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THE

CHRISTIAN

HYMN BOOK,

FOR THE

SANCTUARY AND HOME.

The Service of Song in the House of the Lord.

1 Chron. 6:31.

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CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

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PREFACE.

"THE service of song in the house of the Lord" is an essential part of public worship. The heart finds in it some of its highest utterances of prayer and praise, and some of its best aids to devotion. And as the advent of the Redeemer was announced by heavenly music and angel song, it is fitting that his name on earth should ever be honored, and the worship of the Father, who sent him, ever accompanied, by the voice of singing. The hymn book, therefore, is a demand of the church, and its claims need not be argued.

The editors of "The Christian Hymn Book" have aimed to meet a want of our churches that has long been felt. As the surest way of doing this, we have selected, not hymns which teach a special theology, but the standard hymns of the church of Christ — the true and living songs of Zion, sung by all Christians. The worshipper, whose soul is imbued with the spirit of Him who came to be the world's Saviour, loves to feel that he is singing the same hymns, not with a few others only, but that he is lifting up his heart with the universal church, to the one common Father of all, in one common voice of praise. If all cannot *think* alike, they can *feel* alike; and the truest hymns are those which have come from an experience common to the Christian heart, and so speak back again to that common experience.

1. The first consideration, in compiling this volume, has been its use in the sanctuary. We have, therefore, endeavored to introduce hymns which combine a devotional spirit with lyrical excellence. And the richness of our hymnology renders it unnecessary to mar a book either with bad poetry or undevout hymns. We have admitted a few hymns, it is true, not of a high order poetically, either because of their devotional value, or because they are endeared to Christian hearts by long usage, or associated with some precious experience. On the other hand, a few have been introduced, which, in some measure, lack the devout element, because they seemed to be the only ones adapted to the occasions for which they are intended.

2. Aware also of the precious ministry of the hymn book to the home in its varied experiences of joy and sorrow, and to the heart in its private religious needs, we have sought to make the volume a fit companion of the Bible in these uses,

as well as "in the house of the Lord." Thus, while our chief aim has been to select hymns adapted to musical utterance in the choir and congregation, there are occasional selections which express so fittingly the unsung melody of the heart, and are so well suited to the more private uses of the hymn book, that they could not well be omitted.

3. We have aimed to select hymns redolent with the vital doctrines and the living spirit of the gospel. We have not been afraid of hymns which contain no stronger expressions of divine truth than the Bible contains. We have neither been afraid of orthodoxy, nor of that "which some call heresy," while we have attempted no compromise with either.

We have availed ourselves of the whole range of Christian hymnology. Dr. Watts stands first. Doddridge — the Milton of hymn-writers, — Charles Wesley — the sweet singer of Israel, — Montgomery, Cowper, Newton, Addison, Whittier, Bonar, Mrs. Steele, and Mrs. Barbauld, have a prominent place in the volume. Roman Catholic authors, as represented in the Lyra Catholica, have been laid under contribution. The hymns of Horatius Bonar, of Scotland, add much to the richness of the collection. Many of the hymns of this author, some also from the Lyra Germanica, and a number of others, among which are two or three of the rare hymns of Oliver Wendell Holmes, have never before appeared in a hymn book.

Alterations of hymns have, as far as possible, been avoided.

One entirely new feature of the book is, that no hymn is carried over from the right to the left hand page, and the trouble to the choir, and the rustle in the congregation, of leaf-turning, are thereby avoided.

A few choice Selections for Chanting, arranged and prepared by Prof. H. P. Pierce, are added to the hymns.

Special pains have been taken to render easy the selection of hymns suited to all subjects and occasions. The General Classification, Alphabetical Index of Subjects, Scripture Index, Index of First Lines of Stanzas, in addition to the Index of First Lines of Hymns, will, we believe, make the book, in this respect, all that can be desired.

In a word, the editors have spared neither labor nor expense to make "The Christian Hymn Book" second to none in use — a book whose merits shall recommend it to all. We submit it to you, brethren, who appointed us to the work, and to the churches scattered abroad, invoking upon it the blessing of our heavenly Father, that it may aid in giving increased delight in his high praises, and contribute to the advancement of his kingdom, and to the GLORY OF HIS NAME.

T. C. MOULTON,
E. EDMUNDS,
W. HATHAWAY.

January 1, 1863.

HYMNS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SANCTUARY AND SABBATH.

1. H. M. WATTS.

A Day in thy Courts.—Ps. 84.

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

2 O, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; | Who love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O, glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet.

2. L. M. WATTS.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles! — Ps. 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

3. S. P. M. WATTS.

Let us go into the House of the Lord. — Ps. 122.

1 How pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

4 My tongue repeats her vows;
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

4. L. M.

Surely the Lord is in this Place. — Gen. 28: 16.

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

4 Sovereign of all below, above,
Man's noblest work is serving thee;
Thy Spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

5. 7s. BOWRING.

The Temple.

1 IN thy courts let peace be found;
Be thy temple full of love;
Here we tread on holy ground,
All serene around, above.

2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent,
Give the weary one repose.

3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place —
Contemplation's blest retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace!

4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord, may we thy temple know;
Hither for instruction come,
Hence by thee instructed go.

6. S. M. E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

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

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

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

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

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

7. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Forsake not assembling together. — Heb. 10 : 25.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near :
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear ;
Hear with meekness —
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee :
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before, —
Full enjoyment, —
Holy bliss, forevermore.

8. L. M. H. WARE.

Coming together in the Name of Jesus. — Mat. 18:20.

1 GREAT God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day;
O, give thy people joy and peace;
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

9. 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? — Mic. 6:6.

1 LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow; —

2 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

3 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

10. L. M. WATTS.

The Lord will give Grace and Glory.—Ps. 84.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun — he makes our day;
God is our shield — he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No good from pure and upright souls.

11. C. M. NEWTON.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

12. S. M. WATTS.

Call to joyous Worship.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

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

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

13. L. M.

The House of God.

1 BE still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground:
Here in his house the Lord to-day
Will listen, while his people pray.

2 Thou, tossed upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets him here.

14. H. M. WATTS.

The Lord God is a Sun and Shield. — Ps. 84.

1 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door,
I love it more | Than shine in courts

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light, and our defence:
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race | And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

15. C. M. WATTS.

Early will I seek thee. — Ps. 63 : 1.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my heart to sing.

16. 11s & 5. BOWRING.

Prayer of a lowly Spirit.

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends: O Father, hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;
Forgive its weakness.

2 We see thy hand: it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice: it counsels and it courts us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 O, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour, plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

17. C. M. WATTS.

What shall I render unto the Lord? — Ps. 116 : 12.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

18. 8s & 7s.

I will pour out my Spirit. — Prov. 1 : 23.

1 Holy Spirit, source of gladness,
Shine amid the clouds of night;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light:
Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length,
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing strength.

2 Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of eternal peace.

19. L. M. Pierpont.

Every place a Temple. — John 4 : 21.

1 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue, —

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshippers may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —
The incense of the heart, — may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung!

20. 8s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

Worship and Work.

1 Blest is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far, —
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.

2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the veiling skies.

3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
Man to his work of love —
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
Console the weeping, lead the blind,
And guide to joys above.

4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
Spirit divine, to thee,
When they, whose work is finished well,
In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
Blest through eternity.

21. C. M.

A Blessing sought.

1 Again our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

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

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

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

22. C. M.

Prayer for special Favor.

1 Within thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

23. C. M. WATTS.

I was glad when they said unto me. — Ps. 122.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day'!

2 I love her gates; I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

24. 8s & 7s. J. TAYLOR.

The Fount of Blessing.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

2 From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.

4 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

25. L. M. HEBER.

Seeking Refuge.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

26. C. M. BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere —
The tribute of the good.

3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee —
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

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

27. 11s. MRS. OSGOOD.

I will be glad in the Lord. — Ps. 104: 34.

1 APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
O, serve him with gladness — the Loving and Just.

2 His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above;
Confiding, believing, O, enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise.

3 Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled.

28. H. M.

Ask, and it shall be given you.—Mat. 7 : 7.

1 O Thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place,
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

29. C. M. Browne.

Languid Devotion lamented.

1. Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet, how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our follies, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays,
And, with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

30. C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

31. C. M. WATTS.

God present in the Sanctuary.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

32. S. M. STENNETT.

Even thine Altars, O Lord of Hosts. — Ps. 84:3.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

33. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Did not our Heart burn within us? — Luke 24:32.

1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

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

34. L. M. MRS. GILMAN.

The Day of Rest.

1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
May we improve thy calm repose,
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys, its woes.

3 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

4 May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

35. C. M. BARBAULD

The Sabbath of the Soul.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day
The sabbath of the soul.

5 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity!

36. L. M.

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.

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

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.

3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away,
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

37. H. M. COTTERILL.

The Day that God hath blessed.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blessed,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings —
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

38. S. M. LYTE.

Enjoyment in Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring;—

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell;—

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

39. 7s. NEWTON.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

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

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

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

40. C. M. MRS. FOLIEN.

Love of Sabbath Service.

1 How sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven —
With filial confidence to say,
'Father, who art in heaven'!

3 And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

4 Then hail, thou sacred, blesséd day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven.

41. C. M. WATTS.

This is the Day which the Lord hath made. — Ps. 118 : 24.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

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

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

42. C. M. BARBAULD.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

43. C. M. LYTE

Our Feet shall stand within thy Gates. — Ps. 122 : 2.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

3 Let peace within her walls be found,
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

44. C. M.

Blest Day of God.

1 BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

45. C. P. M. THOLUCK.

Sabbath Rest.

1 O SACRED day of holy rest,
The Sabbath which the Lord hath blest,
And to his people given,
On thee descends a peaceful ray
Of the eternal Sabbath day,
My heritage in heaven.

2 O, ever sacred and sublime
The Sabbath rest, a festal time
God's mercy richly gave;
The peace he has eternally
To-day he pours out as a sea,
In which our souls may lave.

3 And now, in faith, my heart receives
The rest the resurrection gives
From Jesus' open grave;
And when I see him as he is,
My soul shall reach her highest bliss,
Her perfect rest shall have.

46. S. M. WATTS.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise, —
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where Christ my Lord hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

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

47. 7s. S. F. SMITH

Sabbath Evening.

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

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God —
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

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

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

48. L. M. RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour — for where the Lord resorts
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

49. L. M. STENNETT.

They shall hallow my Sabbaths. — Ezek. 44 : 24.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

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

3 That heavenly calm within the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

50. L. M. BARBAULD.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

51. C. M. MASON.

The Sabbath a Delight. — Is. 58 : 13.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
This day which thou hast blest;
O, bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

52. H. M. HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Thou day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low desires and fleeting toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

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

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours.
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

53. L. M. EDMESTON.

The Close of the Sabbath.

1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest — the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And, while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath, of our God.

54. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath Evening.

1 WITHIN thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set;
Their vows to thee, O God, they vowed.

2 Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh
Hath failed, this day, some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought thee thou wast nigh,
Nor hath one sought thy face in vain.

5 The poor in spirit thou hast fed;
The feeble soul hath strengthened been;
The mourner thou hast comforted;
The pure in heart their God have seen.

55. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Sabbath a Type of Heavenly Rest.

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

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

56. L. M. WATTS

Delight in Praise.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

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

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

57. L. M.

Be thou exalted, O God. — Ps. 57.

1 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

58. C. P. M. OGILVIE.

Praise ye Him, all his Hosts. — Ps. 148.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo, heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed, —
Let man, in God's own image made, —
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The song of holy joy.

59. 7s.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord. — Is. 6 : 3.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps, again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There in joyful songs of praise
Our triumphant voices raise.

60. H. M.

Universal Praise.

1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

2 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

3 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends | His glorious sway
His power obey; | The sky transcends

61. 6s & 4s.

Invocation.

1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord.
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

62. 8s & 7s.

Praise ye the Lord.—Ps. 148.

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore him
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

63. H. M.

Holy, Lord God Almighty. — Rev. 15:3.

1 O HOLY, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King,
Thy majesty adored
Let all thy creatures sing,
Who wast, and art, | Nor time shall see
And art to be; | Thy sway depart.

2 Great are thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true thy ways,
Thou King of saints in light.
Let all above | Conspire to show
And all below | Thy power and love

3 Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
And magnify thy name?
Thy judgments sent abroad
Thy holiness proclaim.
Nations shall throng | And thee adore
From every shore, | In holy song.

4 While all the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back thy praise —
Thy glory own, | God ever blest,
First, last, and best, | And God alone.

64. C. M. PATRICK.

Te Deum.

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

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

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

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

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

65. L. M. WATTS.

Serve the Lord with Gladness. — Ps. 100.

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

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

66. H. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise;
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love;
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

67 C. M. STERNHOLL

He bowed the Heavens and came down. — Ps. 18 : 9.

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

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

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

68. L. M. BLACKLOCK

Majesty and Dominion of God.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

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

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

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

69. S. M. WATTS.

Greatness of God's Mercy.

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

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

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

70. L. M. CONDER.

Praise to the Eternal King.

1 The Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and, all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

71. 6s & 4s. GOODE.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Strike every sounding string—
Sweet the accord.
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose:
Praise ye the Lord.

72. C. M. WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

73. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Bless ye the Lord. — Ps. 103.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind:
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

74. S. M. WATTS.

Call to Worship. — Ps. 95.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

75. C. M. WATTS.

I will praise thy Name forever and ever. — Ps. 145.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown;
O, let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways,
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is governed by thy hand;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

76. L. M. O. W. Holmes.

Divine Presence.

1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

77. L. M. WATTS.

Come before his Presence with Singing. — Ps. 100.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own —
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

78. 8s & 7s. FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature, —
Join the universal song.

2 Father, Source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

79. C. M. H. M. Williams.

Devotion.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed:
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear —
That heart shall rest on thee.

80. L. M. BROWNE.

Worship of God.

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

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed:
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.

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

4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And, as thou art, reign God alone.

81. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 ARISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious name
Henceforth forevermore.

82. 8s & 7s.

Holy, holy, holy Lord. — Rev. 4 : 8.

1 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry:
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high.

83. L. M. WATTS.

Be thou exalted, O God.—Ps. 57.

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

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

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

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

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

84. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

1 God of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

85. H. M. J. YOUNG

God's wondrous Love.

1 O FOR a shout of joy
High as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand
Of seraphs bright and fair;
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there,
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

86. L. M. WATTS.

Bless the Lord, O my Soul. — Ps. 103.

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

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

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

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

MORNING AND EVENING.

87. L. M. WATTS.

He shall be as the Light of the Morning. — 2 Sam. 23 : 4.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies, —

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

88. C. M. STEELE.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

4 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

89. L. M.

Thou shalt seek me in the Morning. — Job 7 : 21

1 Now with creation's early song,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

2 O, may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil —
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein,
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

4 Give grace, O God, for love of thee,
To scorn all vanities below,
Faith to detect each falsity,
And knowledge thee alone to know.

90. S. M. BONAR.

Begin with God.

1 BEGIN the day with God;
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn:
To him address thy lay.

2 Sing thy first song to God,
Not to thy fellow-man, —
Not to the creatures of his hand,
But to the glorious One.

3 Look up beyond these clouds —
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not:
Thy goal is yonder skies.

4 Cast every weight aside;
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

5 Take thy first walk with God;
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain-path
Seek still his company.

6 Thy first transaction be
With God himself above:
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

91. L. M.

An ancient Psalm of the Morning.

1 O CHRIST, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our heart be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our Friend and Saviour, Lord, in thee.

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end

92. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

The Morning Hour.

1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more with awe rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

93. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Ackowledging God's Hand.

1 What secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?

2 'Tis thine, my God — the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis thine my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

94. C. M. WATTS.

My Voice shalt thou hear in the Morning. — Ps. 5 : 3.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye, —

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

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

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

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

95. C. M. WATTS.

Day unto Day uttereth Speech. — Ps. 19 : 2.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

96. L. M. WATTS.

Let my Prayer be as Incense. — Ps. 141.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way:
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer, my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their relief,
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

97. L. M. KENN.

I will sing aloud in the Morning.—Ps. 59 : 16.

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

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

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

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

98. L. M.

O, keep my Soul. — Ps. 25 : 20.

1 O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring,
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin,—

2 Who, gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day,
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
O, hear us as we weep and pray.

3 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

99. L. M.

Evening.

1 AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and praise forever dwell.

100. L. M. GRANT.

The Morning and Evening Light.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
O, chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

101. S. M.

Now, when the Even was come. — Matt. 26 : 20.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

102. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

When Evening was come, He was there alone.—Matt. 14:23.

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

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

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

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

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

103. 8s & 7s. EDMESTON.

The Darkness hideth not from Thee.—Ps. 139:12.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

104. L. M. WATTS.

An Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O, may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

105. 12s & 11s. HEBER.

Vesper Hymn.

1 SEE daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean,
The sun has gone down o'er the slumbering sea,
And now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.

2 For oft wouldst thou wander alone on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave;
Now, filling our souls from thy light's ceaseless fountain,
Be near in the darkness to bless and to save.

3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy guarding wing be stretched over our pillow,
And shield us from evil though death watch our sleep.

106. L. M. KENN.

Under the Shadow of thy Wings. — Ps. 17 : 8.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at thy judgment day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

107. C. M. L. Bacon

Remembered thy Name in the Night. — Ps. 119 : 55.

1 Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care;
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To Him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence
Before his throne of grace,
While to the contrite spirit's sense
He shows his smiling face!

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all!

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high!

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven,
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

108. 7s & 6s.

Reflections at Sunset.

1 The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break:
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake.

109. 7s. FURNESS.

The Light of Stars.

1 Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness: O, how still
Is the working of his will!

2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently:
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires
Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

110. 8s & 7s.

Evening Sacrifice.

1 On the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven —
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her favorite offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgiving be,
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending —
Incense of our hearts to thee.

3 Thou whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

111. 8s & 7s.

Tarry, Saviour, at Evening.

1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Tarry with me, O my Saviour;
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me —
Morning of eternal rest.

CLOSING HYMNS.

112. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Farewell.

1 THY presence, ever-living God,
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

3 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

113. 8s & 7s. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Peace be with you.

1 PART in peace: is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace — with deep thanksgiving
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace: such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

114. 8s, 7s & 4. BURDER.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

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

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

115. C. M. HEBER.

For a Blessing on Truth.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna sent from heaven,
Is planted in our breast,—

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

116. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

He calleth his own Sheep by Name. — John 10 : 3.

1 Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead
To living streams his little flock;
May he in flowery pastures feed,
Shade us at noon beneath the rock.

2 Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to his call;
Now may our hearts for Him rejoice
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.

3 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before him stand,
O, be the flock assembling here
Found with the sheep on his right hand.

117. S. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

118. 8s & 7s.

The God of Peace be with you all. — Rom. 15 : 33

1 Go in peace! serene dismission
To the loving heart made known,
When it pours, in deep contrition,
Prayer before th' eternal throne.

2 Go in peace, thy sins forgiven;
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free;
Every spirit-fetter riven:
Go in peace and liberty.

3 Saviour, breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray;
Let us part in sweet conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

119. 8s, 7s & 4.

O, keep my Soul. — Ps. 25 : 20.

1 KEEP us, Lord, O, keep us ever;
Vain our hope if left by thee;
We are thine: O, leave us never
Till thy glorious face we see —
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise —
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us:
Jesus, Saviour, still be near;
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

120. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.

Apostolic Benediction.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

121. 8s, 7s & 4. JAY.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

122. L. M. SHRUBSOLE.

Closing Hymn.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

123. 7s. NEWTON

Parting of Christians.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Father, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

124. L. M. WATTS.

The Love of Christ passeth Knowledge. — Eph. 3 : 19.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our expanding souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ, his Son

125. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

The Close of Worship.

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O, bless us ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us —
Keep us safe from every foe.

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

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

126. L. M. MORAVIAN.

1 THY name be hallowed evermore;
O God, thy kingdom come with power;
Thy will be done, and, day by day,
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

2 Lord, evermore to us be given
The living Bread that came from heaven;
Water of life on us bestow:
Thou art the Source, the Giver thou.

127. L. M. WATTS.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

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

128. L. M. KENN.

I.

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.

II.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him, ye angels round the throne;
Praise God, the high and holy One.

129. *Gloria Patri.*

GLORY be to the Father, through the Son,
And by the Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
World without end. Amen. [be,

GOD.

BEING AND GREATNESS.

