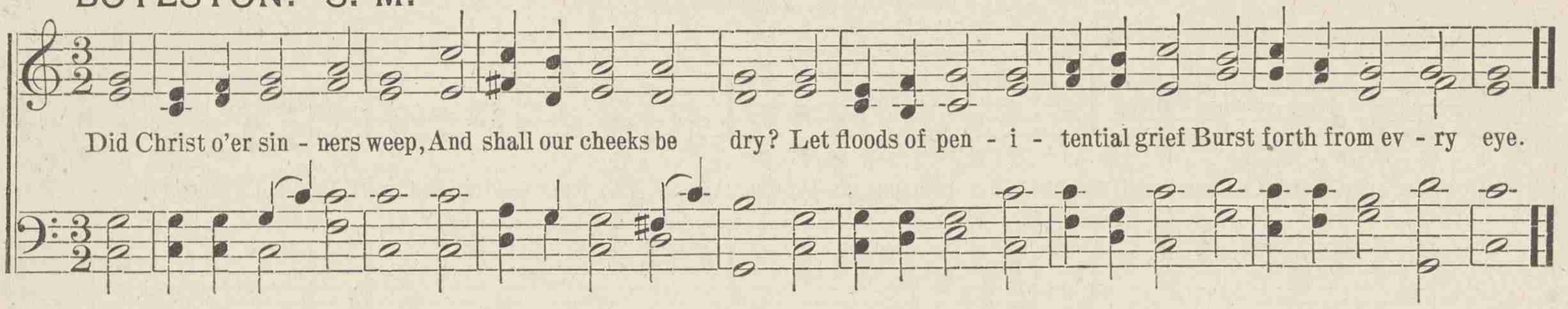
1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



135

Luke 19: 41. BEDDOME.

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 shed those tears for thee.

3 To break thy stubborn heart,
In love He broke His own;—
He wept for thee that thou mightst reign
With Him upon His throne.

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

136

II Cor. 6: 2. DOBELL.

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

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with Thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

137

Deut. 30: 19. MONTGOMERY.

1 Oh! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

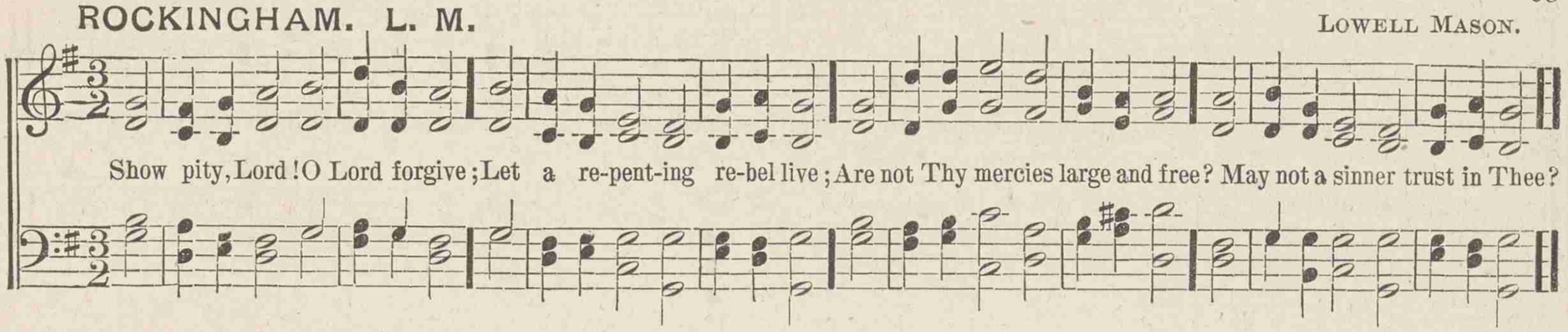
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



138

Ps. 51. I. WATTS.

1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 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.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

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.

139

Ps. 73: 25. A. STEELE.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend —
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend.

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee —'t is death, 't is more;
'T is endless ruin, deep despair.

5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

140

Phil. 3: 7. WATTS.

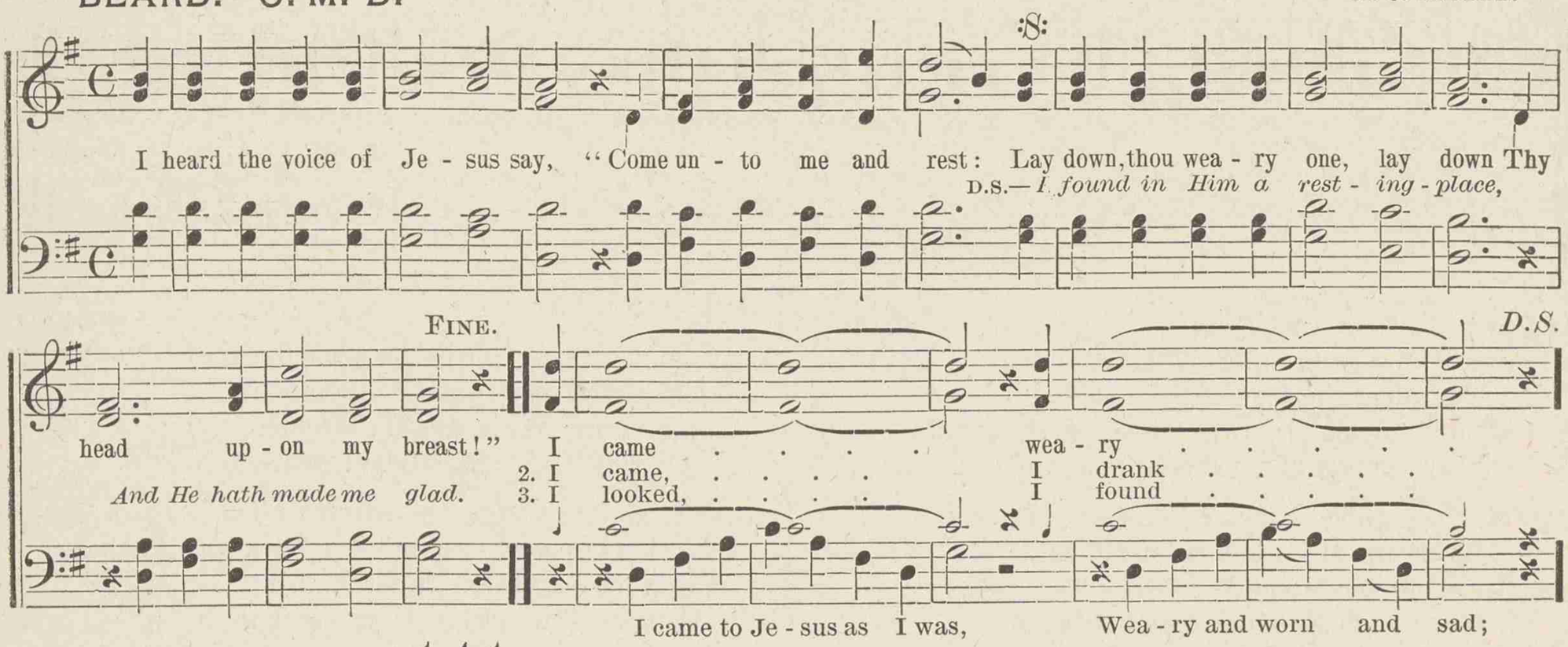
1 No more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes,— and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

BEARD. C. M. D.

A. C. BIDDLE.

141

Rev. 3: 20.

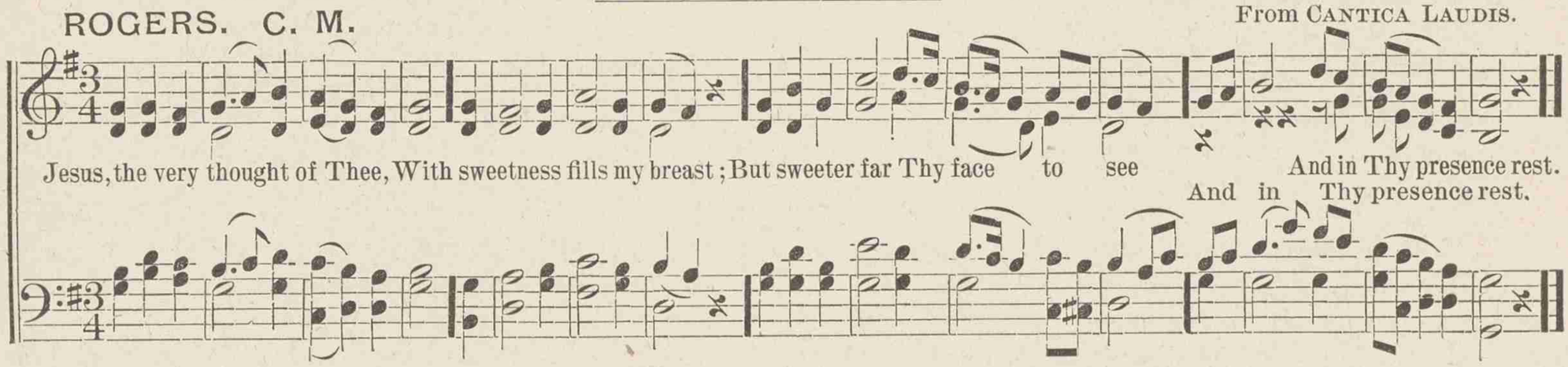
H. BONAR.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

ROGERS. C. M.

From CANTICA LAUDIS.



142

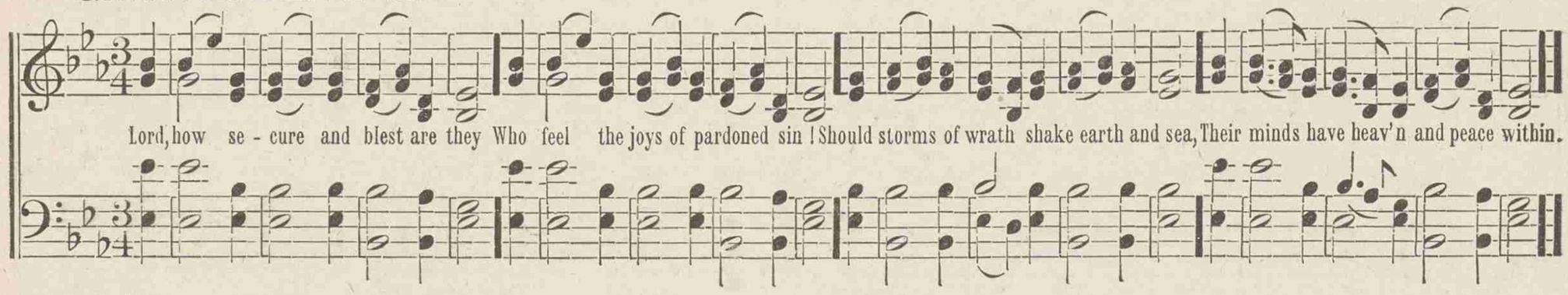
John 17: 24.

E. CASWALL, *tr.*

2 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

3 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now
And through eternity.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

THOS. HASTINGS. *Arr.*

143

Jno. 17: 12. I. WATTS.

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow !

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

144

Rom. 8: 33. I. WATTS.

1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold Him rising from the dead !

3 He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 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.

145

Ps. 23: 4. J. NEWTON.

1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

ELLESDIE. 8s. 7s. D.

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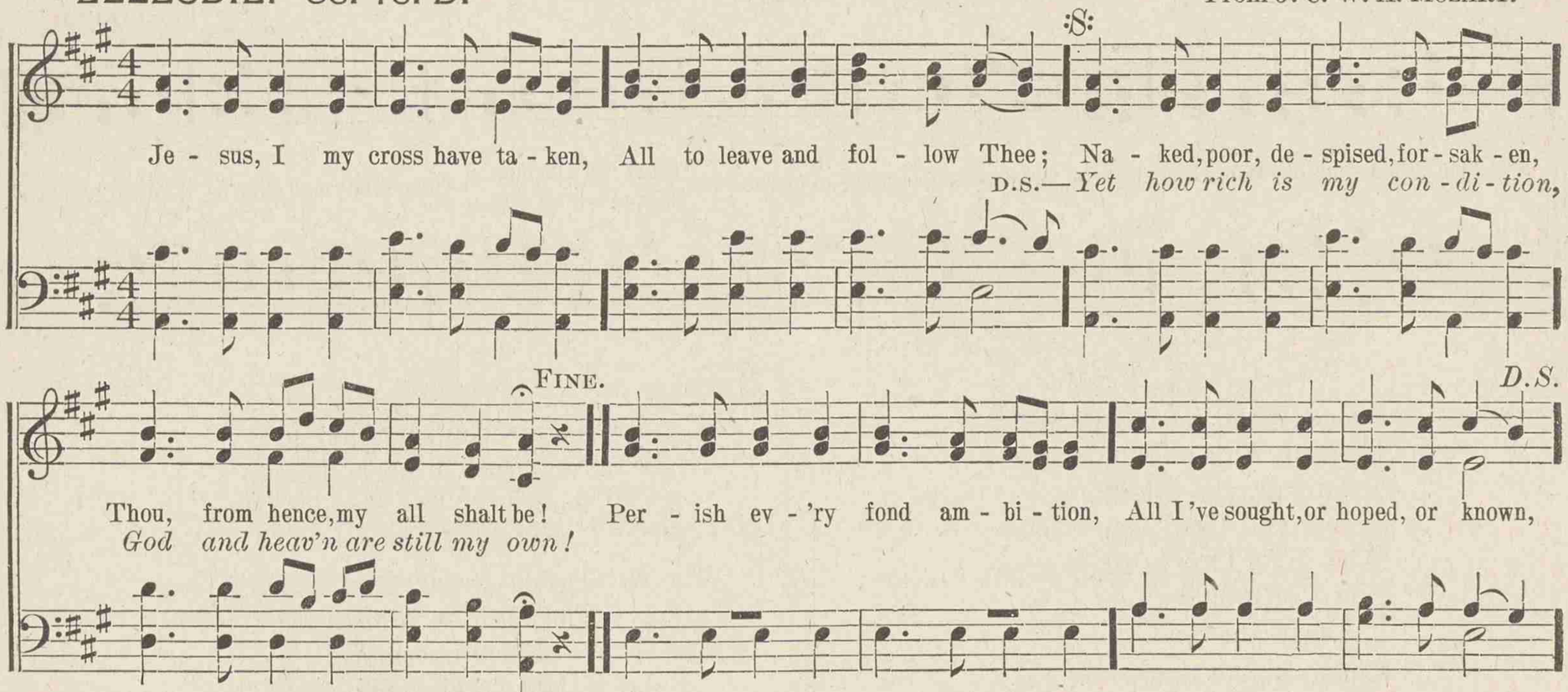


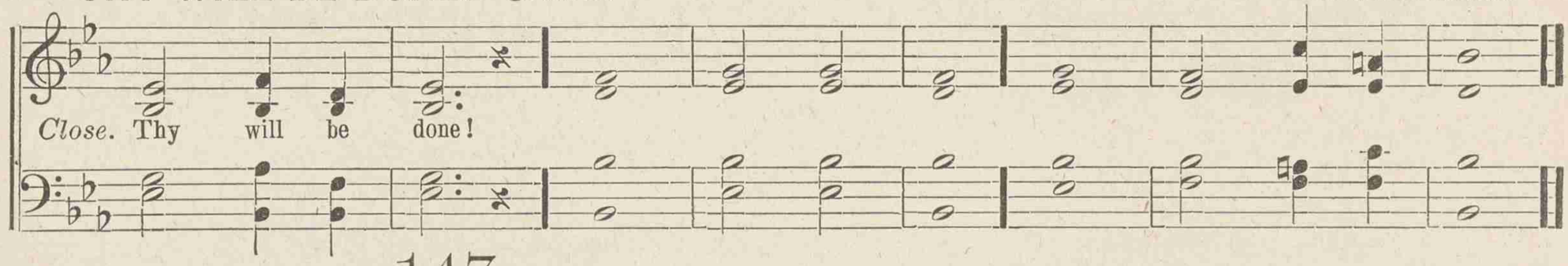
146

Luke 9: 24. H. F. LYTE.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

THY WILL BE DONE. Chant.

LOWELL MASON.

147

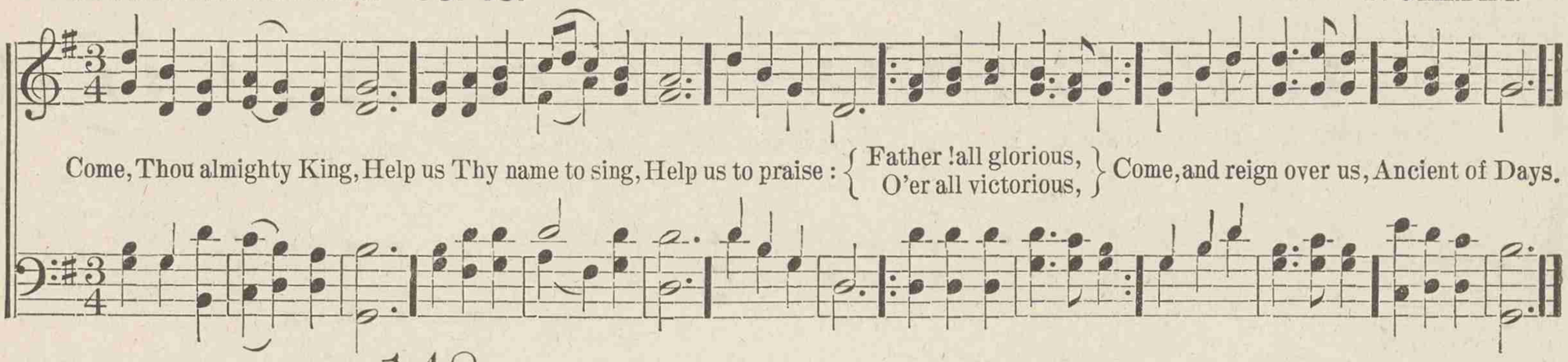
Mark 14: 36. J. BOWRING.

