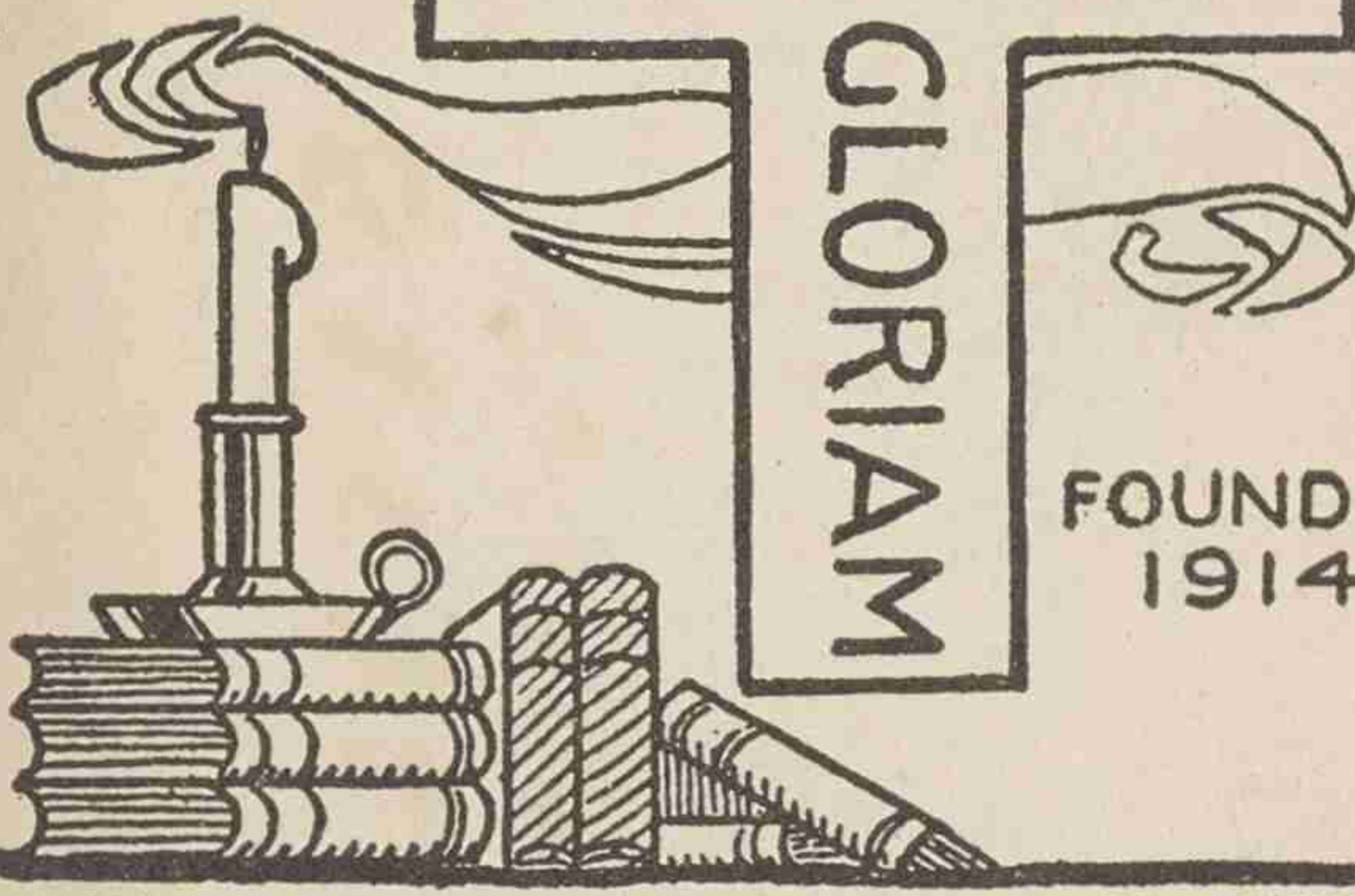
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SACRED

MELODEON:

A SELECTION OF

REVIVAL HYMNS.

REVISED BY REV. R. M. DALBEY.

CINCINNATI:
APPLEGATE & CO.
1858.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE last edition of the SACRED MELODEON being exhausted, and the demand still increasing, at the solicitation of the Compilers, the undersigned has undertaken, and to the best of his ability accomplished, the revision of the work. As many thousands of copies have already been circulated, as few changes in the paging of the hymns have been made as possible.

A number of hymns, of long attested merit, have been inserted; while a few, seldom if ever sung, have been omitted. On the whole, it is thought that the work is better adapted to public, as well as social worship; and will meet the request heretofore made by many friends.

R. M. DALBEY.

MARCH, 1851.

20151

SACRED MELODEON.

HYMN 1.—6 lines 7s.

God is Love.

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

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

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies:
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, God is love.

HYMN 2.—S. M.

Improvement of Talent.

WHAT if the little drop should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty hills,
I'll tarry in the sky."
What if a single beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!

2 Doth not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Go, then, and strive to do thy share:
One talent, less than thine,
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.

HYMN 3.—8s and 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,—
Thou from hence my all shalt be!
Perish ev'ry fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heav'n are all my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is right.

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

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee;
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine!

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day 's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN 4.—P. M.

BURST ye emerald gates and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him:
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation:
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,

Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One!

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

HYMN 5.—L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No, when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

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

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

HYMN 6.—11s and 12s.

I AM weary of straying, oh! fain would
I rest,
In that far distant land of the pure and the
bless'd,
Where sin can no longer her blandish-
ments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are
fled.

2 I am weary of hoping, where hope is
untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright
dew:
I long for that land whose blest promise
alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of
earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at
their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we
cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth and the
weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not
stay:
I long for that land where those partings
are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts
no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving
thy love;
Oh, when shall I rest in thy presence
above?
I am weary, but, oh! never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy
promise are mine.

HYMN 7.—P. M.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay:

I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock,—his strength was gone:
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er:
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof:
I warmed, I clothed, and cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,

Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stript, wounded, beaten, night to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In pris'n I saw him next condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honor'd him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

HYMN 8.—L. M.

SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
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 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing
O grave! where is thy victory now?
And where, insidious death, thy sting?

HYMN 9.

A *Missionary Hymn.*

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 lavished kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
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! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt 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.

HYMN 10.—P. M.

Mercy's Free.

BY faith I view my Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree;

To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me!
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring—
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free!
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retriev'd,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And every moment Christ is precious,
Unto me, unto me:

None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through the wilderness I rove—
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
Ye ministers of God declare it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

HYMN 11.—L. M.

"I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives:
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives triumphant from the grave;
He lives eternally to save;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

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

4 He lives to grant me rich supply;
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint;
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there.

6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
O the sweet joy that sentence gives,—
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 12.

The Bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with kindred to part,
To go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,

Like the thoughts of absenting myself far
away
From that blest retreat where I've chosen
to pray.

2 Dear bower! where the vine and the
poplar o'erspread,
Have woven their branches a roof for my
head,
How oft have I knelt by the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in
prayer.

3 The early sweet notes of the loved
nightingale,
My hours of devotion would faithfully tell,
Would call me to duty, while birds in the
air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to pray'r.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed
by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the sweet eglantine;
But sweeter, oh, sweeter, the pleasures
which there
I often have tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, deigned with me
to meet,
And blessed with his presence my humble
retreat

And filled me with rapture and gratitude
there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my
prayer.

6 Dear bower! I must leave thee, and bid
thee adieu!
To pay my devotions in climes that are
new;
Well knowing that Jesus presides every
where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

7 Yet still I look forward to that bright
abode,
Prepared by my Savior for all that love God,
To swim in the ocean of happiness there,
And bask in his smiles who has answered
my prayer.

HYMN 13.

The Family Bible.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recol-
lection,
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When bless'd with parental advice and
affection,
Surrounded with mercies, and peace from
on high!

I still see the seats of my father and mother,
And those of their offspring, as ranged on
each hand;
And that richest of books, that excelled
ev'ry other,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed
Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspira-
tion,
At morn and at ev'ning could yield us de-
light;
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet in-
vocation,
For mercy by day and for safety by night:
Our hymn of thanksgiving with harmony
swelling,
All warm from the heart of the family band,
Has raised us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling,
Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashion'd Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we
parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no
more!

In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander alone on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand:
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

4 Blest Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger!
With thee I seem circled with parents and friends;
Thy blest admonitions shall guard me from danger—
On thee my last lingering hope still depends:
Hope wakens to vigor, and rouses to glory,
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

HYMN 14.—C. M.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,

Or streaks the humblest flower that glows,
But Heaven has placed it there.

2 There 's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

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

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

HYMN. 15.

WE are travelling home to heaven above,
Will you go, will you go?
To sing a Saviour's dying love;
Will you go, will you go?
Millions have reached that healthful shore,
Their toils and labors are all o'er,
But still there's room for millions more,
Will you go, will you go?

2 We are going to walk the plains of light,
Will you go?
Where perfect day dispels the night;
Will you go?

The crown of life we all shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we there shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven shall share;
Will you go?

3 We are going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
Our sun shall there no more go down;
Our moon shall never be withdrawn;
Our days of mourning past and gone;
Will you go?

4 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you go?
Both Jew and Gentile, great and small;
Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
From every sin and idol part,
And on the way to glory start;
Will you go?

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee—
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,"
Will you go?

5 O could I hear some sinner say,
I will go, I will go!
I'll start this moment on my way,
I will go, I will go!
My old companions fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell—
With my Redeemer I will dwell—
Let me go, let me go!

HYMN 16.—S. M.

Request of the beatified Christian.

OH sing to me of heav'n,
When I am called to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness!
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face;
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam,
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then to my ravished ears
Let one sweet song be given:
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven!

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

HYMN 17.—8 lines 7s.*

"EARTH to earth and dust to dust:"
Here the evil and the just—
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid.
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side, lie withering:
Here the sword and sceptre rust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

2 Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his solemn trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

* Music in Harrison's Sacred Harmonicon

3 But a day is coming fast,
Earth! thy mightiest and thy last:
It shall come in strife and toil—
It shall come in blood and spoil—
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then ambition rue thy lust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

4 Then shall come the judgment sign:
In the east the King shall shine:
Flashing from heaven's golden gate:
Thousands, thousands round his state.
Heaven shall open on our sight;
Earth be turned to living light:
Kingdoms of the ransomed just:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

5 Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise:
Earth by angel feet be trod:
One great garden of her God.
Till are dried the martyrs' tears
Through a thousand glorious years:
Now in hope of him we trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

HYMN 18.—4 lines 7s.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,

To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstacy sublime
Tabor's glorious height I clim.
In the too-transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh, made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

HYMN 19.—P. M.

Poor Mary.

AT the dawning of day came Mary away,
To see the sepulchre and mourn;
But how did she fear, when an angel to hear,
Saying, Mary! saying, Mary! the Master is gone!

2 Surprised at the sound, while in silence profound,
She tremblingly stood at the stone;

The stone is removed, lost is all that she
loved,
Poor Mary! poor Mary! the Master is
gone!

3 In vain was my care, those perfumes to
prepare,
Or attempt to embalm him alone;
Taken hence from my view, what, alas!
can I do?
Poor Mary! poor Mary! the Master is
gone!

4 Hallelujahs arise! assist me ye skies,
And rejoice with a mortal that mourned;
Hence, sorrow! hence, care! for I now
can declare—
Raboni! Raboni! the Master is come!

HYMN 20.—S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord:"
Amen, so let it be:
Unbounded bliss is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word;
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord."

3 The trump of final doom,
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"Forever with the Lord."

4 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening word;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
"Forever with the Lord."

5 Then while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"Forever with the Lord."

HYMN 21.—C. M.

OH when shall cease this anxious toil,
These troubled scenes of life,
With all its gloomy cares and wo,
Perplexity, and strife.

2 O could I rest this aching head
Beneath the velvet sod,
And let my soul escape into
The bosom of her God.

3 Weary and faint my soul, and longs
For regions pure and bright,

Where sorrow dims no radiant scene,
Nor tear-drop veils the sight.

4 Had I but wings like that sweet bird
Now sighing on her nest;
I'd wing my flight to cloudless climes,
Forever there at rest.

5 My pinions free, should never stoop
Again to things of time;
But joyful on my peerless wing,
Soar to my native clime.

6 Glad would I rest beneath His smile—
Source of eternal day,—
And range thro' all the bowers of bliss,
Nor from those regions stray.

7 There in the crystal fount of life
I'd lave my snowy wing;
And with a song of triumph make
The bowers of Eden ring.

HYMN 22.—P. M,

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;

Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with accents celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, "to Immanuel be given
All glory, and honor, and might, and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!

And join your full choir in rehearsing the
story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's
love:"
Though prison'd on earth, yet by anticipa-
tion,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from
probation:
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of
Love.