130. C. M. H. K. White.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

1 The Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend — in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Glory to thee, O God, most high;
Father, we thee adore;
We praise thy power and majesty,
Jehovah, evermore.

131. L. M.

Being of God.

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain,
Thou wast, and art, and art to come.
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being, Source of good,
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same;
I AM is thy memorial still.

132. C. M. THOMSON.

Fountain of all Good.

1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed alone from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

133. C. M. WATTS.

Who can be compared unto the Lord? — Ps. 89:6.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 Great God, how high thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compared to thine?

3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And move the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

134. L. M.

From everlasting thou art God. — Ps. 90 : 2.

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

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

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

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

135. C. M. Watts.

Eternity of God.

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

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

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

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

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

136. C. M.

I am the Lord; I change not.—Mal. 3:6.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

5 Our children's children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest times thy favor share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

137. L. M. MOORE.

God in all.

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

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

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

138. 6s. DRUMMOND.

Besides me there is no God. — Is. 44 : 6.

1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.

2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
Th' exhaustless Source of love,
The great Creator, know.

3 He formed the living frame,
He gave the reasoning mind;
Then only he may claim
The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
Blest messenger of grace:
Th' Eternal is but one;
No second holds his place.

139. C. M. NEEDHAM

Holy and reverend is his Name. — Ps. 111 : 9.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

140. C. M. DRENNAN.

The Heavens cannot contain thee. — 1 Kings 8 : 27.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

141. H. M. WATTS.

He is cwthed with Majesty. — Ps. 93.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His truth and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; I love his word:
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

142. C. M. WATTS.

Lord, thou hast been our Dwelling-place. — Ps. 90 : 1.

1 OUR 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
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine 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 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
'Return, ye sons of men;'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

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

143. L. M. NEEDHAM

God only wise.

1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise Him who has all praise above,
The Source of wisdom and of love.

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

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

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

144. C. M. CONDER.

God in the still small Voice. —1 Kings 19 : 12.

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

2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control,
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

3 O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,—
There does his Spirit rest.
O, come, thou Presence infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

145. C. M. WATTS.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? —Ps. 139 : 7.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high;
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

146. L. M. GUYON.

Am I a God at hand? — Jer. 23 : 23.

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

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

3 While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

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

147. C. M. E. Scott.

Presence of God.

1 Great God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wandering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just,
Armed with omnipotence to save
Or crumble me to dust,—

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

4 By thee observed, by thee sustained,
Should earth or hell oppose,
I press with dauntless courage on
To meet the proudest foes.

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

148. L. M. Watts.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? — Ps. 139 : 7.

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

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

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

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

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

149. C. M. FABER.

Herein is Love — 1 John 4 : 10.

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

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

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

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

150. L. M. SIBLEY.

Who shut up the Sea with Doors. — Job 38:8.

1 THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.

3 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely-raging seas;
He speaks, and noise and tempest fly;
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

4 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure;
Eternal purity is thine;
And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

151. C. M. WATTS.

God trieth the Hearts. — Ps. 7:9.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to Heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

152. S. M.

God present Everywhere.

1 God of almighty power,
How glorious are thy ways!
Angels thy majesty adore;
All creatures speak thy praise.

2 Wherever earth is fair,
Or brighter worlds extend,
Almighty Sovereign, thou art there,
Creation's Lord and Friend.

3 And where the stars are not,
Nor sun hath ever shone,
Beyond the flight of human thought,
There thou art God alone.

4 Heaven is thy glorious throne,
Earth does thy footstool seem;
But souls redeemed thou lov'st to own
Thy richer diadem.

153. L. M.

The Eternal God.

1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure established is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

IN NATURE.

154. L. M. MOORE.

All Things are of God.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

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

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

155. C. M. KEBLE.

The Book of Nature.

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky.

5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

156. 7s. WATERSTON.

Nature unveiled to the Pure.

1 NATURE, with eternal youth,
Ever bursts upon thy sight;
All her works are types of truth,
Mirrors of celestial light.

2 But the soul, when veiled in sin,
And eclipsed with fear and doubt,
From the darkened world within
Throws its shade on that without,—

3 While to those who, pure in heart,
For the truth their powers employ,
She will constant good impart,
And diffuse perpetual joy.

4 If the mind would nature see,
Let her cherish virtue more:
Goodness bears the golden key
That unlocks her palace door.

157. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Love in Nature.

1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 O, let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all.

158. L. M. ADDISON.

The Firmament showeth his Handy-work. — Ps. 19.

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

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

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

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

159. L. M. STEELE.

The Sun knoweth his going down. — Ps. 104 : 19.

1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around;
And fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thousand blessings crowned.

4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
Bow down before him and adore.

160. C. M. WHITTIER.

Nature's Worship.

1 THE ocean looketh up to heaven
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

2 They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee:
A beautiful and tireless band
The priesthood of the sea.

3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

5 The sky is as a temple's arch;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

161. L. M. W. HATHAWAY.

Presence and Love of God.

1 GOD reigns on earth; he reigns above;
His realm embraces every shore;
He reigns in righteousness and love,
Almighty King forevermore.

2 With swelling heart, I look on high;
And every light that blazes there,
Each constellation of the sky,
His wisdom and his love declare.

3 The stars obey his high commands,
And trace in lines of fire his name
Where shine Orion's golden bands
In blazing capitals of flame.

4 There's not a leaf in yonder bower,
Or gem that sparkles in the sea,
Or blade of grass, or tender flower,
But has a voice of love to me, —

5 A voice that speaks of God — my trust
When danger or when death is near:
He lifts the righteous from the dust;
He wipes away the scalding tear.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

162. 7s & 6s. **NEWTON.**

God's Providence. — Hab. 3 : 17.

1 CHILDREN of God lack nothing;
His promise bears them through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

2 Though vine and fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

163. L. M. WATTS

Providence and Grace. — Ps. 36.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

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

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

164. H. M.

God our Guardian. — Ps. 121.

1 To God I lift mine eyes;
From him is all my aid, —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly: | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

165. C. M.

The Lord is thy Keeper. — Ps. 121:5.

1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes;
There all my hope is laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies, —
From him will come mine aid.

2 Thy foot unmoved he ever keeps,
And all thy ways will guard;
He slumbers not, and never sleeps —
Thy Keeper is the Lord.

3 The Lord, thy Keeper, shades thy way,
Preserves thee in his sight;
Nor shall the sun smite thee by day,
Nor shall the moon by night.

4 The Lord preserves thy soul from sin,
From evils great and sore —
Thy going out and coming in,
Now and forevermore.

166. C. M. GIBLONS.

The Earth is full of God's Goodness. — Ps. 33 : 5.

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

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

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

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

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

167. S. M. STEELE.

Divine Beneficence.

1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart:
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

168. 7s.

God everywhere.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place:
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer:
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will hear each earnest prayer:
God is present everywhere.

169. L. M. C. WESLEY

God is greater than our Heart. — 1 John 3 : 20.

1 WHITHER, O, whither should I fly
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O God, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

4 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

170. H. M. WATTS.

His Mercy endureth forever. — Ps. 136 : 1.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe —
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

171. S. M. WATTS.

As a Father pitieth his Children. — Ps. 103 : 13.

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

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

172. 7s & 6s.

Quiet Worship.

1 Open, Lord, mine inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry I withdraw:
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Will not in thy presence move:
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

173. C. M. Addison.

Divine Mercies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

174. C. M.

God's Condescension.

1 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light, —

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?

4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

175. L. M.

Not that we loved God, but he us. — 1 John 4 : 10.

1 Ere earth's foundations yet were laid,
Or heaven's fair roof was spread abroad,
Ere man a living soul was made,
Love stirred within the heart of God.

2 Thy loving counsel gave to me
True life in Christ, thy only Son,
Whom thou hast made my way to thee,
From whom all grace flows ever down.

3 O love, that, long ere time began,
This precious name of child bestowed, —
That opened heaven on earth to man,
And called us, sinners, 'sons of God'!

4 I am not worthy, Lord, that thou
Shouldst such compassion on me show, —
That He who made the world should bow
To cheer with love a wretch so low.

5 Could I but honor thee aright,
Noble and sweet my song should be,
That earth and heaven should learn thy might,
And what my God hath done for me.

176. L. M. Watts.

His Mercy endureth forever. — Ps. 136.

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

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

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

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

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

177. L. M. BONAR

Behold, what Manner of Love.—1 John 3:1.

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

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

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

4 O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest.

178. S. M. WATTS.

The Lord is my Shepherd. — Ps. 23.

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

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

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

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

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

179. L. M. WATTS.

Our Refuge and Strength. — Ps. 46.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

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

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

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

180. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

God is Love. — 1 John 4 : 8.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

181. C. M. LOGAN.

This Stone shall be called Bethel. — Gen. 28 : 22.

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

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

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

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

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

182. L. M.

The Lord of Hosts is with us. — Ps. 46.

1 GOD is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid ;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid ?

2 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
There, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

3 Not on a seraph's wing of fire,
But on the mightier wings of prayer,
We reach that home of pure desire,
And feel his cloudless presence there.

4 But soon, how soon, our spirits droop,
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe!
Yet God, in very deed, will stoop,
And dwell himself with men beneath.

5 Come to thy living temples, then;
As in the ancient times appear:
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here.

183. 8s & 4.

God is Love. — 1 John 4:8.

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

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

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

4 Yes, God is love; — a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss;
For God is love.

184. S. M. WATTS.

The Rock that is higher than I. — Ps. 61 : 2.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

185. L. M. ADDISON.

God our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

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

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

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

186. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Every good Gift is from above. — Ja. 1:17.

1 GREAT God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours —
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

187. C. M. HERVEY.

God our Wisdom.

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

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

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

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

188. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

I will praise God while I have my Being.—Ps. 104:33.

1 YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my earthly days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ:
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.

3 When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
Thy praise shall mingle with my tears,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God:
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 Nor death itself shall stop my song,
Though it will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

6 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

189. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

I will walk among you, and be your God. — Lev. 26 : 12.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.

4 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found!

190. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

He knoweth our Frame. — Ps. 103 : 14.

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

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

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

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

191. C. M. COWPER.

Thy Judgments are a great Deep. — Ps. 36 : 6.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

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.

192. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

He careth for you.—1 Pet. 5:7.

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

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

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

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

193. C. M. C. WESLEY

The Fulness of God. — Eph. 3 : 19.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulness, fill.

194. S. M. STEELE.

Our Father. — Matt. 6 : 9.

1 MY Father! — cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

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

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

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

5 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

6 My Father!—blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

195. L. M. COLLETT.

Divine Providence.

1 THROUGH all the various, shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

4 Be this my care: to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

196. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Yet will I not forget thee. —Is. 49 : 15.

1 EVERY human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
But no changes
Can avert the Father's love.

2 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee, —
God, thine everlasting light.

197. 11s. KIRKHAM.

I will never leave thee. —Heb. 13 : 5.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

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

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

4 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!'

198. L. M. WATTS.

Ascribe ye Strength unto God. — Ps. 68 : 34.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

199. C. M. FAWCETT.

Now we see through a Glass darkly. — 1 Cor. 13 : 12.

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

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

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

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

200. C. M.

Providential Care. — Matt. 6.

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

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

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

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

5 Seek first his kingdom's grace to share,
Its righteousness pursue,
And all that needs your earthly care
Will be bestowed on you.

201. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Confidence in God.

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

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

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

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

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

202. 11s. MONTGOMERY.

God our Shepherd.—Ps. 23.

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

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

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

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

THE BIBLE.

203. L. M. WATTS.

The Works and Word of God. — Ps. 19.

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

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

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

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

204. C. M. COWPER.

The Light of the glorious Gospel. — 2 Cor. 4 : 4.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age —
It gives, but borrows none.

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

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

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

205. C. M. STENNETT.

The Riches of God's Word.

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

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

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

206. C. M.

O, send out thy Light and thy Truth. — Ps. 43 : 3.

1 Hail, sacred truth, whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

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

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

207. L. M. Briggs.

Thus saith the Lord.

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

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

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

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

208. L. M.

O, how love I thy Law!—Ps. 119 : 97.

1 I LOVE the sacred Book of God;
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.

2 Blest Book, in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

209. 7s. COX

The Word.

1 WORD by God the Father sent,
Lord of all, Omnipotent;
Word for sinners' need supplied,
As their comfort and their guide!

2 Word of Life, both pure and strong,
Word for which the heathen long,
Spread abroad, till out of night
All the world awake to light!

3 Up—for, lo, earth's surface o'er,
Waving fields with ripening store;
Countless sheaves are spread around:
Few, O, few the reapers found.

4 Lord of harvest, great and kind,
Rouse to action heart and mind;
Let the gathering nations all
See thy light and hear thy call.

210. C. M. STEELE.

Delight in the Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

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

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

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

211. S. M. WATTS.

Power of God's Word.—Ps. 19.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

212. S. M.

The Seed is the Word of God. — Luke 8 : 11.

1 God of the prophets' power,
God of the gospel's sound,
Move glorious on; send out thy voice
To all the nations round.

2 With hearts and lips unfeigned
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Of our ascended Lord.

3 O, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and solemn joy
In all our hearts appear.

4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns
Prevent the fruits of peace.

5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy
At Heaven's great harvest home.

213. C. M. WATTS.

Comfort from the Bible.

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

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

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

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

214. C. M. FAWCETT.

All Scripture given by Inspiration. — 2 Tim. 3 : 16.

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

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

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

215. L. M.

Comfort from the Bible.

1 Thou Book of Life, in thee are found
The mysteries of my Maker's will;
Treasures of knowledge here abound,
The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.

2 Light of the world, thy beams impart
To lead my feet through life's dark way;
O, shine on this benighted heart,
Nor let me from thy guidance stray.

3 Healer of all the woes of life,
The balm of souls diseased, to save
From all earth's pain, and end the strife
Of death with victory o'er the grave.

216. L. M. Beddome.

The Gospel Revelation.

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name,
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O, grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

217. S. M. E. Taylor.

Thy Word is a Lamp. — Ps. 119 : 105.

1 It is the one true light,
When other lamps grow dim;
'Twill never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from Him.

2 It is Love's blesséd band,
That reaches from the throne
To him, whoe'er he be, whose hand
Will seize it for his own.

3 It is the golden key
Unto celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man health; —

4 The gently-proffered aid
Of One who knows, and best
Supplies the beings he has made
With what will make them blest.

5 There rests the weary head;
There age and sorrow go;
And how it smooths the dying bed,
O, let the Christian show!

218. C. M. Watts.

Value of the Scriptures.

1 Oppressed with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord,
While not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief dispel;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
And learn to do his will.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here living water freely flows,
To cleanse me from my sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

219. 7s.

My Bible.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am;—

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

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
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 holy Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

220. C. M. BARTON.

Thy Commandment is exceeding broad. — Ps. 119 : 96.

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

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

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

4 Childhood's preceptor, manhood's trust,
Old age's firm ally;
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

221. C. M. WAT.'S.

O, how love I thy Law! — Ps. 119 : 97.

1 O, HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And, through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

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

222. L. M. WATTS.

Excellency of the Gospel.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stored the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blesséd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

223. C. M. BARTON.

The Word.

1 WORD of the ever-living God,
Will of his glorious Son,
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

2 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth,
Thy volume must unseal.

3 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

CHRIST.

THE ADVENT.

224. 8s & 7s. GASKELL.

The Desire of all Nations shall come. — Hag. 2:7.

1 DARKNESS o'er the world was brooding
Sadder than Egyptian gloom;
Souls by myriads lay in slumber
Deep as of the sealéd tomb.

2 Earth had lost the links which bound it
To the throne of light above;
Yet an eye was watching o'er it,
And that eye was full of love.

3 Like a glorious beam of morning,
Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,
Spirits mightily awakening
From their dark and heavy shroud.

4 Still that ray shines on and brightens,
Chasing mist and gloom away;
Happy they on whom it gathers
With its full and perfect day.

225. H. M.

Fear not. — Luke 2:10.

1 HARK, what celestial sounds!
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still; | In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:—
'Fear not,' say they; | Jesus, your King,
'Great joy we bring: | Is born to-day.'

3 He comes your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb.
Your voices raise | Your songs unite
With sons of light; | Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound:
For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

226. 11s. DRUMMOND.

Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.—Matt. 3:3.

1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill:
The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way;
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high,
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

227. C. M. WATTS.

Prepare ye the Way of the Lord. — Matt. 3 : 3.

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

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

3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

4 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless
The nations as their Lord,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

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

228. C. M. TATE.

The Watch of the Shepherds. — Luke 2.

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

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

3 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

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

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

229. 11s & 10s. HEBER.

Star of the East. — Matt. 2 : 9.

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

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Lord, and Redeemer, and Saviour of all.

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

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

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

230. C. M. E. H. Sears.

Birth of Christ.

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

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

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

231. H. M.

Good Tidings of great Joy. — Luke 2.

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

2 Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh;
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky;
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

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

4 Strike, strike the harps again
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string;
'Tis Christ the Saviour's praise we sing.

232. L. M.

Christmas.

1 O DAY to which the seas, and sky,
And earth, and heaven glad welcome sing,—
O day which healed our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King,—

2 Immortal Hope of all mankind,
In whom the Father's face we see,
To him this day, throughout the world,
His people pour their prayers through thee.

3 And we, O Lord, whose eyes are touched
By thine own beam of light divine,
Offer our songs of thankful praise
On this blest natal day of thine.

233. C. M. LOGAN.

Unto us a Child is born. — Is. 9 : 6.

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

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

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

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given —
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

234. C. M. E. H. SEARS.

The Birth-song of Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem:
The Saviour now is born,
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

235. 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.

The Song of the Angels.—Luke 2.

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

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

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

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

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

236. C. M. WATTS.

Joy to the World.

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

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

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

237. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.—Matt. 2:2.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

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

3 Once on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose —
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

238. 7s. BOWRING.

Watchman, what of the Night? — Is. 21 : 11.

1 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 wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come.

LIFE AND MINISTRY.

239. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me. — Luke 4 : 18.

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

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Abides with holy fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

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

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

240. L. M. BACHE.

Behold how he loved Him. — John 11 : 36.

1 'SEE how he loved!' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death,
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

4 Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show.

241. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

Christ stilling the Tempest. — Mark 4 : 39.

1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

2 But the wind ceased, — it ceased, — a word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

3 And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast;
They sank as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

4 O Thou that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send now thy Spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

5 Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, 'Peace! be still!'

242. C. M. BULFINCH.

The Pool of Bethesda. — John 5.

1 THE aged sufferer waited long
Upon Bethesda's brink,
Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,
Began in fears to sink;
His heart grew weak; but One there came
Who spake the healing word:
The sick arose, and blessed the name
Of Christ, his Friend and Lord.

2 Divine Redeemer, when oppressed
With grief and pain we lie,
And, longing for thy heavenly rest,
Despair to look on high,
O, may thy blesséd words of peace
Within the wounded heart
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
And strength and joy impart.

243. C. M.

Miracles of Christ.

1 O, WHERE is He that trod the sea?
O, where is He that spake,
And lepers from their pains are free,
And slaves their fetters break?
The lame and palsied freely rise,
With joy the dumb do sing,
And on the darkened, blinded eyes
Glad beams of morning spring!

2 O, where is he that trod the sea?
O, where is he that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake?
Here, here art thou, almighty Lord;
O, speak to us once more,
And let thy healing, quickening word
Our ruined souls restore.

244. L. M. RAFFLES.

Abide with us. — Luke 24 : 29.

1 ABIDE with us; the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.

2 Abide with us; and still unfold
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore;
What wondrous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

3 Abide with us; our hearts are cold;
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.

4 Abide with us; amazed they cry,
As, suddenly, while breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on his head.

245. L. M. BOWRING.

I will give you Rest. — Matt. 11 : 28.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

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

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

246. C. M. ENFIELD.

To preach the Gospel to the Poor. — Luke 4:18.

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

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

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

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

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

SUFFERINGS.

247. L. M. RUSSELL.

Through his Poverty made rich. — 2 Cor. 8:9.

1 ON the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast;
And o'er the waters heavily
Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast.

2 Still near the lake with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

3 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not the pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the birds their nest;—
He hath not where to lay his head.

4 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

248. 11s. De Fleury.

Kedron. — John 18.

1 Thou sweet-gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently 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 Olivet, dear, honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

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

249. L. M. TAPPAN.

Christ in Gethsemane. — Luke 22 : 39.

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dim that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

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

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

250. L. M. MILMAN.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. — John 12.

1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The wingéd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign.

251. L. M. MONTGOMERY

Christ's Passion.