1 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

148

I Jno. 5: 7

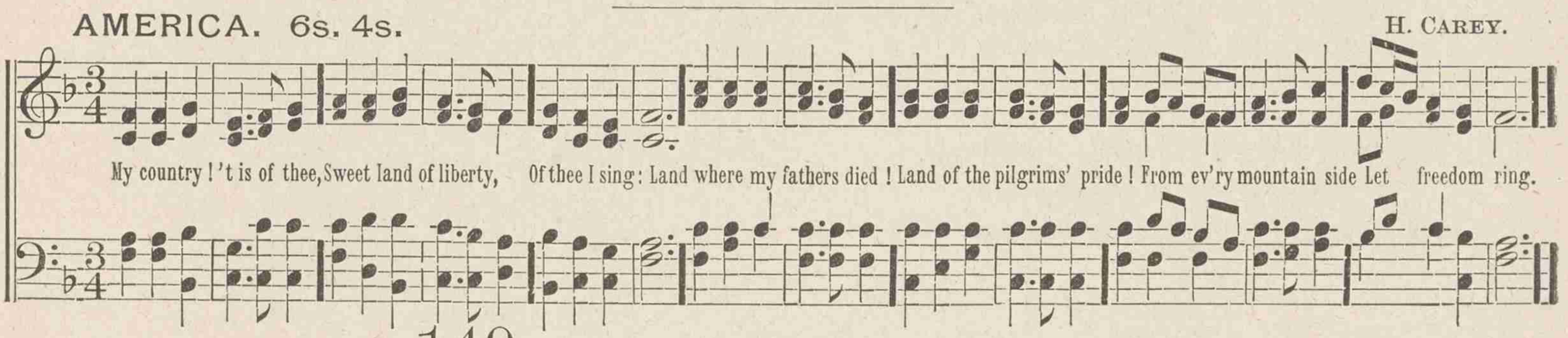
C. WESLEY.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,—
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

AMERICA. 6s. 4s.

H. CAREY.

149

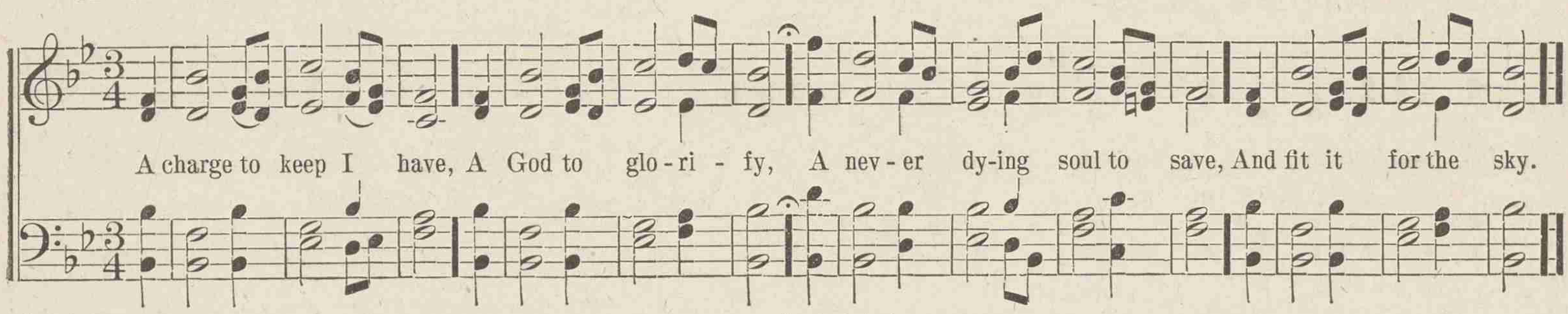
Ps. 16: 6.

S. F. SMITH.

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!

KENTUCKY. S. M.

150

Mark 13: 37. C. WESLEY.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

151

Luke 18: 1. NEWTON.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause His care.

152

Heb 4: 16. NEWTON.

1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

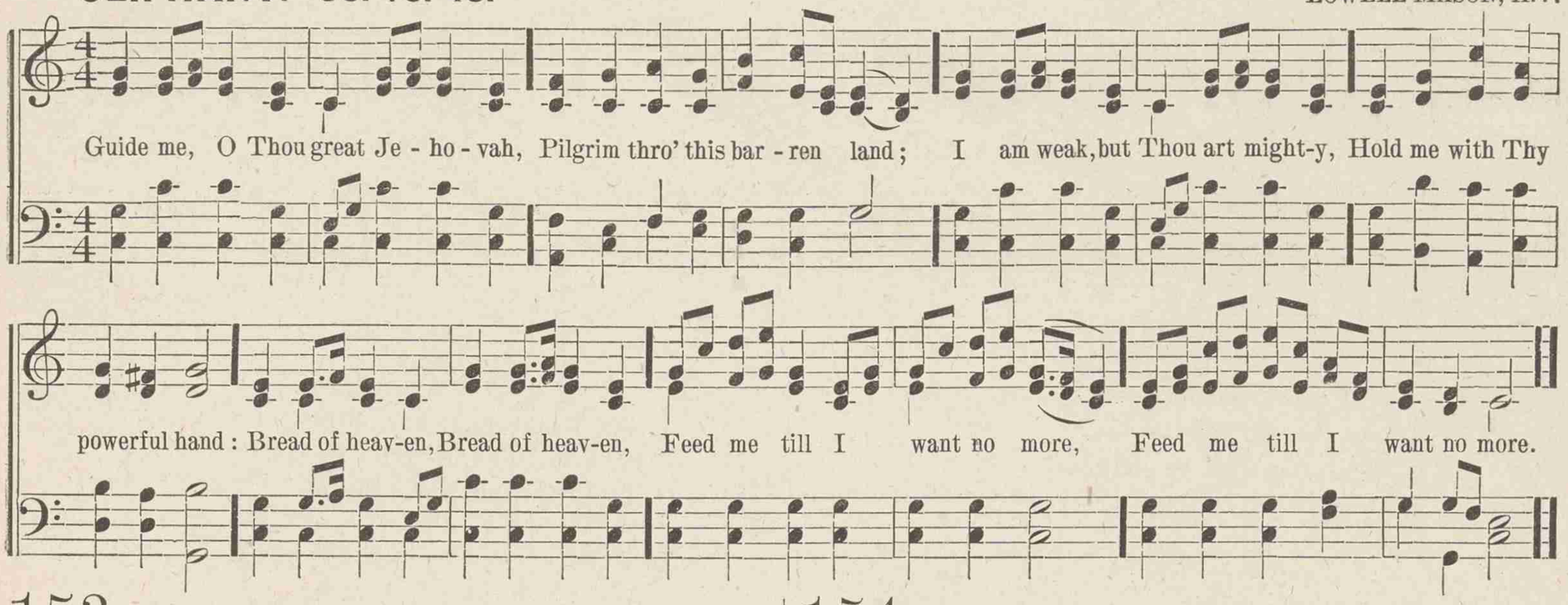
3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

OLIPHANT. 8s. 7s. 4s.

LOWELL MASON, *Arr.*



153

Ex. 14: 19. P. WILLIAMS.

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

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

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

154

II Cor. 3: 21. J. EDMESTON.

1 Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

155

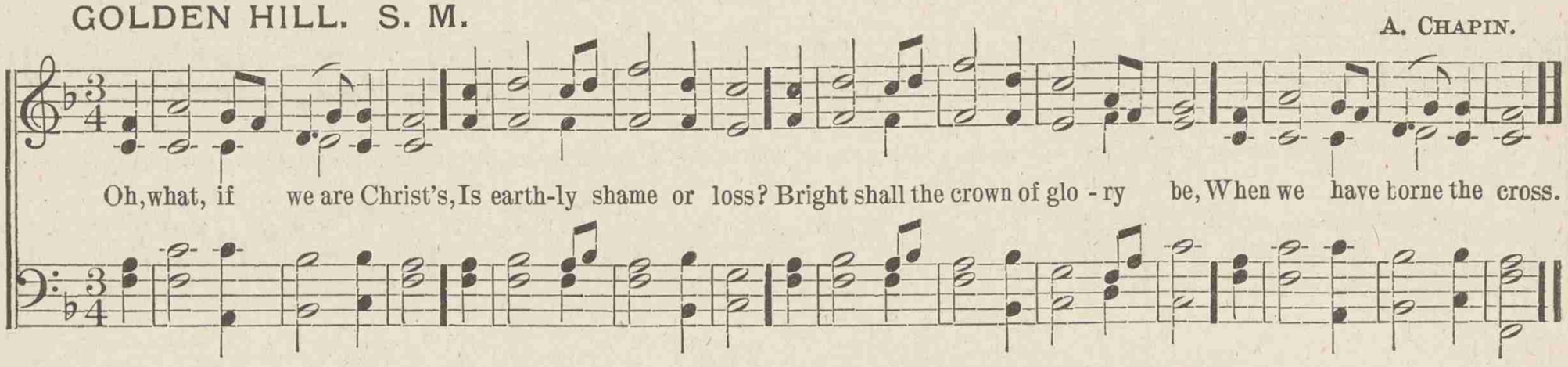
Phil. 1: 11. J. FAWCETT.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

A. CHAPIN.



156

Rev. 3: 11. H. W. BAKER.

1 Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours!
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

157

Ps. 23. A. STEELE.

1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To Thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

4 Unworthy, as I am,
Of Thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead Thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

158

Eph. 6: 10-17. C. WESLEY.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong is the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

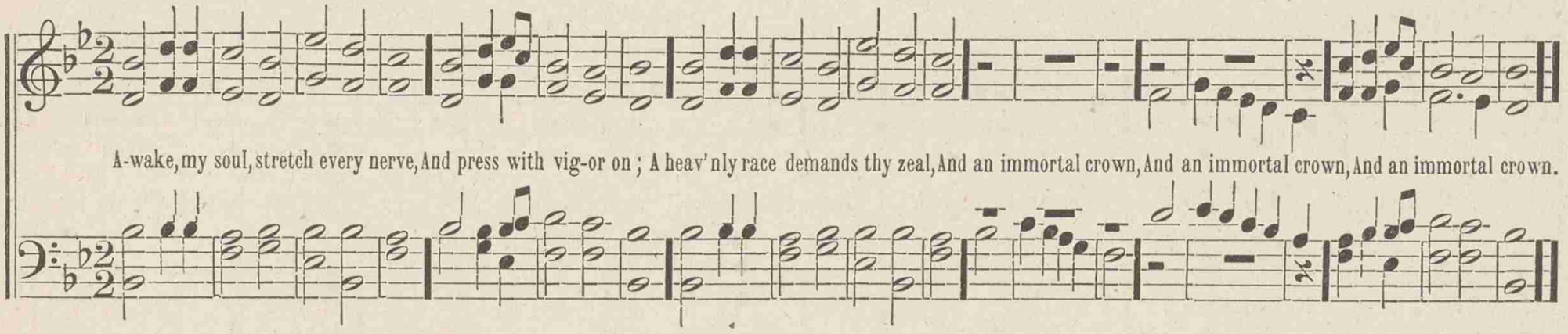
2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Till, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALL.

159

Heb. 12: 1. P. DODDRIDGE.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

160

Cant. 1: 4. CLEAVELAND.

1 Oh! could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on His word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

161

Job 23: 3. WATTS.

1 Oh! that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I 'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I 'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I 'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I 'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
I 'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints;
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of His saints
When they in sorrow pray.

5 Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrow there.

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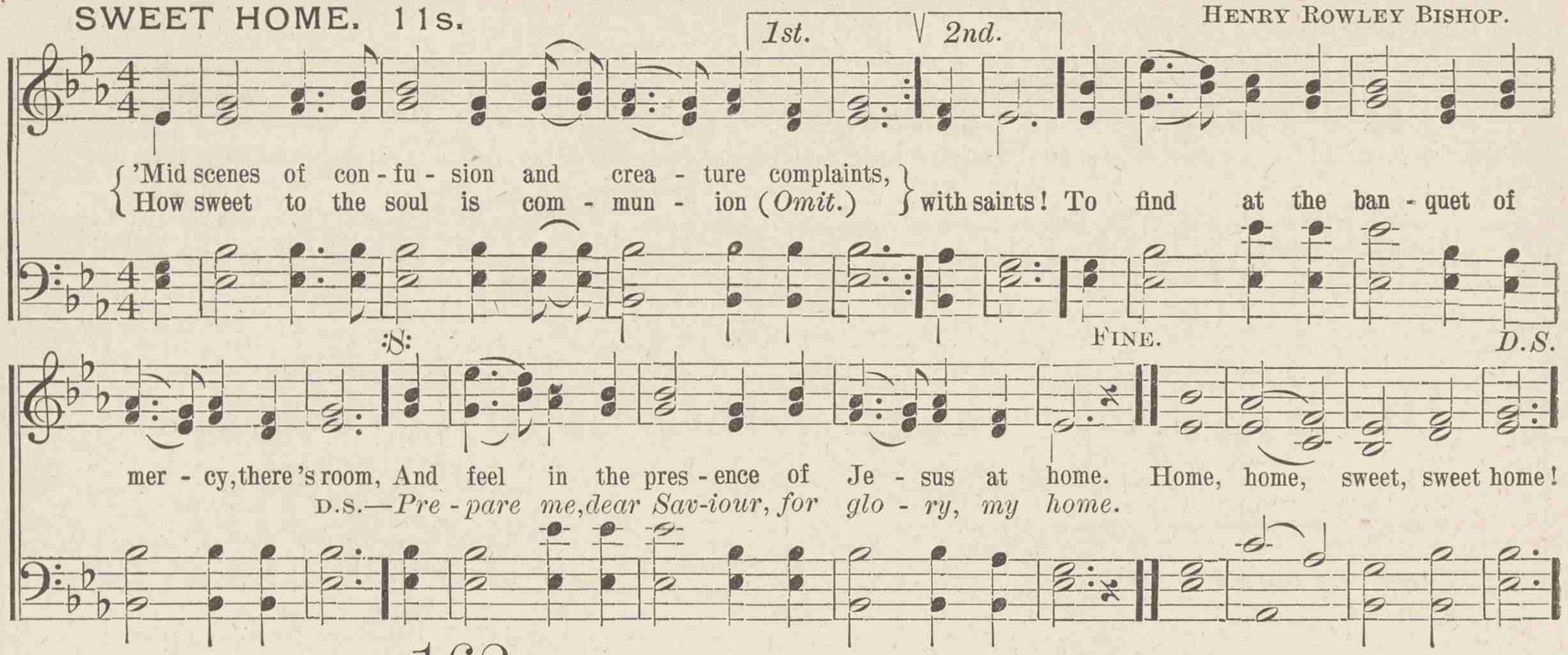
162

John 14: 3. DAVID DENHAM.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

4 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.

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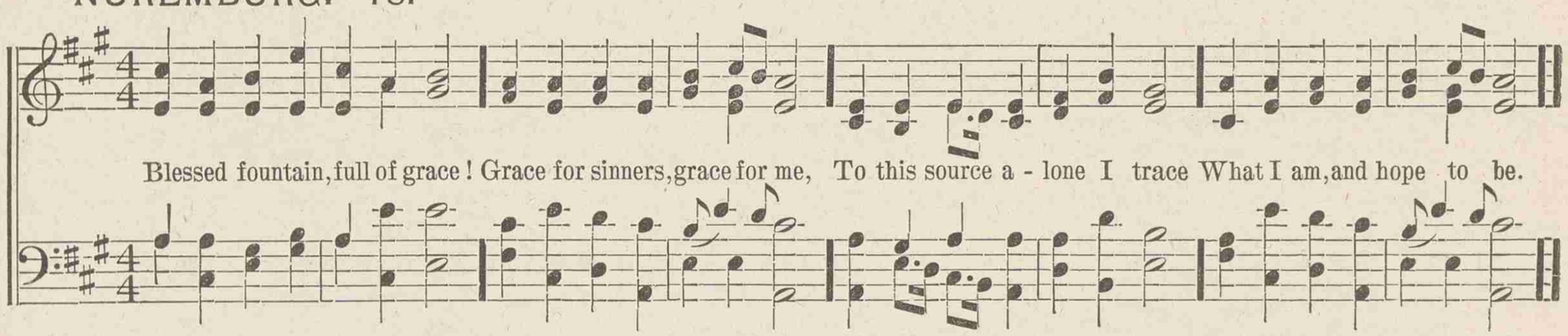

163

Eph. 2: 8. T. KELLY.

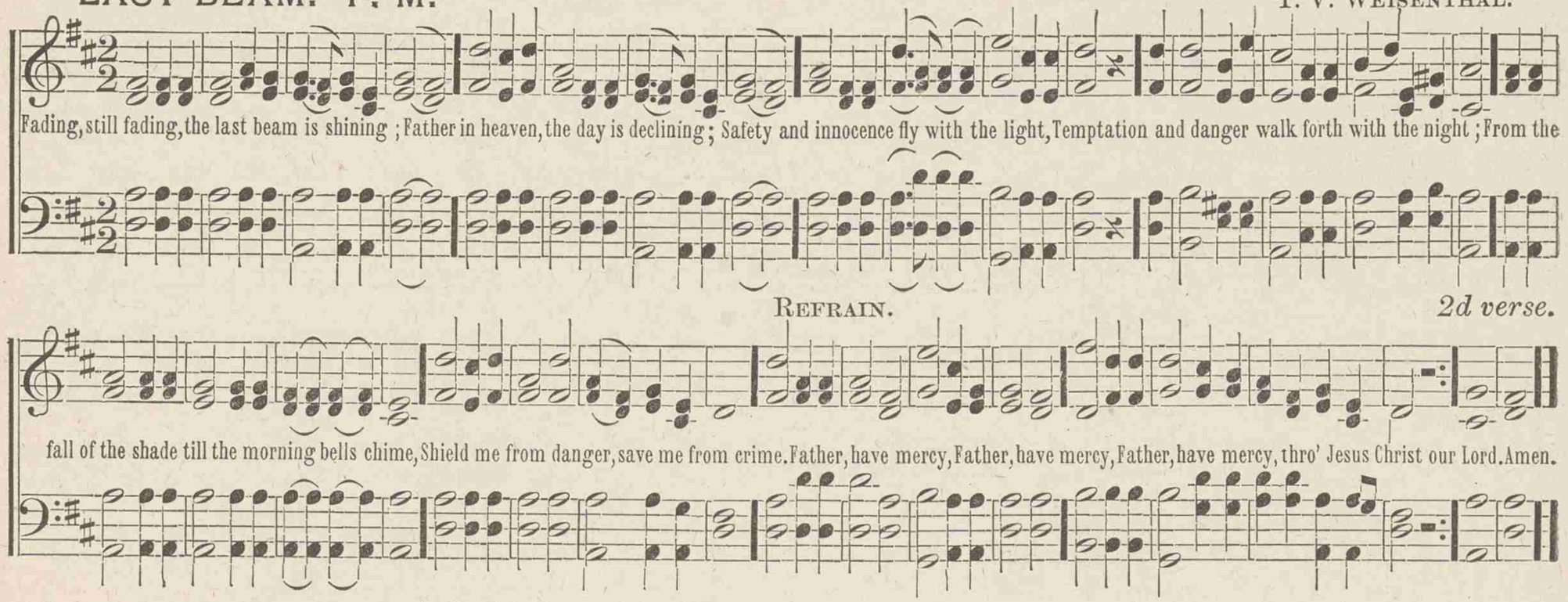
2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like Him to be,
Who redeemed His saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

LAST BEAM. P. M.

T. V. WEISENTHAL.

164

Ps. 51: 1. HUNTINGTON.

1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in heaven, the day is declining;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime!—REF.

2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call!
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;
In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in Thine arms when morning returns.—REF.