HYMN 23.—11s and 12s.

WHAT seraph-like music steals over the
sea,
Entrancing the sense with charmed melo-
dy?
'Tis the song of the angels, borne soft on
the air;
'Tis for me they are singing, my welcome
I hear.

2 At Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,
And stretch forth my hands to yon beauti-
ful land;
Send a convoy of angels, dear Saviour, I
pray!
Let me join their sweet music: away,
O, away!

3 Though cold are the billows, and dark is
the wave,
With Jesus beside me, the surges I'll brave,
For the heavenly music has ravished me so,
I must join the loud chorus; I'll go, yes,
I'll go.

HYMN 24.—L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,

And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 25.—C. M.

JERUSALEM! my glorious home;
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow see:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to thee.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and wo,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem! my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee;

Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 26.—L. M.

Loving Kindness of God.

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

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When troubles like a gloomy cloud,
Have gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
Though oft his mercies I've forgot,
His loving kindness changes not!

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To that bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies!

HYMN 27.—12s and 11s.

The Martyr's Death Song.

I HAVE fought the good fight—I have finished my race,
And thee, O my Saviour, I soon shall embrace;
They may torture this body, my spirit is free,
And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

2 Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me, thy smile be but mine,
And my soul on thy faithfulness firmly recline;
The dungeon, the sword, or the stake, I can dare,
And in transports expire, if my Jesus be there.

3 Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the
thorns pierce his brow?
In the darkness of death, on the cross did
he bow?
All this didst thou suffer, my Saviour, for
me!
Then welcome the fetters that link me to
thee.

4 United in suff'rings, the promise is clear,
I shall with my Jesus in glory appear:
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
With my robes washed in blood, and made
whiter than snow.

5 I go to my Saviour, I go to my God;
I tread the same path my Redeemer once
trod;
Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,
E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth
e'en to die.

6 Lo! on my clear vision, the seats of the
blest
Seem calmly to shine and invite me to rest;
Then, unshaken, my soul on the promise
relies—
"Though I die, I shall live; though I fall,
I shall rise."

HYMN 28.—P. M.

I HEAR thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band:
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower and the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
"Not there, not there my child."

2 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
"Not there, not there my child."

3 Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
"Not there, not there my child."

4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless
bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the
tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!

HYMN 29.—L. M.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
Beyond the reach of time and change,
No mortal footsteps there have been:
The blest alone its regions range.

2 That world is lovelier, sweeter far
Than sages tell, or poets sing—
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

3 It is all holy and serene—
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

4 It is not fanned by summer gale—
'Tis not refreshed by summer showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

5 In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,

Or find it in the curtained sky—
It is the dwelling-place of God

HYMN 30.—P. M.

The Contrast.

I HAVE sought round the verdant earth
for unfading joy,
I have tried every source of mirth, but all,
all with cloy;
Lord bestow on me, grace to set my spirit
free,
Thine, thine, the praise shall be, mine,
mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt
and distress,
I have had not a kindling spark, my spirit
to bless;
Cheerless unbelief, filled my laboring soul
with grief,
What, what shall give relief? what shall
give peace?

3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord, from
folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word, that taught
me to pray:
Here I found release, weary spirit here
found rest,
Hope, hope of endless bliss, eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring to thee,
God of power.
And in heaven above, saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud, loud the strains shall move, for evermore.

HYMN 31.—P. M.

Parting Hymn.

BRETHREN and sisters we must part,
And to our callings go;
But let us all keep one in heart,
Whilst we remain below.

CHORUS.

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet's sound,
And then with Jesus we shall meet,
And never part again.
What! never part again?
No, never part again:
But there we shall each other greet,
And never, never part again.

2 We may but meet a few times more,
Till we shall meet above;

Where pain and parting are no more,
In that bright world of love.
We are marching, &c.

3 We shall with Christ, in paradise,
To endless ages dwell;
Then let us pray, both night and day,
So now, dear friends, farewell!
We are marching, &c.

4 And when we meet in heaven above,
Where saints and angels dwell,
We'll sing of his redeeming love,
And never say farewell!
We are marching, &c.

HYMN 32.—8 lines 8s and 6s.

THE gallant ship is under sail,
Which bears me out to sea;
And yonder floats the streamers gay,
That say they wait for me.
The seaman dips his ready oar,
Swift-ebbing waves do tell,
I must not linger on the shore:
My native land, farewell!

2 I go, but not to plough the main
To ease a troubled mind;
Nor do I pant on battle-field
The victor's wreath to twine:

'Tis not for treasures which are hid
In mountain or in dell—
'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land farewell!

3 I go to break the fowler's snare,
To shake the tyrant's throne;
I go, the name of Christ to bear,
Where Satan reigns alone.
And when my pilgrim feet shall stand,
Where doubt and darkness dwell,
Thy grace can cheer me when I sigh—
My native land, farewell!

4 I go, an erring child of dust,
Ten thousand foes among;
But he whose arm is all my trust,
Can make the feeble strong:
My Sun, my Shield, my Portion nigh,
All darkness to dispel:
Dear land of light, for thee I sigh,
My native land, farewell!

HYMN. 33.

TUNE—Star Spangled Banner.

O SAY can you see by the truth's holy light,
What the fathers once hailed in the world's early being,

When for sin, o'er our race, hung the
mantle of night—
What God for our weal was in mercy
decreeing?
The banner unfurled, which shall conquer
the world,
When sin shall be vanquished—to dark-
ness be hurled;
O the cross is that banner, and long may
it wave,
Till Jesus lead captive both death and the
grave.

2 'Twas but dimly perceived through the
darkness that reigned,
And man seemed enchanted in slumbers
reposing;
But the prophets their message of mercy
proclaimed,
The banner of peace though obscurely
disclosing:
Oft it seemed to unfold o'er the clouds as
they rolled,
And the day brightly dawned by the
prophets foretold;
When the blood-stained banner in triumph
shall wave,
O'er the earth and o'er sea, over death and
the grave.

3 Now where is the foe that so vauntingly swore,
By the gods whom he worshipped, that darkness should rule us;
No home should await us where angels adore,
But death and the grave should together control us?
He has trembled with fear, and will flee in despair,
Like the lion the archers have chased to his lair;
And our banner in triumph continues to wave,
And triumph it must over death and the grave.

4 Thus will it be ever, while Christians shall stand
Near the cross, and remember their high destination;
Blessed with vict'ry and peace, this invincible band,
Shall shout when the Lord has renewed all creation!
For conquer they must, as their cause is most just,
And this is their motto, "In God is our trust."

O their banner in glory, in triumph shall
wave,
When lost is the power of death and the
grave.

HYMN 34.—7s and 6s.

JESUS let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep,
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirred,
If I now myself bemoan,

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

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

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

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

HYMN 35.—L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet—
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from me
My kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

HYMN 36.—C. M.

ONE evening, pensive as I lay,
In chains of darkness bound,
And I to God began to pray,
A light shone all around;

These words with power went through
my heart
"I've come to set thee free;
Death, hell, or grave, shall never part
My love, my son, from thee."

2 My dungeon shook, my chains fell off
"Glory to God," I cried:
My soul was fill'd, I cried, "enough,
For me the Saviour died."
The winter past, the rain was gone,
Sweet flowers again appeared;
The morning brought a glorious sun—
I smiled that I had feared.

3 Ye who are grov'ling in your chains,
Without one spark of hope,
Though inexpressible your pains,
O still be looking up!
Though winds may blow and storms may
rise,
Though dark and drear the night,
The morning sun will clear the skies,
With sweet prevailing light!

HYMN 37.—S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless her sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And evey grief o'erflow.

5 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.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given

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The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 38.—L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul;
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

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

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone,
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

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

HYMN 39.—C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

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

5 "I can but perish if I go:
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die."

HYMN 40.—C. M.

Jacob's Well.

AT Jacob's well a stranger sought,
His drooping frame to cheer:

Samaria's daughter little thought,
That Jacob's God was there.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
For richer draughts had sighed;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 This ancient well, no glass so true,
Our nature's image shows,
Here Christ presents himself to view
But who the stranger knows?

4 Yet sinners must their Saviour know,
Or soon their loss deplore;
Behold the living waters flow,
Come, drink and thirst no more.

HYMN 40.

The Light House.

THE scene was more beautiful, far, to the eye,
Than if day in his pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arched sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft, as intently I gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion;
From the dim, distant isle, where the light-house fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean!

2 No longer the joy of the sailor boy's
breast,
Was heard in his wildly breathed num-
bers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-guard-
ed nest,
And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I gazed from the hill's gentle
slope—
All hushed was the billow's commotion;
And I thought that the light-house looked
lovely as Hope,
That star on life's tremulous ocean.

3 The time is long passed, and the scene
is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow!
In life's closing hour, when the trembling
soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh! then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star o'er eternity's ocean!

HYMN 41.—L. M.

Emblem of Human Life.

SEE how beneath the moonbeams' smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,

And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

2 So man, the bliss of sport and care
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

HYMN 42.

The Christian's Welcome Home.

SEE, Christian, see how the time steals on,
Soon will sink life's setting sun:
Like the gleams of closing day,
Fade thy fleeting hours away.
Then, up! let us toil, till our toilings are o'er,
Till we shall be borne to eternity's shore;
Our final summons having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home.
Sweet, O sweet, the Christian's welcome home!
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home!

2 See how the shades of death come nigh,
Joyful shades when Christians die;
They mark the path the Saviour trod;
Dying saints to waft to God.

Then up, fellow-Christian! let mourning
be o'er;
Rejoice in thy Saviour, rejoice evermore:
Our angel convoy having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home.
Sweet, O sweet, the Christian's welcome home!
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home!

HYMN 43.—C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,

His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heav'n with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

HYMN 44.—P. M.

Farewell to the Veteran.

Written on the death of Rev. N. Snethen.

FAREWELL to the Vet'ran! His warfare is ended!
His conflict was long and severe!
But with his last struggle, such triumph was blended,
He was borne to a nobler sphere.

2 No more shall we witness his holy example,
Nor the strains of his eloquence hear:
Which oft in the grove, and oft in the temple,
Commingled the smile with the tear.

3 He patiently waited till life's dreary even,
Then sunk into death's calm repose;
And his purified spirit, quite fitted for heaven,
In glorious triumph arose.—R. M. D.

HYMN 45.—11s.

WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west,
O'er fields by the moonlight, my wandering feet,
Sought, in quiet meditation, some lonely retreat.

2 While passing a garden, I paused for to hear
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there:
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While in agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life, as a ransom, he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this Stranger
could be:
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold
ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found!

5 His mantle was wet with the dew of
the night,
His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'-
ning and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven
were raised,
While angels in wonder stood round him
amazed!

6 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his
prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat,
blood, and tears.
I wept to behold him, I asked him his
name—
He answered, "'Tis Jesus! from heaven I
came!

7 I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die:
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon
me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."

8 I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his
wo,
While tears, like a fountain of waters, did
flow:
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

9 I trembled with horror, and loudly did
cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner; oh, save, or I
die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to
me "Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

10 How sweet was the moment he bade
me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! how cheering
his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted salvation and glory to God!

11 I'm now on my journey to mansions
above;
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and
love;
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the
tears,
Of that loving Stranger, who banished my
fears.

12 The day of bright glory is rolling
around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet
shall sound;
My soul, then, in raptures of glory shall
rise,
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded
eyes.

HYMN 46.—8s and 7s.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hastened at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

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

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,

Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest tost.
On his arm your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

HYMN 47.—P. M.

THERE is bliss, there is bliss in the regions above,
They have opened the gates of the sky;
A spirit has soared to those mansions of love,
And seeks for admittance on high.
And friends, long divided, are hasting to greet,
To a land where no sorrow may come;
And the seraphs are eager a sister to meet,
And to welcome the child to its home.

2 There is bliss, there is bliss at the foot of the throne—
See the spirit all purified bend;
And it beams with delight, since it gazes alone
On the face of a father, a friend!
Then it joins in the anthems forever that rise,
And its frailties and follies forgiven,

It is dead to the earth, and new-born to the skies—
And this is the portion of heaven!

HYMN 48.—C. M.

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And thousands there as vile as he,
Have washed their sins away.

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 49.—7s.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures whilst we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

HYMN 50.—7s.

COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free,
From my Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honeycomb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are better far than one:
All that come with free good will
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness, flowing like a stream,
From the New Jerusalem;
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

HYMN 51.—C. M.

JESUS, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!

HYMN 52.—P. M.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Lo! your leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor gird it on,
The battle's yours, it will be won;
Tho' fierce the strife, 'twill soon be done,
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.

Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
"God, our strength and shield," is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod:
Follow where your leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
The crown of glory you shall gain,
And walk among that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

HYMN 53.—C. M.