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

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

3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accurséd tree.

4 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'mid his murderers he remains.

5 But hark! he prays: 'tis for his foes;
He speaks: 'tis comfort to his friends;
Answers: and paradise bestows;
He bows his head: the conflict ends.

252. 8s & 7s. CASWALL.

The Mother of Jesus by the Cross. — John 19 : 25.

1 AT the cross, her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last:
Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.

2 O, how sad and sore distressed
Was that mother, highly blest,
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ, above, in torment hangs;
She, beneath, beholds the pangs
Of her dying, glorious Son.

3 Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live;
By the cross with him to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of Christ to give.

4 Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,
Be thou only my defence,
Be thy cross my victory;
While my body here decays,
May my soul thy goodness praise,
Safe in paradise with thee.

253. L. M. STENNETT.

It is finished. — John 19 : 30.

1 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died.
'Tis finished; yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished! — all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

254. 8s, 7s & 4. FRANCIS

I have finished the Work. — John 17 : 4.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
'It is finished!'
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

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

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All on earth and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

255. C. M. S. Wesley Sen.

And they crucified Him.— Matt. 27 : 35.

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

2 'My God !' he cries ; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis finished ! now the ransom's paid ;
'Receive my soul,' he cries ;
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

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

RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

256. L. M. Watts.

He is not Here ; for He is risen.—Matt. 28 : 6.

1 He dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

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

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

4 Sing, 'Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save.
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?'

257. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Looking into the Sepulchre.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow, with pleasure, down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs;
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

258. 7s.

Mary stood without, weeping. — John 20 : 11.

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

2 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.

259. H. M. Doddridge.

Angels said He was alive. — Luke 24 : 23.

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

2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet ;
Joyful they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
'Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day.'

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

260. C. M. WATTS.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To our ascended Lord;
Sweet be the accents of your songs;
High praise to him accord.

4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

261. C. L. M. HASTINGS.

The risen Saviour.

1 How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O, weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
Behold the place — he is not there;
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

262. L. M. C. WESLEY.

The King of Glory. — Ps. 24.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

3 Who is the King of glory — who?
The Lord, who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

4 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

263. C. M. WATTS.

Golden Vials full of Odors. — Rev. 5:8.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

264. 7s. KELLY.

To Him be Glory, both now and forever. — 2 Pet. 3 : 18.

1 GLORY, glory to our King;
Crowns unfading wreathe his head;
Jesus is the name we sing —
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave,
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high;
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
'Open now, ye heavenly gates;
'Tis the King of glory waits.'

3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face;
By adoring angels owned
King of holiness and grace.
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King.

4 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs:
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine, forevermore.

265. C. M.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates. — Ps. 24.

1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; see, he comes
With his celestial train.

2 Who is this King of glory — who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates; unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is the King of glory — who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

266. 7s. CUDWORTH.

The Lord is risen indeed. — Luke 24:34.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

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

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

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

267. L. M.

Blessed are they who have not seen, yet believe. — John 20 : 29.

1 We did not see thee lifted high,
When men thy sacred body slew,
Nor hear thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive! they know not what they do:'
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

2 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where, Lord, thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way:
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

3 We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

4 And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness:
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

268. 7s. COLLYER.

Come, see the Place where the Lord lay. — Matt. 28 : 6.

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph, through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

269. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Coronation of the King of Kings.—Rev. 11:15.

1 LOOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

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

270. 6s & 4s.

Thou art worthy. — Rev. 5 . 9.

1 Come, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears;
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

271. C. M. Duncan.

All hail! — Matt. 28 : 9.

1 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.

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272. L. M. WATTS.

Not to condemn the World.—John 3:17.

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

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

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

273. L. M. GREGG.

Behold, I stand at the Door. — Rev. 3 : 20.

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

2 O, lovely attitude! — he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O, matchless kindness! — and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will — the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners — yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

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

274. S. M. BONAR.

Christ is all. — Col. 3 : 11.

1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.

2 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

3 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day.

4 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

5 O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

6 Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art thou;
Upon thy glorious name we call;
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

275. C. M. BEDDOME.

Christ the Resting-place. — Matt. 11:28.

1 JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word:
The threatening billows cease to flow;
The winds obey their Lord.

4 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

276. 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Sun of Righteousness. — Mal. 4 : 2.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

277. C. M. STENNETT.

He is altogether lovely. — Cant. 5 : 16.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

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

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

4 Thro' him is breathed that heavenly Breath
Sent to renew and save;
He makes me triumph over death,
And lifts me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

278. L. M. C. Wesley.

Christ all in all. — Col. 3:11.

1 Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help, and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine.
And, lo, from sin, and grief, and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art:
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;—

3 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
Thee, in each grief, my joy I call;
My life in death, my all in all.

279. C. M. WATTS.

Love of Christ.

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

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

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

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

280. L. M. STEELE.

Example of the Saviour.

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

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

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

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
If, then, we love our Saviour's name,
Thus let us our relation prove.

281. C. M. NEWTON

The precious Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

282. L. M. WATTS.

The divine Example.

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

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

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

4 Be thou my Pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

283. L. M. E. TAYLOR.

Lo, I am with you always. — Matt. 28:20.

1 If love, the noblest, purest, best,
If truth, all other truth above,
May claim return from every breast,
O, surely Jesus claims our love.

2 His image meets us in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
We see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

3 We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him we tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with our God to seek.

4 We see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
We hear him in the frequent sigh
That mourns the waste that sin has made.

5 We meet him at the lowly tomb,
And weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise, and weep no more.

284. C. M. COWPER.

A Fountain opened for Sin.. — Zech. 13 : 1.

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

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

5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

285. C. M. DOANE

The Way, the Truth, and the Life. — John 14:6.

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

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

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

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

286. S. M. H. MARTINEAU.

The Coming of Christ in Power. — Matt. 24:30.

1 LORD Jesus, come; for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch, as for the dayspring 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; the slave
Still bears his heavy chains;
Their daily bread the hungry crave,
While teem the fruitful plains.

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 let us stray no more.

287. L. M. WATTS.

Excellences of Christ described.

1 WHEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Belovéd keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace, —

3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engrossed my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart;
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

5 O, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my Love.

288. L. M. RICHARDS.

The Cloud and Pillar of Fire. — Ps. 78 : 14.

1 LONG as the darkening cloud abode,
So long did ancient Israel rest;
Nor moved they till the guiding Lord
In brighter garments stood confessed.

2 Father of spirits, Light of light,
Lift up the cloud, and rend the veil;
Shine forth in fire amid that night
Whose blackness makes the heart to fail.

3 'Tis done: to Christ the power is given;
His death has rent the veil away;
Our great Forerunner entered heaven,
And oped the gate of endless day.

4 Adoring nations hail the dawn;
All kingdoms bless the noontide beam;
And light, unfolding life's full morn,
Is vast creation's deathless theme.

289. 7s. FURNESS.

Christ, who strengtheneth me. — Phil. 4 : 13.

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blesséd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die;—

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above,—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Christ, my Saviour, near.

290. C. M.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. — Job 19:25.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
He lives who once was dead;
To me in grief he comfort gives;
With peace he crowns my head.

2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

3 He lives to fill my breast with love,
With joy my heart to feed;
He lives to plead for me above,
To succor me in need.

4 He lives that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim;
He lives that I may honor give
To his most holy name.

5 Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ, my precious Sacrifice
And ever-living King.

291. S. M. Doddridge.

Salvation by Grace.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

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

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

292. C. M. Watts.

Salvation by Christ.

1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears—
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

293. S. M. WATTS.

Redemption through his Blood.—Eph. 1:7.

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

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

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

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

294. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 O, may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

295. C. M. FABER.

Simplicity that is in Christ. — 2 Cor. 11 : 3.

1 O, SEE how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

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

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

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

296. C. M. BERNARD

Unto you which believe he is precious. — 1 Pet. 2 : 7.

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

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

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, — what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

297. S. M. BONAR.

The Power of his Christ. — Rev. 12 : 10.

1 JESUS, the Christ of God,
The Father's blesséd Son,
The Father's bosom thine abode,
The Father's love thine own.

2 Great Sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True Ender of the strife, —

3 To thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing,
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

4 True Lover of the lost,
From heaven thou camest down,
To pay for souls the righteous cost,
And claim them for thine own.

5 Rest of the weary thou,
To thee, our Rest, we come:
In thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

298. 7s. C. WESLEY.

A Refuge in Christ.

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is 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.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

299. 8s & 7s. TOPLADY

Those in Darkness have seen a great Light.—Is. 9:2.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Give the pardon of our sins.

4 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

300. 7s. TOPLADY.

That Rock was Christ. — 1 Cor. 10 : 4.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure —
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

301. H. M. WATTS.

A Name above every Name. — Phil. 2 : 9.

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

2 Great Prophet of our God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered his blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the power: behold I sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

302. L. M. T. SCOTT.

Is there no Physician there? — Jer. 8 : 22.

1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes:
Behold, the Prince of Glory dies;
He dies extended on the tree,
Thence sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear —
O, boundless grace! it triumphs here.

4 Expand, my soul, with holy joy;
Hosannas be thy blest employ,
Salvation thy eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesus' name.

303. 10s. MONTGOMERY.

He shall sit as a Refiner. — Mal. 3 : 3.

1 HE that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtile, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

2 Thus in God's furnace are his people tried:
Thrice happy they who to the end endure.
But who the fiery trial may abide?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure
That He whose eye of flame looks thro' the whole
May see his image perfect in his soul?

3 Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,
But, stamped with Heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace,
And round that seal of love this motto be: —
'Not for a moment, but eternity.'

304. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.

Christ the true Friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's —
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of Sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

305. C. M. C. WESLEY.

I have prayed for thee. — Luke 22:32.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

306. L. M. MEDLEY.

The Loving-kindnesses of the Lord. — Is. 63 : 7.

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

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

3 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.

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

307. S. M. STEELE.

Go in and out, and find Pasture. — John 10 : 9.

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

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

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

308. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Life was the Light of Men. — John 1 : 4.

1 O, WHAT a treasure all divine
Is hid in Christ the Lord!
From him what rays of glory shine!
What peace his paths afford!

2 In him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before;
And now he makes our joys abound,
Who all our sorrows bore.

3 When sore distressed, he to our aid
On rapid pinions flies,
And to the wounds which sin has made
A healing balm applies.

4 'Tis from his fulness we receive,
And daily, grace for grace,
That to his glory we may live,
And see him face to face.

309. S. M. NEEDHAM.

I am the Light of the World. — John 8 : 12.

1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-belovéd Son, fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, thou Light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and cheer our hearts.

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way;
The path which thou hast marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

310. 7s.

I lay down my Life for the Sheep. — John 10 : 15.

1 SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

2 Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow thee,
And with thankful hearts rejoice
When we hear thy gracious voice.

3 Saviour, when thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call thine own by name,
All our wandering steps reclaim.

4 Through the hours of darksome night,
Keep us in thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail;
Let no harm thy fold assail.

5 Jesus, who thy life didst give,
Dying that thy sheep might live,
Let us in thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

311. C. M. TOPLADY.

I am the Vine. — John 15 : 5.

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

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

3 Grafted in thee by grace alone,
In growth I daily rise;
And, springing up from thee, the Vine,
My top shall reach the skies.

4 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the Vine.

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

312. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

The Good Shepherd. — John 10 : 11.

1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine,
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

5 Lead on, dear Shepherd; led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

313. S. M. J. WESLEY.

The Daystar.—2 Pet. 1:19.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Daystar from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O, let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

314. 8s & 7s. NEVIN.

I am with you alway. — Matt. 28 : 20.

1 ALWAYS with us, always with us —
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won; —

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear; —

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

315. S. M. WATTS.

Moses and Christ. — John 1 : 17.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But grace, and truth, and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done —
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

316. 7s & 6s. PAUL GERHARD.

Surely he hath borne our Griefs. — Is. 53 : 4.

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down, —
O sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown, —
Once on a throne of glory,
Adorned with light divine,
Now all despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 On me, as thou art dying,
O, turn thy pitying eye;
To thee for mercy crying,
Before thy cross I lie.
Thine, thine the bitter passion;
Thy pain is all for me;
Mine, mine the deep transgression;
My sins are all on thee.

3 What language can I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For all this dying sorrow,
Of all my woes the end?
O, can I leave thee ever?
Then do not thou leave me;
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Then close beside me stand;
Let me, while faint and sighing,
Lean calmly on thy hand:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thine eye shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely in thy love.

317. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Captain of our Salvation. — Heb. 2 : 10.

1 OUR Captain leads us on ;
He beckons from the skies ;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 'Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me.'

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith ;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive ;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

318. 8s & 7s. BONAR.

The Elder Brother.

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

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

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

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

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

319. C. M. WATTS.

In all Points tempted like as we are. — Heb. 4:15.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness;
It melts with pitying love.

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

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

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

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

320. 11s.

Looking unto Jesus. — Heb. 12 : 2.

1 O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus; now sorrow no more;
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For 'Why are ye troubled?' he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face,
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

321. L. M.

Unto you which believe he is precious. — 1 Pet. 2 : 7.

1 O, SPEAK of Jesus: other names
Have lost for me their interest now;
His is the only one that claims
To be an antidote for woe:
It falls like music on the ear
When nothing else can soothe or cheer.

2 O, speak of Jesus — of his power
As Son of God and Son of Man,
Which day by day, and hour by hour,
As he wrought out the wondrous plan,
Led him, as God, to save and heal —
As man, to sympathize and feel.

3 O, speak of Jesus — of his death;
For us he lived, for us he died;
'Tis finished,' with his latest breath
The Lord, Immanuel-Jesus, cried.
That death of shame and agony
Won life, eternal life, for me.

4 Yes, speak of Jesus: while mine ear
Can listen to a human voice,
That name my parting soul will cheer,
Will bid me e'en in death rejoice,
Then prove, when these clay bonds are riven,
My passport at the gates of heaven.

322. L. M.

There is none other Name. — **Acts 4 : 12.**

1 THERE is none other name than thine,
Immanuel Jesus, name divine,
On which to rest for sins forgiven —
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine
That with a gracious power can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

4 Name above every name, thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Immanuel Jesus, name divine,
Rock of salvation, thou art mine.

323. C. M. CENNICK.

Sweet Name.

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

2 O, may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

324. H. M. C. WESLEY.

He liveth to make Intercession. — Heb. 7 : 25.

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

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

3 The Father hears him pray, —
His dear Anointed One; —
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

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

325. C. M. STEELE.

The Love of Christ constraineth us. — 2 Cor. 5: 14.

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

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine:
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign Love, descend,
And melt the stubborn soul.

4 O, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway,
Glad captives of redeeming grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

326. H. M.

Thou hast led Captivity captive.—Eph. 4 : 8.

1 The happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

2 The ransom Christ hath paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won.
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
The Resurrection thou;
All hail, thou risen Lord!
Before thy throne we bow.
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

327. S. M. C. Wesley.

We have an Advocate with the Father.—1 John 2 : 1.

1 Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads thro' all the earth abroad
The triumph of his cross.

328. L. M. WATTS.

He shall have Dominion from Sea to Sea. — Ps. 72 : 8.

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

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

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

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

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

329. 7s. KNEELAND.

Characters of Christ.

1 MEDIATOR, Son of God,
Spread thy boundless love abroad;
Counsellor, the Prince of peace,
Fill the world with truth and grace.

2 Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Send thy light around the skies;
Life of all the quick and dead,
Feed our souls with living bread.

3 Leader of the halt and blind,
Raise to life the sinking mind;
Binder of the broken heart,
Grace to every soul impart.

4 Opener of the sealéd book,
Cause the world therein to look:
Taker of the veil away,
Lead us to eternal day.

330. L. M.

Christ reigning in the Heart.

1 O HALLOWED is the land, and blest,
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed;
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes.

2 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

3 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My soul to thee! here, Lord, abide!
Thankful and glad my song I raise,
And give to thee a life of praise.

331. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Christ's Kingdom. — Rev. 11 : 15.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed his sword; he speaks — 'tis done
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

4 Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

332. C. M. BERNARD.

Christ our All.

1 O JESUS, Lord of all below,
Thou fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire, —

2 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore,
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

3 Thee may our tongue forever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

PRAISE TO HIM.

333. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Saviour.

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

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

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mourning, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

334. C. P. M. MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

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

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

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

335. C. M. DODDRIDGE

He is precious.—1 Pet. 2:7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 All that my loftiest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my expiring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

336. H. M.

Response to the New Song. — Rev. 5 : 9.

1 Shall hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing,
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God,
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 O, spread the joyful sound;
The Saviour's love proclaim;
And publish all around
Salvation through his name;
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

337. 8s & 7s. Robinson

Brightness of the Father's Glory. — Heb. 1 : 3.

1 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord, who came to die.

2 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.

338. S. M. HAMMOND.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb. — Rev. 15 : 3.

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

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

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

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

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

339. 6s & 4s. KINGSBURY.

At the Name of Jesus every Knee should bow.—Phil. 2 : 10.

1 LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing:
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
'Jesus is King.'

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done.
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
'Victory is won.'

3 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come.
While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

340. C. M. WATTS.

Praising Christ for his Grace.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

341. C. M. WATTS.

The Voice of many Angels. — Rev. 5:11.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

342. C. M. STEELE.

The unsearchable Riches of Christ. — Eph. 3 : 8.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O, may his love — immortal flame —
Tune every heart and tongue.

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

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
'The Saviour died for me.'

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

343. 8s & 5. KELLY.

Sing of Jesus.

1 SING of Jesus, sing forever
Of the love that changes never;
Who or what from him can sever
Those he makes his own?

2 With his blood the Lord hath bought them;
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them:
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them;
With the bread of heaven he feeds them,
And through all the way he speeds them
To their home above.

HOLY SPIRIT.

344. C. M. BONAR.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth.—John 6 : 63.

1 COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being, with thy grace,
Pervade, O Life divine!

2 As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

3 As, from these clouds, drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So, from thyself, pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

4 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

345. L. M. TOPLADY.

Not by Might, but by my Spirit.—Zech. 4 : 6.

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

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

346. C. M. LYTE.

The Coming of the Holy Spirit. — John 16 : 7.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless too.

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

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And whispers us of heaven.

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

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier thee.

347. S. M.

The Comforter. — John 14 : 26.

1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly light
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
To guide our souls aright.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

348. 7s. REED.

The Spirit helpeth our Infirmities. — Rom. 8 : 26.

1 HOLY Spirit, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, All divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

349. S. M. HART.

Sanctified by the Holy Ghost. — Rom. 15 : 16.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Lead us to thine abode,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
And rise at length to thee.

350. C. M. HUMPHREYS.

Light, Life, and Love.

1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
Thy Spirit now send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Father, what we more desire —
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad, —
Life's ever-springing well, —
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

351. L. M. BROWNE

He will guide you into all Truth. — John 16 : 13.

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

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

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

4 Lead us to God — our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share —
Fulness of joy forever there.

352. C. M. WATTS.

Sealed with that Holy Spirit of Promise.—Eph 1:13.

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

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

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

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

353. S. M. MONTGOMERY

Descent of the Holy Spirit.—Acts 2.

1 FROM God, thou Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou,
In life and death, our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

354. L. M. STEELE.

He dwelleth with you. — John 14 : 17.

1 SURE, the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

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

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

4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart —
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

355. C. M. WATTS.

Praying in the Holy Ghost. — Jude 20.

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

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

356. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Spirit of Power and Might.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed;
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo, every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

357. L. M. BEDDOME.

He shall teach you all Things. — John 14 : 26.

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

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

358. L. M. MOORE.

By my Spirit, saith the Lord. — Zech. 4:6.

1 LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light, —

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before,
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

359. L. M. WATTS

Power of the Holy Spirit.

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

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

3 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

360. 6s. BONAR.

Pentecostal Hymn.

1 COME, heavenly Spirit, come,
Into dark hearts steal in;
True Light, give light to souls
Sunk in the night of sin.

2 Unveil thy glorious self
To us, O Holy One,
That thou into our hearts
May shine, thyself alone.

3 Renew us, Holy One;
O, purge us in thy fire;
Refine us, heavenly flame;
Consume each low desire.

4 Spirit of Holiness,
It is thy breath divine
That makes these hearts of ours
To rise, and burn, and shine.

361. 7s. STOCKER.

He will guide you into all Truth. — John 16 : 13.

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

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

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

362. C. M.

Whitsunday.