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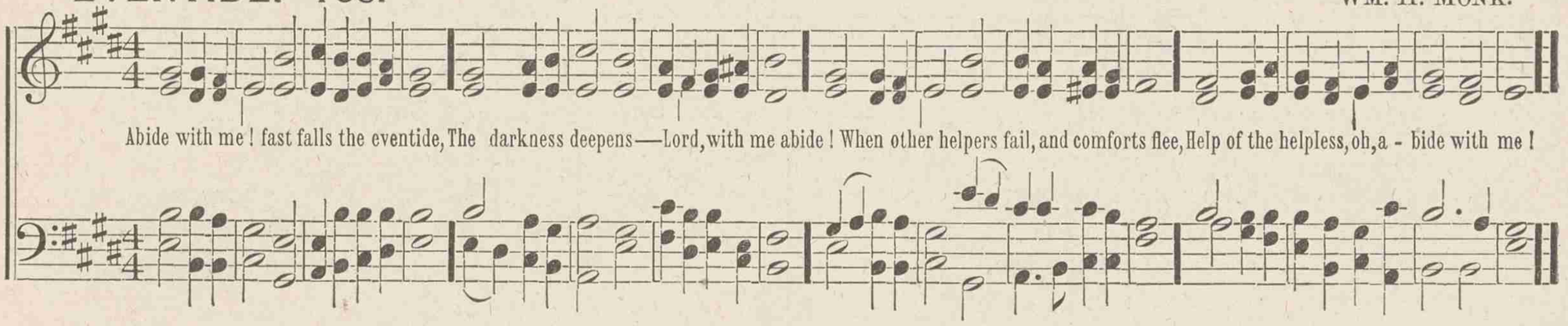
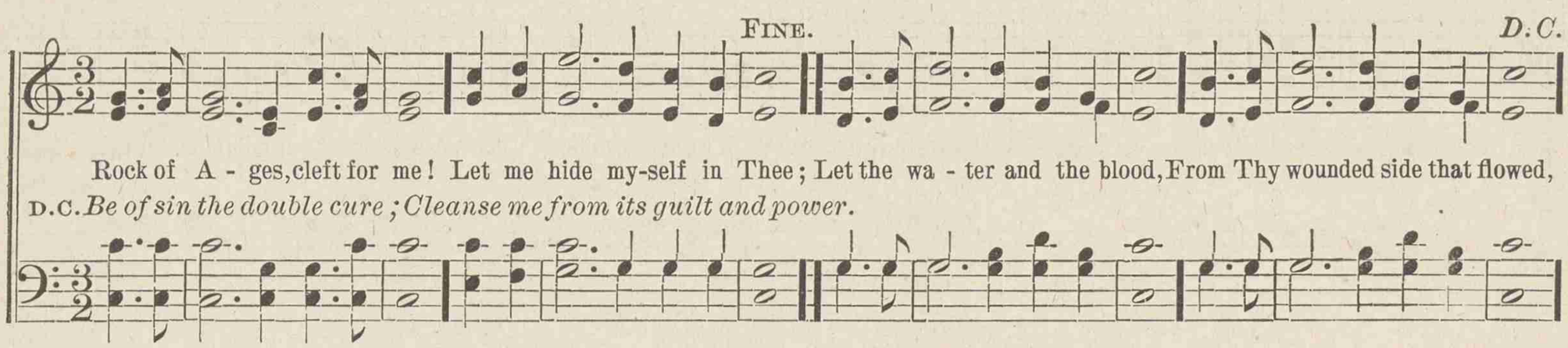

165

Luke 24: 29. H. F. LYTE.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows [flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6l.

166

Jno. 19: 34. A. M. TOPLADY.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

167

Mark 5: 19. W. HAMMOND.

1 Would you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt;
Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face.

2 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus made thee free,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart;
Sweetly speaks of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

168

Heb. 7: 25. R. MANT.

1 Son of God! to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life! to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

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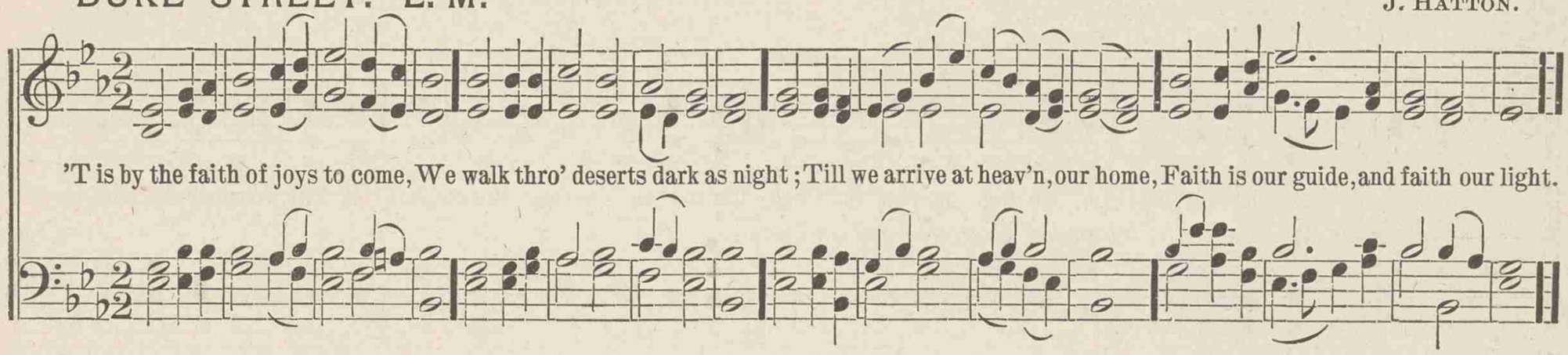
169

Heb. 11: 8. I. WATTS.

1 'T is by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

170

Titus 2: 10. I. WATTS.

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 His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect the blesséd hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

171

Luke 11: 2. C. ELLIOTT.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,— it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done."

NAOMI. C. M.

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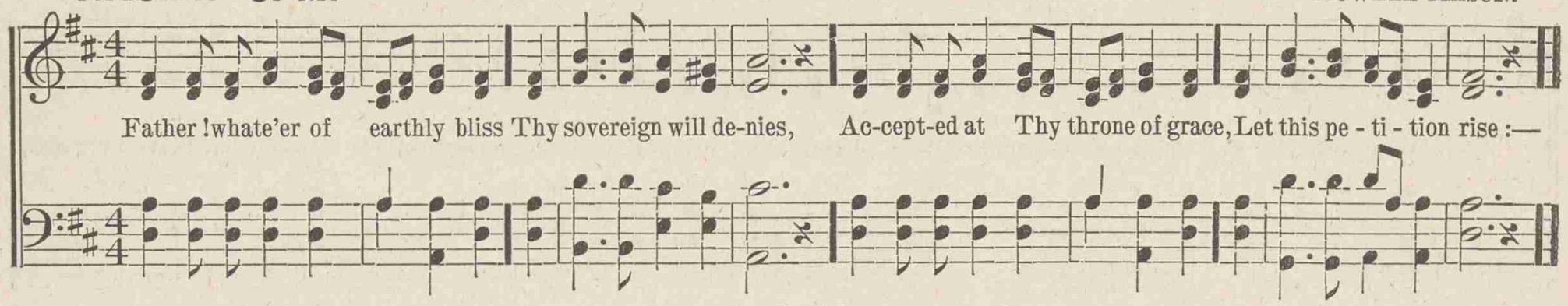

172

Prov. 8: 30. A. STEELE.

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 "May thro' my life Thy love be seen,
Thy will be mine to do;
Purge Thou my thought from evil clean,
And help me keep it so.

4 "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."

173

Luke 22: 32. J. R. WREFORD.

1 Lord, I believe; Thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

174

Isa. 26: 3. H. BONAR.

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

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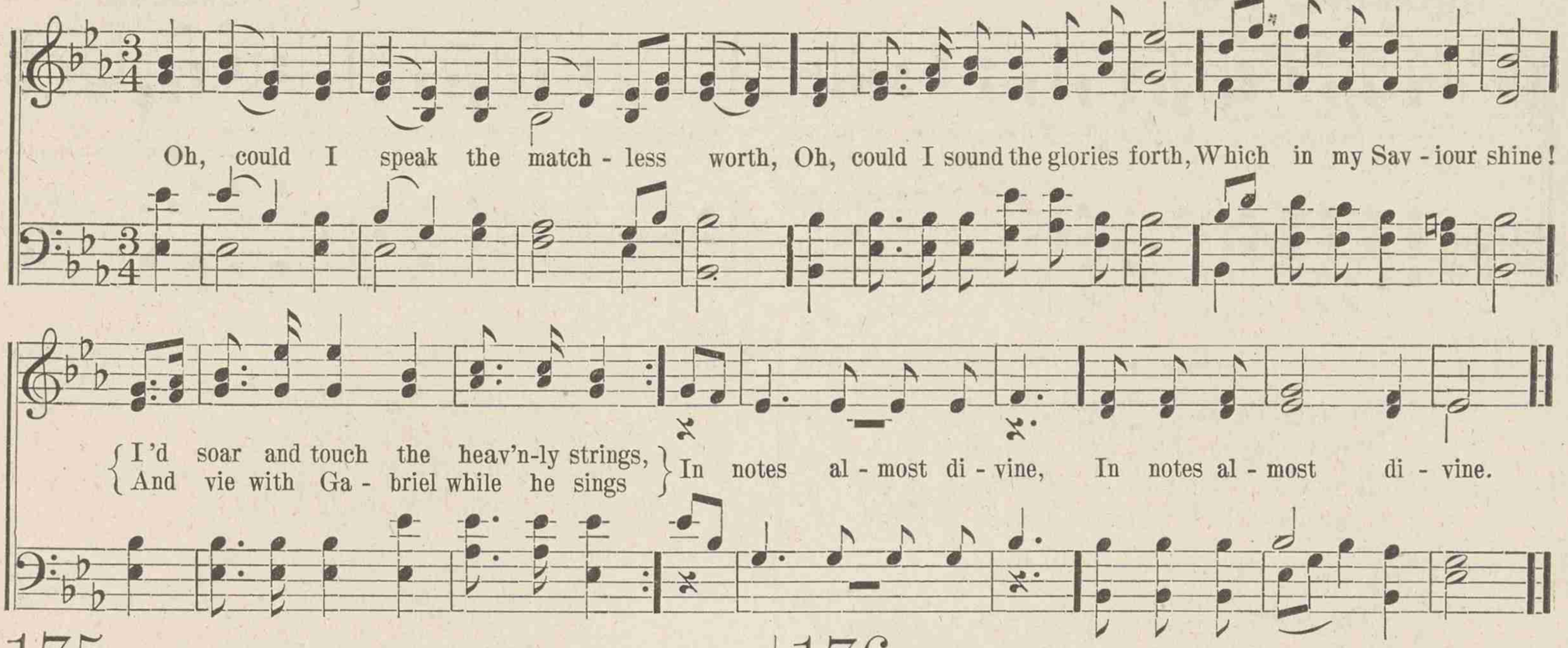

175

I Pet. 2: 7. S. MEDLEY.

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

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

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

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

176

II Tim. 4: 1. LADY HUNTINGTON.

1 When Thou, my Righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall I pray.

4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
When e'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign Grace.

ORLEANS. S. M.

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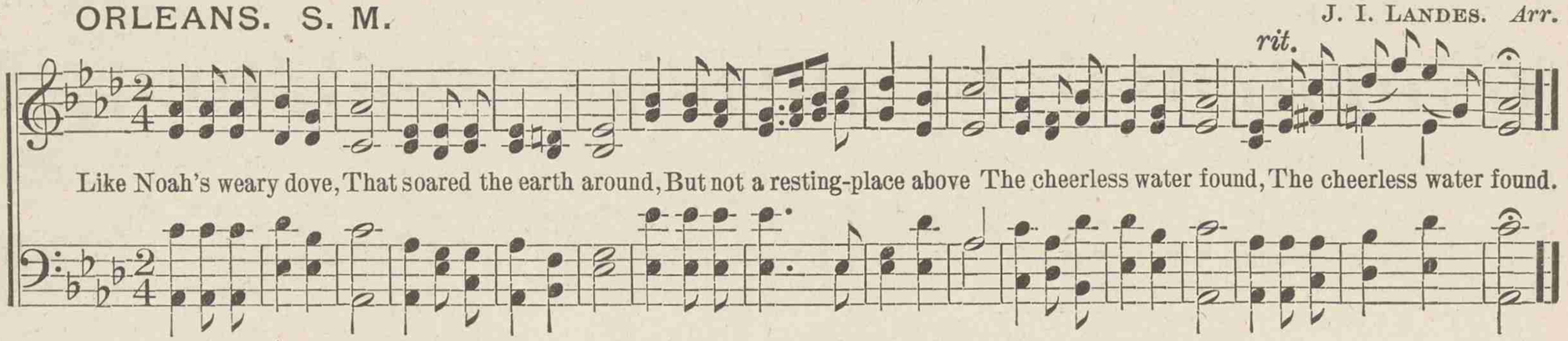
177

Gen. 8: 9. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless water found.

2 Oh, cease my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wild world to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove my soul no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

178

Rev. 21: 4. ANON.

1 The people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace;
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear,
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care;
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

179

Ps. 35: 9.

1 Rejoice in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ His brethren calls;
Who hear and know His guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

OGLEVEE. 6s. 4s.

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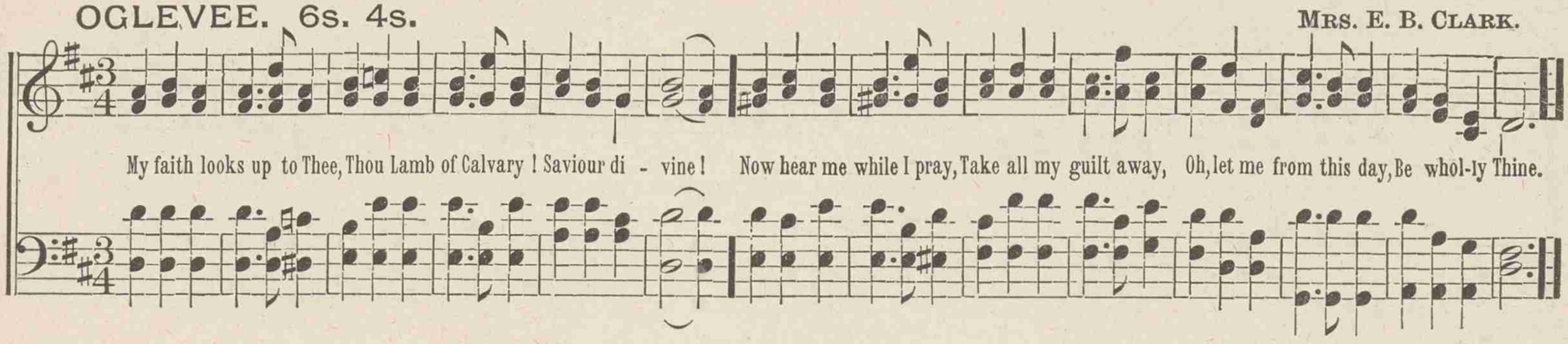

180

Isa. 45: 22. RAY PALMER.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

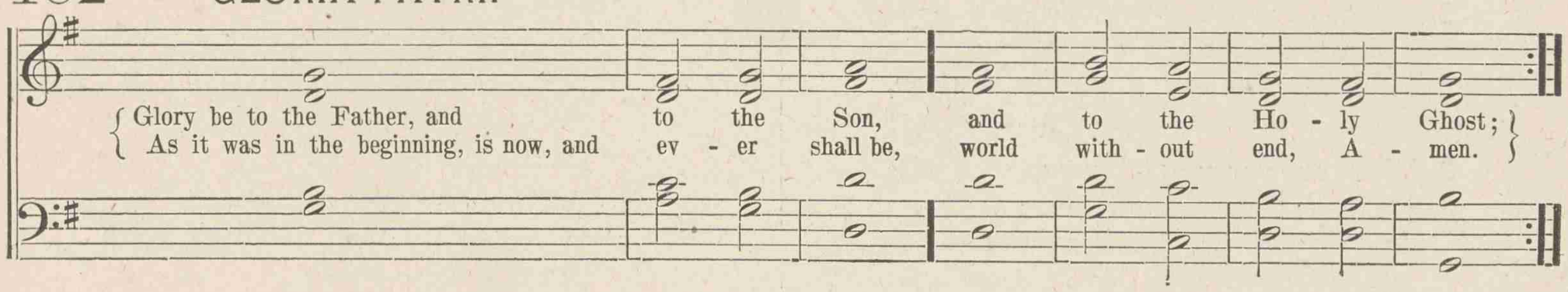
181

Heb. 13: 6. J. G. DECK.

1 Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

182 GLORIA PATRI.

DENNIS. S. M.

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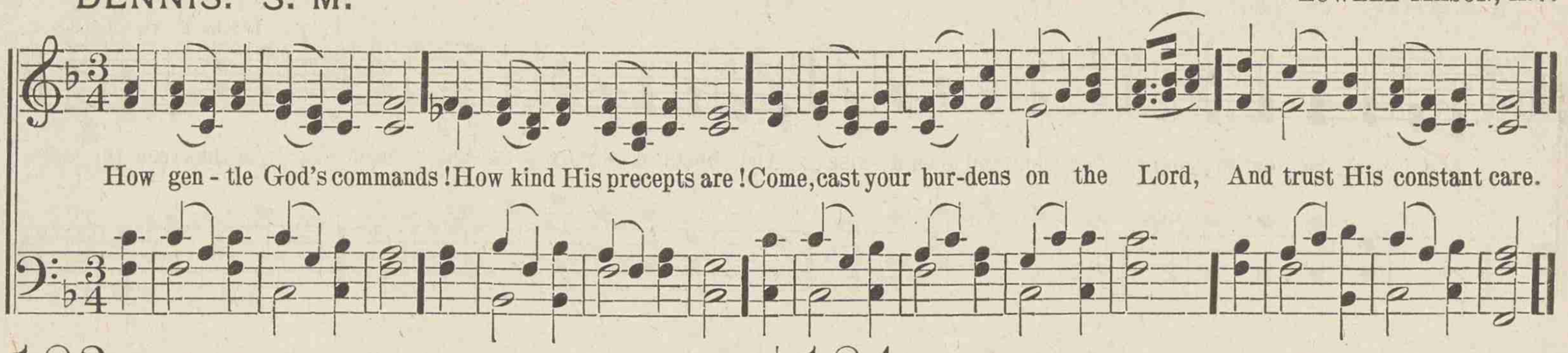
183

I Pet. 5: 7. P. DODDRIDGE.

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

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

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

184

Eph. 6: 11-17. L. SWAIN.

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

185

Rom. 12: 5. J. FAWCETT.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 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.

LABAN. S. M.