Good Night.

FAREWELL, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
Still in God's ways delight;
May grace and peace abide with you—
Good night, good night, good night!

2 Tho' in this world our foes are strong,
And would our souls affright,
Our God will ne'er forsake his own—
Good night, good night, good night!

3 Urge on your journey to the end,
Turn not to left or right;
In Christ you'll find a constant friend—
Good night, dear friends, good night!

4 Jehovah is your sun and shield,
Your fiery pillar bright;
His cloud and presence safety yield,—
My dearest friends, good night!

5 Then when Christ's banner is unfurled,
The signal for our flight;
We each will say to this vain world—
Good night, good night, good night!

HYMN 54.—C. M.

Something New.

SINCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks creation through;
And vainly hopes for solid bliss
In trying something new.

2 The new possessed, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru—
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel a Saviour's love,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes its vain delights
In Christ finds all things new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

HYMN 55.—C. M.

HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred *hope!* that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven—
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
May howl around my cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:
It is the hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,

From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, &c.

4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows:
There pleasure beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
It is the hope, &c.

HYMN 56.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,

Come when the sun sheds his last linger-
ing ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my
bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all
care;
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may
share;
Look upon high and believe I am there,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

HYMN 57.

All is well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon
my frame?
Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this
vital flame;
Is it death, is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From ev'ry pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well, all is well:
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free
All is well, all is well:
There is not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Jesus from mine eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies;
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well, all is well:
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well:
Bright angels are from glory come,
They 're round my bed, they 're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well, all is well:
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
All is well, all is well.
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-
washed throng!
Saved by grace, saved by grace:
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace:
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine:
Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well, all is well.

HYMN 58.—C. M.

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

2 Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 59.—11s and 12s.

The Chariot.

THE chariot! the chariot! Its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving it drives on the pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory, the glory! Around him are
poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on
the Lord:
And the glorified saints and the martyrs
are there;
And there all who the palm-wreath of vic-
tory wear.

3 The trumpet, the trumpet! the dead
have all heard;
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered char-
nels are stirred:
From the sea, from the earth, from the
south, from the north;
All the vast generations of men are come
forth.

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

5 O mercy, O mercy! Look down from
above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children,
with love;

When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

HYMN 60.—L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, e'en adamant would melt;
But I can read each touching line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
Amazing thought! which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
Apply to me the Saviour's blood:
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

HYMN 61.—P. M.

I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 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.

HYMN 62.

Eden is my Home.

OH, I have roamed through many lands
A stranger to delight;
Not friendship's hopes, nor love's sweet
smiles,
Could make my pathway bright:
Till on the sky a star arose,
And lit night's sable dome—
O steer my bark by that sweet star,
For Eden is my home!

2 O Eden is my place of rest,
I long to reach its shore;
To shake these troubles from my breast,
And weep and sigh no more.

To that fair land my spirit flies,
And angels bid me come;
O steer my bark o'er Jordan's wave,
For Eden is my home.

3 O take me from this world of wo,
To my sweet home above,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And all the air is love.
My sister spirits wait for me,
And Jesus bids me come;
O steer my bark to that bright land,
For Eden is my home.

HYMN 63.—P. M.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me:
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me:
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me:
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor,

From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever;
Weep not for me.

HYMN 64.

Why these Fears?

WHY these fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship!
Spread the sail, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To those regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Could we stay where death was hov'ring
Could we rest on such a shore?
No; the awful truth discov'ring,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.

3 Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.

4 Led by that we brave the ocean—
Led by that the storms defy:
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,

Knowing that our Lord is nigh;
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

5 Rendered safe by his direction,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste:
Trusting to his kind protection,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

6 Oh! what pleasures there await us:
There the tempests cease to roar—
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more:
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

HYMN 65.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveller! yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—

Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveller! ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the son of God is come!

HYMN 66.

Heaven is a Blest Region.

HEAVEN, heaven is a blest region,
Bright, bright, glorious and fair!
Rich, rich is its resplendence:
Darkness o'erspreads not its air:
Light, light, light, light
Pure and immortal is there.

2 Heaven, heaven is a blest region,
All, all unity share:
Sweet, sweet are their endearments;

Hatred their hearts never bear:
Love, love, love, love,
Pure and immortal is there.

3 Heaven, heaven is a blest region,
Free, free from earth-born care:
Full, full are their enjoyments:
Anguish no bosom can tear:
Joy, joy, joy, joy,
Pure and immortal is there.

HYMN 67.—P. M.

WE shall meet no more to part,
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart;
Weary days will soon depart,
Then we may rest forever!
When the work of life is done,
When the victor's crown is won,
Then, immortal life begun,
We no more shall sever.

CHORUS.

We shall meet no more to part,
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart!
Weary days will soon depart—
Then we may rest forever.

2 In the home of peace and bliss,
In the world where Jesus is,

When we bid adieu to this,
Then we may love forever!
Purified from every stain,
Through the Lamb that once was slain,
Brethren we shall meet again,
And be parted never.
We shall meet no more to part, &c.

HYMN 68.—S. M.

LORD JESUS, come! for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord Jesus, come! for hosts
Meet on the battle plain:
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus, come; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

4 Hark! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day:
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear—
We wait to strew thy way.

5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power:
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

HYMN 69.—P. M.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will,
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream,
Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,

I have finished the work thou didst give
me to do!"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy and sit down on my
throne!"

HYMN 70.

HOW beauteous is the earth!
How bright the sky!
How wisely planned by Him
Who reigns on high!
His love is rich and free—
A boundless store!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
For evermore!

2 By day he makes the sun
To pour forth light:
The moon and starry host
To shine by night.
His love is rich and free, &c.

3 He waters hill and dale
With dews and showers;
And crowns their varied soils
With fruits and flowers:
His love, &c.

4 He sent his only Son
To save the world,
When from its Eden bowers,
Fallen man was hurled:
His love, &c.

5 His face hath smiled on us,
Above all lands;
Our thousand splendid gifts
Are from his hands.
His love, &c.

HYMN 71.—P. M.

Hymn of Liberty.

COLUMBIA! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above!

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that 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.

HYMN 72.—P. M.

The Priceless Pearl.

THE pearl that worldlings covet
Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauties fade as quickly
As sunshine on the sea:
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's called the pearl of greatest price:
Though few its value see,
O, that's the pearl for me.

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me;

It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee!
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be,
O, that's the crown for me.

3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be:
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's marked by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage here is free,
O, that's the road for me.

4 The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free:
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee,
O, that's the hope for me.

HYMN 73.—11s.

I 'M happy, I'm happy, O wond'rous account;
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,

I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to
share.

2 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest;
My life and my treasure, my joy and my
rest;
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be
my song:
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my
tongue.

3 Oh! who is like Jesus? he's Salem's
bright King;
He smiles and he loves me, he taught me
to sing:
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to
his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

HYMN 74.—P. M.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! O praise ye the Lord!

2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly called me,
Passing through a waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a Guide.
For I'm bound, &c.

3 Such a Guide! No guide attends thee;
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
For I'm bound, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attend;
He'll in every state relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
O I'm bound, &c.

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I'll bend:
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the stream he plung'd from sight:

Gazing still I saw him rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
Oh, he's gone, &c.

8 Cease my neart this mournful crying,
Death will burst the sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, dying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.
For I'm bound, &c.

HYMN 75.—P. M.

Sweet Home.

'MID scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home:
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory my home

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice 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 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinder my joy and communion
with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows
may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I
stay,
O give me submission and strength as my
day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy
grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of
home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at
home.

HYMN 76.—P. M.

Christ Stilling the Tempest

THE day was now past and the star's twinkling light
Sunk quietly down on the gloom of the night,
And a soft-flowing breeze caught the sail spreading wide,
And the ship floated swiftly along on the tide.

2 As the vessel bore off on the face of the deep,
The Saviour reclined on a pillow to sleep;
And the dash of the spray and the wild ocean roar,
Were lost in his slumbers, and heeded no more.

3 While thus he was sleeping the tempest was heard,
And the billowy deep to its bottom was stirred;
Wave rolled upon wave till the vessel was filled,
And the blood of the bravest bold seaman was chilled.

4 The sky, and the shore, and the ocean
were veiled
In terrible gloom, while the tempest pre-
vailed;
And efforts all failing the vessel to save,
Hope folded her pinions and sunk in the
wave.

5 In that dreadful hour of frantic despair,
Bethought the disciples that Jesus was
there:
They ran to his pillow, awakened their
Lord:
He spake, and the tempest was stilled at a
word!

6 Each fearful emotion was calmed in the
breast,
As the billows sunk back on the ocean to
rest;
And the voice of thanksgiving arose from
each heart,
As the tempest's dread fury began to de-
part.

HYMN 77.—11s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you lan-
guish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts—here
tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heav'n cannot
heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and
pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy say-
ing,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure.

HYMN 78.—8s and 7s.

The Gospel Ship.

THE gospel ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who would set out for glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful ports of glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this earthly shore;
Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace;
Carrying ev'ry faithful trav'ler
To his glorious landing place!

4 Her sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from every tongue.

5 Come, poor sinner, get converted,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
And with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

HYMN 79.—L. M.

Harvest Home.

THOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Angels, ere long, will reap the crop,
And burn the tares in anger up.
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horror there,
To recollect their station here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

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

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

5 The tares are spared for various ends—
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs, his counsels to fulfill.

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

7 Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare.
For soon the harvest time, &c.

HYMN 80.—P. M.

OH thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread? [thee,
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion declare have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned:
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace:
From which their salvation the Gentiles
shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters de-
light
Thro' all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-
joice,
And myriads await for his word;
He speaks, and eternity filled with his
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

6 His vestment of righteousness, who
shall describe!
Its purity words would defile!
The heavens from his presence fresh beau-
ties imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile.

Such is my beloved, in excellence bright;
When pleased he looks down from above,
Like the morn when he breathes from the
chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.

HYMN 81.—C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conq'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full—O glorious hope!—
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes his future home;
O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come!

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void!
Thou only canst my spirit fill,
Come, O my God, my God.

HYMN 82.

The wond'rous love of Jesus!
From doubts and fears it frees us,
With pitying eyes it sees us,
While trav'ling here below.

CHORUS.

Till we all meet in heaven,
Till we all meet in heaven,
There we shall meet and part no more.

2 And there we shall forever
Drink of that flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne above.
When we, &c.

3 There, in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship then the Lamb
When we, &c.

4 We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.
When we, &c.

HYMN 83.—P. M.

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

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

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

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

5 When it was finished, when it was
finished,
And the atonement was made,

He was taken by the great, and embalmed
In spices sweet,
And into a sepulchre was laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty
Saviour!
Prince, and the Author of Peace!
Oh! he burst the bonds of death, and tri-
umphant through the east,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding, now interceding—
Pleading that sinners may live:
Crying, Father, I have died, O behold my
hands and side—
To redeeem them: I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they'll repent and believe:
Let them now return to me, and be recon-
ciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive.

HYMN 84.—P. M.

A Parting Hymn.

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,

Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never.

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
When joys celestial thrill,
When bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never.

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever:
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly foes,
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never, no, never.

HYMN 85.—P. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home to stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell!

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals, care, or bliss;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.

4 Farewell old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
You've counted all things here but dross—
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you:
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too—
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O turn and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 86.

The Good Land.

WE'VE bid the vain pleasures of earth now adieu!
The glories of Zion stand full in our view;
With joy we press onward at Jesus' command,
And soon we'll go up and possess the good land.

CHORUS.

Give him glory! He is worthy!
Give him glory! He is worthy!
And we'll all give him glory
When we arrive at home:
When you arrive, and I arrive,
When they arrive, and all arrive;
Then we'll all give him glory,
When we arrive at home.

2 The bondage of sin it was hard, but we are free,
And sweetly possessing the true liberty;

And all may unite now with us, in our
band,
And soon we'll go up and possess the good
land.
Give him glory, &c.

3 The tall sons of Anak may stand in our
way,
But Jesus, our Captain, is stronger than
they,
The power of his gospel they cannot with-
stand,
So come, let us go, and possess the good
land.
Give him glory, &c.

4 By faith in his blood we will trample on
sin—
Arrayed in his strength we the conquest
shall win:
The sword of his Spirit we bear in our
hand—
With this we'll go up and possess the good
land.
Give him glory, &c.

5 'Tis now to the bank of the river we're
come,
Our spirits are leaping with joy to get
home;

Lo! Jordan rolls back at the Savior's command,
He bids us come on, we shall have the good land.
Give him glory, &c.

6 When safely arrived on that happy ground,
With honor and glory each victor is crowned;
The conqueror's palm-wreath they bear in their hand,
And rest with the Savior in that happy land.
Give him glory, &c.

HYMN 87.—L. M.