1 Come, thou blest Harbinger of peace,
Thou Spirit of all grace,
Come, make our hearts thy temple pure,
Thy home, thy dwelling-place.

2 Pure Light, o'er all our pathway shine;
Lead up the heavenward road;
Teach us to pray — to find our strength,
Our joy, our peace in God.

3 O Highest Good, breathe o'er our souls
Thy power, and help us break
The heavy yoke of sin, and all
Its tempting paths forsake.

4 O Golden Rain from heaven, come down
On every barren field,
That all the precious seed of truth
A hundred-fold may yield.

5 Rich harvests let us bring, till thou,
In whom all comfort lies,
Shalt lift us up, and bid us bloom
In fields beyond the skies.

363. C. M. REED.

Holy Spirit.

1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend, with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace,
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

6 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come.

364. L. M.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth. — John 6:63.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

365. C. M. KEBLE.

Day of Pentecost. — Acts 2.

1 Lo, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad —
A rushing, mighty wind.

2 It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

3 To other strains our souls are set;
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and heart, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

4 Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

366. 8s & 7s. GILL.

Whitsunday.

1 DAY divine, when in the temple
To the Lord's first lovers came
Glory new and treasure ample,
Mighty gifts and tongues of flame!

2 Day to happy souls commended,
When the Holy Ghost was given,
When the Comforter descended,
And brought down the joy of heaven!

3 Lord, to-day thy people learneth
No past wonder, no strange tale;
Lord, to-day thy people yearneth
Here the Holy Ghost to hail.

THE GOSPEL.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

367. C. M. WATTS

Ho, every one that thirsteth. — Is. 55 : 1.

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

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

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

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

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

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

368. 7s. HAWEIS.

I will draw all Men unto Me. — John 12 : 32.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

369. 7s. BARBAULD.

Come unto Me. — Matt. 11 : 28.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice;
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home:
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain, —
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise, —

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

370. C. M. STEELE.

Come, buy without Money.—Is. 55:1.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms:
But see, there yet is room.

3 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

371. 8s, 7s & 4. HART.

Ho, every one that thirsteth.—Is. 55 : 1.

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

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

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous —
Sinners Jesus came to call.

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

372. L. M. WATTS.

Come, ye Heavy-laden.—Matt. 11 : 28.

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

373. S. M. ONDERDONK.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. — Rev. 22:17.

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'Come.'

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'Come;'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come:'
Lord, even so; I wait thine hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

374. C. M. STEELE.

The Saviour's Invitation.

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

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

3 Ye sinners, come — 'tis mercy's voice:
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys:
And can you yet delay?

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

375. L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Gospel Feast. — Luke 14.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive —
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O, let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

376. L. M. DWIGHT.

No Hope in the Grave.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sounc!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites — how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

377. C. M. COLLYER.

I will arise and go to my Father.—Luke 15 : 18.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls — no longer mourn:
'Tis love invites thee near.

378. C. M.

I will give you Rest.—Matt. 11 : 28.

1 COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary, troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

3 For light and gentle is my yoke:
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

379. 6s & 4s.

To-day, if ye will hear His Voice.—Heb. 3:15.

1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away:
'Tis mercy's hour.

380. S. M.

The open Door.—Rev. 3:8.

1 O, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the home of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

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

381. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Ye are not as yet come to the Rest. — Deut. 12 : 9.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found —
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The 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,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

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

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

382. C. M.

The barren Fig-tree. — Luke 13.

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossoms bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

3 But see, an Intercessor pleads
The barren tree to spare;
Let Justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.

4 Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The softening dews of heavenly grace
May life anew impart.

5 But if these means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit is found,
Then Mercy shall no longer plead,
But Justice cut it down.

383. L. M. HYDE.

My Spirit shall not always strive. — Gen. 6 : 3.

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

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

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

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

384. S. M. DOBELL.

Now is the accepted Time.—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

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

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

3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

385. C. M.

Come to the Ark of Safety.

1 COME to the ark, come to the ark,
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 Come to the ark: the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near.

3 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

386. L. M. C. Wesley.

Invitation to Sinners.

1 Come, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace,—

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence,—

3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek humility,
The wonder, 'Why such love to me?'—

4 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

387. 8s & 6.

If a Man thirst, let him come to Me. — John 7:37.

1 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest.
I bring relief to hearts oppressed:
O weary sinner, come.

2 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come.

3 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come.

388. 12s & 8s. S. F. Smith.

The Harvest is past. — Jer. 8 : 20.

1 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 blest Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more, —

2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare, —
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?

3 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 of love, —

4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

389. H. M. Boden.

And yet there is Room. — Luke 14 : 22.

1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Drawn by his bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
The Shepherd's voice now hear:
Let whosoever will, now come;
In Jesus' arms there still is room.

390. 7s. J. F. CLARKE.

The Prodigal Son.—Luke 15.

1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save.

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole.

4 Fall before him on the ground;
Pour thy sorrow in his ear;
Seek him while he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

391. L. M.

Come unto Me. — Matt. 11 : 28.

1 With tearful eyes I look around:
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, 'Come to me.'

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, 'Come to me'!

3 'Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; come to me.'

4 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, 'Come to me.'

392. C. M. Doddridge

All Things ready. — Matt. 22 : 4.

1 The King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

3 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

393. L. M. COLLYER.

Escape for thy Life. — Gen. 19 : 17.

1 HASTE, traveller, haste; the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path — no refuge near.

3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come.

4 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life — the mountain gain;
Look not behind — make no delay:
O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

394. S. M.

Choose the good Part. — Luke 10 : 42.

1 GIVE to the Lord thine heart;
In him all pleasures meet;
O, come and choose the better part,
Low at the Saviour's feet.

2 Hear, and your soul shall live;
His peace shall be your stay —
Peace which the world can never give,
Can never take away.

3 Go with him to his cross;
Go with him to his tomb:
Your richest gain account but loss,
And tarry till he come.

395. L. M. WATTS.

Probation in this Life only. — Eccl. 9 : 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven —
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

396. 7s. T. SCOTT.

Now is the Day of Salvation. — 2 Cor. 6 : 2.

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere the morrow is begun.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

397. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Forsaken the Living Fountain. — Jer. 2 : 13.

1 How long shall dreams of earthly bliss
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary joy ?

2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal Rock's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot ?

3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view ;
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see ;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on thee.

398. 8s, 7s & 4. REED.

The Call of Mercy.

1 HEAR, O sinner ; Mercy hails you ;
Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls.
Hear, O sinner :
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour ;
Seek his Mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away :
Haste, O sinner ;
You must perish if you stay.

399. C. M. BONAR.

Love not the World.—1 John 2:15.

1 O STREAMS of earthly love and joy,
On whose green banks we dwell,
Gleaming in beauty to the eye,
Ye promise fair and well.

2 O world, with all thy smiles and loves,
With all thy song and wine,
What mockery of human hearts,
What treachery, is thine!

3 Thou woundest, but thou canst not heal;
Thy words are warbled lies;
Thy hand contains the poisoned cup,
And he who drinks it dies.

4 O world, there's fever in thy touch,
And frenzy in thine eye;
To lose and shun thee is to live,
To win thee is to die.

400. C. M. FAWCETT.

The Wicked like the troubled Sea.—Is. 57:20.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

401. C. M. CHEEVER.

There is a Way that seemeth right. — Prov. 16 : 25.

1 THERE is a way that seemeth right,
The steps go on with ease;
And conscience slumbers while the soul
Forsakes the path of peace.

2 There is a way that leads to death —
God hath the warning given;
Yet multitudes pursue that way,
Still dreaming on of heaven.

3 Then let me tremble at the word
That shows this danger nigh,
And wake, and pray, and keep the path
That leads to joys on high.

402. L. M.

Waiting for a convenient Season. — Acts 24 : 25.

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

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

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

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

403. 6s & 4s. HASTINGS.

Child of Sin and Sorrow.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow;
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye;
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high.
In that high home
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly.

404. L. M. WATTS.

The Road to Life and to Death —Matt. 7.

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

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

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

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

405. 12s. THORNBY.

Escape to the Mountain. — Gen. 19 : 17.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon!
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O, flee to the Saviour:
He calls you in mercy; 'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain:
His blood can remove them; it flows from the fountain.

3 When Zion we see, having gained the blest shore,
With harps in our hands we will praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever.

406. L. M. WATTS.

Then understood I their End.—Ps. 73 : 17.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But, O, their end! their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine—
My life, my portion, and my God.

407. C. M. WATTS.

What is your Life?—James 4 : 14.

1 How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

408. 7s. C. WESLEY

Why will ye die? — Ezek. 33 : 11.

1 SINNERS, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why —
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn: why will ye die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why —
Christ, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.

3 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

109. C. M.

The Jubilee. — Lev. 25 : 10.

1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear?
Salvation sounding free.
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear:
This is the Jubilee.

2 Jesus is on the mercy-seat:
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat:
This is the Jubilee.

3 Sinners, be wise; return, and come
Unto the Saviour free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home:
This is the Jubilee.

4 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

410. 8s, 7s & 4. ALLEN.

Calls of the Spirit.

1 SINNERS, will you slight the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line, how full of love!
Heavenly accents,
Full of strength, and peace, and love.

2 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with deepest consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds,
Blesséd he their word who hears.

3 Holy angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Ransomed sinners
Glad the message will obey.

411. 11s. KNOX.

Acquaint now thyself with Him. — Job 22 : 21.

1 ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad:
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

BLESSINGS AND TRIUMPH.

412. L. M. BOWRING.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

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

2 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And Wisdom's self become more wise.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world, —

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

413. C. M.

Earth filled with His Glory. — Ps. 72 : 19.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

414. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy of the Gospel. — Is. 55.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

415. S. M. MOORE.

Christianity.

1 BEHOLD the sun, how bright
From yonder east he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings!

2 So bright the gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In truth's full radiance then.

3 Before yon sun arose,
Stars clustered through the sky;
But, O, how dim, how pale were those,
To his one burning eye!

4 So truth lent many a ray
To bless the Pagan's night;
But, Lord, how faint, how cold were they,
To thy one glorious light!

416. 7s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

They saw a great Light. — Matt. 4:16.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing —
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, 'The Lord is come.'

417. 8s, 7s & 4. WILLIAMS.

The Light of the glorious Gospel.—2 Cor 4:4.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace;
Blesséd Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

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

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

418. S. M. BARTON.

The Word is nigh thee.—Rom. 10:8.

1 SAY not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heavenly law within may shine,
And there its brightness be.

2 Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth;
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

3 Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

4 Cease, then, my soul, to roam;
Thy wanderings all are vain:
That holy word is found at home;
Within thy heart its reign.

419. 7s & 6s. HASTINGS.

Lift ye up a Banner. — Is. 13:2.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Reëchoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine.
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for thee are waiting;
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

420. 7s & 6s. MARRIOTT.

Let there be Light. — Gen. 1 : 3.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

421. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The River of Life. — Rev. 22 : 1.

1 GREAT Source of being and of love,
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys we mortals know
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

5 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound,
And bear us on thy gentle wave
To Him who all thy virtues gave.

422. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

The Desert shall blossom. — Is. 35 : 1.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below;
They are blesséd
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way,
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay;
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

423. 8s, 7s & 4. RYLAND.

Victories of Christ.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour;
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper, in thy course triumphant;
All success attend thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combines with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To insure thy blesséd conquests;
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

424. H. M. C. WESLEY.

The Trumpet of the Jubilee. — Lev. 25 : 9.

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

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

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

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

425. 10s. ASHWORTH.

Triumph of the Gospel.

1 POUR, blesséd gospel, glorious news for man;
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll;
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2 On, piercing gospel, on: of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key:
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee.

3 Spread, mighty gospel, spread thy growing wings;
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:
Proclaim them all thine own; 'tis Christ's command.

EXPERIENCE AND LIFE.

PENITENCE AND CONSECRATION.

426. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

What shall a Man give in Exchange for his Soul? — Mark 8 : 37

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
Man's soul, once lost in Paradise,
But now in Jesus found.

2 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-belovéd Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

3 And is this treasure borne below
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know
Till flesh and spirit fail?

4 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

427. 8s & 7s. TURNER.

Jesus, have Mercy on me. — Mark 10 : 47.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thine humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation:
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O, send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to Him who comfort gives —
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above,
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

428. L. M. WATTS.

Have Mercy upon me. — Ps. 51 : 1.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound:
So let thy pardoning love be found.

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

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

429. L. M. HART.

I will take away the stony Heart. — Ezek. 11 : 19.

1 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, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 But power divine can do the deed,
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

430. L. M. ELLIOTT.

Him that cometh I will not cast out. — John 6 : 37.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

431. L. M.

God calling yet.

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

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

3 God calling yet; and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive;
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

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

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

432. L. M. WATTS.

A broken and a contrite Heart. — Ps. 51 : 17.

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

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

3 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness

433. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Repentance to Salvation. — 2 Cor. 7 : 10.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
O for that sense of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 O Lord, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above:
Thyself to me reveal.

434. C. M.

Worldly Sorrow worketh Death. —2 Cor. 7 : 10.

1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need!
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

435. L. M. RICHTER.

Devout Penitence.

1 MY soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see:
O, let thy presence set me free.

2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering fr[illegible].

3 Take full possession of my heart;
The lowly mind of Christ impart;
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.

4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
O, deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

436. C. M.

The Prodigal Son. — Luke 15.

1 The long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise:
His heart begins to break.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew:
The long-lost son is found.

437. C. M. STEELE

Sense of Ingratitude.

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

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

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest.
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face,
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

438. L. M. BEDDOME.

Your Goodness is as a Morning Cloud. — Hosea 6 : 4.

1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Are emblems of the fickle mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame
Are scarcely through an hour the same:
We vow, and straight those vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.

4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee?

439. C. M. WATTS.

Christ died for our Sins. — 1 Cor. 15 : 3.

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

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the glorious Saviour died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt 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.

440. C. M. JONES.

If I perish, I perish. — Esth. 4 : 16.

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

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

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

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will 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.

441. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Commune with your own Heart.—Ps. 4:4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more,
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

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

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

442. C. M. MOORE.

Mary's Tears. — Luke 7.

1 WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept, and was forgiven?

2 When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious perfume poured, —

3 Were not those sweets so humbly shed,
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart which inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

4 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
O, wouldst thou wake to heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
Love much, and be forgiven.

443. S. M. BEDDOME.

Mercy implored.

1 THOU Lord of all above
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

3 The burden which I feel
Thou only canst remove:
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace
And thine unbounded love.

444. S. M. BEDDOME.

He beheld the City, and wept over it. — Luke 19 : 41.

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

2 The Son of God in tears
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.

445. S. M. JERVIS.

God's Mercy to the Penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace,
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal;
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast;
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blest.

446. L. M. COWPER.

With whom is no Variableness. — James 1 : 17.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O, let me then at length be taught, —
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my God, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

447. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Who shall deliver me? — Rom. 7 : 24.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down —
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inward sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my Lord,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

448. 7s. MERRICK.

Freedom from Error, Guilt, and Folly.

1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth our mind;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapped within our heart's disguise;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee:
To thine all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

4 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Instructor, bow thine ear;
God, our Strength, propitious hear.

449. S. M.

Joy over the returning Prodigal. — **Luke 15.**

1 Hark! through the courts of heaven
Angelic voices sound:
He that was dead now lives again;
He that was lost is found.

2 God of unfailing grace,
Send down thy Spirit now;
O, raise the lowly soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.

3 In countries far from home,
On earthly husks who feed,
Back to their Father's house, O Lord,
Their wandering footsteps lead.

4 Then, at each soul's return,
The heavenly harp shall sound —
He that was dead now lives again;
He that was lost is found.

450. C. M. HEBER.

Now, while the evil Days come not. — Eccl. 12:1.

1 How long the time since God began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet he called me still.

3 He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

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

5 O Thou who every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer,
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow:
What blesséd light breaks on my soul!
My God, I hear thee now.

451. 8s & 7s.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than Snow.—Ps. 51:7.

1 JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 I have sinned; but, O, restore me:
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity.

3 In thy word I hear thee saying,
'Come, and I will give you rest;'
Glad the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4 Grant, O, grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till, the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

452. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Out of the Depths have I cried unto Thee. — Ps. 130 : 1.

1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, yet I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hopes on thee:
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive;
If thou shouldst mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

3 I wait for thee — I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate:
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo, the swift-returning dove
Brings home the pledge of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure —
His bow is in the cloud.

453. C. M. COWPER.

He healeth the Broken in Heart. — Ps. 147 : 3.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain —
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few;
Fain would I strive for more,
But when I cry, 'My strength renew,
Seem weaker than before.

4 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love the house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

5 O, make this heart rejoice or ache —
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break —
And heal it, if it be.

454. C. M. NEWTON.

The Promises are Yea and Amen. — 2 Cor. 1 : 20.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer,
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 O, wondrous love — to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead thy gracious name!

455. 7s. GRANT.

Litany.

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,—
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

456. L. M.

Prayer of the Publican.—Luke 18 : 13.

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

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

3 Far off I stand, with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

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

457. C. M. CUTTER.

She loved much. — Luke 7:47.

1 SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed; —

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

458. C. M. ANNA L. WARING.

Become as little Children. — Matt. 18 : 3.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate —
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

459. L. M. OBERLIN.

I delight to do thy Will, O my God. — Ps. 40 : 8.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief delight shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy sheltering wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

460. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Lord, to whom shall we go? — John 6:68.

1 AH, what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life?
Ah, whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 And can I yet delay
My little all to give —
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

4 Ah, no: I all forsake,
My all to thee resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O, take,
And seal me ever thine.

461. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Ye are not your own. — 1 Cor. 6 : 19.

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to God alone —
To God alone he dies.

3 Father, thine own at last receive;
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

462. 7s.

Having all in having Christ. — 1 Cor. 3 : 23.

1 JESUS, take me for thine own;
To thy will my spirit frame;
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have and am.

2 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose.

3 Then, whatever may betide,
I shall safe and happy be,
Still content and satisfied,
Having all in having thee.

463. L. M. STEELE.

Self-consecration.

1 My soul no more shall strive in vain,
Slave to the world and slave to sin;
A nobler toil I will sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 I will resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

464. L. M.

First gave themselves to the Lord.—2 Cor. 8 : 5.

1 While in the hours of blooming youth,
My God, I've felt and owned thy truth;
Thy mercies, with increasing age,
Shall still my grateful heart engage.

2 No human power shall e'er control
This settled purpose of my soul,
Or urge my constant mind to stray
But where thy wisdom points the way.

3 To thee, O Lord, myself I give;
'Tis to thy glory I would live;
My God, my Strength, my Hope, my Joy,
Thy praise shall all my powers employ.

465. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Consecration to God.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee —
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live —
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more.
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

466. S. M. C. WESLEY.

To whom shall we go? — John 6:68.

1 Ah, whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come:
Ah, why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What worldly tie must break,
What idol yet depart,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hinderance show
Which I have feared to see,
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 O, break the fatal chain,
And all my bonds remove,
Nor let one bosom sin remain,
To keep me from thy love.

467. 7s.

A Living Sacrifice.—Rom. 12: 1.

1 JESUS, who, upon the tree,
Wast an offering for me,
Take this throbbing heart of mine:
Lay it on thy holy shrine.

2 As thy love accepteth nought
Save what love itself hath wrought,
Offer thou my sacrifice,
Else to heaven it cannot rise.

3 Take away my erring will;
All my wayward passions kill;
Tear my heart from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.

4 Fain were I of self bereft,
Nought but thee within me left;
Living sacrifice I am,
Offered only in thy name.

468. C. M. BEDDOME.

Forsaking all for Christ. — Luke 14 : 33.

1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go: one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

469. 8s & 4. ELLIOTT.

Thy Will be done. — Matt. 6 : 10.

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

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

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield thee what was thine:
Thy will be done.

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

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

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

470. C. M. WATTS.

Giving all to God.

1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

471. C. M. NEWTON.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone.

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

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

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

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

472. L. M. WATTS

What Sinners value I resign.—Ps. 17.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

473. 8s & 7s. MISS GRANT.

He that loveth father . . . more than Me. — Matt. 10 : 37.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day before thee —
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

474. L. M. S. F. SMITH.

Ye are not your own. — 1 Cor. 6 : 19.

1 O, NOT my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul,
But his who for my ransom came —
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

2 O, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
O, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blesséd Lord, to thee.

3 O, not my own! I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander never more.

475. 8s & 7s. MISS GRANT.