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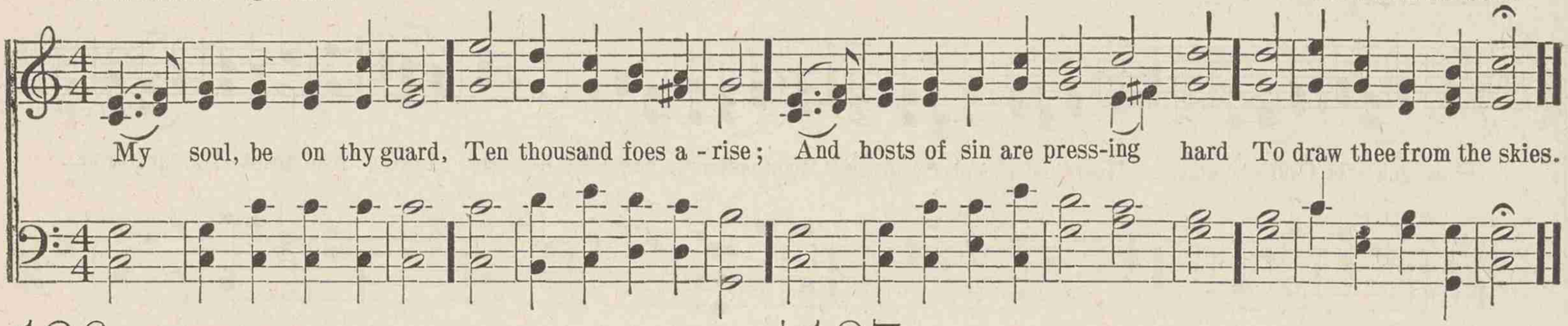


186

Matt. 26: 41. G. HEATH.

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

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

187

Ps. 27: 14. J. WESLEY, *tr.*

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous days.

3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaims, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

188

Rom. 13: 11. A. M. TOPLADY.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

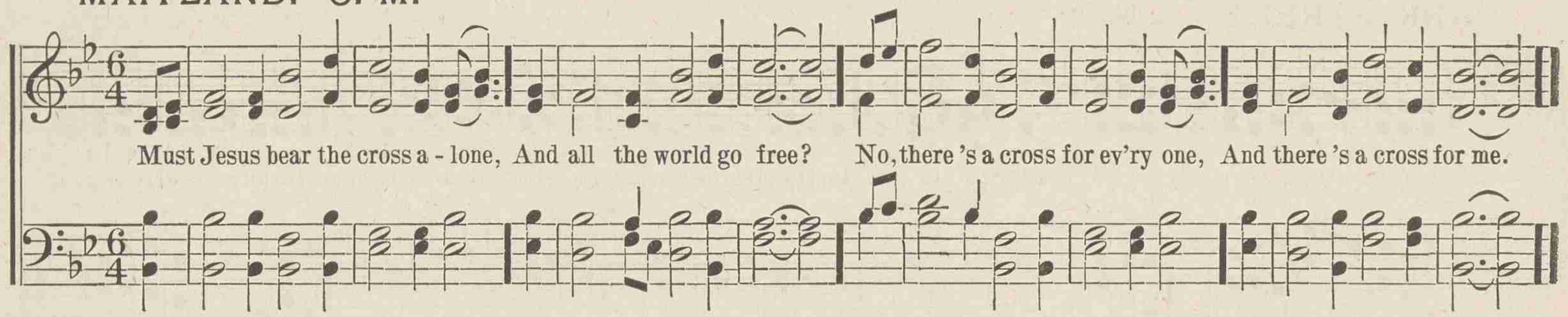
2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

MAITLAND. C. M.

189

Luke 9: 23. ALLEN.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.

2 On it He breathed His latest breath,
And closed the fearful strife;
He bore His cross to cruel death,
I mine to peaceful life.

3 This consecrated cross I 'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I 'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

190

II Tim. 2: 3. I. WATTS.

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 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

191

II Tim. 1: 12. I. WATTS.

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.

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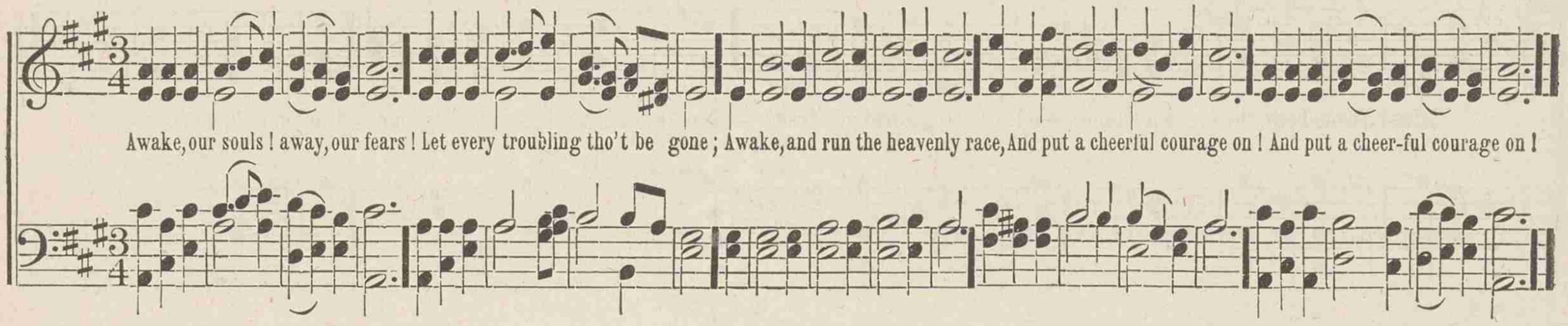
192 *Isa.* 40: 28–31. I. WATTS.

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

193 *Col.* 4: 12. MRS. HINSDALE.

1 My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
'T was Christ who died their peace to win.

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In Whom alone it stands complete.

---

194 *Col.* 1: 19. ANON.

1 Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee:
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'T is sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'T is sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes,
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

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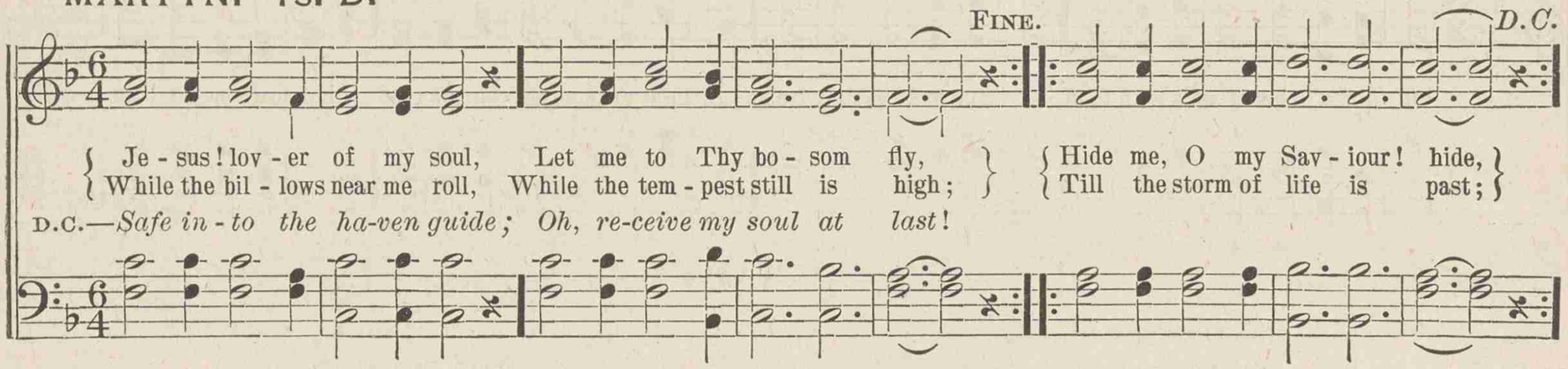

195

Ps. 57: 1. C. WESLEY.

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, 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 stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

196

Ps. 70: 1. MONTGOMERY.

1 Hasten, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like arméd bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.
Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

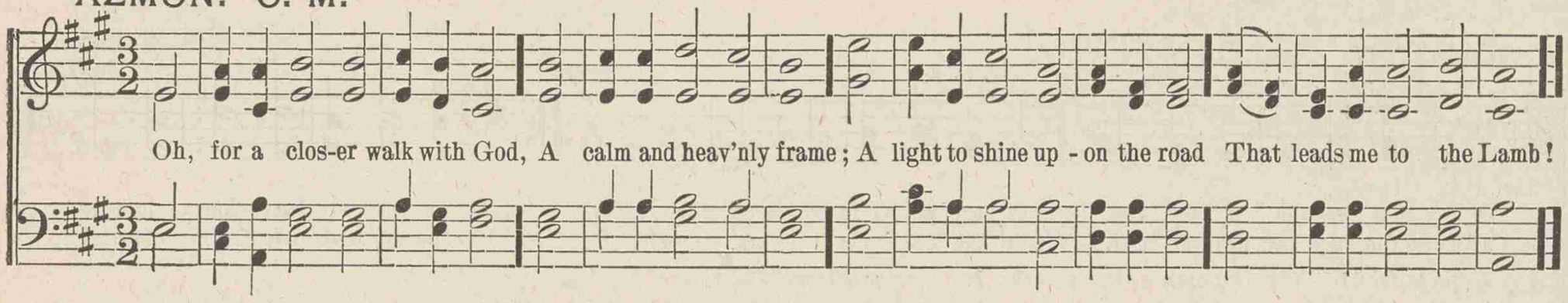
2 Those that seek Thee shall rejoice;
I am bound with misery;
Yet I make Thy law my choice,
Turn, my God! and look on me.
Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart!
Do not tarry, haste to save.

197

Isa. 35: 8-10. J. CENNICK.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be;
And we still will follow Thee.

AZMON. C. M.

198

Ps. 51: 12. COWPER.

1 Oh, 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 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

5 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.

199

Ps. 51: 7. C. WESLEY.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

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

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord, of Thine.

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

200

Matt. 1: 21. C. WESLEY.

1 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms my fears;
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

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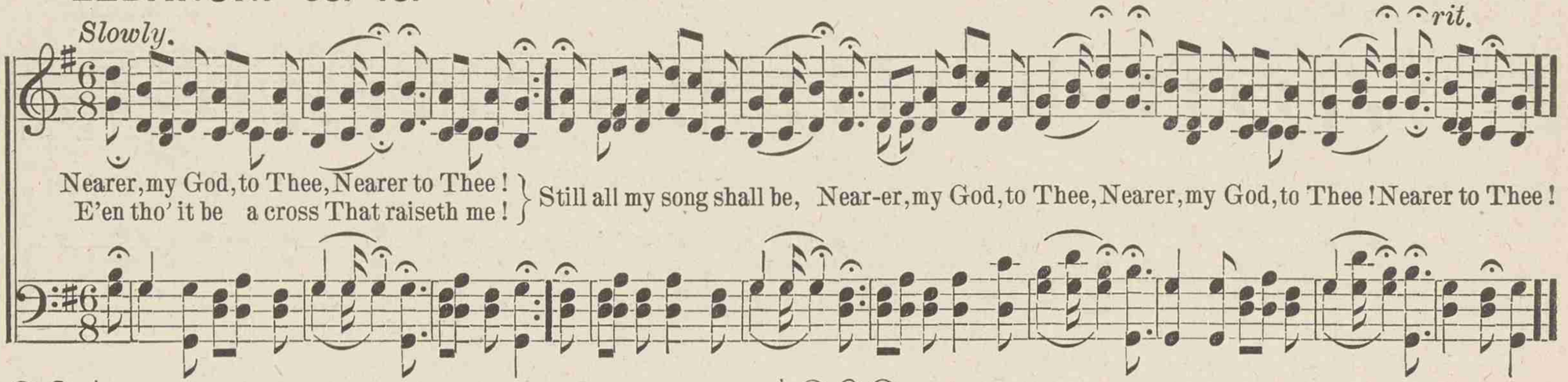
201

Gen. 28: 22. S. F. ADAMS.

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

202

Acts 9: 6. S. D. PHELPS.

1 Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me;
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee;
That each departing day
Henceforth may see,
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

203

Mark 5: 28. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

1 Lord, at Thy mercy-seat,
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call;
Now let Thy work begin,
Oh, make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to Thee;
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

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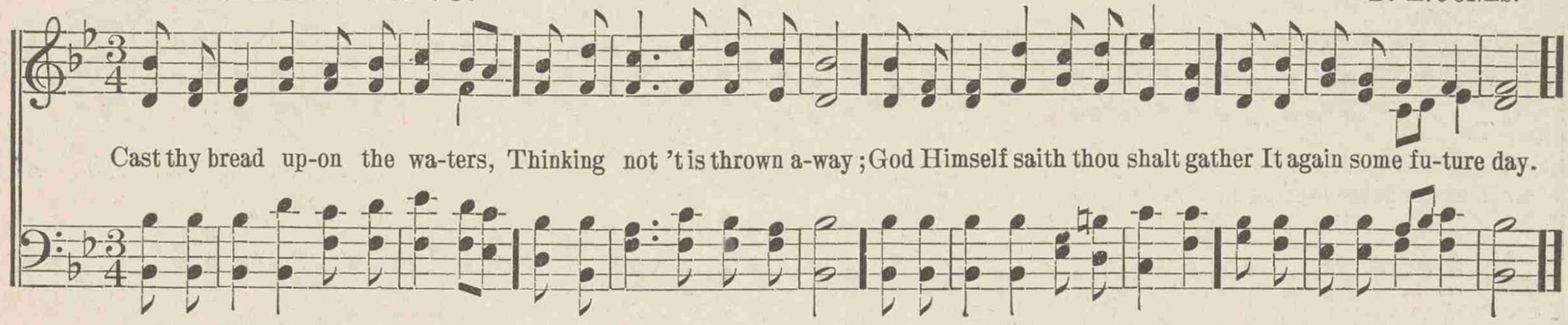

204

Eccl. 11: 1. J. H. HANAFORD.

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou scatterest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

205

Ps. 34: 7. S. JOHNSON.

1 Onward, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

3 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

4 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
Thine the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

206

Ps. 126: 6. T. HASTINGS.

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing prècious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

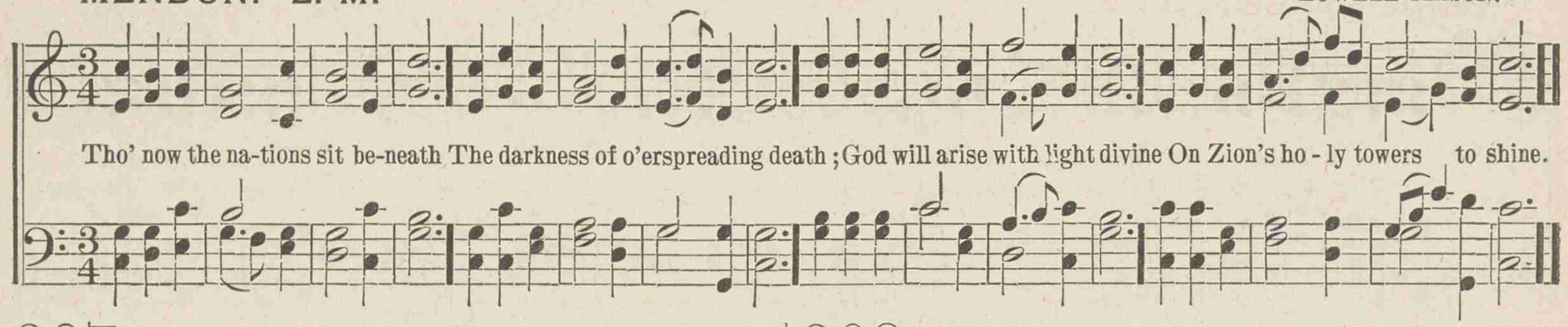
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

MENDON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, *Arr.*



207

Isa. 9: 2. L. BACON.

1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise, with light divine
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come Thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship Thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendor of the day.

208

Isa. 61: 10. W. SHRUBSOLE.

1 Zion! awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2 Church of our God! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
And shall admire and love thee too;—
They come, like clouds across the sky,
As doves that to their windows fly.

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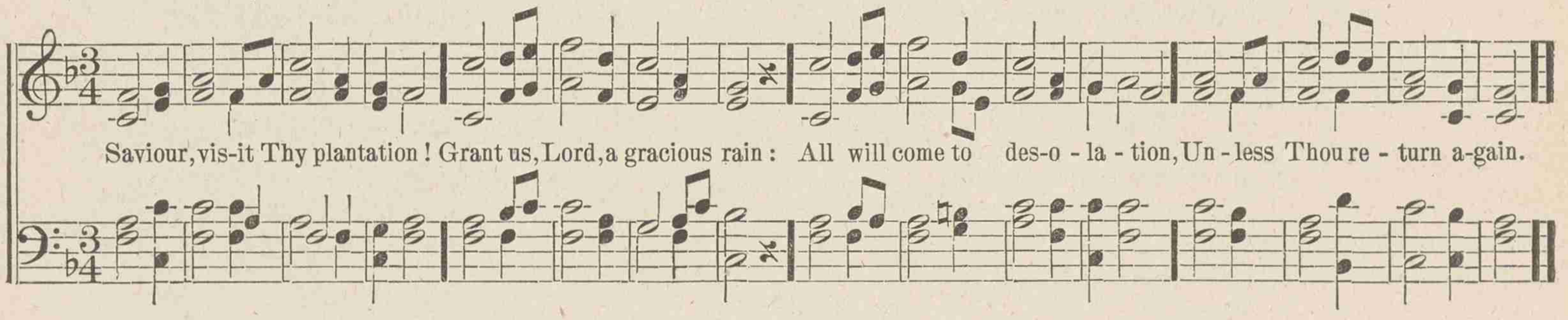
209

Cant. 4: 16. J. NEWTON.

2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.

3 But a drought has since succeeded;
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from Thee.

4 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

5 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

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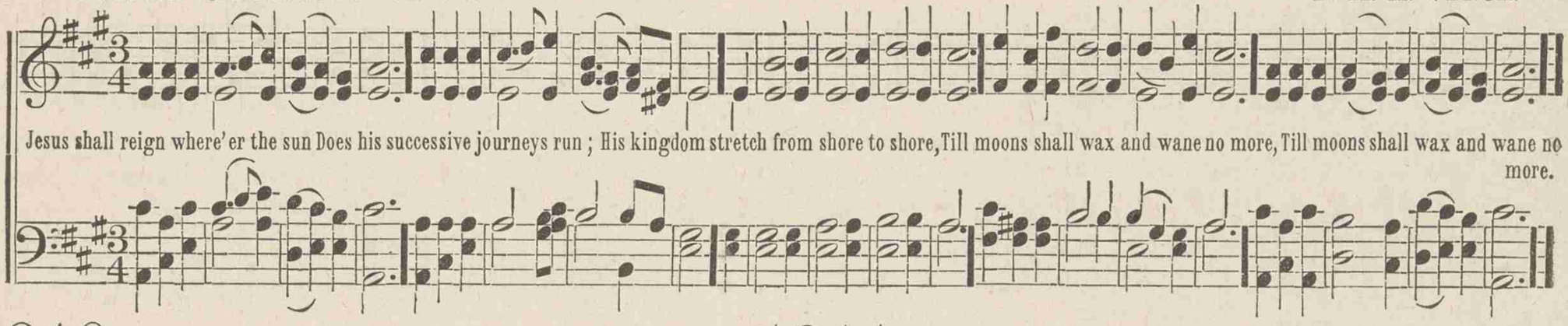
210

Ps. 72. I. WATTS.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more!