WHEN the last trumpet shakes the ground,
And heaven and earth shall pass away,
Poor sinner, how will you be found?
How can you meet that awful day?
You are passing away,
To the great judgment day.

2 The Judge in majesty comes down,
With glory beaming in his face;
Wearing a rainbow and a crown,
He comes to judge the human race.
You are passing away, &c.

3 With trembling you will leave the tomb,
Unless you all your sins forsake;
The Judge will then pronounce your doom,
And plunge you in the fiery lake.
You are passing away, &c.

4 But though his grace you've long withstood,
And would not to his sceptre bow,
He waits to save you by his blood,
And crown you with salvation now.
You are passing away, &c.

5 Believe in him with all your heart,
And all your sins shall be forgiven;
And when your work is finished here,
Your happy souls shall rise to heaven.
You are passing away, &c.

HYMN 88.—P. M.
The Way to Glory.

O TELL me, strangers, ere you go,
The road that leads to glory;
For I have heard about the way
Full many a different story.—
It is a straight and narrow road,
O weary, wandering brother!
'Tis but a few who choose that way,
But many take the other.

2 I see a smooth and pleasant road,
Where all is bright and glowing;
But yonder is a darksome path,
Where thorns and weeds are growing.--
Then take the narrow, darksome way,
Poor weary, wandering brother;
Though 'tis a rugged, thorny road,
O do not choose the other.

3 And if I take the narrow way
O will it lead to heaven,
Where every sorrow shall be past,
And every sin forgiven?—
O yes! though darksome is the path,
Bright joys are set before thee:
But linger not, there 's danger here,
Poor wand'rer, we implore thee.

4 Then, pilgrims, I will go with you,
Though long I've been a stranger;
I'll choose the straight and narrow road,
Nor linger here in danger.—
Then welcome, welcome to our hearts,
Poor weary, wandering brother;
We'll tread awhile the thorny road,
For who would choose the other?

HYMN 89.—C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily;
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day,
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be;
All hail, reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Good Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

HYMN 90.

Mercy's Free.

WHAT 'S this that rises in my soul?
It is grace, it is grace;
Which through me like celestial fire doth roll,
It is grace, it is grace.
This glorious work by Christ begun,
Causes my heart all sin to shun,
And plants my soul beneath the mighty throne,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 For ev'ry harden'd rebel and offender,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
No price nor money need ye bring to tender
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Sinners repent, the call obey,
In humble faith for pardon pray;
His blood can wash your deepest crimes away,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Swell, loudly swell, the grand, eternal chorus,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
In heaven the sound shall peal sublimely o'er us,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Though mercy's free, our God is just;
And this will sting our conscience most
When in eternal death the soul is lost,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 This truth through all the path of life shall cheer us,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
And through the gloomy vale of death will clear us,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
And when to Jordan's brink we come,
And cross the raging billows' foam,
We'll shout when we are safely landed home,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

HYMN 91.—P. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
My ev'ry pleasant sweet:"
"Hinder me not," my soul replies,
"Because the way is great."

3 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;

"Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God hath broke thy chain."

4 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

5 Through duty, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
"Hinder me not," come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN 92.—P. M.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The soul that obeys in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:

My soul don't delay, he calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the
glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort! go af-
ter him, go!
Lo! onward I move to a city above:
None guesses how wond'rous my journey
will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death,
hell, and sin,
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ
within;
And when I 'm to die, receive me, I 'll cry.
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I 'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's
face.

6 Now 'tis my care that my neighbors may
share
These blessings; to seek them will none
of you dare?
In bondage, O why, in death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so
nigh?

HYMN 93.—8 lines 7s and 6s.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's voice I hear;
He gives me all my orders,
And tells me not to fear:
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way;

Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the war is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

HYMN 94.—L. M.

The Mercy Seat.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no Mercy Seat?

5 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

HYMN 95.—C. M.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;

Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go:
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast,
In love's unbounded sea:
This glorious hope of endless rest,
Is now transporting me.

HYMN 96.—8s and 7s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance.
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished—
Every plant looked gay and green;

Then thy word our spirits nourished—
Happy seasons we have seen!—
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 97.—C. M.

The Last Lovely Morning.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump,
Sounds come, come away!
O let us be ready, to hail the glad day.

2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,

Our tears shall be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.
While the mighty, &c.

3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend,
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves shall be opened,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.

HYMN 98.—P. M.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf
on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple
and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer
is green,
That host with their banners at sunset
were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn
hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and
strewn.

2 The angel of death spread his wings on
the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and for-
ever grew still!
And there lay the steed with his nostril all
wide,
And through it there rolled not the breath
of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on
the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beaten
surf.

3 And there lay the rider, distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on
his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banner
alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown:
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their
wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal:
And the might of the Gentiles, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow at the glance of
the Lord.

HYMN 99.—C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, 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,
A remnant weak and small;

Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall:
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 100.—P. M.

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
My toils and cares shall have an end,
Then I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high:
There no more sighs and no more tears,
There no more pains and no more fears,
But God, and Christ, and heaven appears
Unto the ravished eye.

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,

And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest:
O happy day! O joyful hour!
When free from earth my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day:
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which calls my soul to soar away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood!
The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my ravished eyes appears,
Which makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say, farewell!
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three!

I'll join with them who've gone before,
Who sing and shout their suff'rings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu! ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where nought but disappointments grow,
A better world 's in view:
My Saviour calls, I haste away,
I would not here forever stay;
Hail, ye bright realms of endless day!
Vain world, once more adieu!

HYMN 101.—8's and 6's.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings:
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for a moment feast,
With Christ, the King of kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world, unknown,

I all their wealth despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight—
A city in the skies.

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

5 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear:
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

6 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of her load,
And seeks the things above.

HYMN 102.—7s and 6s.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole:
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous power to save.

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

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

4 At length this Great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!—
Accepted my petition,
And managed soon my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed;
Then bade me look upon him—
I looked, and I was healed!

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give:
He makes no hard condition
'Tis only look and live.

HYMN 103.—8 lines 7s.

HAIL! ye sighing sons of sorrow;
Learn with me your certain doom,
Learn with me your fate to-morrow—
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying—
Silent all things seem to mourn:
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mould'ring urn.

2 Lo! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars, how they nod!
Scenes of nature, how surprising!
Read in nature, nature's God.
While the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
Annually our friends are dropping—
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,

While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy;
Long have I lost all youthful pleasure—
Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
To console my troubled mind;
Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,
Scattered by the dreary wind.
When a few more days are wasted,
And a few more scenes are o'er;
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall rise to fall no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in gloomy night;
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

HYMN 104.—C. M.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

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

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God! our help in ages past!
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

HYMN 105.—C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foli'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face!
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 106.—C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 107.—7s and 6s.

THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar,

Full swiftly we are going;
To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along;
Affliction and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come, then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast:
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

HYMN 107.—4 lines 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort never found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest:

Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you live shall be my home—
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp or power:
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

5 "Follow me!" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see:
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light's the burden now to me.

HYMN 108.—P. M.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled.

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

3 "Fear not! I am with thee; O be not
dismayed!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only de-
sign
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to re-
fine.

6 "Even down to old age all my people
shall prove,
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom
be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for
repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

HYMN 109.—8s.

TIME speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from our life like leaflets sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;
The rose bloom from our cheek departs;
The tresses from our temples fall—
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

2 Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrents in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower;
He sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that
blest,
And leaves us weeping on the shore
To which we can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away:
No eagle through the sky of day,

No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he:
Like fiery steed from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

HYMN 110.—12s and 11s.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will
not deplore thee,
Though silence and darkness encompass
the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no
longer deplore thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Savior
has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere
wrong to deplore thee;
Perhaps thy tried spirit in death lingered
long,

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright
on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere
wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the
Savior has died.

HYMN 111.—P. M.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu!
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasure I'll forego,
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end—
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide:

Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love:
Fain I would to sinners show,
His blood alone by faith applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

HYMN 112.—C. M.

The Harvest of the Lord.

THE angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they in sheaves, do bide
The fire of vengeance, bound?
The tares, whose rank, luxurious pride
Choked the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store,
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore,
Amid surrounding ill.

4 Oh! King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!

In the destroying angel's hour
O gather us to thee.

HYMN 113.—11s.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh!
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you
obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your
pain?
To bear up your spirits when summon'd
to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on
air?
There's mercy in Jesus enough, and to
spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and
see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and
free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the
Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall
part;
O how can we leave you? why will you
not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at
home.

HYMN 114.—L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;

Those warm desires that in thee burn,
  Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
  And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
  His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
  Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
  How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
  And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
  'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near,

HYMN 115.—7s.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
  Stay not for the morrow's sun—
Wisdom, if you still despise,
  Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore;
  Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
  Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
  Stay not for the morrow's sun;

Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 116.—P. M.

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

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord,
A fountain is open'd, 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 veil of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come;

Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy
race,
And sink to the veil of eternity's gloom.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens
shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judg-
ment shall stand,
What power, then, O sinner, shall lend
thee its aid?

HYMN 117.—L. M.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud with-
draw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,

And fill your fellow creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

5 Were half the time thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 119.

Sweet Home.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour direct me to heaven my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given—
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heav'n.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing
charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is
room—
O there may I feast with his children at
home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus conduct me to heaven my home.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies,
adieu!
While Jesus and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven
my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home.

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will
say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on
my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there shall I rest with the Saviour
at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall
be o'er—
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
dome—
They dwell with the Saviour forever at
home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour forever at
home.

HYMN 120.—11s and 10s.

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

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

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devo-
tion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine?

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration:
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

HYMN 121.— 7s and 6s.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white
They serve their great Redeemer,
They dwell with him in light.

2 That is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' Eternal Father
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The humblest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;

But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty ?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest ;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be bless'd ;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay ;
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

5 But now it is my purpose
The better way to find ;
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind ;
In guilt's seducing mazes
I will no longer roam ;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

HYMN 122.—P. M.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save ;

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries:
My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;
The palms of thy hands while I look on I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

HYMN 123.—P. M.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation;

Published now to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious;
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

5 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Jesus reigns, &c.

HYMN 124.—P. M.

THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banner unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise,
"Hail, Son of the Highest! let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

4 Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver,
The poor and the needy from foes that assail,
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish forever
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign:
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

6 Ride on till the compass of thy great dominion,
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole;
And mankind cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.

7 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays."

HYMN 125.

OUR bondage here shall end,
By and by—by and by;
Our griefs shall vanish then,
With our three-score years and ten,

And bright glory crown the day,
By and by—by and by;

2 When our Deliverer comes,
By and by—by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
We will hail our jubilee,
And to Canaan all return,
By and by—by and by.

3 Though strong our foes appear,
We'll go on—we'll go on;
Our hearts shall know no fear,
For Israel's God is near;—
While the fiery pillar moves
We'll go on—we'll go on.

4 By Marah's bitter stream,
We'll go on—we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
The rock shall yield supply;—
To a land of corn and wine,
We'll go on—we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's flood
We are come—we are come;
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,
While the ransom'd host shall shout,
"We are come—we are come."

6 There friends shall meet again,
Who have loved—who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At our great Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more,
Who have loved—who have loved.

7 There with the happy throng,
We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice;
Shouting "glory to our King,"
'Till the heavenly dome shall ring,
And through eternity
We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice.

HYMN 126.—P. M.

A Temperance Song.

THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me;
It kills his body and his soul,
How sad a sight is he!
But there's a drink that God hath given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measure large and free;
O, that's the drink for me,
O that's, &c.

2 The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me;

For he that drinks it still is dry,
And ever dry he'll be:
But there's a stream, so cool and clear
The thirsty trav'ler lingers near;
Refreshed and glad is he:
O that's the drink for me,
O that's, &c.

3 The wine cup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me;
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see;
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days;
O that's the cup for me,
O that's, &c.

HYMN 127.—8's and 7's.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer's breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees,

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;

But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

HYMN 128.—P. M.

WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer:
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When forced from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections yet cling to the heart!
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
O! how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

3 When pleasure would woo us from
piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly or silently charms,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the
snare;
On looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are stran-
gers to bliss;
Heaven pours its first streams through no
medium but this;
And till we the ecstacy seraphim share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by
prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.

HYMN 129.—7s.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till Mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch and pray.

2 Knock, for Mercy lends an ear;
Weep, she marks the sinner's sigh:
Watch, till heavenly light appear;
Pray, she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning pilgrim, what for thee
In this world can now remain?

Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4 Sorrow shall forever fly,
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Pain in endless bliss expire.

HYMN 130.—8 lines 7s and 8s.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to land my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

2 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
O come along, dear sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a last farewell!
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

3 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before:
O how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar!

Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there—
From sinking down to darkness,
The doleful regions of despair?
4 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word has calmed the ocean,
His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale—
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail.
5 Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low!
I soon shall reach that region,
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you,
A few more days to suffer here:
Through grace I soon shall meet you—
My soul exults, I'm almost there.
6 Soon the archangel's trumpet,
Shall shake the ground from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll:
Then I shall see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransomed people home.

HYMN 131.—L. M.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, tho' great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but strive, and watch, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's mount we stand
And view by faith the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend—
Remember, glory's at the end:
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before;
And shout to think we've gained the day
By marching in the good old way.

HYMN 132.—C. M.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate;
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "Ill go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hastened to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kissed his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow breaks
For follies he has done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin!"
The father gives command:
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain—
Let joy and mirth abound:
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 133.—P. M.

FROM the regions of love,
Lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news
How the babe was attended·
Go, shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger;
See yonder bright star,
There's your Lord in the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon;
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
Unto you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy—
Now behold your salvation!

Then suddenly a multitude
Raised their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer
While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given;
Now glory to God
Is re-echoed from heaven:
Around the whole earth
Let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory.

4 Enraptured I burn
With delight and desire;
Such love so divine
Sets my soul all on fire:
Around the bright throne
Hosannas are ringing;
O when shall I join them,
And ever be singing?

5 Triumphantly ride
In thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love,
O Jesus, all glorious!
Thy banners unfurl—
Let the nations surrender

And own thee their Saviour,
Their God and defender.

HYMN 134.—11s.

HOW sad are the moments when wandering from God,
And thorny and dark is the dangerous road;
But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,
When cheered by the presence of Jesus my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
When cheered by the presence, &c.

2 Though fading are joys which earth can bestow,
And false is the light which illumes us below;
Though sorrows, like clouds, hang around us in gloom,
The beams of his love light me on my way home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The beams of his love, &c.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk into repose,
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,

With all the redeemed, I o'er it will roam,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And sing hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 135.—P. M.

CHRISTIANS, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious day-spring from on high.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high.

2 Heathen at the sight are singing,
Morning wakes the grateful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing,
First fruits of more perfect praise.

3 Zion's sun salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine till brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills.

4 Then the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth in joy shall sing;
Then the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring.

5 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer,

Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.

6 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread the truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shines on every soul.

HYMN 136.—C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain:

Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain?

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

7 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all it blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

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

HYMN 137.—7s and 6s.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo!
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command;
Soon 'twill stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damned.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?

Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When his judgment he'll proclaim;
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance cries aloud,
And what will you reply?

4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your foreheads lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace,)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know:
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:

'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come;
None that come shall be denied—
He says there still is room.

HYMN 138.—P. M.

THE voice of my beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills:
Gently doth he chide my stay,
"Rise, my love, and come away."

2 The scattered clouds are fled at last,
The rain is gone, the winter's past,
The lovely vernal flowers appear,
The warbling choir enchants our ear:
Now, with sweetly pensive moan,
Coos the turtle-dove alone.

HYMN 139.—L. M.

YOUNG people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend;
I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the alluring scenes of vice
But never found substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spake my sins at once forgiven,
And washed my load of guilt away ;
He gave me pardon, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the good old way.
And now with trembling sense I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
And hell is moved your souls to meet.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be past,
By fleeting time, or conq'ring death
Your morning sun may set at noon,
So transient is our mortal breath :
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose—
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn silence round your head :
Your friends may pass that lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 But O! the soul where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries,

It rolls amidst the burning flames
In endless woe and agonies:
There swallowed up in darkest night,
Where devils howl and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

6 O! fellow youth, this is the state
Of all who God's free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your Lord;
But with my mission now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 140.—P. M.

LIFE let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close:
In vain we seek for earthly bliss—
The plants of joy, the fruits of peace,
Can never grow in soil like this:
Place all thy hopes in heaven.

2 Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close;
Our hearts in vain to riches cling;

Our gems are dim, our gold hath wings,
And when possessed no comfort brings:
Lay up thy wealth in heaven.

3 Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close:
Set not thy heart on earthly fame,
Its highest gift's an empty name,
That quickly fades or ends in shame:
True glory comes from heaven.

HYMN 141.—7s and 6s.

DROOPING souls no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If in Jesus you believe,
You will find him precious.
Lo! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him;
He has died for you and me,
O! look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows a healing lotion;
See the heart-consoling tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, "come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden;
Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven,"
Soon as you on him rely,
"All shall be forgiven."

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him.
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
O! the wond'rous story;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory, glory, glory!

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him;
Mourners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him:

Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it;
O that I could sing so loud
All the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known
In the upper region,
I will try to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraph's shout "amen!"
While the angel's wonder.

HYMN 142.—7s and 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
To heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face—

Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn—
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant through the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy ent'rance will be given—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN 143.—11s.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-Star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions was mightier far:
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them:
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath
saved the,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
shall be:
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that en-
slaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

HYMN 144.—L. M.

MY dearest friends in bonds of l e,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loth we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face:
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my fainting mind;
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;

Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me think we'll meet again.
A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast;
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll clasp anew the immortal hand.

4 I hope you will remember me,
If you no more my face should see:
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

HYMN 145.—C. M.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tears,
How dark the world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.

5 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One peace-branch from above!

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

HYMN 146.—8 lines 8s.

The Preacher's Adieu.

ADIEU, my dear brethren, adieu!
Reluctant I give you my hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on Mount Zion shall stand.
My heart swells with tender regret,
To leave your embraces so soon,
Though Heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in my memory shall last,
Though far from your sight I remove.

While roving the wilds of the west,
When through foreign nations I steer,
Still friendship inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.

3 Our labors will shortly subside,
Our vigor and life must decay,
But wisdom and truth shall abide
To pilot our souls on the way.
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past;
Till nature and time are no more,
And we are in Paradise blest.
Sweet comforting Spirit draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflection to cheer,
And change lamentations to praise.

5 O may we conform to his will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,
Our covenant vows to fulfill,
Till Jesus shall sign our release:
Till suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony mee
To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conqueror greet.

HYMN 147.—P. M.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Slumbering on the brink of wo;
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers and our mothers,
And our children sinking down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna,
Will be showered all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door,
But they have betrayed their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before:
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna,
Will be showered all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sisters helped him;

While you see the trembling sinners,
Who are struggling hard with sin;
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found:
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be showered all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself and serve us
With sweet manna all arcund.

HYMN 148.—C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide o'erspreading world,
O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 149.—C. M.

WHAT if our bark o'er life's rough wave
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave,
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What though afflictions be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven;
Still never let it be forgot,
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues of even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall,
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad, who drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find at last a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

5 Thou, Lord, our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.

6 Then from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is given;
There, there, shall cease the pain and strife,
There are no tears in heaven.

HYMN 150.—C. M.

OH land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.

3 In Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I could at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury roam;
But oh! my passport was not sealed—
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

7 Our tears shall all be wiped away,
When we have ceased to roam;
And we shall hear our Father say,
Come, dwell with me at home.

The toils of life will then be o'er,
I'll gain a peaceful dome;
And shout on Canaan's happy shore,
With Jesus safe at home.

HYMN 151.— 8s and 7s.

"MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him—
"Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around—
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

HYMN 152.—8s.

YE angels who mortals attend,
And minister comfort in wo,
Come listen, ye heavenly friends,
My happier story to know,
I sing of a theme most sublime,
No sorrow my song can control—
I sing of the rapturous time,
When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,
Because I had wandered from God,
I strove my sad case to bewail,
My sins were a cumberous load;
O Saviour, have mercy! I cried,
O pardon a wretch that's so vile!
Then quickly his blood was applied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

3 My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
Was chased in a moment away;
The joy of my soul newly born,
Increased like the dawning of day.
My Saviour redeemed me from sin,
He saves not in part but in whole;
He writes his salvation within,
For oh! he spoke peace to my soul.

4 I now am so blest with his love,
I covet not earth's greatest store;
He visits me oft from above—
I have him, I want nothing more:
Resigned to his pleasure I'll live,
Till time's latest circle shall roll,
His utmost salvation receive,
For oh! he spoke peace to my soul.

5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
Nor danger my soul can affright,
While onward to mansions of day,
I go in Immanuel's might:

Though earth in convulsions shall rend,
From the centre quite thro' to each pole,
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend.
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

6 Ye angels, who wait while I sing,
And patiently hear my glad song,
Come, bear me to Jesus, my King,
To join with the heavenly throng.
'Tis there I'll eternally feast,
On joys that enrapture the whole;
All heaven would welcome the guest,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
Farewell to my friends and my foes;
I haste from these scenes to the skies,
Where pleasure eternally flows:
He bids me leave all for his sake—
I'll run till I reach the blest goal;
Then me to his arms he will take,
Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

HYMN 153.—P. M.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more:

When the rich gales of mercy no longer
shall blow,
The gospel no message declare:
Sinner! how canst thou bear the deep
wailings of wo!
How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions
of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness
of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love;
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and se-
cure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow en-
dure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

HYMN 154.—11s.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thry sil-
ver stream,
Our Savior, at midnight, when moonlight's
pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would fre-
quently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the
day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on
his head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his
bed;
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the
sight,
And followed their Master with solemn
delight.

3 O garden of olives, thou dear-honor'd
spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be
forgot:
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above,
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of
love!
4 Come, saints, and adore him; come bow
at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is
meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

HYMN 155.—C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,

One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burned while Jesus spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And filled the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour! let creation ring!
A Saviour! let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours:
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who've gone before,
We soon shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll force our paasage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown, our due.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows—
O pour the mighty flood!

And sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

4 When thou shalt make thy jewels up,
And set thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
By thee proclaimed thine own:
May we a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 156.—11s.

WAKE, isles of the South, your redemption is near,
No longer repose on the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that girt ye, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play where the ocean's storms cease,
Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

3 On the islands that sit in the regions of
night,
The lands of despair to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and
light,
The young Star of Bethlehem will ripen
to-day.

4 The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was hallowed
with blood,
The priest of Melchizedec there shall atone,
And the shrines of Atooi be sacred to God.

5 The heathen will hasten to welcome the
time,
The day-spring, the prophet in vision once
saw,
When the beams of Messiah will 'lumine
each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for
his law.

HYMN 157.—L. M.

I 'M glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

¶ J'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death;

I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well,

5 I soon shall hear the solemn sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise! and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet your Saviour in the clouds.

6 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 158.—S. M.

OH, where shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

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

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unnumbered 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 Oh, God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

HYMN 159.—8s and 6s.

THE faithless world promiscuous flows,
Enwrapt in fancy's vision,

Allured by sounds, beguiled by shows,
And empty dreams—nor scarcely knows
There is a brighter heaven.

2 Its gold will change, its diamonds fade;
Swift wings to wealth are given:
All-varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade—
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal bloom in ruin lies,
Death reigns all over earth and skies—
There's nothing lives but heaven.

4 The world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
And gems and crowns are vain and poor—
There's nothing rich but heaven.

5 A stranger here alone I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a lonely tomb,
I have no place but heaven.

6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven!
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears:

Roll on ye suns, fly swift ye years—
I'm on my way to heaven.

7 Adieu! to all below, adieu!
Let life's dull cares be driven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view
To worlds of light I will pursue,
And live with him in heaven.

HYMN 160.—7s.

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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want
More than all in thee I find;

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

HYMN 161.—11s.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
O come and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension,
Our praises and rev'rence is an offering meet;

Now is the Word made flesh and dwells
among us!
O come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his eternal fame, ye choirs of
angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise re-
peat;
Unto our Lord be glory in the highest!
O come and let us worship at his feet.

HYMN 162.—P. M.

MY brethren, I have found
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna:
The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclined
To sing and shout hosanna.

CHORUS.

My soul doth long to go
Where it shall fully know
The beauties of my Saviour:
And as I pass along,
I'll sing a Christian song—
I hope to live forever.

2 What must this fountain be,
From which grace flows so free?

It yields both peace and pleasure:
For all terrestrial bliss,
Could never equal this,
A foretaste of my Saviour.
My soul, &c.

3 Perhaps you think I'm wild,
And simple as a child—
I am a child of glory:
My joy is from above,
My heart is filled with love,
I long to tell the story.
My soul, &c.

4 My brother can you say,
That you are on your way,
Are on your way to glory:
I care not for your name,
Religion is the same,
Come tell the pleasing story.
My soul, &c.

5 My soul doth sit and sing,
And practices her wing,
And contemplates the hour,
When the messenger shall say—
Come, quit this house of clay,
And with bright angels tower.

HYMN 162.—P. M.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks, 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all!

HYMN 164.—P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit come away:
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses—shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

HYMN 165.—P. M.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name;
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;

To feel them incessantly mine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, scepters and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
That pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
The light of the sun will outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

HYMN 166.—P. M.