We have left all and followed Thee. — Mark 10 : 28.

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

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

3 Man may trouble and distress me:
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me:
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

REGENERATION.

476. S. M. BULFINCH.

The New Life.

1 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And through thy Spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake.

2 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light Religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

3 Amid repentant tears
We feel sweet peace within —
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

4 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word
And place thine image there.

477. L. M.

A new Heart will I give you. — Ezek. 36 : 26.

1 HERE is my heart — I give it thee;
My God, I heard thee call and say,
'Not to the world, my child — to me!'
I heard thy voice, and will obey:
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring.

2 Here is my heart — so hard before,
But now by thy rich grace made meet;
Yet, bruised and sad, it can but pour
Its tears and anguish at thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin;
It sighs salvation's joy to win.

3 Here is my heart: its longings end
In Christ, as near his cross it draws;
It says, 'Thou art my Rest, my Friend —
Thy precious blood my ransom was:'
In thee, the Saviour, it has found
That peace and blessedness abound.

478. C. M. BONAR.

Ye shall find Rest to your Souls. — Matt. 11 : 29.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

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

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

479. C. M. W. HATHAWAY

Ye must be born again. — John 3 : 7.

1 THE Saviour speaks to every heart:
May he not speak in vain,
But unto all this truth impart —
Ye must be born again.

2 The rich, the poor, the sad, the blest,
To every class of men,
The words of Jesus are addressed,
Ye must be born again.

3 Wouldst thou be happy in the Lord,
And unto life attain?
Hear and obey the solemn word,
Ye must be born again.

4 Wouldst thou enjoy the rest above,
Beyond the reach of pain,
The Sabbath of eternal love?
Ye must be born again.

480. L. M. HILLHOUSE.

Joy of the Convert.

1 THE Saviour smiles — upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll:
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

2 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven —
The new-born peace of sins forgiven:
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

3 Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings;
Loud is your song: the heavenly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain.

4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

481. S. M. JOHNS.

Except a Man be born again. — John 3 : 3.

1 THOU must be born again:
Such was the solemn word
To him who came, not all in vain,
By night to seek his Lord.

2 Thou must be born again —
But not the birth of clay:
Th' immortal seed must thence obtain
Deliverance into day.

3 Thou, in thy inmost mind,
Must own the same control —
The same regenerating wind
Must move and guide thy soul.

4 Except thou choose and trace
The steps the Master trod,
Thou canst not be an heir of grace,
A conscious child of God.

5 The mortal's birth is past;
Th' immortal's birth must be;
Seek well, and thou shalt find at last
That blest nativity.

482. C. M. WATTS.

Conviction by the Law. — Rom. 7 : 9.

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

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

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Is thine eternal law.

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

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

483. C. M. WATTS.

Regeneration.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

4 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

5 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
'Twill not deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

484. 6s & 9s. C. WESLEY

The New Convert.

1 O, HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 It was heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

3 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 fulness of God.

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 even rebels like me.

485. C. M. COLVER

Conversion.

1 I LOVE to think of that blest hour
When Jesus made me his —
Subdued me by his Spirit's power,
And hushed my soul to peace.

2 He gave me eyes my Lord to see,
As one that had been slain,
And whispered, 'This I bore for thee —
For thee endured the pain.'

3 He gave me ears his voice to hear;
And then for me he cried,
'Father, this mourning sinner spare,'
And showed his wounded side.

4 And then he looked on me and smiled,
And spake my sins forgiven;
He owned me his adopted child,
And sealed me heir of heaven.

5 'Twas then I learned his saving power,
And tuned my heart to praise;
The fragrance of that hallowed hour
Shall sweeten all my days.

486. C. M. WATTS.

He hath put a new Song in my Mouth. — Ps. 40:3.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord:
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet —
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand
In new and thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

487. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] MOORE.

All Things are become new. — 2 Cor. 5 : 17.

1 SINCE first thy word awaked my heart,
Like light new dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn my eyes, thou art
All light and love before me.

2 Nought else I feel, or hear, or see —
All bonds of earth I sever;
Thee, O my Lord, and only thee,
I live for now and ever.

3 Like him whose fetters dropped away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My soul, now touched by mercy's ray,
Hath from its chains arisen.

4 And shall the soul thou bid'st be free
Return to bondage? Never:
Thee, O my God, and only thee,
I live for now and ever.

488. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Create in me a clean Heart. — Ps. 51 : 10.

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

2 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

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

489. C. M. WATTS.

Born, not of the Will of Man, but of God.—John 1 : 13.

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

2 Through faith the will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace—
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

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

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

490. C. M. NEWTON.

A new Creature.—2 Cor. 5 : 17.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

FAITH.

491 S. H. M.

Faith which worketh by Love. — Gal. 5:6.

1 Faith is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course, where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

492. C. M. WATTS.

The Evidence of Things not seen. — Heb. 11:1.

1 Faith is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abrah'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

493. C. M. WATTS

The Cloud of Witnesses. — Heb. 12:1.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above — how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod.
His zeal inspired their breast,
And following their triumphant Lord,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

494. C. M.

Have Faith in God. — Mark 11 : 22.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ; —

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ; —

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ; —

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed !

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

495. C. M. TURNER.

Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares :
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign;
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promises, all sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

496. 6s & 4s. PALMER.

I live by the Faith of the Son of God. — Gal. 2 : 20.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire.

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

497. L. M. DRUMMOND.

Faith without Works is dead. — James 2 : 26.

1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees decayed and dead,
Is faith — a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3 In true and heaven-born faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays —
A living fount of joy and praise.

4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

498. L. M. NEWTON.

The Hope of Righteousness by Faith. — Gal. 5 : 5.

1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still, —

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'Tis there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.'

499. L. M. WATTS.

For we walk by Faith. — 2 Cor. 5:7.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

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

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

500. C. M. WREFORD.

Lord, I believe; help Thou mine Unbelief. — Mark 9:24.

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

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

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

4 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou mine unbelief.

501. S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Just shall live by Faith. — Heb. 10 : 38.

1 IF through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee
We'll own the fostering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

502. C. M.

Faith as a Grain of Mustard Seed. — Matt. 17 : 20.

1 THAT might of faith, O Lord, bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which will not let the angel go
Until the prayer it gain.

2 On me the faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move,
And, all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

3 And, Father, when I doubt that I
Can live and sin no more,
Then, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

503. C. M. BARTON.

They shall bear Thee up in their Hands. — Ps. 91 : 12.

1 THY path, like most by mortals trod,
Will have its thorns and flowers,
Its stony steps, its velvet sod,
Its sunshine and its showers.

2 Thro' smooth and rough, o'er flower and thorn,
Beneath whatever sky,
Still bear thee as a being born
For immortality.

3 And be thy choicest treasure stored
Where Faith may hold the key;
For where our treasure is, our Lord
Hath said, the heart shall be.

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504. C. M. WATTS

They shall be as Mount Zion. — Ps. 125.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
Within the gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

505. 8s, 7s & 4.

I will never forsake thee. — Heb. 13:5.

1 Thou, O Lord, wilt never leave me,
Thou wilt never me forsake;
Thou wilt keep, and thou wilt save me,
While thy word my guide I make:
Save from evil
For thy name and mercy's sake.

2 When my soul is dark and clouded,
Torn with doubt, and worn with care,
Through the veil by which 'tis shrouded,
Light from heaven will soon appear,
And thy presence
Banish every doubt and fear.

3 When my sky above is glowing,
And around me all is bright,
Pleasure, like a river flowing,
Fills my soul with sweet delight:
Thou wilt keep me,
Thou wilt guide my steps aright.

4 When my feeble flame is dying,
And my soul about to soar
To that land where pain and sighing
Shall be heard and known no more,
Thou wilt fill me
With thy presence evermore.

506. C. M. Milman.

Haste Thee to help me. — Ps. 22:19.

1 O, help us, Lord: each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father, from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

507. C. M. STEELE.

Dependence on God.

1 My God, O, could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend,
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend,—

2 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

3 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

4 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O, smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

508. S. M. COWPER.

Dependence on God. — Ps. 127.

1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

5 In God is all our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, 'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

509. S. M. WATTS.

In the Shadow of Thy Wings. — Ps. 63 : 7.

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy — to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this —
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

510. 8s & 7s. LYTE.

Except the Lord build the House. — Ps. 127 : 1.

1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

511. C. M.

They shall walk and not faint. — Is. 40 : 31.

1 SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands;
We see him not, yet may we trace
The working of his hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar —
The wings of faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

512. 8s & 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Under His Wings shalt thou trust. — Ps. 91 : 4.

1 CALL the Lord thy sure salvation;
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee;
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 Thee, though winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy Hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling;
Thee no evil shall befall.

4 He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

513. H. M.

The Form of the Fourth. — Dan. 3:25.

1 THEIR hearts shall not be moved
Who in the Lord confide,
But, firm as Zion's hill,
They ever shall abide:
As mountains shield Jerusalem,
The Lord shall be a shield to them.

2 His blessing on them rests,
Like freshening dew from heaven;
And succor from his throne
In all their need is given:
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
And peace remain on Israel.

3 One like the Son of God
Is walking at their side,
When by the fervid flame
And fiery furnace tried;
And 'tis enough that he is near,
To strengthen them in every fear.

514. C. M. WATTS.

Thou art my Portion, O Lord. — Ps. 119 : 57.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine;
O, save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

515. 8s & 7s. ROBINSON.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. — 1 Sam. 7 : 12.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it —
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

4 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

516. L. M. WATTS.

Angels encamp round about us. — Ps. 34: 7.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Let every heart exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my silent grief;
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
O, fear and love him, all his saints;
Accept his grace and trust his word.

517. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.]

Trust and Strength.

1 O ALMIGHTY God of love,
Thy holy arm display;
Send us succor from above,
Against the evil day;
Arm our weakness with thy power,
Put thy strength our hearts within,
Be our stronghold and our tower
Against th' assaults of sin.

2 Could we of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
Our souls would know no fear.
Nothing could their firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were we built upon the rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Thou wouldst in the trying hour
A sure protection be;
Guard us from temptation's power,
And fix our souls on thee.
Lord, on thee our trust is placed;
Never thence may we remove;
In the arms of love embraced,
Thine everlasting love.

518. C. M.

In Thee is my Trust. — Ps. 141:8.

1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord;
His well-established mind
In every varying scene of life
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

519. 6s & 4s. BONAR.

Be Thou my strong Rock. — Ps. 31 : 2.

1 O STRONG to save and bless,
My Rock and Righteousness,
Draw near to me.
Blessing, and joy, and might,
Wisdom, and love, and light,
Are all with thee.

2 My Refuge and my Rest,
As child on mother's breast
I lean on thee.
From faintness and from fear,
When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me.

3 O, answer me, my God;
Thy love is deep and broad,
Thy grace is true.
Thousands this grace have shared,
O, let *me* now be heard,
O, love *me* too.

520. C. M. RYLAND.

With Thee is the Fountain of Life. — Ps. 36 : 9.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil —
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee ;
I triumph and adore ;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

521. S. M. TOPLADY.

Trust in Him at all Times. — Ps. 62 : 8.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Love divine
Let every string awake.

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

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

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

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

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

522. S. M. BONAR.

When I am weak, then am I strong. — 2 Cor. 12: 10.

1 To thee and to thy love,
For help, O Lord, I flee;
In thy great might I must prevail;
O Lord, deliver me.

2 It is not strength that wins;
My weakness is my shield;
In lowly trust we fight the fight,
And meekness wins the field.

3 Give me the lowly heart;
Cast out each thought of pride;
Let gentleness and love come in,
And as my guests abide.

4 Thy will, not mine, be done;
I would not choose my own;
But let me ever, ever be
Thy servant, Lord, alone.

523. L. M. GASKELL.

All Things work together for Good. — Rom. 8 : 28.

1 O FATHER, humbly we repose
Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.

2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They cannot veil us from thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

4 All things thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath and heaven above;
And good breaks out from every ill.
Through faith in thine encircling love.

524. L. M. BOWRING.

He doeth all Things well.

1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone!
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

525. 7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY

The Lord is my Salvation. — Ps. 27 : 1.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

4 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

526. S. M. BEDDOME.

It is God which worketh in you. — Phil. 2 : 13.

1 'TIS God, the Spirit, leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours:
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act:
His be the glory too.

527. S. M. PAUL GERHARD.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord. — Psalm 37 : 5.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands, —
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands, —

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wandering feet;
He shall prepare thy way.

3 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause: his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

4 Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

528. S. M. PAUL GERHARD.

Wait thou His Time. — Ps. 30 : 5.

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

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as Sovereign on the throne:
He ruleth all things well.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

6 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

529. 7s. NEWTON.

Become as little Children. — Matt. 18:3.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art.
Make me as a little child —
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

530. C. M. FABER.

All Things work together for Good. — Rom. 8:28.

1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

2 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

3 He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will.

5 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

531. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

My Soul follows hard after Thee. — Ps. 63:8.

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

532. L. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Thy Will be done. — Matt. 6 : 10.

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

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

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

533. 11s & 10s. HURLBURT.

The Might of Faith.

1 WE will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blesséd sight;
We will not doubt: if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

2 We will not faint: if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us:
We shall be braver for the past despair.

3 O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending:
Sin, with its fears, shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall with us remain when death is past.

4 Help us, O Father: when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their Friend,
Help us, O Father. Let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

534. C. M.

Trust ye in the Lord. — Is. 26 : 4.

1 WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.

2 When clouds of dark temptation rise,
And pour their wrath on me,
To thee for aid I turn my eyes,
And fix my trust on thee.

3 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.

4 Lord, not my will, but thine, be done;
My soul from fear set free;
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

535. S. M. WATTS

To present you holy. — Col. 1 : 22.

1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

536. 10s. BONAR.

Who maketh the Lord his Trust is blessed. — Ps. 40 : 4.

1 BE still, my soul, Jehovah loveth thee;
Though dark and lone thy journey seems to be,
He ever loves; then trust him, trust him still;
Be this thy care, the doing of his will.

2 Thy hand in his, like fondest, happiest child,
Walk thou with him, a Father reconciled;
Walk with him now, so shall thy way be bright,
And all thy soul be filled with his sweet light.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

537. L. M. WATTS.

Nothing without Love. — 1 Cor. 13.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still am I nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor, —
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

538. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Love. — 1 Cor. 13 : 13.

1 FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity:
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart, —

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light;
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

539. C. M. DRENNAN.

The Law of Sympathy.—1 Cor. 12:26.

1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong, embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2 Thus in the universe of mind
Is felt the law of love;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

3 In this fine, sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.

4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.

540. C. M.

The New Commandment. — John 13 : 34.

1 With love the Saviour's heart o'erflowed;
Love spoke in every breath;
Supreme it reigned, throughout his life,
And triumphed in his death.

2 Behold, this new command he gives
To those who bear his name, —
That they shall one another love,
As he hath lovéd them.

3 In every action, every thought,
Be this great law fulfilled;
Forgotten be each selfish aim,
Each angry passion stilled.

4 Let all who bear the name of Christ,
While they his sufferings view,
Think of his words, 'Each other love,
As I have lovéd you.'

541. C. M. Watts.

Knowledge puffeth up, Charity edifieth. — 1 Cor. 8 : 1.

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, — alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In realms of endless peace.

542. C. M. TRENCH.

The Law of Love.—2 Kings 4:3.

1 POUR forth the oil, — pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

2 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

4 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have; —
Such is the law of love.

543. L. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Sing of His Love.

1 O HUMAN heart, thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

2 O human heart, what deed of thine
Could gain a kingdom so divine?
'Twas asked but this, in accents mild,
The gentle spirit of a child.

3 O human heart! that singest still,
Through chastening good, misreckoned ill,
Thou mind'st Bethesda's fount to feel,
The angel troubles but to heal.

544. 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.

His Love is perfected in us. —1 John 4 : 12.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Hasten thy return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

545. 8s & 7s.

The greatest of these is Charity. —1 Cor. 13 : 13.

1 MEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blesséd three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.

2 Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,—
Judgment hath in thee no part.

3 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy heavenly Father's will;—

4 Never weary of well doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

546. L. M. MRS. LIVERMORE

Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. — Luke 6 : 37.

1 WHAT precept, Jesus, is like thine —
Forgive, as ye would be forgiven.
In this we see the power divine
Which shall transform our earth to heaven.

2 O, not the harsh and scornful word
The victory over sin can gain,
Not the dark prison, or the sword,
The shackle, or the weary chain.

3 But from our spirits there must flow
A love that will the wrong outweigh;
Our lips must only blessings know,
And wrath and sin shall die away.

4 'Twas Heaven that formed the holy plan
To win the wanderer back by love;
Thus let us save our brother man,
And imitate our God above.

547. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Thou knowest that I love Thee. — John 21 : 15.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

548. 7s. COWPER.

Lovest thou Me? — John 21 : 16.

1 HARK, my soul; it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks; he speaks to thee, —
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

549. C. M. WHITTIER.

We come unto Thee; Thou art our God. — Jer. 3 : 22.

1 I ASK not now for gold to gild
An aching, weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled, —
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

3 In vain I task my aching brain,
The sage's thoughts to scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

550. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

The beloved Name.

1 BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears
Like thy belovéd name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No: thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

551. C. M. BATES.

Speak gently.

1 SPEAK gently — it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently — let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one —
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run:
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones —
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so:
O, win them back again.

5 Speak gently — 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

552. C. M. WATTS.

Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

4 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

553. C. M.

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

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come:
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

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

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

554. C. M. Watts.

Lord, my Heart is not haughty. — Ps. 131 : 1

1 Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

3 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
O, give me tears for others' woe,
And patience for my own.

4 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food:
I ask not wealth or fame;
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to praise thy name.

5 O, may my days securely pass,
Without remorse or care:
And let me for my parting hour
From day to day prepare.

555. C. M. FABER.

Power of Love.

1 A TRUSTING heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above:
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

2 How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee farther on.

3 The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task,—
O, these are graces far below
What longing love would ask.

4 Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free:
Look long at Jesus; his sweet blood,
How was it dealt to thee?

556. C. M. WATTS.

I desire none beside Thee. — Ps. 73 : 25.

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

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

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

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

5 Then to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

557. C. M.

Loving Obedience to Christ.

1 I WOULD not wish to dwell on earth,
Though earth were all my own,
And mortal men should homage yield
To me, and me alone; —

2 I would not wish in heaven to dwell,
And like a seraph shine,
Though bliss is there, without a tear,
And all that bliss were mine; —

3 But I would dwell where most I may
Fulfil my Saviour's will,
My only wish, in life, in death,
To glorify him still.

4 While action may his praise reveal,
My cheerful act I'd pay;
When suffering best may please my Lord,
By suffering I'd obey.

5 It is not place — above, below —
My bliss, my heaven can be;
To live for Him who died for man —
O, that is life to me.

558. C. M. CROSWELL.

Ye have the Poor always with you. — Matt. 26 : 11.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

559. C. M. LYTE.

Whom have we, Lord, in Heaven but Thee?—Ps. 73 : 25.

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

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

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

560. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Occupy till I come.—Luke 19 : 13.

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

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

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

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

561. C. M.

Greater Love hath no Man than this. — John 15 : 13.

1 My blesséd Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee.

2 I love thee for the glorious worth
In thy great self I see;
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

4 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.

562. S. M.

Blessed are the Meek. — Matt. 5 : 5.

1 'Blest are the meek,' He said
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell,
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway,
And, yielding all their will to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

563. S. M. BONAR.

Perfect Love casteth out Fear.—1 John 4:18.

1 O, LOVE that casts out fear,
O, love that casts out sin,
Tarry, tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my earthly way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Water of Salvation, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
And his belovéd Son,
Come into every thirsty heart;
Fill thou each needy one.

564. 8s & 6. WHITTIER.

If He bid thee do some great Thing?—2 Kings 5:13.

1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And his appointed way?

2 O, oft a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell or martyr's stake,
The self-renouncing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

3 Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

4 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save.
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

5 O Thou who, in the garden's shade,
Didst wake thy weary ones again
Who slumbered, at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, —

6 Bend o'er us now as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee.

565. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Humble shall be exalted. — Matt. 23 : 12.

1 THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

566. L. M. ENFIELD.

Better to be of an Humble Spirit. — Prov. 16 : 19.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
O, why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found:
The stateliest pile his pride can rear
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span;
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth, O, let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

567. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Weep with them that weep. — Rom. 12 : 15.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O, be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought,
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
With this kind, social grace,
And in one grasp of fervent love
All earth and heaven embrace.