2 By Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

211

Acts 26: 18. W. C. BRYANT.

1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart; —
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise

212

Isa. 52: 1. P. DODDRIDGE.

1 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

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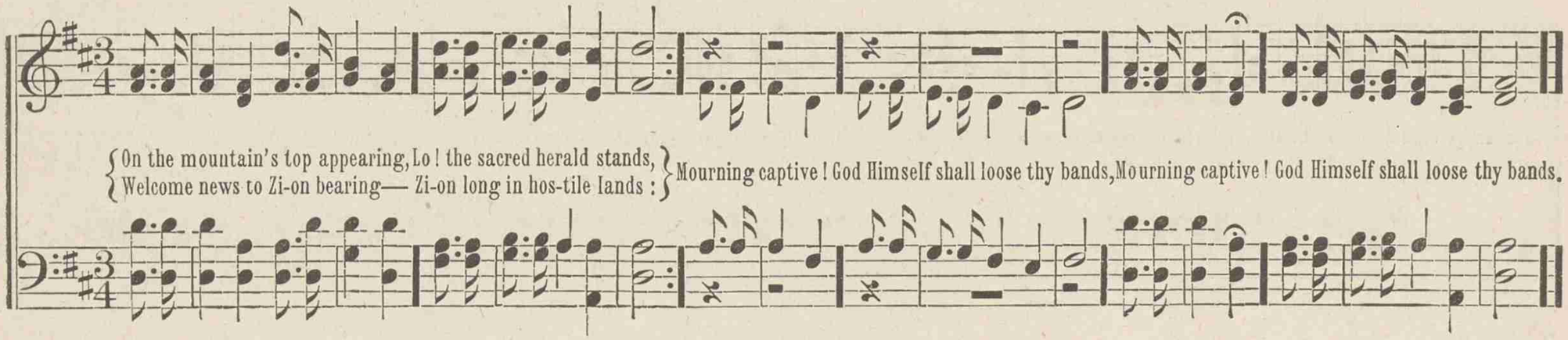
213

Isa. 52: 7. T. KELLY.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God Himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

214

Luke 2: 32. W. WILLIAMS.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

215

Heb. 12: 2. T. KELLY.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious!
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings and Lord of lords.

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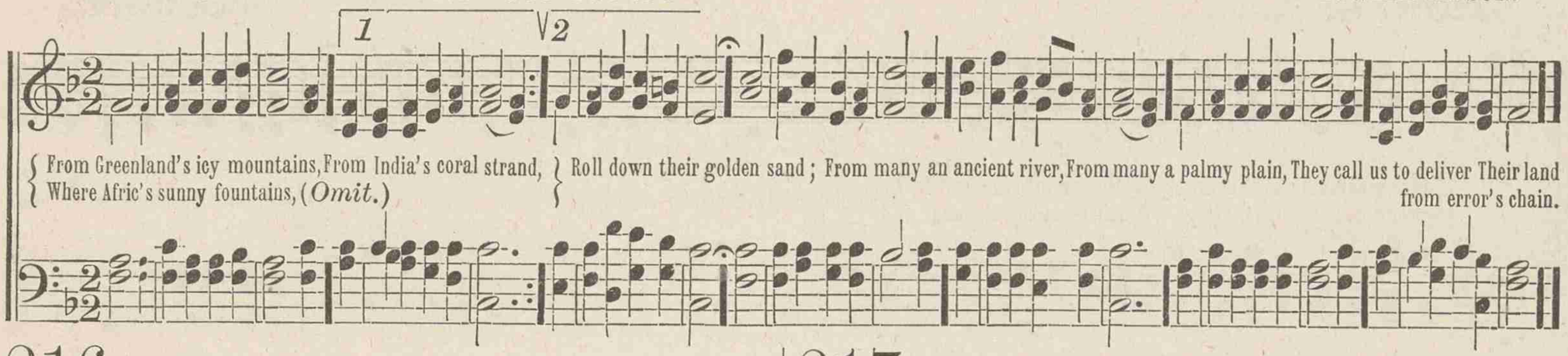

216

Acts 16: 9. R. HEBER.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in His blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

217

Ps. 72. J. MONTGOMERY.

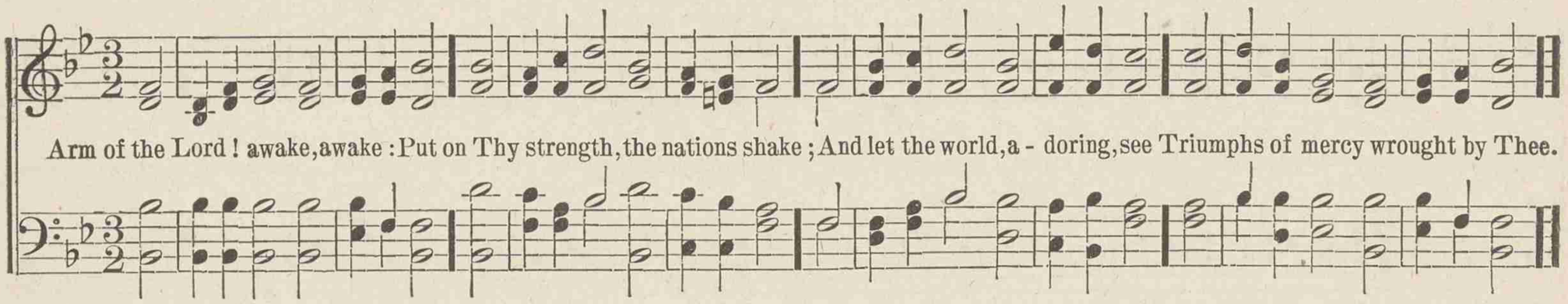
1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore Him;
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
His great, best name of Love!

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



218

Zech. 9: 10. W. SHRUBSOLE.

1 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake:
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah — God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour — Lord of all.

219

Isa. 60: 5. NOEL.

1 Marked as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

2 Ev'n now the hallowed scenes appear;
Ev'n now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of Thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

220

Dan. 7: 27. COLLYER.

1 Assembled at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.

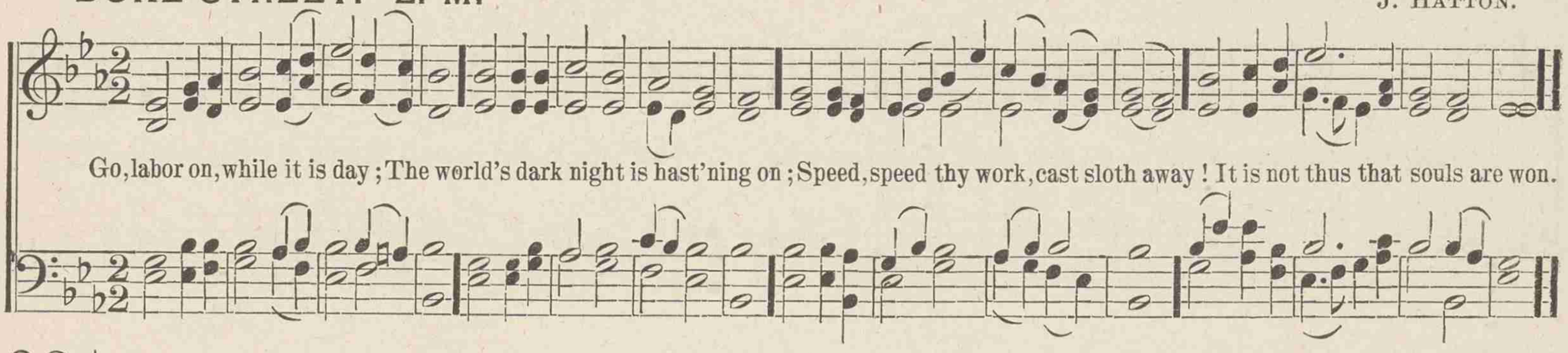
2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



221

Gal. 6: 9. H. BONAR.

1 Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

222

Matt. 16: 24. C. W. EVEREST.

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humble follow after Me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

223

Jno. 4: 38. J. G. WHITTIER.

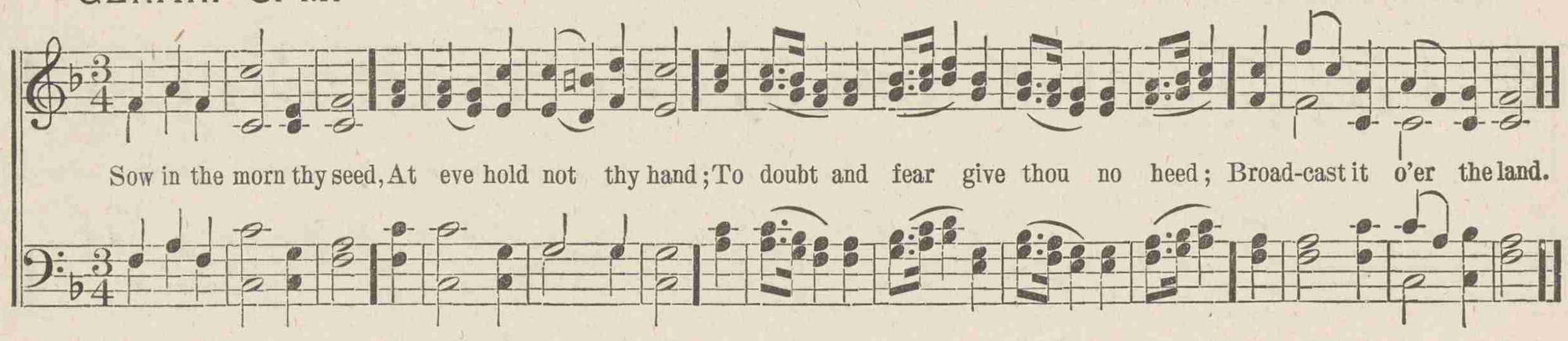
1 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

2 Yet ours the grateful service, whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

GERAR. S. M.



224

Ecc. 11: 6. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home!"

225

I Cor. 1: 7. H. BONAR.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

4 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

226

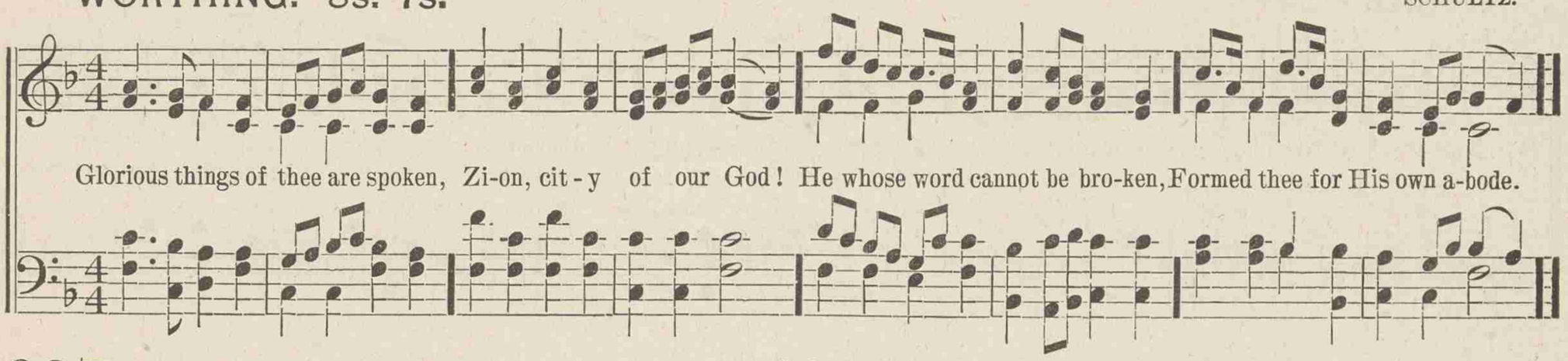
Phil. 2: 10, 11. C. WESLEY.

1 O Thou whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume Thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's desire and hope,
All power to Thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Saviour, Thou
Wilt all Thy creatures bless;
And every knee to Thee shall bow
And every tongue confess.

4 According to Thy word,
Now be Thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

WORTHING. 8s. 7s. SCHULTZ.

227

Ps. 87. J. NEWTON.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

228

Isa. 60: 18. W. COWPER.

1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

2 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

4 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

229

Jno. 1: 8. C. WESLEY.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

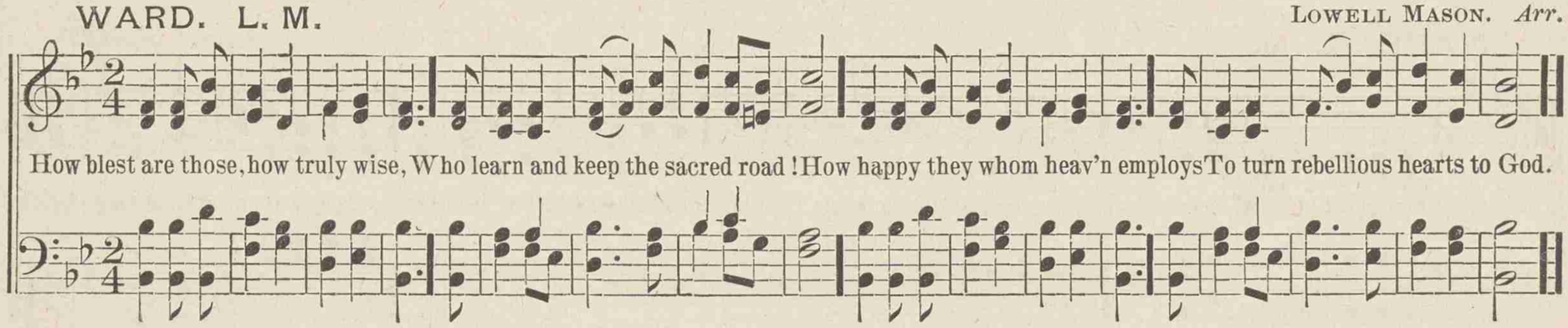
2 Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the Gospel grace!

3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON. *Arr.*



230

Dan. 12: 3. A. STEELE.

1 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
How happy they whom heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God.

2 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
And that blest righteousness display
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

231

II Thes. 3: 1. B. BEDDOME.

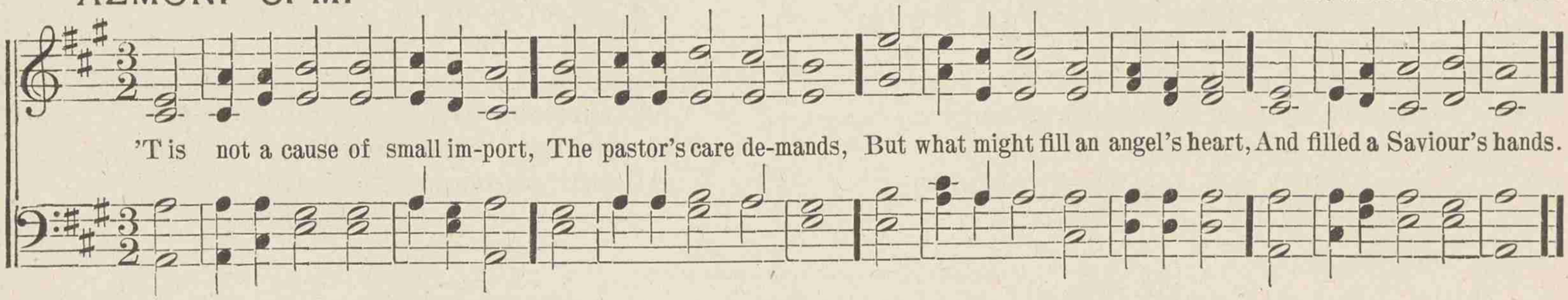
1 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful may they ever be.

2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
And light through distant realms be spread
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON. *Arr.*



232

Jno. 17: 18. P. DODDRIDGE.

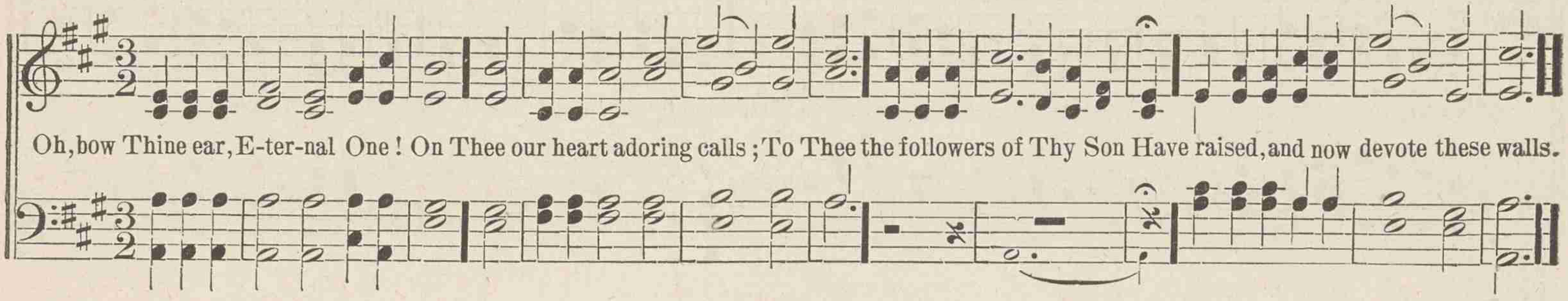
1 'T is not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

2 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls that must forever live
In rapture or in woe.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

4 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.

WARE. L. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



233

Gen. 28: 17. J. PIERPONT.

2 Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

234

Isa. 12: 6. I. WATTS.

1 God, in His earthly temple, lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob, well;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

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

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

4 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear,
As one new-born, or nourished there.