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus! once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow;
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

HYMN 167.—4 lines 7s.

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

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine, art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;

Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

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

HYMN 168.

COME, angels, seize your harps of gold,
The song of love to man unfold;
Assist our joys, exalt our lays,
Another sinner's saved by grace.
Glory, glory, let us sing,
Let heaven and earth with glory ring—
Hosanna to the Lamb of God!

2 A leper washed from every stain,
Requires a higher, holier strain;
The blood of Christ hath cleans'd from sin
The Spirit's sealed and fixed within:
Satan feels his power is gone,
He falls like lightning from his throne,
Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

3 The little flock by all forgot,
O'erlook'd, unknown, despis'd, condemn'd,
With names traduced and lives abhorred,
We suffer with our martyred Lord:

But when the flames ascend the higher,
We'll shout triumphant in the fire,
Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

HYMN 169.—4's and 7's.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame!
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
Oh! how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child!

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Faith is weak in all I do!
You that love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;

Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I do not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 170.—S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

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

HYMN 172.—C. M.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 173.—P. M.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell;
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home, as I have proved thee,
Can I, can I say—farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure.
Holy days, and Sabbath bell;

Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say at last—farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell;
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land—farewell—farewell!

HYMN 174.—L. M.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care;

From the end of the earth, unto thee will
I cry—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like
a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the Fountain
of good,
I'll pray to the Lord, who for sinners did
die,—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, &c.

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage
here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall
appear;
In the swellings of Jordan all dangers
defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth
shall arise;
Transported I'll join with the ransomed on
high,

To praise the dear Rock that is higher
than I.
Higher than I, higher than I,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher
than I.

HYMN 175.—P. M.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
Diffusion of the Saviour's love;
The Spirit's comfort without measure,
It joins our souls to those above;
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

2 While journeying here through tribulations,
In phalanx firm we'll march along:
Contentions may divide the nations,
But Christ shall be our common song:
For pure religion knits together—
It binds in love and makes us free:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

3 How vain! how frail! how transitory!
This world, with all its pomp and show;
Its mighty names, renowned in story,
We'll gladly leave them all below.

A brighter object now enraptures—
In Christ alone we beauties see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

4 Our earthly house is now dissolving,
And mortal life will soon be o'er;
The cares within us now revolving
Will soon afflict our hearts no more;
But pure religion lasts forever;
In death our souls shall strengthened be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

HYMN 176.—P. M.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest,
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I am griev'd while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest—I am blest.

Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame;
I will go foward, for this is my theme—
There, there is rest—there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
They have been call'd to receive their reward,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked releas'd,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—
There, there is rest—there is rest.

HYMN 177.—4s and 11s.

FAREWELL to thee, brother, we meet but to part,
And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart;

There is grief, but there's hope all its anguish to quell;
The MASTER goes with thee, farewell, O farewell!

2 Farewell! thou art leaving the home of thy youth,
The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell:
Yet the MASTER goes with thee; farewell, O farewell!

3 Farewell! for thou treadest the path that he trod;
His God is thy Father, his Father thy God!
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,
Remember he's with thee, farewell, O farewell!

4 Farewell! and God speed thee, glad tidings to bear,
To the desolate isles, in the night of despair;
On the sea, on the shore, the promises tell,
His wings shall enfold thee, farewell, O farewell!

5 Farewell! but in spirit we often shall
meet,
(Though the ocean divide us,) at one mercy seat,
And above ne'er to part, but forever to
dwell
With the MASTER in glory, till then, O
farewell!

HYMN 178.—6 lines 8s.

COME O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am;
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hath call'd me by my name:
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free:
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me,
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal,
Thy new unutterable name?
O tell me, I beseech thee, tell,
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Tho' every sinew were unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength doth fail,
I shall with thee, God-man, prevail.

7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

HYMN 180.—8s.

THE ransomed spirit to her home,
The realm of cloudless beauty flies;

No more in stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, holy love.

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to love.

3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders, thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom, peace!
Speak, thou inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts celestial love,

HYMN 181.—P. M.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the rolling spheres
Around the steady pole;

Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through shoreless deeps
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,—
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That thou must groan and die."

3 My soul attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath:
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence lay:
Alas! an hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name quite pass away.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
No, my immortal cannot die;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be my guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle state:
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then:
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
So as I dare not die.

HYMN 182.—C. M.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes;

The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies!

CHORUS.

How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Have I on earth to stay?
Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time,
And bring the promised day.

2 All hail! ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day!
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now—
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness too—
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage, short the space
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things,
In those dear worlds appear!
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

HYMN 183.—P. M.

WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, that once
was slain.

CHORUS.

Glory, hallelujah!
Praise him, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah!
Praise ye the Lord!

2 Stars of morning, shout for joy;
Sing redemption's mystery;
Holy, holy, holy cry, praise ye the Lord.

3 Bend thy bow, and whet thy sword,
Send thy Spirit with thy word,
Now revive thy work, O Lord, thou bleeding Lamb.

4 In this place and at this hour,
Bare thy arm, display thy power,
Show thyself the Conqueror, thou bleeding Lamb.

5 Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew, to praise the Lamb.

6 Thus we may each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till on Zion's holy hill, we praise the Lamb.

7 And when landed safe above,
In the kingdom of his love,
We shall all the fullness prove, of Christ
the Lamb.

8 We the crown of life shall wear,
We the palm of victory bear,
All our Father's glory share, in that bright
world.

9 You must all be born anew,
You may all be happy too,
You must all this gate pass through, to that
bright world.

HYMN 184.—11s.

THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian
and guide;
Whatever we want he will kindly pro-
vide:
To sheep of his pasture his mercies
abound,
His care and protection his flock will sur-
round.

2 The Lord is our shepherd; what then
shall we fear?
What danger can frighten us while he is
near?

Nor when the time calls us to walk thro' the vale,
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3 Tho' afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is passed,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4 The Lord has become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long:
His name will we praise while we have any breath,
Be cheerful in life, and happy in death.

HYMN 185.—8's and 7's.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of peace.
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep;

Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas, none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee:
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over ev'ry hind'rance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit—
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel-word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour:
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

HYMN 186.—11s.

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

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and
my love,
None richer possessed by the angels above;
For thee all the pleasures of sense I forego,
And wander a pilgrim despised below.

3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I
was blind,
And taught me the way of salvation to find;
For when I was sinking in dreadful de-
spair,
My Jesus relieved me and bid me not fear.

4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals forever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised into raptures while praising his
name.

5 Though weak and despised, by faith I
now stand,
Preserved and defended by Heaven's kind
hand;
By Jesus supported, I'll praise his dear
name,
Regardless of danger, of praise, or of blame.

6 I find him in singing, I find him in
prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near:

My constant companion, O may we not part;
All glory to Jesus who dwells in my heart!

7 If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord!
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word;
I love all my brethren, I love sinners, too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

8 When happy in Jesus I regard not the proud,
Though sinners despise me for shouting so loud;
For death will soon call me, and then I shall fly,
To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.

9 Through millions of ages sweet notes I'll employ,
In praising my Jesus, my hope and my joy;
The glorified spirits, and angels around,
Shall all be delighted to join the glad sound.

HYMN 187.—P. M.

SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying:
See his burdened bosom heave:

Look, ye sinners, you that hung him,
Look how deep your sins have stung him,
Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
Earth unto her center shaking,
Nature's groans awake the dead:
Look on the sun, struck with wonder,
While the peals of legal thunder
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright, melodious legions,
Chaunting through the tuneful regions:
Cease to thrill the quivering strings:
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended,
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King Eternal,
When he poured the vital flood;
By his groans which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation—
Peace and pardon by his blood.

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

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

HYMN 188.—P. M.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day :
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often brings their courage low.

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way ?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne ;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll :

He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole:
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command—
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest;
Love, and joy, and peace forever
Reign and triumph in the breast,
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
Where the ransomed dwell on high,
There on golden harps forever,
Sound redemption through the sky!

5 There a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain,
Where they sing immortal praises—
Glory! glory! is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert,
Makes the heavenly arches ring;
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore:
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their Shepherd there.

Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear;
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 189.—P. M.

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

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.

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

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old;
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us
bold:
For, though we are strangers, we have a
good guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will pro-
vide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the
path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by
faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has
tried,
The heart-cheering promise—the Lord will
provide.

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

7 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us
through:

Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
our side,
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will
provide.

HYMN 190.—C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring 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 care 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.

HYMN 191.—P. M.

'TIS low down in that beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly;
Where no storms of envy or folly
Can ever roll their billows again:
The meek soul, in humble subjection,
Can there find unshaken protection—
There soft gales of cheering reflection—
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
Where no wiles of evil intention,
Can find out these regions of peace.
'Tis there, there, the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of that beautiful river,
Where peace flows forever and ever,
And love and joy forever increase.

3 'Tis there those, who by storms have been driven,
Shall moor their barks in that beautiful haven,
And there bask in the sunshine of heaven,
And triumph in Immanuel's name.
'Tis there, there, in yonder bright glory,
We'll shout, and sing, and tell the glad story;

When we have passed old Jordan quite
over,
We'll sing hallelujah to God and the
Lamb.

HYMN 192.—8s.

THERE is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies;
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear 'tis not for me.

CHORUS.

But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, oh, hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein;
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

4 Through glimm'ring hopes and gloomy
fears,
Dimly the heavenly way appears;
But in this way methinks I see
The track of him who died for me.

5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustained my load;
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he passed this way.

6 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

7 Then, oh, my soul, arise and sing;
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King!
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries "Press on and take the crown.

8 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days;
Fight the good fight, and win the race;
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 193.—7s and 6s.

COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.

What is this that casts you down?
Who are those that grieve you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may you relieve you.

2 Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me;
But my sins return again,
They are they that grieve me:
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful;
Plagued by sin, a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure your pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, thirsting, crying;
Suff'ring all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.

HYMN 194.—L. M.

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

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

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

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb:
In vain the tomb forbids his rise:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

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

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

HYMN 195.—7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made!
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

HYMN 196.—C. M.

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 earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live?
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 197.—P. M.

THEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders displayed:
To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
Where he labored, and languished, and bled;
Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God,
As he captive captivity led.

2 They have gone—the glad heralds of
mercy have gone—
To the land where the martyrs once bled;
Where the Beast and False Prophet have
since trodden down
The fair fabric that Zion had laid.
Where the churches, once planted, and
watered and blest
With the dews which the Spirit distill'd,
Have been smitten, despoiled, and by hea-
thens possess'd,
And the places that knew them defiled.

3 They go to the land where the Indians
now dwell,
Impelled by the love of the Lord;
His love to proclaim, and his mercy to tell,
As revealed in his excellent word.
Thy blessing go with them, O be thou
their shield,
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
O Savior of sinners, thine arm be revealed
In mercy and might from on high.

HYMN 198.—S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to our reviving breast,
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus, our Lord, comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see, and hear,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my Redeemer's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure or of sin.

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

HYMN 199.—C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in;
The evils that around you wait,
While subject unto sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
No more will they be seen.

2 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.

How small this world will then appear
At the tremendous hour,
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power.

3 In vain you'll mourn, your days are past,
Alas! those days are gone;
Your golden hours are spent at last,
And never will return.
O come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last;
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive the past.

HYMN 200.—C. M.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,
As we before thee prav;

For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

HYMN 201.—2 8s 2 7s and 1 4.

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

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

3 Feed me with thy heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness:

Fight and conquer
All my foes by sov'reign grace.

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

HYMN 202.—P. M.

YE virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take.
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Make ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend—
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye who have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride—
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

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

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live:
And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found!
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 203.—6 lines 8s.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,

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

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

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

HYMN 204.—C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed
His love was all my song.

2 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.
In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

3 But now, when evening shades prevail,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

HYMN 205.—4 lines 11s.

O FOUNTAIN of goodness! we render thee praise
For all the rich blessings that gladden our days—

For peace and enjoyment—for vigor and
health—
For freedom's sweet sunshine, and wis-
dom's true wealth.

2 But chiefly we thank thee for smiles of
free grace,
So full, and so glorious, so fresh from thy
face;
For sending in mercy thy Son to make
known
The way of salvation—the way to thy
throne.

3 O Lord we will praise thee in anthems
divine,
At morning and evening, till life shall de-
cline;
And then, in the regions of infinite joy,
A chorus immortal our tongues shall em-
ploy.

HYMN 206.—8s.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;

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

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

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

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

HYMN 207.—L. M.

The voice of free grace,
Cries escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and pollution,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon;
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye thirsty ones hear it,
With high exultation,
Behold, says the Spirit,
The well of salvation:
Approach, cries the Bride,
Lo! the multitudes going,
The soul-saving tide
To the nations is flowing.