568. C. M.

That he who loveth God love his Brother also. — 1 John 4 : 21.

1 Our God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Our heavenly Father, Lord, art thou;
Thy favored children we;
O, may we love each other here,
As we are loved by thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love,
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

569. C. M. BARBAULD.

That ye love one another. — John 13 : 34.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain; —

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

5 He hears the Saviour's cheering word,
'My peace to thee I give;'
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

570. C. M. PEABODY.

Who is my Neighbor? — Luke 10 : 29.

1 WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

5 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

571. L. M. SCOTT.

Who art thou that judgest? — Rom. 14:4.

1 ALL-SEEING God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While, faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

572. C. M. XAVIER.

Thou shalt love God. — Matt. 22 : 37.

1 I LOVE thee, O my God, but not
For what I hope thereby ;
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally ;
I love thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love thee,
Solely because my God thou art,
Who first hast lovéd me.

2 For me thou gav'st thine only Son,
Who did himself abase,
And bore for me the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace ;
For me did suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself — all, all for me,
For me, thine enemy.

3 Then shall I not, O Father mine,
Shall I not love thee well ?
Not with the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But freely, fully, as thyself
Hast lovéd me, O Lord.

573 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Watch in all Things. — 2 Tim. 4 : 5

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire, —
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

574. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

I say unto all, Watch. — Mark 13 : 37.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in your office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For holy is his name.

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

575. L. M. WATTS.

Who shall dwell in Thy Holy Hill? — Ps. 15.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below,—

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face,
And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

576. C. M. JONES VERY.

Kind Words.

1 TURN not from him who asks of thee
A portion of thy store;
Thou poor in worldly goods mayst be,
Yet canst give what is more.

2 The balm of comfort thou canst pour
Into his grieving mind,
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud door
With many a word unkind.

3 Do thou raise up his drooping heart,
Restore his wounded mind;
Though nought of wealth thou canst impart,
Yet still thou mayst be kind.

577. C. M. MISS FLETCHER.

Charity thinketh no Evil.—1 Cor. 13 : 5.

1 THINK gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring one:
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet mayst be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

578. 7s. LYTE.

Who shall dwell in Thy Holy Hill?—Ps. 15.

1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one;—

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God:
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

579. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Ye have done it unto Me. — Matt. 25 : 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
O, rather let me beg my bread,
Than keep it back from thee.

580. C. M. BODEN.

Caused the Widow's Heart to sing with Joy. — Job 29 : 13.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Thy children, Lord, repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be fed,
The hungering soul we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living Bread.

5 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy Him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

581. L. M. WATTS.

That they may adorn the Doctrine. — Tit. 2:10.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blesséd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

582. L. M. BARBAULD.

A Friend loveth at all Times. — Prov. 17 : 17.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love! what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together shall they seek the place
Where God reveals his loving face:
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

583. S. M. WATTS.

How good to dwell in Unity. — Ps. 133.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

584. L. M. JANE ROSCOE.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. — Matt. 7 : 1.

1 O, WHO shall say he knows the folds
Which veil another's inmost heart, —
The hopes, thoughts, wishes, which it holds,
In which he never bore a part?
That hidden world no eye can see :
O, who shall pierce its mystery?

2 Go, bend to God, and leave to him
The mystery of thy brother's heart,
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,
Because in thine it hath no part;
He, too, is mortal, and, like thee,
Would soar to immortality.

3 And if, in duty's hallowed sphere,
Like Christ, he meekly, humbly bends, —
With hands unstained, and conscience clear,
With life's temptations still contends, —
O, leave him that unbroken rest,
The peace that shrines a virtuous breast.

585. 7s. C. WESLEY.

Be courteous.—1 Pet. 3:8.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee:
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace:
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

586. C. M.

Who shall separate us from the Love of Christ?—Rom. 8:35.

1 WHO, who can part our ransomed souls
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?

2 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall,
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

3 Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or make his love decay.

4 Each coming period he will bless,
As he hath blessed the past;
He loved us from the first of time,—
He loves us to the last.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

587. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord's Prayer. — Matt. 6.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

588. S. M.

Ask, and ye shall receive. — Matt. 7 : 7.

1 Ask, and ye shall receive:
On this my hope I build;
I ask forgiveness, and believe
My prayer shall be fulfilled.

2 Seek, and expect to find;
Wounded with sin my soul,
I seek the Saviour of mankind,
For he can make me whole.

3 Knock, and with patience wait;
By faith free entrance gain:
I stand and knock at mercy's gate
Till I thy grace obtain.

4 Shall I, then, ask in vain?
Seek, and not find the Lord?
Knock, and yet no admittance gain,
And doubt thy holy word?

5 No, Lord, thou'lt ne'er deceive:
Thy promises are sure;
In thy good time I shall receive:
What can I ask for more?

589. L. M. Cowper.

I will that Men pray everywhere. — 1 Tim. 2 : 8.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

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

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

590. S. M.

Evening, Morning, Noon, will I pray. — Ps. 55 : 17.

1 Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In th' weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray,
And, finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

591. C. M. MRS. FOLLEN.

Thy Will be done. — Matt. 6 : 10.

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One, —
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill:
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O, let that will which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O, teach my heart the blesséd way
To imitate thy Son;
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

592. C. M.

Men ought always to pray. — Luke 18 : 1.

1 COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer;
Our heavenly Father waits to greet
The contrite spirit there.

593. L. M. HART.

Prayer the Life of the Soul.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress, —
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him — thou canst not fail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not — his promise must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

594. L. M. KELLY.

This is the Gate of Heaven. — Gen. 28:17.

1 How sweet to leave the world a while,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet —
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

595. C. M.

Enter into thy Closet. — Matt. 6 : 6.

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows :
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessings she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

596. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord, teach us to pray. — Luke 11 : 1.

1 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 contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

597. L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat. —Ex. 25:22.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat —
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads —
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

598 7s & 6s.

Pray without ceasing. — 1 Thess. 5 : 17.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach his throne of glory
Where dwells eternal love.

599. C. M. HILLER.

Behold, all Souls are mine. — Ezek. 18 : 4.

1 My God, to thee I now commend
My soul; for thou, O Lord,
Dost live and love me without end,
And wilt perform thy word.

2 To whom else should I make my plea,
'That heavenly life be mine?
All souls, my God, belong to thee;
My soul is also thine.

3 Thou gav'st my spirit at my birth;
Take back what thou hast given,
And with the Lord I served on earth
Grant me to live in heaven.

4 Thou liv'st and lovest without end,
And dost perform thy word;
My soul, my all, I now commend
To thee, my God and Lord.

600. C. M.

Is any afflicted? let him pray. — James 5 : 13.

1 No, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray;
My latest breath with effort fond
Shall pass in prayer away.

2 There is a heavenly mercy-seat
To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Saviour, at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

3 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
Eternal Rock, to thee.

4 O for a voice of sweeter sound,
For every wind to bear,
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer!

601. 7s. HEMANS.

Men ought always to pray. — Luke 18 : 1.

1 CHILD, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away, —
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently, —

2 Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily toil to leave,
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

3 Traveller in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band, —
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone, —

4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell, —
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see —
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

602. C. M.

Thou hast Power with God. — Gen. 32 : 28.

1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain —
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

603. L. M.

Humble Prayer.

1 Great God, my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend,
To thee I raise my humble prayer.

2 Endue me with a holy fear;
The frailty of my heart reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near —
Thee may I always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceived approach of sin,
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

604. S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Spirit of Prayer.

1 THE praying spirit breathe;
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come:
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

605. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord, teach us to pray. — Luke 11 : 1.

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

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

3 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts:
Give what thine eye delights to see —
Truth in the inward parts; —

4 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice, and live;—

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

606. C. M. FABER.

The Spirit maketh Intercession.—Rom. 8:26.

1 HAD I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thought of thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

2 Yet thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer:
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds thee there.

3 And prayer that humbles sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on thee.

4 These surface troubles come and go
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee.

607. L. M. J. WESLEY.

Search me, O God, and know my Heart. — Ps. 139 : 23.

1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart — it pants for thee:
O, burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains; refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

608. C. M. POPE.

The Universal Prayer.

1 FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord.

2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this — that thou art good,
And that myself am blind, —

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

4 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way.

5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

6 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

609. 11s & 5.

Sweet Prayer.

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, it softens, subdues, and sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart!
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there;
O, how mournfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer!

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, we loiter, we're caught in the snare;
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer in prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to peace; [this;
Heaven pours its full streams thro' no medium like
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.

610. 8s & 6.

Prayer for Christ's Aid in Toil.

1 Lo, the storms of life are breaking;
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succor undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo, the world, from thee rebelling,
Round thy church in pride is swelling:
With thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

3 On thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto thee for safety sighing:
Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 By thy birth, thy cross, and passion,
By thy tears of deep compassion,
By thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

611. 11s & 10s.

Spiritual Blessings.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, thou hast many a blessing
In store for every erring child of thine;
For this I pray — let me, thy grace possessing,
Seek to be guided by thy will divine.

2 Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,
Would I my supplications raise to thee;
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,
But only that I give that heart to thee.

3 I pray that thou wouldst guide and guard me ever;
Cleanse by thy power from every stain of sin;
I will thy blessing ask on each endeavor,
And thus thy promised peace my soul shall win.

612. C. M.

As the Hart panteth after the Water-brooks. — Ps. 42.

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

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

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

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

613. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The Soul panting for God. — Ps. 42.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

614. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for Submission.

1 ONE prayer I have, all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine —
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
The Lord is gracious still.

615. L. M. GIBBONS.

My Flesh longeth for Thee in a thirsty Land. — Ps. 63.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

616. L. M. CENNICK.

The Highway of Holiness.—Is. 35: 8.

1 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 highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul; I am the way.

4 Lo, glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Now 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.'

617. C. M. MOORE.

O that I had Wings like a Dove! — Ps. 55 : 6.

1 THE dove, let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam; —

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee; —

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

618. 6s & 4s. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Nearer to Thee.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven, —
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given, —
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

619. C. M.

Prayer for Purity.

1 Be thou, O God, by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard, from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within.

2 Pure as the air when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

3 So may my soul upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.

620. C. M.

Desires for Holiness.

1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

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

3 O Father, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

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

621. C. M. COWPER.

Longing for Nearness to God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove — return,
Sweet Messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

622. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Longing for Heaven.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
Where all is perfect love.

4 There, too, may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

623. C. M. WATTS.

Teach me the Way of thy Statutes. — Ps. 119 : 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands —
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

624. S. M. BONAR.

Be perfect, as your Father in Heaven. — Matt. 5 : 48.

1 I DID thee wrong, my God —
I wronged thy truth and love;
I fretted at the chastening rod —
Against thy power I strove.

2 Come nearer, nearer still;
Let not thy light depart;
Bend thou and break this stubborn will;
Dissolve this iron heart.

3 Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild,
In pure and glad simplicity
More like a trustful child.

4 Less, less of self, each day,
And more, my God, of thee;
O, keep me, keep me in the way,
However rough it be.

5 Less of the flesh, each day,
Less of the world and sin;
More of thy holy Son, I pray,
More of thyself within.

6 More moulded to thy will,
Lord, let thy servant be —
Higher in love, and higher still,
More, and still more, like thee.

625. C. M.

Make haste to help me. — Ps. 38:22.

1 GREAT God, let not thy grace delay
To meet me with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make my guilt remove.

2 Come in with power to every soul,
O thou immortal Dove;
Make every wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste his grace divine,
That every soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God, I'm thine.

4 O, how I pant, great God, to see
Thy face, and taste thy love;
O, speak, and bring me near to thee,
And all my doubts remove.

5 O God, inspire each heart and tongue
To learn thy precious name;
Redeeming love shall be my song,
While I thy love proclaim.

626. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Desiring Holiness.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O, bid it all depart.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Our heart and life improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

627. 6s & 5s.

I have longed for thy Salvation. — Ps. 119:174.

1 PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find; —

2 Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear, —
Patiently believing
He will make all clear, —

3 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain; —

4 Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind;—

5 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—

6 Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

628. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for Wisdom. — 1 Kings 3 : 9.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;—

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray:—

4 We ask for wisdom; Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

629. L. M. COWPER.

Thirsting for Righteousness. — Matt. 5:6.

1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my heart from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 O for that grace which springs from thee,
And quickens all things where it flows,
Which makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose!

630. L. M. TOPLADY.

My Soul thirsteth for God. — Ps. 42:2.

1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!

2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear;
Arise, propitious Sun, and light
An everlasting morning there.

3 O, let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eyesight impart, for I am blind,
And seal me thine adopted son.

631. S. M. BONAR.

Lead me in Thy Truth, and teach me. — Ps. 25:5.

1 I ASK a perfect creed:
O that to me were given
The teaching that leads none astray,
The scholarship of heaven! —

2 Calm faith, that grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie, —
That hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds are standing by.

3 The one, whole truth I seek,
In this sad age of strife —
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life, —

4 Truth which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.

5 O True One, give me truth,
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

6 O truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning star.

632. S. M. GUYON.

The Fountain of Living Waters. — Jer. 2 : 13.

1 THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply:
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of Life, for thee:
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

633. L. M. WATTS.

With my Soul have I desired Thee. — Is. 26 : 9.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

634. 11s & 10s. J. F. CLARKE.

Prayer for Strength.

1 FATHER, to us, thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name, —

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen;
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean:
O, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed.

635. C. M. C. WESLEY.

If the Son shall make you free. — John 8 : 36.

1 IF thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin — the guilt, the power, the pain —
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe — and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and breadth, and depth and height,
Of everlasting love.

636. S. M. C. WESLEY.

I will write it in their Hearts. — Heb. 8 : 10.

1 THAT blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart:
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O, write it in my heart.

2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove —
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

637. C. P. M. BONAR.

By a new and living Way. — Heb. 10 : 20.

1 WHY stand I lingering without,
In fear, and weariness, and doubt,
When all is light within?
O Thou, the new and living Way,
The trembler's Guide, the sinner's Stay,
My High Priest, lead me in.

2 I know the mercy-seat is there,
On which thou sitt'st to answer prayer;
I know the blood is shed;
The everlasting covenant sealed,
The everlasting grace revealed,
And life has reached the dead.

3 Not the mere Paradise below,
The heaven of heavens is opened now,
And we its bliss regain.
Guarded so long by fire and sword,
The gate stands wide, the way restored,
The veil is rent in twain.

4 Without, the cloud and gloom appear;
The peril and the storm are near;
The foe is raging round:
Then let me boldly enter in, —
There end my danger, fear, and sin, —
And rest on holy ground.

638. C. M. GILL.

Go up higher. — Luke 14 : 10.

1 How eagerly my heart hath sought
And scorned each foolish gain;
Each thing I longed for hath been brought,
And brought to me in vain.

2 Alas! this heart too well hath learned
The bitter in each sweet,
Th' imperfect excellence hath mourned,
The glory incomplete.

3 Yet, Lord, to glory measureless
Thou bid'st my soul arise,
And settest thine own perfectness
Before my longing eyes.

4 Yet, Lord, I hear thy voice command
These halting feet of mine
To traverse all the holy land,
And climb each height divine.

5 I, who have travelled far, and found
Small cheer upon the road,
May trace an endless holy ground,—
Yes, sweetly walk with God.

639. 7s & 6s. BONAR.

Longing for Likeness to Christ.—1 John 3 2.

1 I REST my soul on Jesus —
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces;
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

2 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

640. L. M.

The Hour of Prayer. — Acts 3 : 1.

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

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

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

641. 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Light of Life. — John 8 : 12.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart,
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful spirit cheer,
Scatter all our doubt and gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require;
We can rest in nothing less:
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

642. S. M. C. WESLEY

Spiritual Wants.

1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do —
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

643. L. M. C. Wesley.

Desire for Union with God.

1 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Father, nothing may I see,
And nought desire or seek, but thee.

2 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire,
Each hour within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire,
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

3 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breathed a mild,
A lowly mind into my breast;
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become as one with thee.

4 Still let thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that Love is near.

644. C. M. Faber.

This is my Rest.—Ps. 132:14.

1 Thy home is with the humble, Lord;
The simplest are the best;
Thy dwelling is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

645. 7s & 6s. CENNICK.

Aspiration.

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

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

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

646. C. M. C. WESLEY.

There remaineth therefore a Rest. — Heb. 4:9.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone; —

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O, that I now that rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove all hardness from my heart;
All unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

647. L. M. KELLY.

Here have we no continuing City. — Heb. 13:14.

1 WE'VE no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer —
We seek a city yet to come.

2 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight —
Zion its name; the Lord is there:
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

4 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

648. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Let this Mind be in you which was in Christ. — Phil. 2 : 5.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me :
Meekly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

2 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will — thy will be done :
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-bèlovéd Son.

3 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod —
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

649. 7s & 4. GILBERT.

Whither the Forerunner is entered. — Heb. 6 : 20.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way ;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire ;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre ;
Then, triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.

3 From the sparkling turrets there
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day ;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

650. S. M.

I am still with Thee. — Ps. 139 : 18.

1 Still with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee; —

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer; —

3 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart; —

4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

5 With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

651. C. M. GURNEY.

Silent Worship. — Ps. 46 : 10.

1 Let deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread;
So shall the living word abound,
The word that wakes the dead.

2 How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer!
What though no preacher speak the word?
A minister is there.

3 He knows to bend the heart of steel;
He bows the loftiest soul;
O'er all we think and all we feel,
How matchless his control!

4 And, O, how precious is his love,
In tender mercy given!
It whispers of the blest above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

652. L. M. REED.

The hidden Life. — Col. 3 : 3.

1 O THAT I could forever dwell,
Delighted, at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss, —
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize —
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above; —

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake,
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

653. S. M. WATTS.

Whom, having not seen, ye love. — 1 Peter 1:8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

654. C. M. C. WESLEY.

I will hear what God will speak. — Ps. 85:8.

1 SPEAK with us, Lord; thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All toil, and time, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou art present there.

3 Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

655. S. M. KEBLE.

Blessed are the pure in Heart. — Matt. 5 : 8.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King, —

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
O, give the pure and lowly heart —
A temple meet for thee.

656. C. M. NEWTON.

Cast not away your Confidence. — Heb. 10 : 35.

1 O, HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell ;
He feeds and cheers them with his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

657. L. M. E. Taylor.

Lo, I am with you alway. — Matt. 28 : 20.

1 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

3 I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.

4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
I hear him in the frequent sigh
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

5 I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise, and weep no more.

658. C. M. Watts.

The Life hid with Christ in God. — Col. 3 : 3

1 O, happy soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honors here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.

659. 11s & 10s. H. B. Stowe.

I am still with Thee.—Ps. 139 : 18.

1 Still, still with thee — when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

2 Alone with thee — amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought — I am with thee.

660. L. M. GASKELL.

And Enoch walked with God. — Gen. 5 : 24.

1 THROUGH all this life's eventful road,
Fain would I walk with thee, my God,
And make thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.

2 Each blessing would I trace to thee,
In every grief thy mercy see,
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of thine encircling love.

3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that thou art nigh;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with thee.

661. C. M. BARTON.

Let us walk in the Light. — Is. 2 : 5.

1 WALK in the light: so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light on thee hath shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear:
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

662. 6s. BRYDGES.

I will sup with Him, and He with me.—Rev. 3 : 20.

1 My soul doth long for thee
To dwell within my breast,
Unworthy though I be
Of so divine a Guest.

2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee.

3 Until it come to thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in thy bleeding love ;
O, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

663. L. M. C. WESLEY.

I will dwell in them.—2 Cor. 6 : 16.

1 I want the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind ;
Of power to conquer every sin ;
Of love to God and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast,
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

664. L. M. WATTS.

O, visit me with Thy Salvation. — Ps. 106 : 4.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine,
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

665. 8s. NEWTON.

Communion with Christ.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have lost all their sweetness for me.

2 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.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 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.

5 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?

6 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

666. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Spiritual Communion. — 1 John 1:3.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day, —
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care, —
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart;
Here wait, my warmest love;
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

667. L. M. NOVALIS

The Kingdom of God is within you. — Luke 17 : 21.

1 THOU strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'Tis thou the living spark dost fan,
That sets my heart on fire within.

2 In thee I find a nobler birth,
A glory o'er the world I see,
And Paradise returns to earth,
And blooms again for us in thee.

3 Thou openest heaven once more to men,
The soul's true home, thy kingdom, Lord,
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God.