235

Mark 3: 15. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

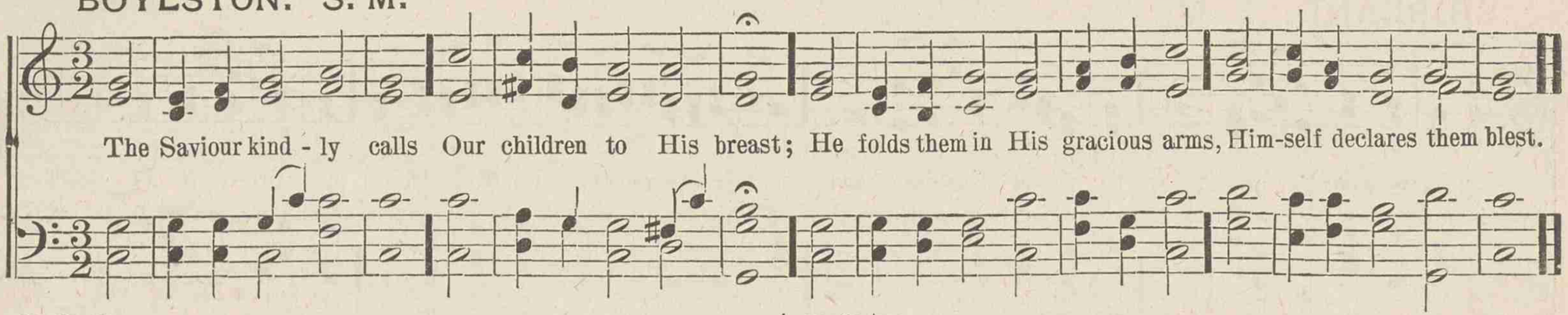
2 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love:—

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;—

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be Thine!

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



236

Matt. 19: 14. H. U. ONDERDONK.

1 The Saviour kindly calls
Our children to His breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring, that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

237

Ps. 144: 12. J. FELLOWS.

1 Great God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of Thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to Thee.

3 Now bless, Thou God of Love,
This ordinance divine;
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children Thine.

238

Mark 10: 13. ANON.

1 Thou God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see Thy smiling face,
And feel that Thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 To-day in love descend;
Oh, come, this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By Thy resistless power.

4 Low bending at Thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, Thy love is great,
And high Thy glories shine.

239

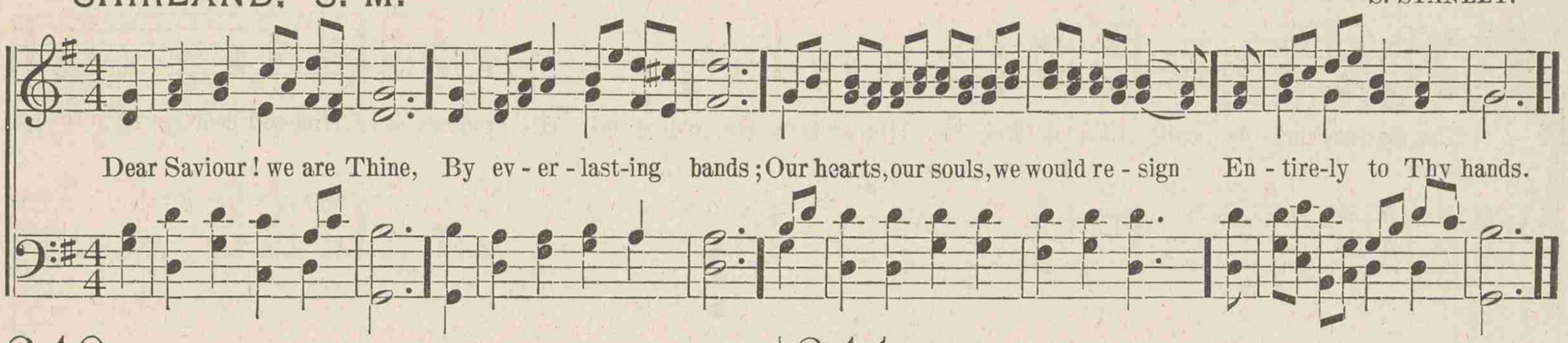
Acts 2: 39. ANON.

1 Our children Thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as Thine;
Ten thousand blessings to Thy name
For goodness so divine!

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great Thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is Thy grace!
Which in the promise of Thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still Thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God!
To latest times Thy blessings share,
And sound Thy praise abroad.

SHIRLAND. S. M. S. STANLEY.

240

I Cor. 12: 28. P. DODDRIDGE.

1 Dear Saviour! we are Thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head;
Shall form in us Thine image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

241

Matt. 18: 20. C. WESLEY.

1 Jesus, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet,
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And wordly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know Thou art,
But oh, Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

242

Matt. 26: 30. A. R. WOLFE.

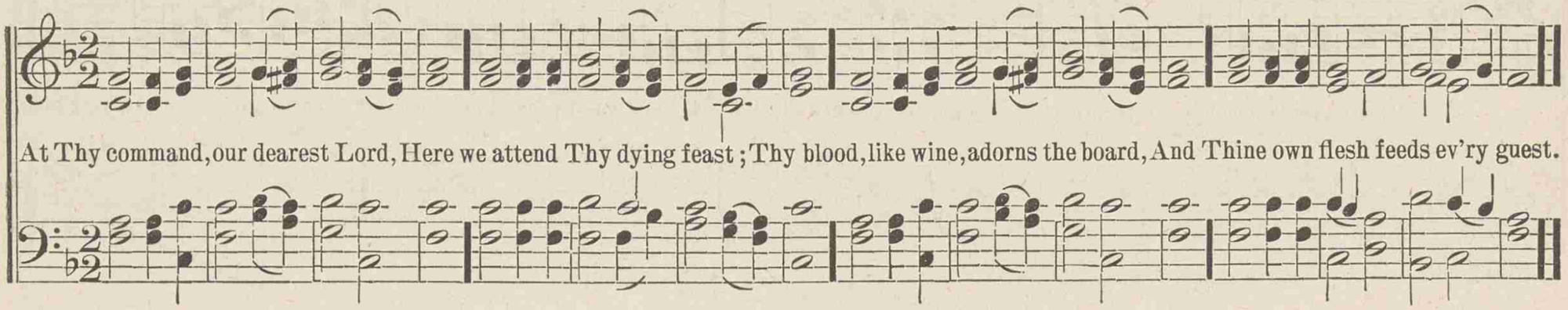
1 A parting hymn we sing,
Around Thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led;
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

HAMBURG. L. M. LOWELL MASON. *Arr.*



243

Luke 22: 19. I. WATTS.

1 At Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left the tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage
And we are waiting till He come.

244

Ps. 23: 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 My God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyous guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

245

Matt. 26: 26. A. R. WOLFE.

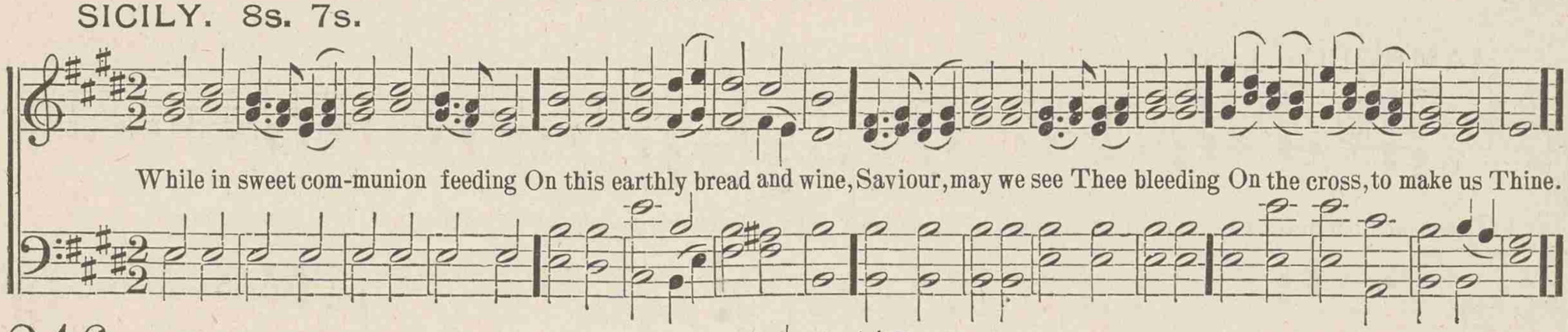
1 Draw near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on Thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends,—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail Him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering Thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have Thy blesséd company,
Thy banner over us is love.

SICILY. 8s. 7s.



246

Luke 22: 19. E. DENNY.

1 While in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see Thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us Thine.

2 Though unseen, now be Thou near us,
With the still, small voice of love;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story
Of Thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

247

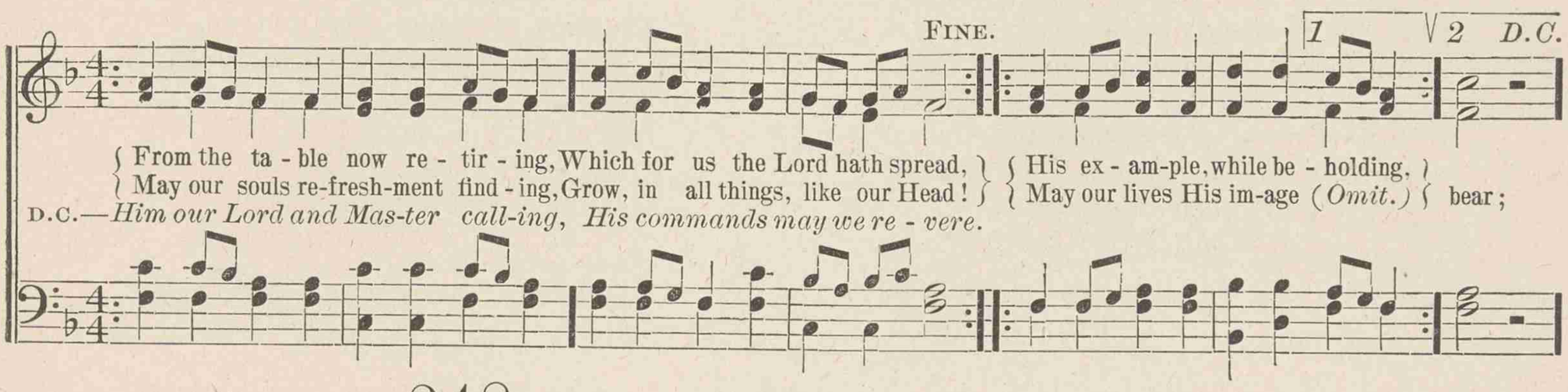
Cant. 2: 4. R. PARK.

1 Jesus spreads His banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of His mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee!

3 In Thy trial, and rejection;
In Thy sufferings on the tree;
In Thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember Thee.

GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

248

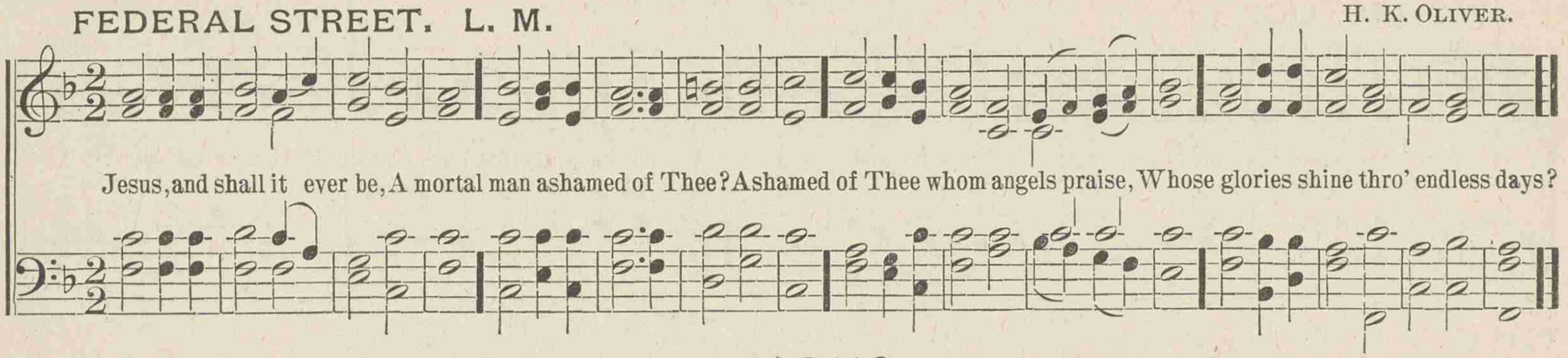
Eph. 2: 21. ANON.

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord has spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow, in all things, like our Head!
His example, while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

2 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.
Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



249

Mark 8: 38. J. GRIGG.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine 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! 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.

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

5 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!

250

Jno. 6: 48. RAY PALMER, *tr.*

1 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

251

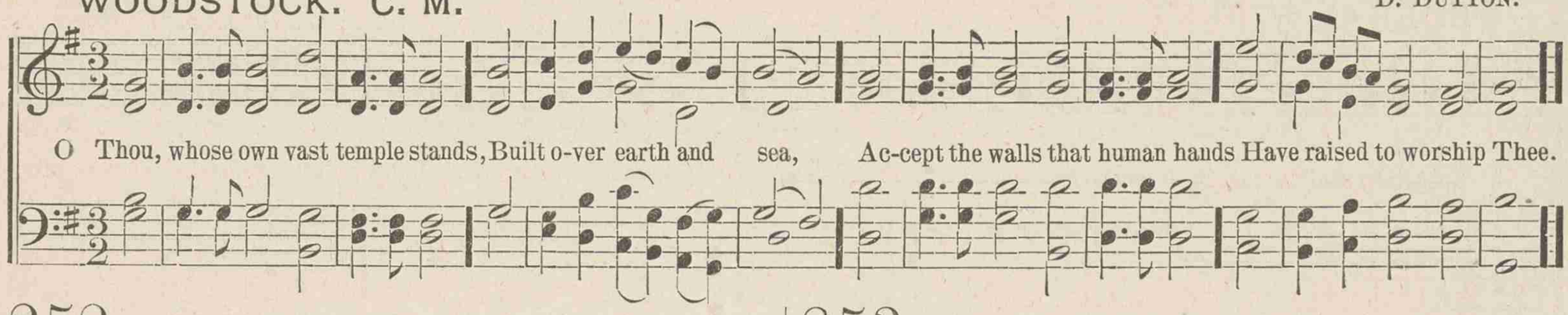
Matt. 28: 20. O. W. HOLMES.

1 O Love Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while Thou art near.

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

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

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON.

252

I Kings 8: 27. W. C. BRYANT.

1 O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

253

Isa. 49: 15. A. STEELE.

1 A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No: thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before His ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

254

Luke 12: 32. H. BONAR.

1 Church of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

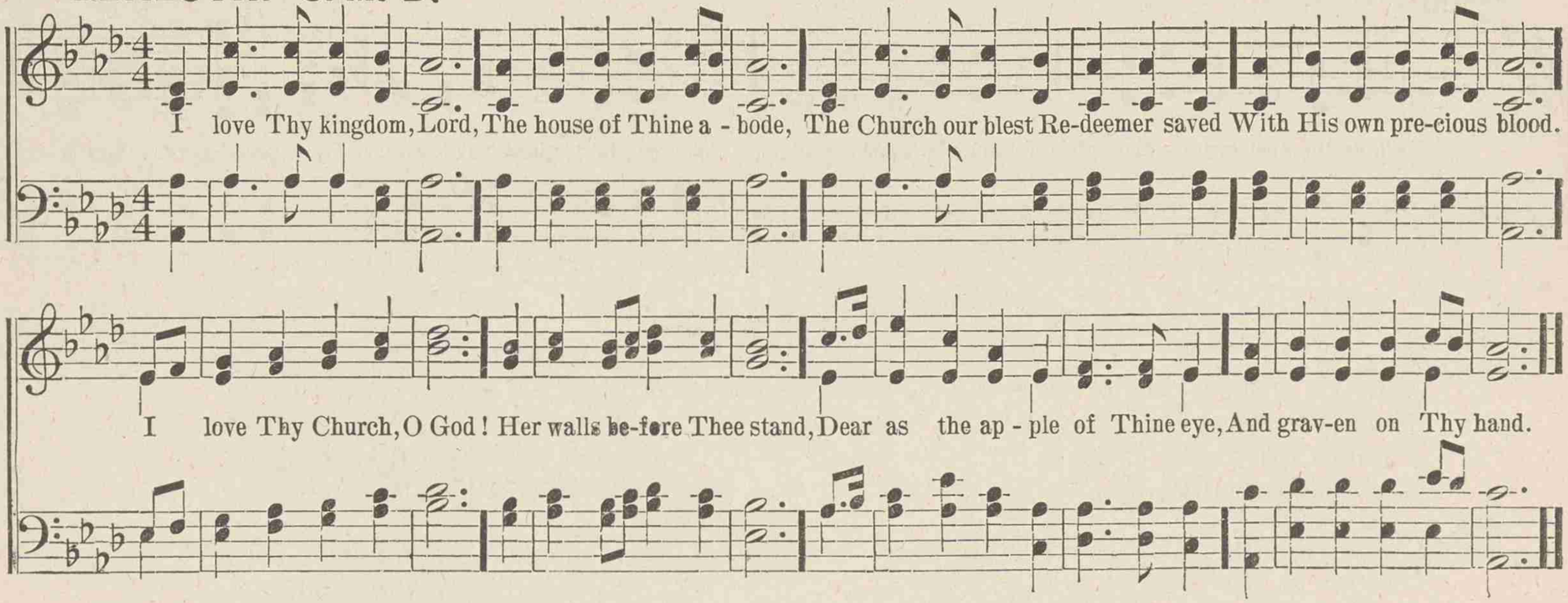
2 A little flock, so calls He thee
Who bought thee with His blood;
A little flock disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes His kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

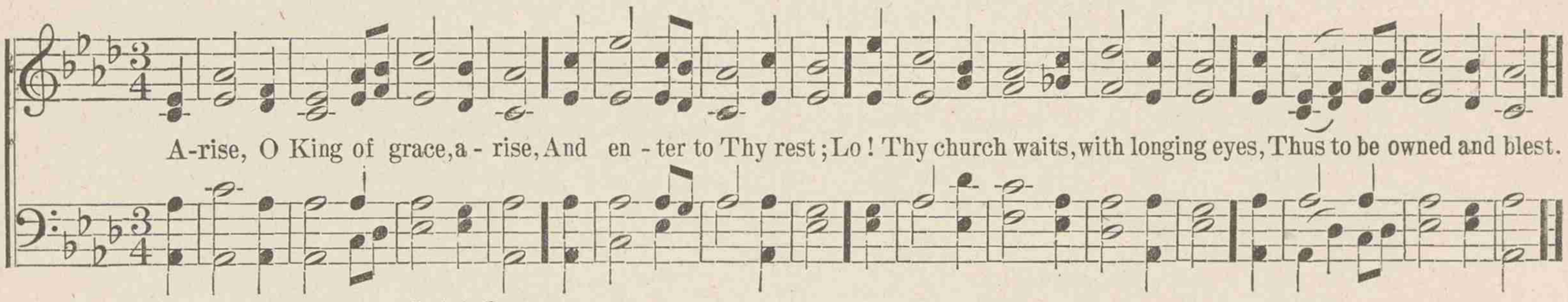
6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

BEALOTH. S. M. D. ANON.

255

Ps. 84: 10. T. DWIGHT.

1 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

2 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring;
Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.

256

I Kings 8: 10,11. I. WATTS.