3 Blest Jesus ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.

Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
We will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujah
Forever and ever.

HYMN 208.—P. M.

BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
The gospel trumpet now is blowing;
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing.
Bounty's offered—joy and peace—
To every soldier this is given,
When from toil and war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in debt have laid,
And feel the hand of sore oppression,
Have their debts all freely paid,
And share at once a rich possession:
Lo! the sick, the blind, the dumb,
Leave all their maladies behind them;

Rebel outlaws when they come,
Feel love's sweet bonds completely bind them.

3 Victory is not to the strong;
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged, none so young,
But he may 'list and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his name rely
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4 Fear ye not, the cause is good;
Come, who now will to the crown aspire,
In this cause the martyrs stood,
And shouted victory in the fire.
In this cause we'll follow on,
And soon we'll tell the wond'rous story,
How, by faith, we won the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

5 Lo! the battle is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some the fight have almost won,
And grasp, by faith, their future portion!
Hark! the victors sing aloud;
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rolling;
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's throne like lightning falling.

6 Now, ye rebels, come, enlist,
The officers are still recruiting;
Will you still in sin persist,
And spend your time in vain disputing?
All your caviling is vain;
And if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God forever.

HYMN 209.—P. M.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, with redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious conquering Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may seek the Lord,
And find salvation through his word,
And march with joy and sweet accord
To endless day.

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

HYMN 210.—P. M.

CHRIST was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid;
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid.

2 His life is our example, &c.
His death our only hope, &c.

3 The Jews crucified him, &c.
And nailed him to the tree, &c.

4 Joseph begged his body, &c.
And laid it in a tomb, &c.

5 Mary came weeping, &c.
To see her loving Lord, &c.

6 Down came an angel, &c.
And rolled away the stone, &c.

7 Christ rose triumphant, &c.
And conquered death and hell, &c.

8 Tell my disciples, &c.
I'm risen from the dead, &c.

9 I feel he is risen, &c.
With healing in his wings, &c.

10 Shout! shout! the victory, &c.
We are on our journey home, &c.

11 There we hope to meet him, &c.
And never part again, &c.

HYMN 211.—C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such a child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God!

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;

The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage!

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine;
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

HYMN 212.—L. M.

AWAY my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny;
Although the olive yield no oil;

The with'ring fig-trees droop and die;
The fields elude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race:
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin, is here:
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

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

HYMN 213.

I GLORY in the cross of Christ,
My Saviour and my love,
And count this trifling world but dross,
To meet my Lord above.

It hath no charms to win my heart,
No joy, no bliss for me,
I cannot feel its beauties now,
I see but Calvary.

2 I see the cross on which he died,
In agonies for me,
I see the spear that pierced his side,
I hear his dying plea.
His hands and feet are bleeding fast,
The wounds stand open wide,
They speak my sins and sorrows past,
I'll in those wounds abide.

3 I'll hide my guilty head upon,
That bosom op'd for me,
I'll venture to implore his grace,
I'll plead dear Calvary.
Oh! yes, he will not, cannot spurn,
Me from his bleeding arms,
I feel he loves me, tho' I've dared
To scoff at all his charms.

4 Oh, blessed Jesus, can it be,
That thou shouldst give thy life,
For such a sinful worm as me,
And bear the cruel knife,
That smote thee when the earth was rent,
In pain to see thee die;

Ah! can it be in that dread hour
Thy heart for me did sigh?

4 Oh! yes he died for me, for all
He lighted death's dark way;
And opened up through heaven's bright gate,
A path to endless day.
He purchased there a blissful home,
For all our exiled race;
And now he calls us up to him,
To see his Father's face.

HYMN 214.—4 lines 7s.

WHEN the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile, blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

2 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perished as too many do,
With a Saviour in his view!

3 Whilst the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
And, by faith, received his Lord,
Whom the Scribes and Priests abhorred.

4 Thus he prayed: "Remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:"

Soon to him the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt be in Paradise."

5 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;
Sinner! trust in Jesus' name,
And you'll find him still the same.

HYMN 215.—P. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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

HYMN 216.—P. M.

I CAME to the grave where the poor pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb;
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

2 The tempest may howl, and the loud thunder roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
And the tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 The call of my Master compelled me from home—
I bade my companion farewell!
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

4 I wandered an exile, a stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

5 But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kindred nor relative nigh,
Death blighted my body, I sank in the tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high.

6 Go tell my companion and children most dear,
Although from the earth I am gone,
The same Hand that led me thro' scenes dark and drear,
Hath kindly conducted me home.

HYMN 217.—P. M.

Home.

HOME, home, beameth before us!
When, when shall we get there?
Long, long, here we have wander'd,
Burden'd with sorrow and care:
Home, home, home, home—
Sorrow breathes not in its air!

2 Home, home! there in thy bowers,
Sweet, sweet music shall swell!
Sin, sin never can enter;
Peace in each bosom shall dwell!
Home, home, home, home—
Peace in each bosom shall dwell!

3 Home, home! land of the joyful!
Day, day, day without night!
Gloom, gloom spreads not its mantle;
When shall we bathe in thy light?
Home, home, home, home—
When shall we bathe in thy light?

4 Home, home! rest to the weary!
Peace, peace to the torn breast!
Hope, hope, hope of the erring—
There in thy bosom he'll rest!
Home, home, home, home—
There will the wanderer rest!

5 Home, home! bliss to the parted!
Friends, friends dwell on its shore!
Here, here lonely they've left us;
Soon we'll be parted no more!
Home, home, home, home—
Friends will be parted no more!

6 Home, home! let us now hasten!
See, see! angels above!

Hark, hark! now do they call us,
Home to their dwelling of love!
Home, home, home, home—
Home of our Father's kind love!

HYMN 218.—P. M.

WHAT happy children who follow Jesus,
Into the house of prayer and praise,
And join in union, while love increases,
Resolved this way to spend our days.
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
By the flesh, and such as love not God;
Yet happy moments, and joyful seasons,
We ofttimes find on Canaan's road.

2 Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've found some strength come from above;
Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
We long to be absorbed in love.
Then let us hold fast what he's given,
And trust in God for time to come;
Sure we shall find our way to heaven—
So farewell, brethren, we're going home.

3 But as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,

Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And ne'er enjoy God's smiling face.
Now here's my hand, and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love,
In hope with you to praise my Jesus—
So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

HYMN 219.—7s and 6s.

MIXTURE of joy and trouble
I day by day pass through:
Sometimes I'm in the valley,
And sinking down with wo.
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagles' wings I fly,
I'm raised above Mount Pisgah,
And almost reach the sky.

2 Sometimes my hope's so feeble
I almost lay it by;
Sometimes it is sufficient,
If I were called to die.
Sometimes I am in doubting,
And think I have no grace:
Sometimes I am a shouting,
And marching on apace.

3 Sometimes I go a mourning
Down Babylon's cold stream;
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears to be my theme.

Sometimes when I am praying
It seems almost a task :
Sometimes I get a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

4 Sometimes I read my Bible—
It seems a sealed book ;
Sometimes I find a blessing
When in it I do look.
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish I'd staid at home ;
Sometimes I meet my Jesus,
And then I'm glad I've come.

5 O ! why am I thus troubled,
Thus tossed to and fro ?
Why are my hopes thus crossed,
Wherever I do go ?
Thy ways, O Lord ! are equal,
It is because I stray :
Lord grant me thine assistance,
To keep me in the way !

HYMN 220.—P. M.

REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die !
you must die !
Remember, sinful youth, you must die ;
Remember, sinful youth, you hate the way
of truth,

And in your pleasure boast, you must die,
you must die!
And in your pleasure boast, you must die.

2 Uncertain are your days, here below,
here below,
Uncertain are your days, &c.
Uncertain are your days, for God hath
many ways
To bring you to your graves, here below,
here below,
To bring, &c.

3 And if you travel down the broad road,
the broad road,
And if you travel down the broad road,
And if you travel down, to darkness you
are bound,
Eternally around, the broad road, &c.
Eternally, &c.

4 To a dreadful judgment day you are
bound, you are bound,
To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,
To a dreadful judgment day, be your
thoughts whate'er they may:
Nor can you it delay, you are bound, &c.
Nor can you, &c.

5 The God who built the sky, great I AM,
great I AM,

The God who built the sky hath said, (and
cannot lie,)
Impenitents must die, and be lost, &c.
Impenitents, &c.

6 And O! my friends, don't you, I entreat,
I entreat,
And O! my friends, don't you, I entreat,
And O! my friends, don't you, your carnal
mirth pursue,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, &c.
Your guilty, &c.

HYMN 221.—C. M.

My Mother's Bible.

THIS book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped—
Then dying gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember, those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer:

And speak of what these pages said
In terms my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

3 My father read the holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

HYMN 222.—C. M.

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

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
Ann shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing race,
When his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 223.—L. M.

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

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

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

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

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

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

HYMN 224.—4 8s and 2 6s.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,

For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth renewed my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelmed my tortured mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load :
Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed this way,
And felt his pity move ;
The sinner by his justice slain,

Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise:
All hail the Lamb who once was slain!
Unnumbered millions, born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 225.—C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

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

HYMN 226.—P. M.

HOW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comforts and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain:
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

HYMN 227.—L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his name with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

HYMN 228.—7s.

COME, my Christian brethren, come,
Let us onward to our home,
Though we many trials meet,
Jesus makes our trials sweet.

CHORUS.

We with Jesus soon shall be
Happy in eternity:
By our Father's side sit down:
They that conquer shall wear the crown.

2 Brother Christian, doubt no more,
Christ, your Saviour's gone before
He himself has marked the way,
Leading to eternal day.
We with Jesus, &c.

3 Let us never be afraid,
'Tis on Christ our help is laid;
He will all our foes o'ercome,
He will take his exiles home.
We with Jesus, &c.

4 Though the world revile and mock,
We are built upon the Rock;
And while thus we dwell secure,
Christ will make our goings sure.
We with Jesus, &c.

HYMN 229.—C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high.
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;

And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear!

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN 230.—L. M.

BLESS'D Jesus, what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are!

Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

2 The joy's too great, I must confess,
I feel a bliss I can't express;
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of bliss, and source of joy.

3 O let me ever share thy grace,
Still taste thy love, and view thy face!
Still let my tongue resound thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.

HYMN 231.—C. M.

WHY should the Christian waste in sighs,
The breath that God hath given;
Whom every passing hour that flies
Bears onward fast to heaven!

2 Why should he wish for perfect bliss
In this dark world forlorn;
Or seek, amidst the wilderness,
A rose without a thorn?

3 Our Father, God, be ours the grief
Which to thy sons belongs;
And let us share in thy relief,
Their everlasting songs.

HYMN 232.—P. M.

O WEEP not for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights away;

For hopes that, like the stars, decayed,
Have left their mortal day :
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given :
And though on earth the tear may start
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 O weep not for the joys that pass
Into the lonely grave ;
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave :
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given ;
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoice in heaven.

HYMN 233.—P. M.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And kindly said, as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and sigh,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy:
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord by night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say,
About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

HYMN 234.—C. M.

BEHOLD the pilgrim as he dies.
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu;
While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go,

He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below:

2 "Oh, Christians! are you ready now
To cross the swelling flood?
On Canaan's happy shore behold
Your Saviour and your God.
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
And feast on Jesus love.

3 "Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there;
Although ye tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear.
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
Your Captain is in view:
And when I gain fair Canaan's land,
I hope to meet with you."

HYMN 235.—C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heav'nly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed;
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Then shall our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

HYMN 236.—8's and 7's.

COME thou Fount of ev'ry 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—O fix me on it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;

And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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

HYMN 237.—P. M.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise—
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
Vain world, adieu!

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;

Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings.
Vain world, adieu!

HYMN 238.—P. M.

THE people called Christians how many
things they tell,
About the land of Canaan, where saints
and angels dwell;
But sin, that dreadful ocean, compasses
them around,
While its tide still divides them from Ca-
naan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find
their passage through,
And with united vigor have tried what
they could do;
But vessels built by human skill have
never sailed afar,
Till they're found, run aground, on some
dreadful sandy bar.

3 The Gospel ship is launched into the
deep at last;
Behold her sails suspended, around her
tow'ring mast;
Around her decks, in order, the joyful
sailors stand,
Crying, O! here we go to Immanuel's
happy land.

4 To those who are spectators, what sor-
row must ensue,
To have their old companions bid them a
long adieu!
The pleasures of a paradise no longer
them invite,
They may rail while we sail, but we'll
soon be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid
them all farewell!
But where we shall cast anchor, no mortal
tongue can tell:
About our future happiness, there need be
no debate,
While we ride, on the tide, with our Cap-
tain and his Mate.