668. L. M.

I will that they be with Me where I am. — John 17 : 24.

1 LET me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be false to thee and cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

669 L. M. BULFINCH.

Did not our Hearts burn within us? — Luke 24 : 32.

1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

2 As they, who once with Jesus trod,
With kindling breast his accents heard,
But knew not that the Son of God
Was uttering every burning word, —

3 Father of Jesus, thus thy voice
Speaks to our hearts in tones divine;
Our spirits tremble and rejoice,
But know not that the voice is thine.

4 Still be thy hallowed accents near;
To doubt and passion whisper peace;
Direct us on our journey here,
And bid, in heaven, our wanderings cease

670. C. M.

Our Fellowship is with the Father. — 1 John 1 : 3.

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Not life, nor friendship, here below,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

3 And when I'm made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

THE CROSS.

671. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

God forbid Glorying, save in the Cross. — Gal. 6 : 14.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

672. H. M. REED.

The Blood of His Cross. — Col. 1 : 20.

1 YE saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning, from his throne
The prince of darkness fell:
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies:
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

673. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Gethsemane. — Matt. 26 : 36.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,' hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

674. C. M.

The Cross and Crown. — Matt. 10 : 38.

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

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy, without a tear.

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

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4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

675. L. M.

There stood by the Cross of Jesus. — John 19 : 25.

1 Dear Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around thee on the curséd tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes, that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crowned with thorn;
Like thee, thy blesséd self, endure
The cross with all its joy or scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be —
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

676. C. M. WATTS.

The Cross of Christ.—1 Cor. 1 18.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

677. C. M. BARBAULD.

Imitation of Christ in Self-denial.

1 WE tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

3 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

678. 7s.

As ye are Partakers of Christ's Sufferings. — **1 Pet. 4 : 13.**

1 When my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless One,
Weeping, praying there alone.

3 When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe; —

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

679. C. M.

We shall also reign with Him. — **2 Tim. 2 : 12.**

1 Jesus, our Head, once crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
Heaven's royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 Delight of all who dwell above,
The joy of saints below,
To us still manifest thy love,
That we its depths may know.

3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, be given;
Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
All worship it in heaven.

4 Who suffer with thee, Lord, below
Will reign with thee above;
Then let it be our joy to know
This way of peace and love.

5 To us thy cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to thee;
On earth it is our joy and wealth,
In heaven our crown shall be.

680. 8s, 7s & 4.

Looking unto Jesus. — Heb. 12:2.

1 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing the cross in mournful strain;
Tell the sorrows all-amazing,
Tell the wounds and dying pain,
Which our Saviour,
Sinless, bore for sinners slain.

2 He to freedom hath restored us
By the very bonds he bare;
And his flesh and blood afford us
Each a seal of mercy rare:
Lo, he draws us
To the cross, and keeps us there.

3 Jesus, may thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we, now thy love possessing,
And at length our full reward,
Ever praise thee,
Thee, our ever-glorious Lord.

681. S. M. BONAR.

Christ crucified. — 1 Cor. 1 : 23.

1 I BLESS the Crucified,
I rest on love divine,
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise my Saviour's name,
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My Lord, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

682. 8s & 7s. BRYDGES.

Made nigh by the Blood of Christ. — Eph. 2 : 13.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow,
Here will love my fears away.

5 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go,
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

683. 8s & 7s.

Near the Cross.

1 NEAR the cross our station taking,
Earthly cares and joys forsaking,
Meet it is for us to mourn;
'Twas for us he came from heaven,
'Twas for us his heart was riven;
All his griefs for us were borne.

2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes our help and healing,
By his death our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

3 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy praise and honor living,
May we in thy glory live.

684. L. M. WATTS.

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6 : 14.

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

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

685. C. M.

The Fellowship of His Sufferings.—Phil. 3 : 10.

1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blesséd word of love.

2 O, bond of union, strong and deep!
O, bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

686. C. M.

Through Suffering to Glory. — Rom. 8:17.

1 Bear on, my soul: the bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

2 Bear on, my soul: on God rely;
Deliverance will come;
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring his children home.

3 And thou, my heavenly Friend and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
Upon thy heart alone.

4 So comforted and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All messengers of love.

687. L. M. Guyon.

For Thy Sake we are killed. — Rom. 8:36.

1 By sufferings only can we know
The nature of the life we live;
The temper of our souls they show,
How true, how pure, the love we give.
To leave my love in doubt would be
No less disgrace than misery.

2 I welcome, then, with heart sincere,
The cross my Saviour bids me take;
No load, no trial, is severe,
That's borne or suffered for his sake:
And thus my sorrow shall proclaim
A love that's worthy of the name.

688. C. M. HEBER.

Bearing the Cross. — Matt. 16 : 24.

1 O GOD, that mad'st the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
O, listen to thy children's cry,
And help us when we pray.

2 For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the burdened heart,
To view the rocky shore.

3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

4 Have mercy on our failings, Lord;
Our sinking faith renew;
And when his sorrows visit us,
O, send his patience, too.

689. C. M. BONAR.

I am crucified unto the World. — Gal. 6 : 14.

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

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

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

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

5 Dead to the world, with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

6 By faith his boundless glories there
Our wondering eyes behold —
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

690. L. M. KEBLE.

I am crucified with Christ. — Gal. 2:20.

1 Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softest power,
And give our sweetest comforts birth? —

2 That to the cross our eyes should turn
For cheering light and strength to save,
Sooner than where the Easter sun
Shines glorious on the open grave?

3 Yet so it is: for duly there
The storms of life are lulled to rest;
Stilled by the Saviour's trusting prayer,
Soothed by the peace within his breast.

4 My Saviour, whom 'tis life to see,
Thy promise in thy cross appears;
Its power, its peace, O, grant to me,
Its perfect love to still my fears.

691. C. M. KIRKHAM.

I suffer, yet am not ashamed. — 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

692. S. M. BONAR.

Glorying in the Cross. — Gal. 6 : 14.

1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky, —
This blood-sealed friendship changes not;
The cross is ever nigh.

3 That which can shake the cross
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave.

4 Till then my peace is sure;
It will not, cannot yield;
Jesus, I know, has died, and lives:
On this firm rock I build.

5 The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now his home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is his tomb.

6 I know he liveth now,
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which he sits,
I know his truth and love.

COURAGE AND ACTION.

693. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Put on the whole Armor of God. — Eph. 6:11.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his belovéd Son.

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

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God; —

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

694. C. M. WATTS.

A good Soldier of Jesus Christ. — 2 Tim. 2 : 3

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

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

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

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

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And faith presents it nigh.

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

695. C. M. MORAVIAN.

The Victory of Faith. — 1 John 5 : 4.

1 GLORY to God, whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph e'en in death.

2 O, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God, whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord, if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

696. 8s & 7s.

Work while it is Day. — John 9 : 4.

1 ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night —

5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

697. L. M. WATTS.

The Captain of our Salvation. — Heb. 2 : 10.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's, gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

698. L. M. GASKELL.

Mightest war a good Warfare. — 1 Tim. 1 : 18.

1 PRESS on, press on, ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

2 Press on, press on: through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

3 Press on, press on: still look in faith
To Him who vanquished sin and death;
Then shall ye hear God's word, 'Well done;'
True to the last, press on, press on.

699. S. M. HEATH.

Watch and pray. — Matt. 26 : 41.

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

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

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

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

700. C. M.

The Cross before the Crown.

1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thine armor cling ;
With girded loins the call obey
Which grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before the throne ;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

701. S. M.

So fight I, not as One that beateth the Air.—1 Cor. 9:26.

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

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

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

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

702. 8s & 7s. Longfellow.

Psalm of Life.

1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real; life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

5 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

703. S. M.

Endure Hardness, as a good Soldier. —2 Tim. 2:3

1 ARISE, ye saints, arise;
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
For victory is his.

2 Lead on, almighty Lord,
Lead on to victory;
Encouraged by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow thee.

3 We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight;—

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more,
And — O sweet thought! — forever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

704. L. M. BARBAULD.

Taking the Shield of Faith. — Eph. 6 : 16.

1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

4 Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

705. L. M. BONAR.

Let us go forth without the Camp. — Heb. 13 : 13.

1 SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

2 We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep;
We trim our lamps, our vigils keep;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight; —

4 No love of present gain nor ease,
No seeking man nor self to please, —
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

5 Night is far spent, and morn is near —
Morn of the cloudless and the clear;
'Tis but a little, and we come
To our reward, our crown, our home.

6 Another year — it may be less —
And we have crossed the wilderness,
Finished the toil, the rest begun,
The battle fought, the triumph won.

706. 6s. BRYDGES.

Be of good Cheer; I have overcome the World. — John 16 : 33

1 CHEER up, desponding soul;
Thy longing pleased I see;
'Tis part of that great whole
Wherewith I longed for thee; —

2 Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne;
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own.

3 To claim thee for my own,
I suffered on the cross:
O, were my love but known,
All else would be as dross! —

4 All else would be as dross,
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gain but loss
To live forever mine.

707. 7s & 6s. DUFFIELD

Having done all, to stand. — Eph. 6 : 13.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner;
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

708. 7s.

That they go forward. — Ex. 14 : 15.

1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping heart be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conqueror you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go.

709. 7s. GASKELL.

Let us not sleep, as do Others. — 1 Thess. 5:6.

1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross;
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose,
This is but thy battle ground.

2 Up, and take thy shield and sword;
Up, it is the call of Heaven:
Shrink not, faithless, from thy Lord;
Nobly strive as he hath striven.

3 Break through all the force of ill,
Tread the might of passion down,
Struggle onward, upward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown.

4 Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Every triumph thou dost gain
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

710. 8s, 7s & 4. GILL.

Progress.

1 EVERLASTING, changing never!
Of one strength, no more, no less;
Thine almightiness forever, —
All the same thy holiness:
Thee eternal,
Thee all-glorious, we possess.

2 But we weak ones, but we sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay;
We, the low ones, would be winners
Of what holy height we may,
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day.

3 By each saving word unspoken,
By thy truth, as yet half-won,
By each idol still unbroken,
By thy will, yet poorly done, —
Hear us — hear us;
Our Almighty, help us on.

4 Nearer to thee would we venture;
Of thy truth more largely take;
Upon life diviner enter;
Into day more glorious break;
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

711. C. M.

Despise not the Day of small Things. — Zech. 4:10.

1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

712. H. M. MONTGOMERY

Fight the good Fight.—1 Tim. 6:12.

1 FIGHT the good fight; lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield,—be bold;
Stand through the hottest strife:
With thy great Captain on the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

2 Trust in thy Saviour's might;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and, like him in fight,
By dying conquer death:
And, all-victorious in the field,
Then, with thy sword, thy spirit yield.

3 Great words are these, and strong;
Yet, Lord, I look to thee,
To whom alone belong
Valor and victory:
With thee, my Captain, in the field,
I must prevail—I cannot yield.

713. 10s, 11 & 12. STAUGHTON.

I press toward the Mark. — Phil. 3 : 14.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest,
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and upward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian; heaven is before thee;
He who hath promiséd faltereth never;
O, trust in the love that endureth forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth:
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;
Mount, mount when the work is done, — praise
God forever!

714. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

We are more than Conquerors. — Rom. 8 : 37.

1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod.

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread, —

3 With this omnipotence he moves;
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

715. L. M. BONAR.

Go, work in my Vineyard. — Matt. 21 : 28.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises, — what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil, comes rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: Behold, I come!

716. 8s & 7s.

Mount up with Wings as Eagles. — Is. 40 : 31.

1 LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn.

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

3 O, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward, press my way!

717. L. M. WATTS.

They shall renew their Strength. — Is. 40 : 31

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint; —

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

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

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

718. L. M. HEBER.

Why stand ye here all the Day idle? — Matt. 20 : 6.

1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each, with awful sound,
No longer stand ye idle here.

2 Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear
Waste not of hope the morning light;
Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here?

3 O, if the griefs ye would assuage,
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Master's business here!

4 And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day;
And stand ye yet so idle here?

5 O Thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please thee here.

719. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

I press toward the Mark for the Prize. — Phil. 3 : 14.

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

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye; —

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

720. C. M. NEEDHAM.

He, being dead, yet speaketh.—Heb. 11:4.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe,
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
That led them safe to heaven.

721. C. M. FABER.

God is with the Righteous Worker.

1 WORKMAN of God, O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 O, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 O, learn to scorn the praise of men ;
O, learn to lose with God ;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

6 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win :
To doubt it is disloyalty ;
To falter is to sin.

722. L. M. GREGG

Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me. — Mark 8 : 38.

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

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

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

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

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

723. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

In the Morning sow thy Seed.—Eccl. 11:6.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Drop it upon the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill, and dale, and plain 'tis found,—
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Then duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And shout the harvest home.

724. L. M. BONAR.

He liveth long who liveth well.

1 HE liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain

2 He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

725. 7s & 5s. DANA.

Laborers together with God. — 1 Cor. 3:9.

1 WORK, and thou wilt bless the day,
Ere the toil be done;
They that work not cannot play,
Cannot feel the sun.
God is living, working still;
All things work and move;
Work, wouldst thou their beauty feel,
And thy Maker's love.

2 All the rolling planets glow
Bright as burning gold;
Should they pause, how soon they'd grow
Colorless and cold!
Joy and beauty, — where were they
If the world stood still?
Like the world, thy law obey,
And thy calling fill.

726. 7s & 6s.

A good Soldier. — 2 Tim. 2 : 3.

1 O, WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blesséd Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O, cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

727. C. M. WATTS.

I am not ashamed. — 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord! — I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

TEMPTATION AND DIVINE STRENGTH.

728. L. M. HIGGINSON.

Underneath are the Everlasting Arms. — Deut. 33 : 27.

1 To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths, too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

2 Those arms were round our childhood's ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O, leave not our maturer days;
We still are helpless without thee.

3 We trusted pride, and hope, and strength;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length;
We come to thee, O Lord, again.

4 A Guide to trembling steps yet be;
Give us of thine eternal powers;
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

729. C. M. COWPER.

Human Frailty.

1 WEAK and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

3 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
Through dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

730. L. M.

He knoweth how to deliver the Godly. — 2 Pet. 2:9.

1 MY God, my hope, my Father thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day.

2 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Father, reign alone.

3 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

731. C. M. KEBLE.

The guiding Pillar. — Neh. 9 : 12.

1 BACK to the world we've faithless turned,
And far along the wild,
With labor lost, and sorrow earned,
Our steps have been beguiled.

2 Yet full before us, all the while,
The guiding pillar stays ;
The living waters brightly smile,
Th' eternal turrets blaze.

3 O Father, of long-suffering grace,
Thou who in love dost stay,
Pleading with sinners face to face,
Through all their devious way, —

4 Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,
Be round us as our wall ;
Nor be our erring hearts allowed
Again to faint or fall.

732. 10s. LYTE.

Abide with us. — Luke 24 : 29.

1 ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

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

3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

733. 5s & 8s. ZINZENDORF.

They followed Him. — Luke 5 : 11.

1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

734. C. M. WATTS.

Inconstancy lamented.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

735. 7s. NEWTON.

O that I were as in Months past! — Job 29:2.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour;
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul;
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole;
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word, and set me free;
Let me live alone to thee.

736. L. M. KELLY.

Where is the Blessedness ye spake of.—Gal. 4 : 15.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

737. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lest the Tempter have tempted you.—1 Thess. 3 : 5.

1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,
There is no help in God for thee;
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned, and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

738. S. M. BONAR.

Ye were as Sheep going astray. — 1 Pet. 2:25.

1 I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

739. C. M. STEELE.

Deliver my Feet from falling. — Ps. 56 : 13.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

740. L. M. MRS. FORREY.

The Lord turned and looked upon Peter. — Luke 22 : 61.

1 WHEN silent steal across my soul
Remembrances of broken vows,
And tears, almost beyond control,
Flow, as my guilty spirit bows, —

2 'Tis then I've caught the Saviour's eye,
Viewing, with looks of injured love,
A soul, for whom he deigned to die,
Inconstant and ungrateful prove.

3 O, had he not so kindly glanced,
My weeping soul in anguish cries,
I could have borne that searching look;
But now I yield: my spirit dies.

4 No more on promises I'll rest,
Nor resolutions vainly made;
But leaning on my Saviour's breast,
Implore his Spirit's gracious aid.

741. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Return unto Me. — Mal. 3:7.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace, —
More full of grace than I of sin, —
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

742. S. M.

As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be. — **Deut. 33 : 25.**

1 Oppressed with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

2 With this polluted heart,
I dare to come to thee,
Holy and mighty as thou art,
For thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For thou wilt answer prayer.

5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to thee;
Through him, unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

743. C. M.

Mine Arm also shall strengthen him. — Ps. 89 : 21.

1 We praise and bless thee, gracious Lord,
Our Saviour kind and true,
For all the old things passed away,
For all thou hast made new.

2 But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to thee!

3 Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray,
Or separate from thee,
That, Lord, remove, however dear
To our poor hearts it be.

4 When flesh declines, then strengthen thou
The spirit from above;
Make us to feel thy service sweet,
And light thy yoke of love.

5 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before thy Father's throne;
The blessedness forever ours,
The glory all thine own.

744. 8s & 7s. ELIZA O. PAGE.

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. — Is. 43 : 1.

1 DEEPER, Father, grow the shadows,
Darker still the night comes on;
Every human help departing,
Now I look to thee alone.

2 Hopes that I had fondly cherished
Thou hast laid in ruin low;
Props on which I leaned have failed me;
Like a broken reed I bow.

3 Hark! I hear a voice of cheering
Sounding through the gathering night,
Fear thou not; I have redeemed thee;
I will be thy Guide and Light.

4 Only follow where I call thee;
Let no fear turn thee aside;
Not a foe shall dare to harm thee,
While I am thy constant Guide.

5 Father, full of all compassion,
I will take thee at thy word,
Meeting danger and temptation
In the strength of Christ my Lord.

745. 8s & 7s.

Strength in Temptation.

1 Holy Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me;
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife will never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength,—the Spirit's strength indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm:
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

746. C. M. Merrick.

Not my Will, but Thine. — Luke 22:42.

1 Author of good, to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

747. C. M. STEELE.

Have Mercy on me. — Luke 18: 38.

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

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

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

4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

748. L. M. WALTER SCOTT.

A Pillar of Cloud by Day, and Fire by Night. — Ex. 13 : 21.

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

749. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Thy right Hand shall hold me. — Ps. 139 : 10.

1 STILL nigh me, O my Father, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power:
Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee, —
Good as thou art, and strong to save, —
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave;
My soul in thee sweet calm shall feel,
And hear thee whisper, 'Peace, be still!'

750. 8s, 7s & 4. WELSH HYMN.

I will guide thee.—Ps. 32 : 8.

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

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

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

751. 8s & 7s. HASTINGS.

Gently lead us.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O, gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

752. L. M. GRANT.

Jesus wept. — John 11 : 35.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

753. 11s.

Are they not all Ministering Spirits? — Heb. 1 : 14.

1 How dear is the thought that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod,
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home,
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

AFFLICTION AND COMFORT.

754. C. M. MOORE.

Consolation.

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

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

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

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace branch from above?

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

755. S. M.

Religion a Support in Life.

1 When gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade, —

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul,
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads,
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

5 O, let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

756. L. M. Doddridge.

Rejoicing, bringing his Sheaves with him. — Ps. 126:6.

1 The darkened sky, how thick it lowers,
Troubled with storms, and big with showers!
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
And Nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of God revive:
He bids the soul that seeks him live,
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain:
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home:
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

757. C. M.

Lord, remember me.—Luke 23:42.

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

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Then, Lord, remember me.

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

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

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

758. L. M.

He shall sit as a Refiner of Silver. — Mal. 3 : 3.

1 WHY should I murmur or repine,
O Lamb of God, who bled for me?
What are my griefs compared with thine,—
Thy tears, thy groans, thine agony?

2 If thou the furnace dost employ,
Thou sittest as refiner near,
To purge away the base alloy,
Till thine own image bright appear.

3 Though oft thy way is in the sea,
Thy footsteps in the wingéd storm,
Though crested billows threaten me,
Love slumbers in their frowning form.

4 Submissive would I kiss the rod;
Needful each stroke, I humbly own;
Help me to trust thee, O my Lord,
If now thy wisdom be unknown.

759. C. M. EDMESTON.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. — Heb. 12 : 6.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.