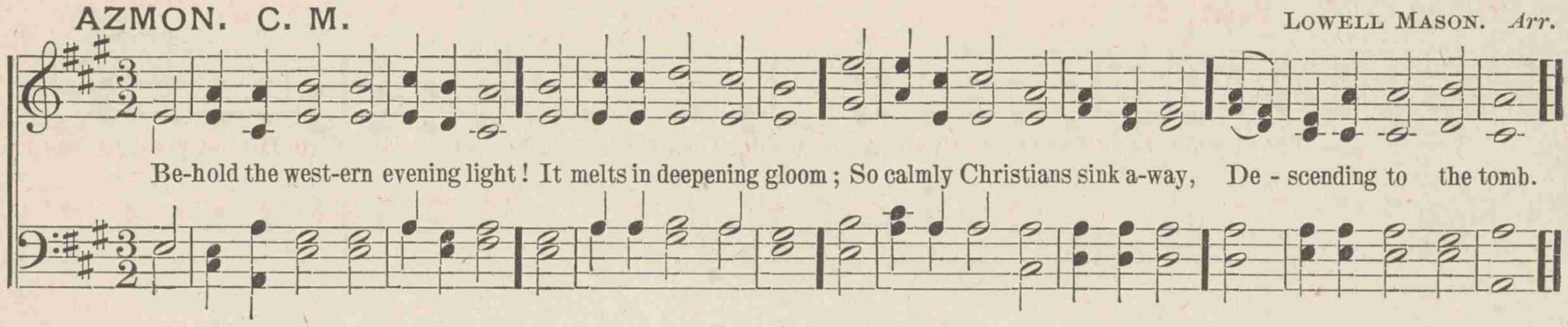
2 Here mighty God accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

3 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

4 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

AZMON. C. M.

LOWELL MASON. *Arr.*



257

Isa. 64: 6. W. B. O. PEABODY.

1 Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

258

II Cor. 5: 8. I. WATTS.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

3 The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

259

Phil. 1: 21. W. H. BATHURST.

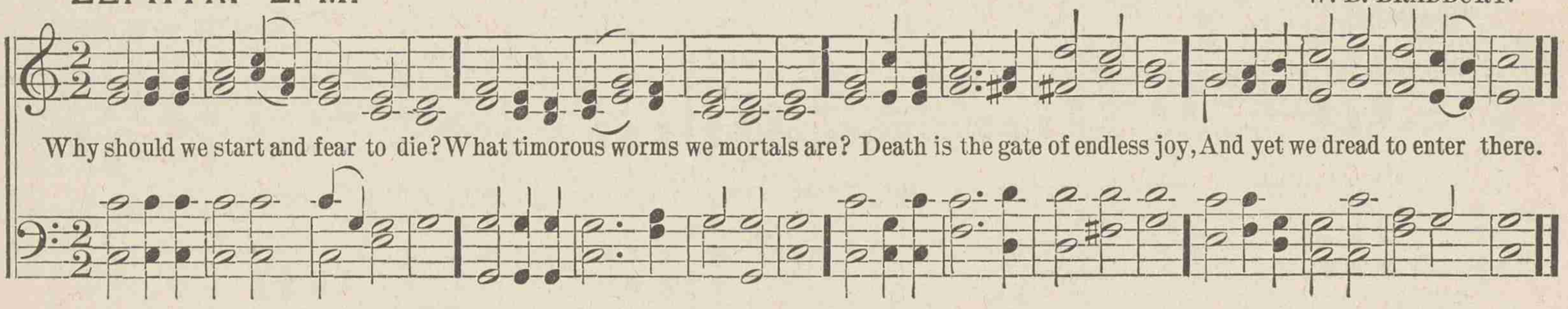
1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not ev'n death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say,—"Thy will be done!"

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



260

Ps. 127: 2. I. WATTS.

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;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she 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!

261

Ps. 90. I. WATTS

1 Through every age, eternal God!
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;
High was Thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth, Thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst Thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till Thine own grace, so rich, so free,
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

262

Jno. 16: 22. ANON.

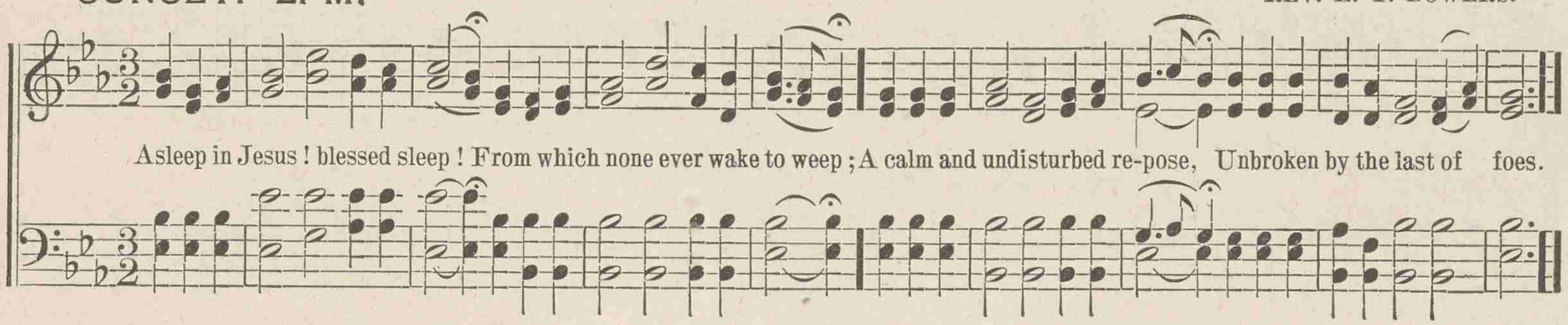
1 Behold the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own:
Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3 And must I, from the cheerful light,
Pass to the grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace
Must I to God's tribunal pass?

4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose, in this, each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which thro' the grave conducts to God.

SUNSET. L. M.

REV. E. T. BOWERS.

263

II Thes. 4: 13. M. MACKAY.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

264

Rev. 14: 13. A. L. BARBAULD.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

265

Ps. 103: 16. A. STEELE.

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 lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Thy powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns Thy kind control;
While we peruse the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

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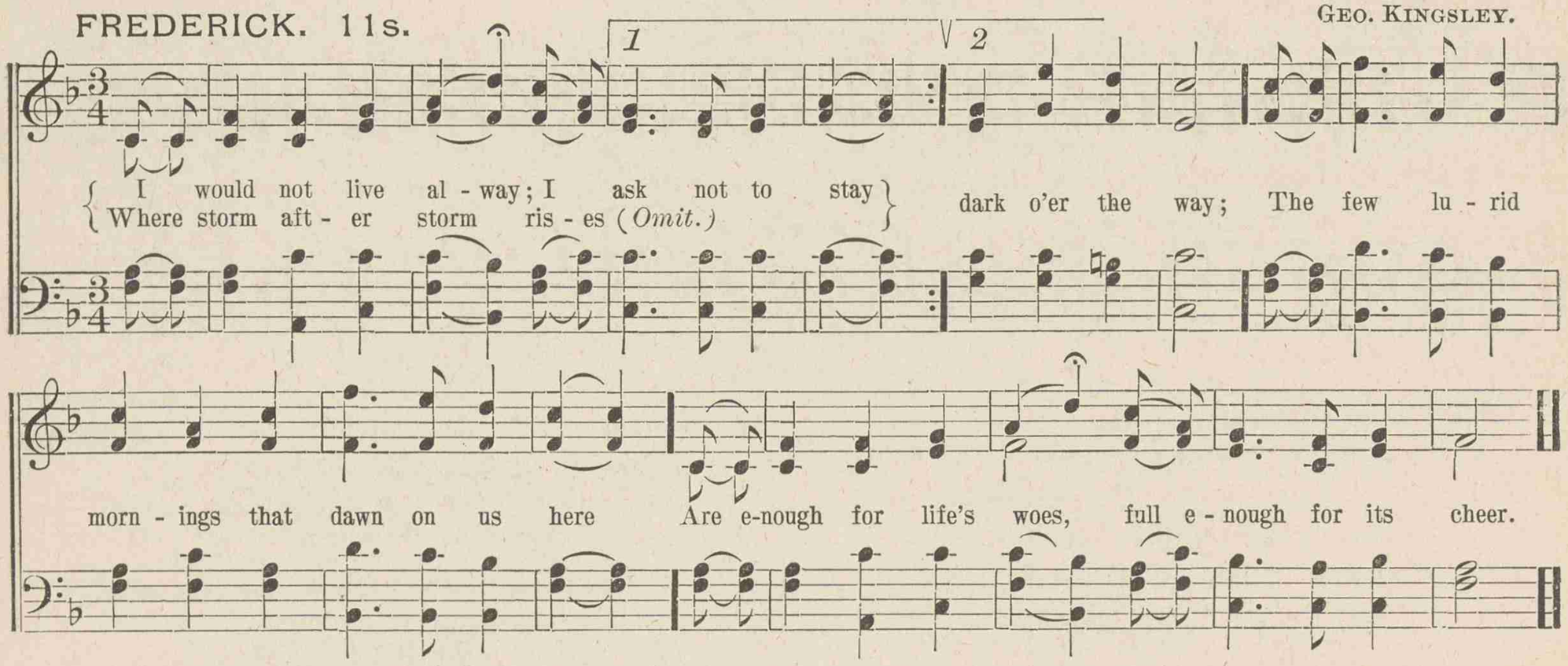


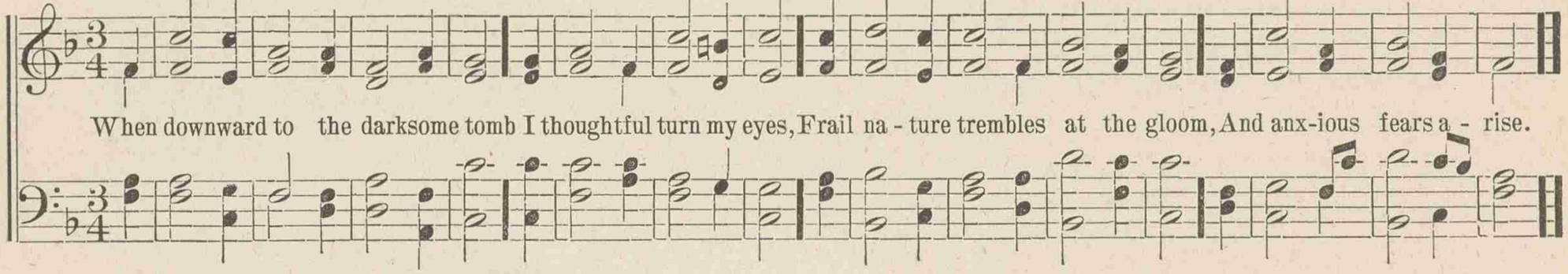
266

Job 7 : 16. W. A. MUHLENBURG.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MEAR. C. M. WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS.

267

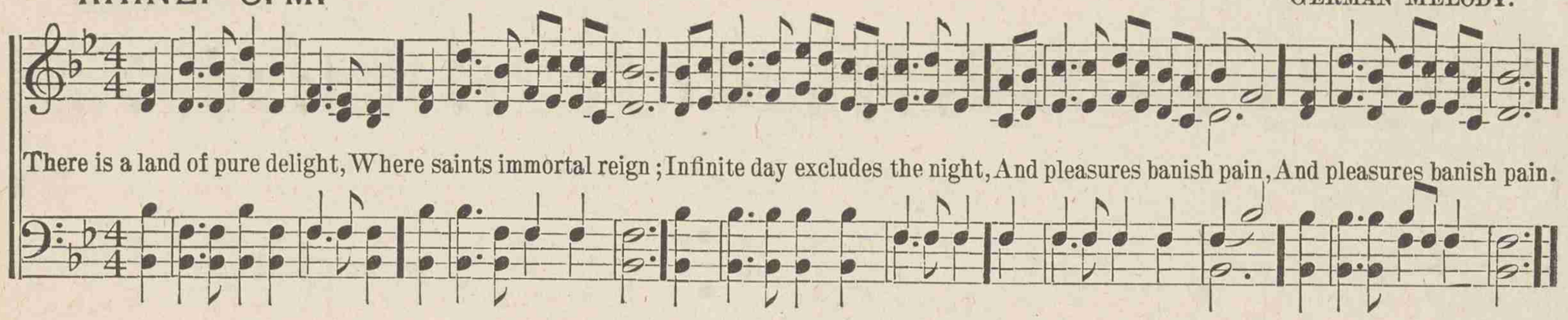
II Cor. 4: 14. RAY PALMER.

2 Why shrinks my soul? — in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust;
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

RHINE. C. M.

GERMAN MELODY.

268

Josh. 1: 11. I. WATTS.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These 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.

269

Rev. 3: 11. B. H. KENNEDY.

1 Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come;
Ye wedding guests, draw near
And slumber not in sin, when He,
The Son of God, is here!

2 Come, let us haste to meet the Lord,
And hail Him with delight;
Who saved us by His precious blood,
And sorrows infinite.

3 Beside Him all the patriarchs old,
And holy prophets stand;
The glorious apostolic choir,
And noble martyr band.

4 As brethren dear they welcome us,
And lead us to the throne,
Where angels bow their vailéd heads,
Before the Three in One.

5 Where we, with all the saints of God,
A white-robed multitude,
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns
To bear our flesh and blood.

270

Rev. 21: 9. E. DENNY.

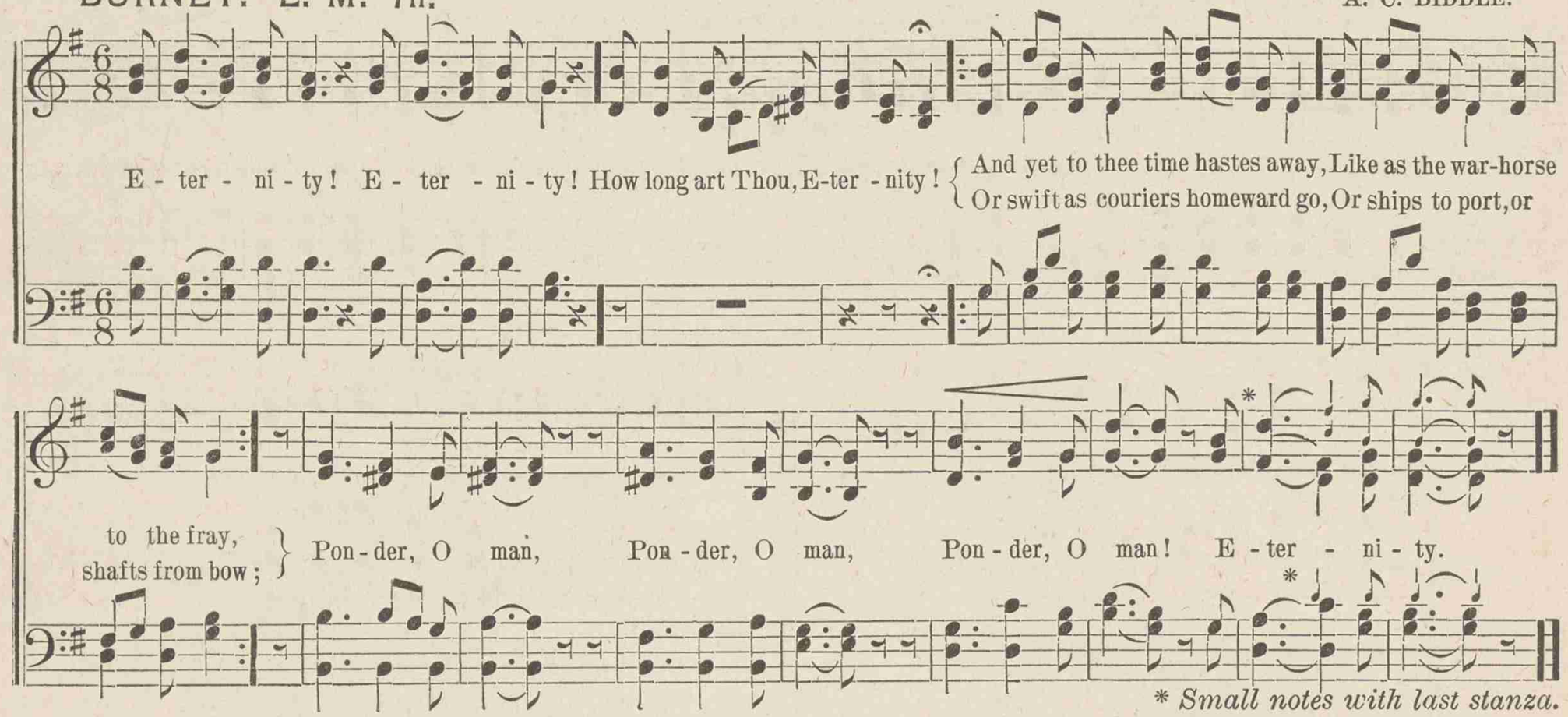
1 Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that 's far away,
The Bridgroom of thy heart.

3 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 Then weep no more; 't is all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine!

BURNEY. L. M. 7li.

A. C. BIDDLE.

* *Small notes with last stanza.*

271

Matt. 18: 8, 9. C. WINKWORTH. *Tr.*

1 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
And yet to thee time hastes away,
Like as the war-horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ships to port, or shafts from bow;
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

2 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
The years shall fade, the stars wax old,
The moon be dead, the sun grow cold;
Yet ceaseless still, thy waves are tossed,
The psalm of the blest, the knell of the lost;
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

3 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Till life shall die, and wrong be right,
Till Hell be Heaven, and day be night;
Till then, the joys of heaven remain,
Till then, the damned endure their pain;
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

272

II Thes. 1: 7-10. W. SCOTT. *Arr.*

1 The judgment day! the judgment day!
It comes, the dreadful judgment day!
"The day of wrath! that dreadful day!
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?"
Day of the Lord! the judgment day!

2 The judgment day! the judgment day!
It comes, the dreadful judgment day!
"When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!"
Day of the Lord! the judgment day!

3 The judgment day! the judgment day!
It comes, the dreadful judgment day!
"Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away."
Day of the Lord! the judgment day!