6 We're passengers united, with harmony
and love:

The wind's all in our favor, how joyfully
we move;
Though troubles may surround us, and
raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep till we
land on Canaan's shore.

HYMN 239.—P. M.

O COME, come away, from sin that dread-
ful monster,
Let Christ awhile upon you smile,
O come, come away!
O come and taste redeeming love,
And then its truth and friendship prove,
And onward sweetly move;
O come, come away!

2 From death and the curse in which you
now are sinking,
Redeeming love will you remove,
O come, come away!
Oh! come along and join our throng,
And with us sing the cheerful song,
And heaven shall be your home:
O come, come away!

3 While watchmen are standing on the
walls of Zion,
Inviting you to join in too,
O come, come away!

O will you still refuse the call,
And into mis'ry blindly fall,
And drink the burning gall?
O come, come away!

4 The bright morn of youth will soon be
gone forever;
Its morning light may set in night:
O come, come away!
O come while youth is in its prime,
And seek redeeming love divine,
And in Christ's army shine:
O come, come away!

5 When free from this world of sorrow
and temptation,
We 'll sail above, on wings of love;
O come, come away!
And while angelic armies sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
We 'll praise our God and King:
O come, come away!

HYMN 240.—6 lines 7s.

HAIL, my partners in distress,
Pilgrims through this wilderness;
Though in sadness here you roam,
Destitute and far from home,
Yet, poor pilgrims, you shall be
Happy in eternity.

2 Do not, then, your fate deplore,
Though despised, cast out, and poor;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls come home!"
Then, poor pilgrims, you shall be
Happy in eternity.

3 Unfeeling death, with ruthless hand,
May divide this Christian band;
Yet, in brighter worlds above,
Friends shall meet with friends beloved,
There united you shall be,
Happy in eternity.

4 Yet beyond this vale of tears,
Lo! a fruitful land appears!
Christian! lift your eyes and see,
There's a home prepared for thee:
There with Jesus you shall be,
Happy in eternity.

HYMN 241.—P. M.

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
Where living waters are ever flowing.

CHORUS.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the glory, is ever shining,
O! my longing heart, my longing heart is there!
Here in this vain world, so lone and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 There's the city, to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There 's no more sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone;
For this your portion, your hearts' desire,
Why will you perish in endless fire?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

5 Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me I must go:
If this your vain hope you will thus cherish,
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

6 Farewell dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty thou shalt be renewed;

For he that formed thee, shall soon restore
thee,
And there thy dread curse shall never
more be.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

HYMN 242.—P. M.

THE war in which the soldier fights,
Is not the war for me;
By it are crushed all fond delights,
And sadness there I see:
But there's a war of holy strife,
By which is gained a blissful life,
Through all eternity;
O that's the war for me.

2 The sword the crested warrior wields,
Is not the sword for me—
While marching over tented fields,
To death or victory:
But there's a sword that pierces deep,
That often makes the sinner weep,
And to the Saviour flee;
O, that's the sword for me.

3 The fame that's gained by men of blood,
Is not the fame for me—
By drenching earth in gory flood
Of friend and enemy:

But O! the fame—the glory bright,
The Christian soldier has in sight,
As onward marches he!
O, that's the fame for me.

4 The wreath that binds the victor's brow,
Is not the wreath for me;
For, to receive it, who would bow,
Save that through pride it be?
But there's a wreath, a shining crown,
For him who gains—O, great renown!—
O'er sin the victory:
O, that's the wreath for me.

HYMN 243.—P. M.

AS Jacob with travel was weary by day,
At night, on a stone, for a pillow he lay;
A vision appeared, a ladder so high,
With its foot on the earth, and its top in the sky.

2 This ladder is long, is strong and well made;
It's stood thousand years and has not yet decayed:
It's so free of access, all the world may go up,
For angels will guard them from bottom to top.

3 This ladder is Jesus, the glorious God-
man,
Whose blood richly streaming from Cal-
vary ran;
By his perfect atonement to heaven we
rise,
And sing in the mansions prepared in the
skies.

4 Our fathers upon it have mounted to God,
Have finished their labors and reached
their reward;
And we are a climbing, and soon shall be
there,
To join in the raptures their happiness
share.

5 Come, let us ascend, be bold, never fear,
Its stood ev'ry tempest, and always will
bear;
For millions have tried it, and reached
Zion's hill,
And millions by faith are climbing it still.

6 Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,
To raise up this ladder of mercy for me:
Press forward, press forward, the prize is
in view—
A crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

HYMN 244.—P. M.

FAITHFULLY, faithfully, soldier fight on,
Soon will the vict'ry through Jesus be won;
Never a battle your leader has lost—
Faithfully, faithfully, stand to your post.

2 Tempest-tost mariner unfurl thy sails,
Jesus will fill them with heavenly gales;
Soon you'll cast anchor in heaven's broad bay—
Faithfully, faithfully, hold on thy way.

3 Faithfully, faithfully, pilgrim, press on,
Soon will your wearisome journey be done;
Soon will you reach your bright home in the skies—
Faithfully, faithfully, press to the prize.

4 Faithfully, faithfully, mourner pray on,
Soon will the clouds that hang o'er thee be gone;
Soon will thy darkness be turned into day;
Faithfully, faithfully, watch thou and pray.

5 Watchman of Zion, oh lift up thy voice,
Say to the faithful in Israel rejoice;
Call the poor sinner from ruin's dread verge,
Faithfully, faithfully, God's message urge.

HYMN 245.—6s and 7s.

ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood—
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN 246.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day!
Oh! how they sweetly sing, "worthy is our Saviour King;"
Loud let his praises ring; praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land, come, come
away,
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
O, we shall happy be, when from sin and
sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live for thee, blest, blest for
aye.

3 Bright in that happy land, beams every
eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die;
O, then, to glory run, be a crown and king-
dom won,
And bright above the sun, we reign for
aye.

HYMN 247.—P. M.

COME brothers and sisters, that love my
dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word;
What a wonder of mercy! behold now
and see,
What a tender, kind Saviour, has done for
poor me.

2 I was led by the Devil till lost and dis-
tress'd,
And thought into torment I soon should be
cast:

No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 "O sinner," said Jesus, "for you I have died!"
All glory to Jesus! my soul then replied:
"Your sins are forgiven," my Saviour did say:
Ah! witness, kind Heaven, on this my birth-day.

4 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon earth;
The angels rejoiced in a poor sinner's birth;
O Lord, thou hast ravished my soul with thy charms—
Let me die like old Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

HYMN 248.—P. M

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have passed
on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching that
shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chil-
ling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear!
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

5 Death with thy weapons of war lay me
low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the
blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be
gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

HYMN 249.—P. M.

OH come, come away, from labor now reposing,
Let anxious care, awhile forbear,
Oh come, come away.
Oh come, your sacred joys renew,
And here where faith will strengthen you,
And Christ will welcome you,
Oh come, come away.

2 From toil, and the cares on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve, brings sweet reprieve,
Oh come, come away.
Oh come, where God will smile on thee,
And in our hearts will rapture be,
And time pass happily,
Oh come, come away.

3 While tun'd to God's love, the angel harps are ringing,
And sound his praise, through endless days,
Oh come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
From earth's temptations free,
Oh come, come away.

4 The bright day is gone, the moon and
stars appearing
With silver light, illume the night,
Oh come, come away.
Come join your prayers with ours, address
Kind heaven our meeting here to bless,
With peace—hope—happiness,
Oh come, come away.

HYMN 250.—C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Filled with delight my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay !
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

HYMN 251.—P. M.

FLOWERS, wildwood flowers—in a sheltered dell they grew ;
I hurried along, and chanced to spy
This small star-flower with its silv'ry eye,
When a blue daisy peeped up its head ;
Gaily its purple arches spread—
I gathered them all for you, I gathered them all for you ;
Sweet wildwood flowers.

2 Flowers, lovely flowers, in a garden
you can see;
The rose is there, with his ruby lip;
Pinks, the honey-bee loves to sip—
Tulips, gay as a butterfly's wing,
Marigolds, rich as the crown of a king—
I gathered them all for you, I gathered
them all for you:
Sweet wildwood flowers.

3 Flowers, lovely flowers, do they not
speak of heaven?
A man may garnish his garden bowers,
But who hath tended these wild wood
flowers?
Is it he who rules, who rules above,
Sending those tokens of his love?
'Tis God's own hand hath given all these
wildwood flowers—
Wild, but lovely flowers.

HYMN 252.—C. M.

EARTH'S stormy night will soon be o'er,
The raging wind shall cease,
The Christian's bark will reach the shore
Of heaven's eternal peace.

2 E'en now the distant rays appear,
To chase the gloom of night;
The Sun of Righteousness is near,
And terrors take their flight.

HYMN 253.—P. M.

YE people that wonder at me and my ways,
And oft with astonishment on me do gaze,
Come, lend your attention, and I will relate
My past exercises and my present state.

2 The people I follow I once did despise,
And ofttimes like you I gazed on with surprise;
I gazed with a mixture of pride and disdain,
Yet still from their meetings I could not refrain.

3 I sometimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
And sometimes in spirit felt deeply to mourn,
Their praying and mourning gave me such offence,
I thought it delusion, and nought but pretence.

4 I ofttimes determined I'd hear them no more,
But still on occasion would go as before;
Although persecuting I still would return,
The sparks of conviction beginning to burn.

5 The word clothed with power at length
reached my heart;
I sat under preaching, and there felt the
dart;
I strove to conceal it, but soon found it vain;
To pray, weep, and tremble, it did me
constrain.

6 I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my dis-
tress,
I lay for some hours almost motionless,
'Till Jesus in mercy his love did reveal!
A wonder, a wonder, oh how did I feel!

7 My burden of guilt was removed and
gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and praised Him, without dread
or fear,
Nor would I regard 'though the world had
been there.

8 My friends may despise me, and foes
ridicule:
The wise of this world may esteem me a
fool:
But all their attempts will be fruitless and
vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise
his name!

HYMN 254.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts are all blossoming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom:
The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north,
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall ev'ry heart employ,
And ev'ry voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall reign;
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree, and plow the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

HYMN 255.—S. M.

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,
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

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

HYMN 256.—C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light:
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Oh, Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my soul away
From all created good!

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 257.—P. M.

HOW happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measures out his span to God in prayer and in praise;
His God and his Bible are all that he desires—
To holiness of heart he continually aspires:
In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has a friend
Who will never forsake him though his life shall have an end.

2 He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up his tribute to his God, in prayer and praise;
And then to his labor he joyfully repairs,
In confidence believing that God will hear his prayers;
Whatever he engages in, at home or abroad,
His object is to honor and to glorify his God.

3 He hails with joy the morning that rolls the Sabbath round;
Then in the courts of Zion with great delight he's found;
His place among believers he seldom fails to fill,
And at the sacred altar bows to do his Master's will:
He gives of his abundance the poor to clothe and feed,
And cares for all around him according to their need.

4 In sickness, pain, and sorrow, he never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the living Vine.
When trouble presses heavily, he leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises he finds a quiet rest;

The yoke of Christ is easy, his burden always light;
He toils, nor is he weary, till his Canaan heaves in sight.

5 'Tis thus you have his history, through life, from day to day,
Religion is no mystery,'tis simply to obey;
And when on his pillow he lays him down to die,
In hope he still rejoices, for he knows his Saviour's nigh;
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on wings of love
Flies away to realms of glory, there to reign with Christ above.

6 And now his spirit's changed, he's gained the heavenly land,
A crown of glory on his head, and palms in his right hand;
With saints, priests, and prophets he tunes the golden lyre,
And shouts hallelujah with all the heavenly choir.
He's happy in eternity, his joys are now complete,
With angels he is bowing round the glorious Savior's feet.

HYMN 258.—P. M.

A HOME in Heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish riven,
From his home below—to his home in Heaven.

2 A home in Heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in Heaven.

3 A home in Heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven.

4 A home in Heaven! when the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in Heaven.

5 A home in Heaven! when our friends are fled,
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in Heaven.

6 A home in Heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in Heaven.

7 Our home in Heaven! oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit joined with the Bride, says "come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in Heaven.

HYMN 259.—L. M.

THE bosom where I oft have lain,
  And slept my infant hours away,
Will never beat for me again,
  For it lies dead and wrapt in clay.

2 How many were the silent prayers
  My mother offered up for me;
How many were the bitter cares
  She felt when none but God could see.

3 Well, she is gone, and now in heaven
  She sings His praise who died for her;
And to her hand a harp is given,
  And she's a heavenly worshipper.

4 O let me think of all she said,
  And all the kind advice she gave;
And let me do it, now she's dead,
  And sleeping in her lowly grave.

5 And let me choose the path she chose,
  And her I soon again may see,
Beyond this world of sin and woes,
  With Jesus, in eternity.

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A thousand thanks,

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