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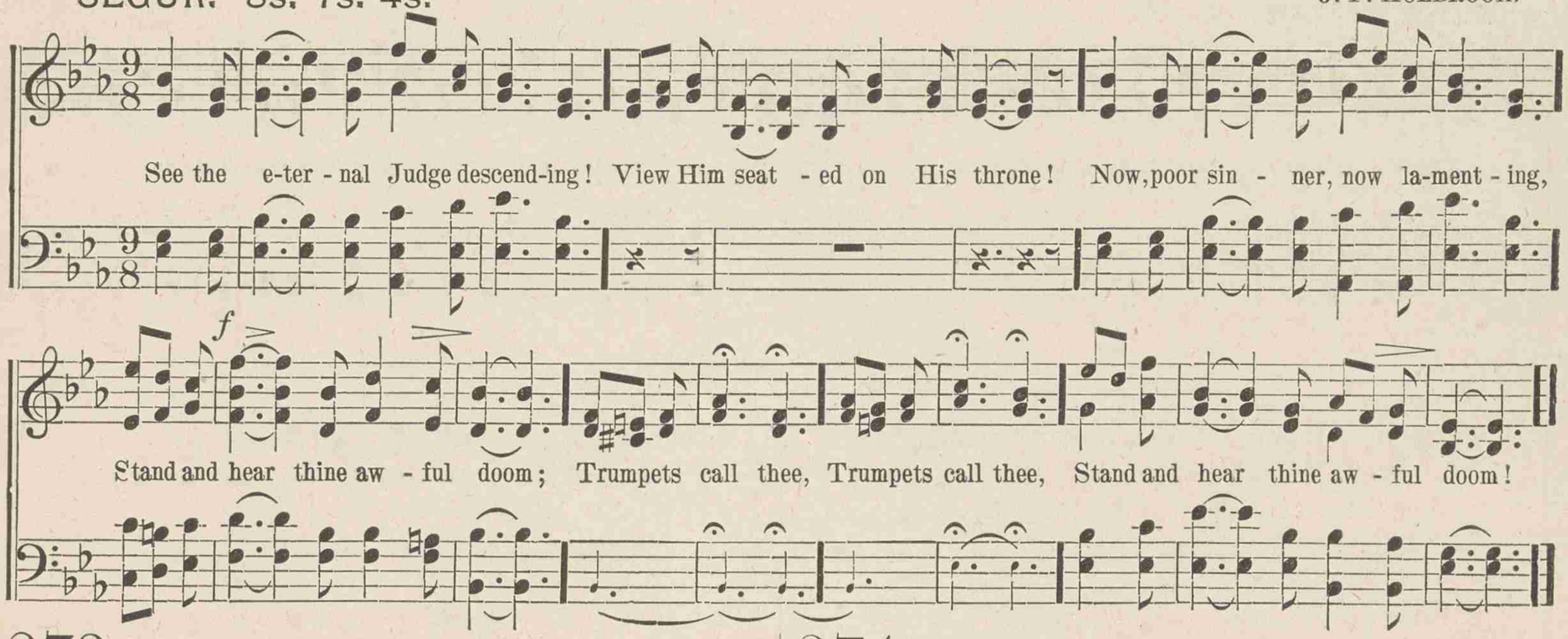
J. P. HOLBROOK.

273

I Thes. 4: 16. ANON.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again,
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought His favor
When I felt His Spirit move,
Golden moments,
When I felt His Spirit move!"

274

Rev. 20: 12, 13. J. NEWTON.

1 Day of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! — the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 Trumpet calls the dead awaken,
Bid them rise from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

275

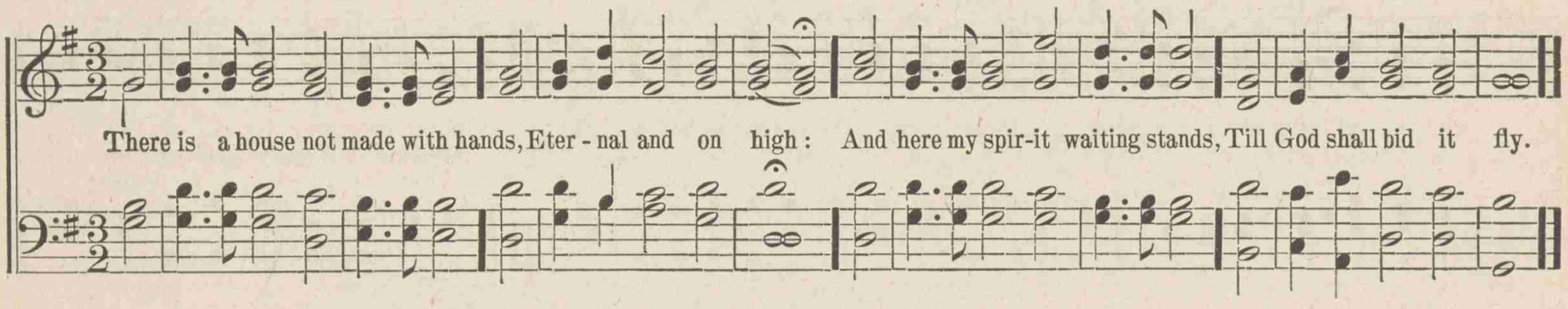
Rev. 20: 6. C. WESLEY.

1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

ARLINGTON. C. M.



276 *II Cor.* 5: 1. I. WATTS.

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 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.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

277 *II Cor.* 4: 18. STEELE.

1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of Thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

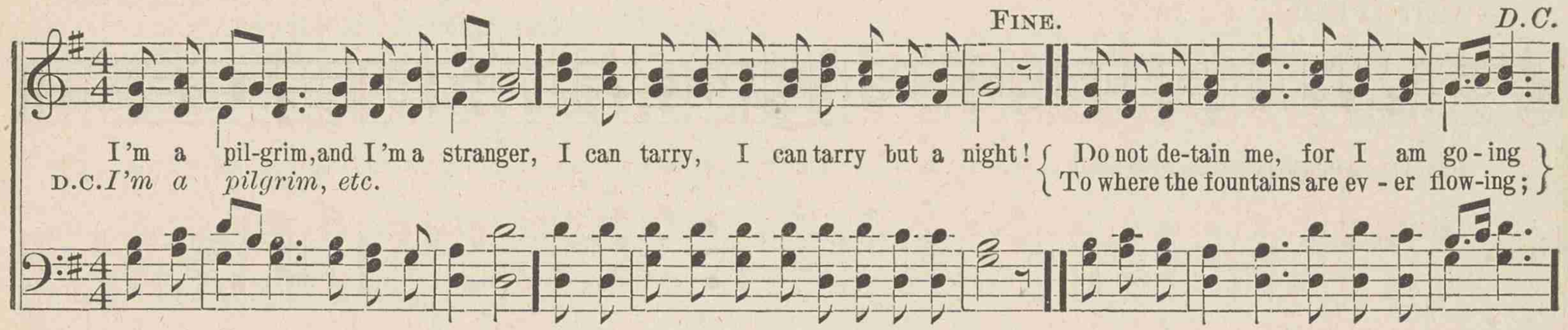
278 *Ps.* 126: 5. W. B. TAPPAN.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have 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, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

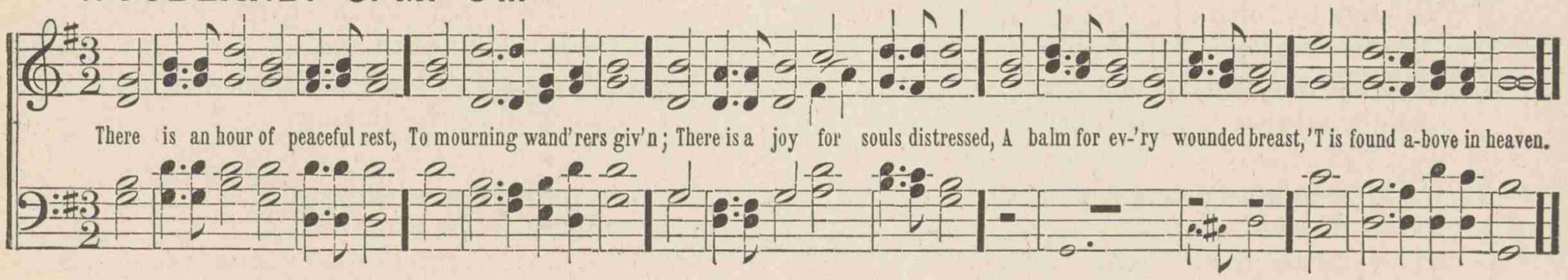
I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.

279

Heb. 11: 13. ANON.

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing;
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there!
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary;
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

WOODLAND. C. M. 5 li. N. D. GOULD.

280

Rev. 21: 3. W. B. TAPPAN.

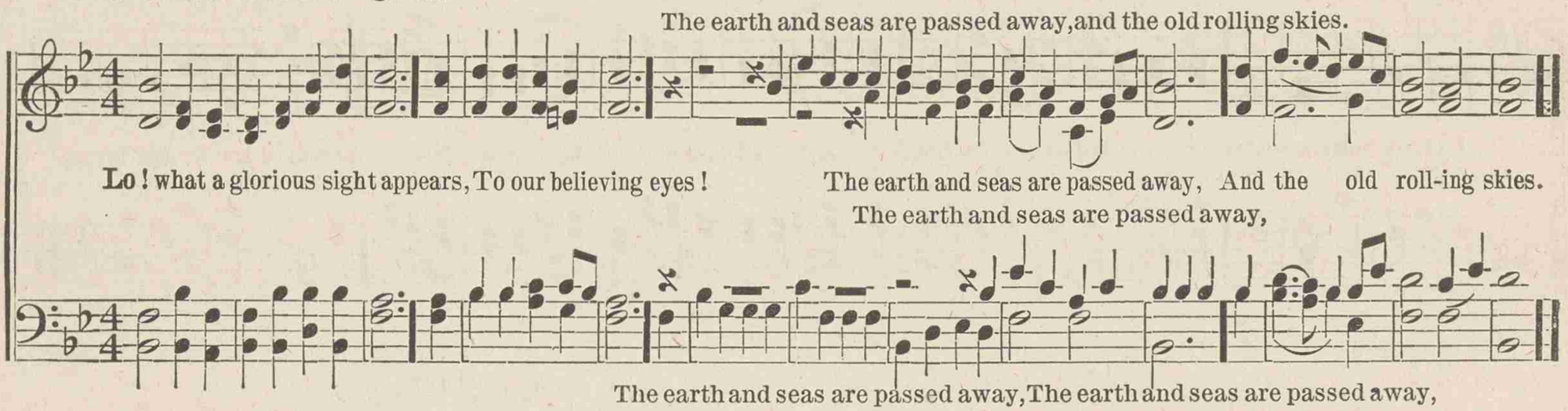
1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'T is found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by;
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of Heaven.

NORTHFIELD. C. M. J. INGALLS.



281

Rev. 21: 2. I. WATTS.

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;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He their loving 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! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

282

Rev. 7: 15. ANON.

1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

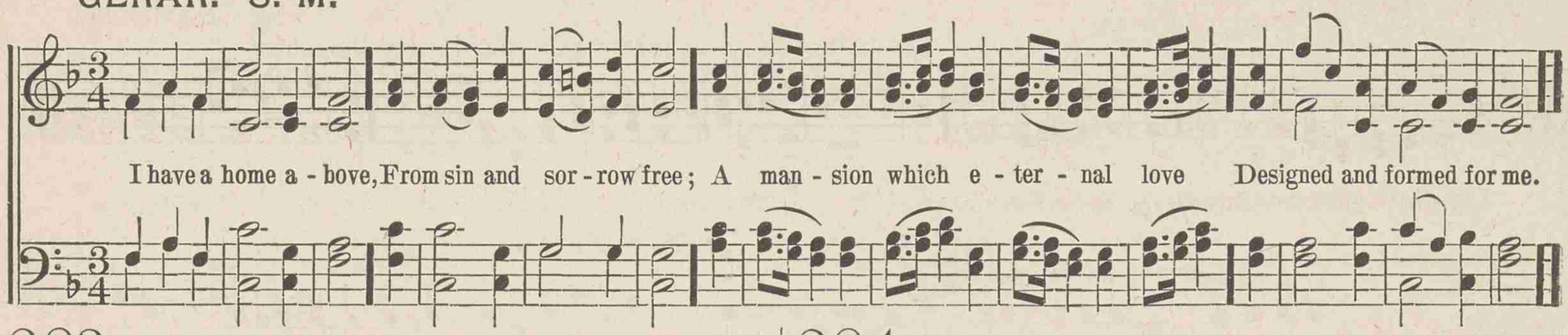
3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand!
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

GERAR. S. M.



283

Jno. 14: 2. H. BENNETT.

1 I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

284

Heb. 4: 9. RAY PALMER.

1 And is there Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 For ever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

4 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven

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Rev. 21: 23. F. M. KNOLLIS.

1 There is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no want in heaven;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.

4 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

5 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

6 There is no death in heaven;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies!

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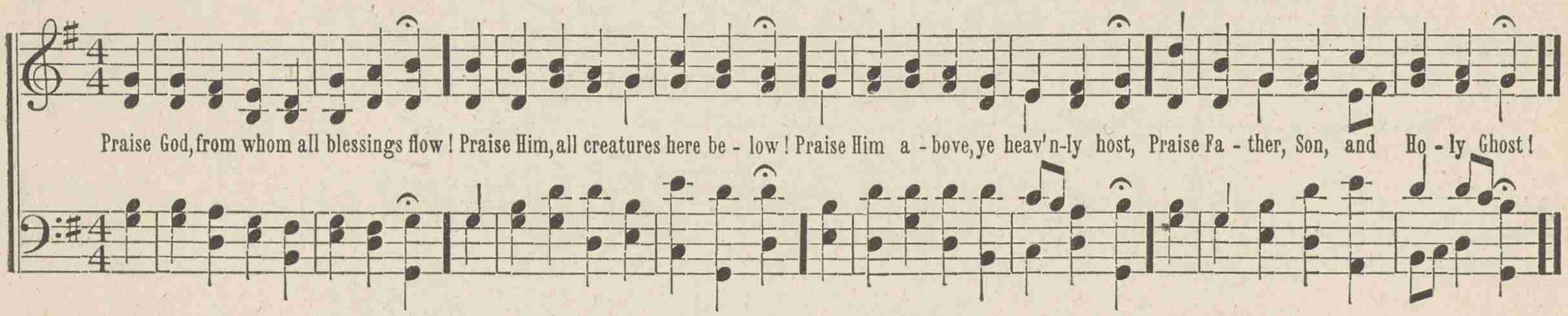
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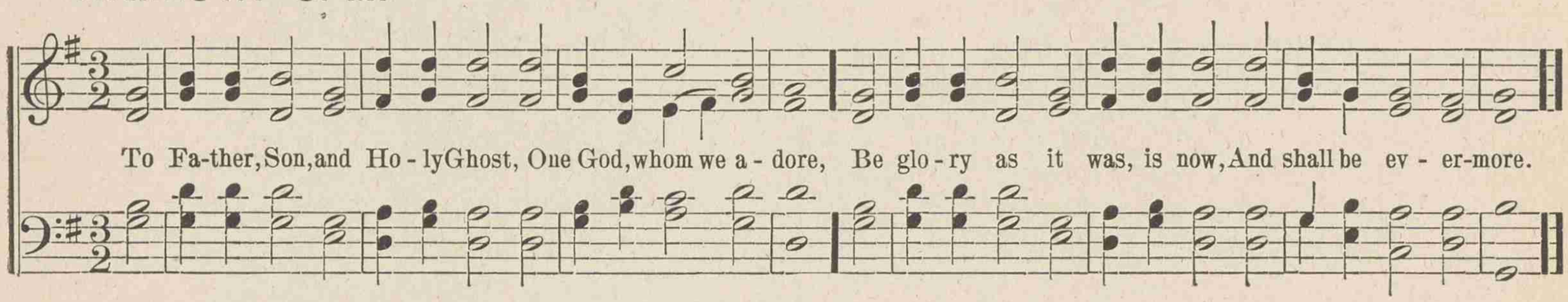

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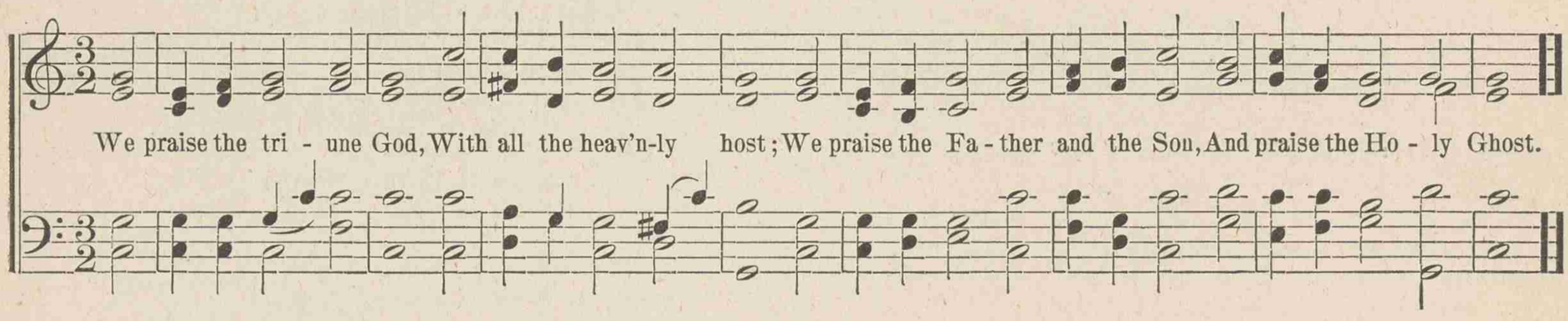
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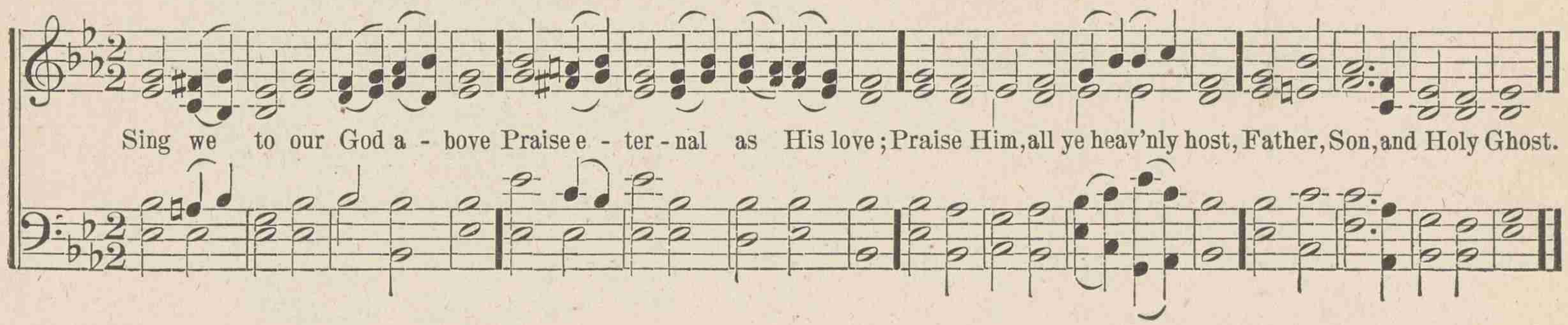
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The Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of any thing* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me; and shwing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day *is* the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that *is* within thy gates; for *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that *is* thy neighbor's. — Ex. 20 : 3 – 17.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as *it is* in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. AMEN. — Matt. 6 : 9 – 13.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy universal Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. AMEN.

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