2 O, may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

760. C. M. COTTON.

All thy Billows are gone over Me.—Ps. 42:7.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can soon restore my peace;
And He who bade the tempest rise
Can bid that tempest cease.

3 In darkest scenes, when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my Guide.

4 Here will I rest, here build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Health, my Life, my God.

761. C. M. WATTS.

Return, O Lord.—Ps. 90:13.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show;
Make thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

762. C. M. BARTON.

At Evening Time it shall be Light. — Zech. 14 : 7.

1 OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last; God's word hath said, —
Could we but read aright, —
O pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light.

3 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path a while,
God's blesséd word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 If we but trust, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

5 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky —
Token that storms shall cease.

6 Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,
By faith, and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled, —
At eve it shall be light.

763. 8s & 6.

Blessed are They that mourn. — Matt. 5 : 4.

1 I HEARD the voice of love divine
Addressing man, to trouble born;
What accents, Saviour, then were thine! —
Blesséd are they that mourn.

2 Again it spoke: Come unto me,
Thou with distress and labor worn;
Rest and refreshment are for thee:
Blesséd are they that mourn.

3 I heard a voice in truth's pure word,
A saint who sorrow's yoke had borne:
Blest is the man thou chastenest, Lord,
Blesséd are they that mourn.

4 I heard an angel-voice proclaim,
Yon victors bright, whom crowns adorn,
Through tribulation great they came:
Blesséd are they that mourn.

5 Why should I then for sufferings grieve,
Since sorrow leads to joy's bright bourn?
Let me indeed the words believe:
Blesséd are they that mourn.

764. 11s & 4s. WHITTIER.

The Angels of Grief.

1 WITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not.

4 God calls our lóved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

765. L. M. MRS. GILMAN

Prayer for Help at all Times.

1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father, let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father, break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father, still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

766. C. M. BAXTER.

Himself hath suffered. —Heb. 2: 18.

1 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes
But through his opened door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

3 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

767. 6s & 4s.

Ministering Angels.

1 Brother, the angels say,
Peace to thy heart!
We, too, O brother, have
Been as thou art,—
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.

2 Brother, they sweetly say,
Be our thoughts one;
Bend thou with us and pray,
'Thy will be done.'
Our God is thy God; he
Willeth the best;
Trust him as we trusted,—
Rest as we rest.

3 Ye, too, they gently say,
Shall angels be;
Ye, too, O brothers, from
Earth shall be free:
Yet in earth's loved ones ye
Still shall have part,
Bearing God's strength and love
To the torn heart.

4 Thus, when the spirit, tried,
Tempted, and worn,
Finding no earthly aid,
Heavenward doth turn,
Come these sweet angel-tones,
Falling like balm,
And on the troubled heart
Steals a deep calm.

768. 8s & 7s. ADAM ST. VICTOR.

Good for me that I have been afflicted. — **Ps. 119 : 71.**

1 As the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound, —

2 So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

3 Spices crushed their pungence yield;
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense on the fire.

4 Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And through suffering, toil, and shame,
Heavenly incense is distilled.

769. 11s & 10s. MCORE.

Come, ye disconsolate.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

770. S. M. FROTHINGHAM.

When I am weak, then am I strong. — 2 Cor. 12 : 10.

1 WHEN I am weak, I'm strong,
The great apostle cried;
What did not to the earth belong
The might of heaven supplied.

2 When I am weak, I'm strong,
Each Christian heart repeats,
To tune its feeblest breath to song,
And fire its languid beats.

3 O holy Strength, whose ground
Is in the heavenly land,
Supporting help alone is found
In God's immortal hand.

4 O Blesséd, that appears
When fleshly aids are spent,
And girds the mind, when most it fears,
With trust and sweet content.

771. L. M. WATTS.

I can do all Things through Christ. — Phil. 4 : 13.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

772. 7s & 6s.

Fear not, little Flock. — Luke 12 : 32.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

773. L. M. Newton.

My Grace is sufficient for thee. — 2 Cor. 12 : 9.

1 Be still, my heart: — these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

774. L. M. JANE ROSCOE.

God shall wipe away all Tears. — Rev. 21 : 4.

1 THY will be done: I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours th' immortal years?

3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 E'en now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

775. C. M. LOGAN.

I will joy in the God of my Salvation. — Hab. 3 : 17, 18.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply ; —

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see ;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be ; —

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love :
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy —
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

776. C. M. BEDDOME.

My Times are in Thy Hand. — Ps. 31 : 15.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

777. C. M. HEDGE.

Is not my Word like a Hammer? — Jer. 23 : 29.

1 BENEATH thy hammer, Lord, I lie,
With contrite spirit prone;
O, mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone.

2 With frequent disappointments sore,
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

3 Smite, Lord; thy hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

4 Smite, till, from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
And have no will but thine.

778. 10s. BONAR.

The Master's Touch. — Luke 22 : 51.

1 IN the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

2 Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie.

3 Spare not the stroke; do with us as thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our Saviour Lord.

779. 8s, 4 & 7s. ELIZA O. PAGE.

Go to Jesus.

1 WHEN the clouds are gathering o'er thee,
And the path looks dark before thee,—
When thy feet are worn and weary,
And the way seems long and dreary,—
Go to Jesus:
Long ago he trod the way;
Now he waits to be thy stay.

2 When thy youth's bright dream is fading,
Grief thy spirit overshading,—
When no balm can soothe the aching
Of thy heart with sorrow breaking,—
Go to Jesus:
He who dried the mourner's tear
While on earth, still lingers near.

3 Yonder, lo, the sunlight breaking!
Pilgrim, when thy heart is aching
With the burden of life's story,
Turn thee to the future glory:
Soon will Jesus
Take thee to his home above,
Blesséd home of sinless love.

780. S. M. DARBY.

I opened not my Mouth.—Ps. 39:9.

1 IT is thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from thee;
I bow beneath thy chastening rod:
'Tis love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord;
Before thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.

3 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

4 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son thou didst not spare;
His piercéd hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

5 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to thee:
Thy will is love, thine end is best;
All work for good to me.

781. C. M. N. DAY.

Submit yourselves to God.—Jas. 4:7.

1 O, TEACH me, Father, to submit,
And bow to thy behest;
The rod is heavy, but the stroke
Will fit me for my rest.

2 My God is just when fortune smiles,
And in adversity;
In noonday light and midnight gloom,
His heavenly form I see.

3 At times he cometh in the dark,
Upon the stormy wave;
Welcome the storm that brings my Lord;
He cometh but to save.

4 At times on Tabor's height I stand;
His form is clothed in light;
The cloud of glory circles me,
And puts my fears to flight.

5 Then teach me, Father, to submit,
Whate'er my portion be;
Thy service make my chief delight,
And bind my heart to thee.

782. C. M. BURLEIGH.

Blessed are They that mourn. — Matt. 5 : 4.

1 O, DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own.

2 From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell —
Blesséd are they who mourn!

3 As blossoms smitten by the rain,
Their sweetest odors yield;
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes,
Rich harvests crown the field; —

4 So, to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

5 How rich, and sweet, and full of strength,
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

6 Heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
O, blesséd are the souls that mourn;
They shall be comforted.

783. C. M. STEELE.

Thou shalt hide them in Thy Presence. — Ps. 31 : 20.

1 THY gracious presence, O my God,
All that I wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

2 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.

3 O, happy scenes above the sky,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the eye,
And rapture to the heart.

4 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope that where thou art
I shall forever be.

5 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

784. C. M.

A Father of the Fatherless. — Ps. 68 : 5.

1 WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust, but thee?
My father and my mother gone,
O Lord, remember me.

3 Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my trouble cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.

4 I've not a secret care or pain
But God that secret knows;
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

785. C. H. M.

He shall sit as a Refiner. — Mal. 3 : 3.

1 'Tis sweet to feel that He who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal, too, destroy.

2 'Tis good to think how well He knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal through which it goes;
He'll form with skill and care
An image, by its brightness shown,
The perfect likeness of his own.

3 But O, how much of earthly mould, —
Dark relics of the mine, —
Lost from the ore, must He behold!
How long must he refine,
Ere in the silver he can trace
The first faint semblance to his face!

4 Thou great Refiner, sit thou by,
Thy purpose to fulfil;
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
And melted at thy will,
O, may thy work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty clear as thine.

786. C. M. C. Wesley.

The Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land. — Is. 32 : 2.

1 Now to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For, O, the storm is high.

2 Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be;
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

3 As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4 As o'er a parched and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

5 In all the times of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
And, in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin.

6 How swift to save me didst thou move
In every trying hour!
O, still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

787. 11s. R. F. FULLER

Ye shall drink of the Cup that I drink of. — Mark 10:39.

1 FULL many a sorrow may shadow the way,
But God is thy helper, the Lord is thy stay;
This life is but bitter and brief at the best,
But God is thy trust, and the Lord is thy rest.

2 The cross of the Saviour his followers bear;
They drink of his cup, and his baptism share;
Tribulation in life is the lot of the best;
In Jesus is peace, in the Lord there is rest.

3 Ah, sensitive spirit, in life think thou not
To shun what on earth is humanity's lot;
By sorrow made perfect, by suffering blest,
The Lord is thy trust, and the Lord is thy rest.

788. 7s & 6s. BONAR.

Whosoever will lose his Life shall save it. — Luke 9 : 24.

1 On earth we gain by losing,
And win by failure here;
We scorn the world's poor tinsel,
The golden crown to wear.

2 Our sickness is our healing;
Our weakness is our might;
Life is but death's fair offspring,
And day the child of night.

3 'Tis thus we rise by setting,
Through darkness reach our day,
Our own ways hourly losing,
To find th' eternal way.

4 'Tis by defeat we conquer,
Grow rich by growing poor;
And from our largest givings
We draw our fullest store.

5 Then let the blossoms perish,
And let the fragrance go;
All the surer and the larger
Is the harvest we shall know.

6 All the sweeter and the louder
Our song of harvest-home,
When earth's ripe autumn smileth,
And the reaping-day has come.

789. L. M. BRYANT.

Joy cometh in the Morning. — Ps. 30 : 5.

1 O, DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

790. C. M.

Affliction worketh Glory. — 2 Cor. 4 : 17.

1 In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

791. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Your Sorrow shall be turned into Joy. — John 16 : 20.

1 COME, humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
The Saviour's dying love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

3 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends,
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

4 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

5 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

6 Transporting hope! — still on my soul
With radiant glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

792. C. M. CONDER.

Jesus wept. — John 11 : 35.

1 O LORD, hadst thou been here! But when
Is not the Saviour nigh?
His power and love were present then,
Though Lazarus needs must die.

2 And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.

3 He loves to come when others flee,
Or, coming, cannot aid
To save in faith's extremity,
When hope's last glimmerings fade.

4 The house of mourning he prefers
With voice of love to cheer;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say, the Lord is near.

5 Lord, not in sorrow's hour alone
We ask to feel thy grace;
The hearts that once thy love have known
Would be thy dwelling-place.

793. L. M. O. W. HOLMES.

Hymn of Trust.

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

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

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

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

794 7s & 6s. PAUL GERHARD.

He doeth all Things well.—Neh. 9 : 33.

1 UP, up! the day is breaking;
Say to thy cares, Good night!
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course canst tell;
God sitteth on the throne,
He doeth all things well.

2 Trust him to govern, then;
No king can rule like him:
How wilt thou wonder, when
Thine eyes no more are dim,
To see these paths which vex thee,
How wise they were, and meet!
The works which now perplex thee,
How beautiful, complete!

3 Faithful the love thou sharest;
All, all is well with thee;
The crown from hence thou bearest
With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand, to-morrow
Thy God shall place the palms;
To him who chased thy sorrow,
How glad will be thy psalms!

795. 6s & 5s.

I will never leave Thee, nor forsake Thee.—Heb. 13 : 5.

1 WHERE the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

3 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

4 All thy woe and sadness
In this world below
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know. —

5 When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with his favor,
Fills thee with his love.

796. L. M. KIMBALL

Consolations of Faith.

1 JESUS, the ladder of my faith
Rests on the jasper walls above;
And through the veiling clouds I catch
Light beaming from thy face of love.

2 We have no tears thou wilt not dry;
We have no wounds thou wilt not heal;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel.

3 Thy pity, like the dew, distils;
And thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

4 Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charméd music of thy voice,
That calls all weary ones to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice.

797. S. M. BUNAR.

The Discipline of Joy and Sorrow.

1 My sky was once noon-bright;
My day was calm the while;
I loved the pleasant morning light,
The sunshine's happy smile.

2 I said, 'My God, O, sure
This love will kindle mine;
Let but this joyful calm endure,
Then all my heart is thine.'

3 Thou trustedst me a while:
O Lord, I was deceived;
I revelled in the happy smile,
Yet to the dust I cleaved.

4 Then the fierce tempest broke;
I knew from whom it came;
I read in that chastising stroke
A Father's hand and name.

5 Must I be smitten, Lord?
Are gentler measures vain?
O, must I feel thy chastening rod?
Can nothing save but pain?

6 I said, 'My God, at length
This stony heart remove;
Deny thou me all other strength,
But give me strength to love.'

798. L. M. BARTON.

The troubled Waters heal. — John 5.

1 The waters of Bethesda's pool
Were to the outward eye as clear,
And to the outward touch as cool,
Before the Visitant drew near.

2 But while untroubled, they possessed
No healing virtue: gentle friend,
Is there no fount within the breast,
To which an angel may descend?

3 O, while the soul unruffled lies,
Its mirror only can display,
However beautiful their dyes,
The forms of things that pass away.

4 But when its troubled waters own
A Saviour's presence, in the wave
The healing power of grace is known,
And found omnipotent to save.

5 A glimpse of glories far more bright
Than earth can give is mirrored there;
And perfect purity and light
The presence of its Lord declare.

799. C. M. HEMANS.

And the Lord showed him a Tree.—Ex. 15:25.

1 WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save?

2 Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed?
Is there no distant eastern bower
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?

3 Nay, wherefore ask? since gifts are ours
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

4 O, mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be,
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that blest healing tree.

800. L. M. NORTON.

Suffer according to the Will of God. — 1 Pet. 4 : 19.

1 My God, I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

801. L. M. NORTON.

The Fellowship of His Sufferings. — Phil. 3 : 10.

1 Faint not, poor traveller, though the way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

2 Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

3 Christian, thy Friend, thy Master, prayed,
While dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

4 O, thinkest thou his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share.

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802. S. M.

Rejoice in the Lord alway. — Phil. 4:4.

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

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

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

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

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

803. 8s & 7s. [PECULIAR.] WESLEY.

Is any merry, let him sing Psalms. — Jas. 5 : 13.

1 WHO hath a right like us to sing —
Us whom his mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;
Cheerful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He evermore rejoices;
Melody in all our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

2 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful, and never weary;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

3 Then let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation,
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun —
Opened in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours forever.

804. 7s. BARBAULD.

The Fruit of the Spirit is Joy. — Gal. 5 : 22.

1 JOY to those that love the Lord,
Saith the sure, eternal word;
Not of earth the joy it brings,
Tempered in celestial springs.

2 'Tis the joy of pardoned sin
When we feel 'tis well within;
'Tis the joy that fills the breast
When the passions sink to rest.

3 'Tis a joy that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh and weep;
Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.

4 Tender is the form it wears,
Touched in love, dissolved in tears,
When, subdued, at Jesus' feet,
Sinners clasp the mercy-seat.

5 Joy e'en here — a budding flower,
Struggling with the storm and shower,
Till its season to expand,
Planted in its native land.

805. L. M. BURLEIGH

Faith's Repose.

1 FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing,
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

2 For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Love divine that all things sways.

3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide:
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

806. C. M.

All Things are yours. — 1 Cor. 3 : 21.

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

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

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

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

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

6 O, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

807. C. M. WATTS.

All my Springs are in Thee. — Ps. 87 : 7.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights, —

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

808. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

I will hear what God will speak. — Ps. 85:8.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard;
Yet gladly I attend;
For, lo, the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my Friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more,
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

809. C. M. WATTS.

The Godly Man blessed. — Ps. 1.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat, —

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

5 Sinners, in judgment, shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

810. C. M. BONAR.

The Inner Calm.

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

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

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

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

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

811. L. M. GILL.

Meet that we make merry and be glad. — Luke 15 : 32.

1 THY happy ones a strain begin;
Dost thou not, Lord, glad souls possess?
Thy cheerful Spirit dwells within;
We feel thee in our joyfulness.

2 Our mirth is not afraid of thee;
Our life rejoices to be bright;
We would not from our gladness flee,
But give full welcome to delight.

3 Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny:
Dost thou not deem them of rich worth?
Our cheer flows on beneath thine eye;
We feel accepted in our mirth.

4 We turn to thee a smiling face;
Thou sendest us the smile again;
Our joy, the richness of thy grace, —
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

812. C. M.

Peace as a River. — Is. 48 : 18.

1 We bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have, through all life's woes,
Thy peace within our breast.

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee ; —

4 That peace which, though the billows surge,
And angry tempests roar,
Rings forth no melancholy dirge,
But joyeth evermore ; —

5 That peace which flows serene and deep, —
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole ; —

6 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

813. L. M. Jane Roscoe.

We have Peace with God through Christ. — Rom. 5 : 1.

1 How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow !
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow !

2 How calmly rolls the sea of life!
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care;
And the blest record thou wilt own.

814. C. M.

The secret Place of the Most High. — Ps. 91: 1.

1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O, be that refuge mine.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

815. C. M. TOPLADY.

My Meditation of Him shall be sweet. — Ps. 104 : 34.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away ;—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ; —

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend ; —

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Direct, O Lord, from thee ?

816. 10s. J. S. DWIGHT.

True Rest.

1 REST is not quitting the busy career ;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere :
'Tis the brook's motion, calm, clear, without strife,
Fleeing to ocean, to find its true life.

2 Deeper devotion nowhere hath e'er knelt ;
Fuller emotion no heart ever felt.
'Tis loving and serving the Highest and Best :
Onwards, unswerving, and that is true rest.

817. S. M. WATTS.

Blessed is he whose Sin is covered. — Ps 32 : 1.

1 O, BLESSÉD souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

818. S. M.

Peace I leave with you. — John 14 : 27.

1 LET not your heart be faint;
My peace I give to you —
Such peace as reason never planned,
Nor sinners ever knew.

2 It tells of joys to come;
It soothes the troubled breast;
It shines, a star amid the storm —
The harbinger of rest.

3 Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few;
Though earth to its foundation shake,
My peace I leave with you.

819. 7s & 6s. COWPER.

Consider the Lilies of the Field. — Matt. 6 : 28.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.'

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

820. S. M.

Be of good Cheer. — John 16 : 33.

1 IF Jesus be my Friend,
And I to him belong,
I care not what my foes intend,
Though fierce they be, and strong.

2 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
For I in him alone have found
The true, eternal good.

3 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How all who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees nought but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes,
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

821. 8s & 7s.

Peace be to this House.—Luke 10 : 5.

1 PEACE be to this sacred dwelling,
Peace to every soul therein;
Peace, of heavenly joy foretelling,
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that flows forever
From its source, the Lord, alone.

2 Prince of Peace, forever near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us;
Let thy blesséd kingdom come.
Come with sweeter consolation,
Come and give our souls to prove
All the joys of thy salvation,
All the joys that spring from love.

822. 11s & 10s.

Peace in Believing. — Rom. 15 : 13.

1 FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength, and calmness from above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow;
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

823. L. M. WATTS.

Why art thou cast down, O my Soul? — Ps. 42.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Then will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill.

824. C. M.

Peace as a River. — Is. 48 : 18.

1 GIVE me a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, hush my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
O, make the blessing mine.

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace
Which flows from pardoned sin;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

825. 7s & 6s.

Christ in you the Hope of Glory. — Col. 1 : 27.

1 O FOR a faith Christ spake of,
Faith as a little seed,
That through life's flowering glory
Shall serve its inner need.

2 Faith when life's flower fadeth,
And falleth on the sod,
Patient to bide the ripening,
And harvest-home of God.

3 Faith fearing not the winter,
In the grave, so cold and lone,
Since that shall rise in glory
Which is in darkness sown.

826. 11s & 10s.

A Little While and ye see Me. — John 14 : 19.

1 O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
O for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!

2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song;

3 A little while to wear the veil of sadness,
To toil with weary step through miry ways,
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise;

4 A little while 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict,—He do'th all things well.

5 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
Will light the shadows of earth's Little While.

827. 11s & 10s. H. B. STOWE.

The Peace of God. — Phil. 4 : 7.

1 WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth, evermore.

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

5 O rest of rests! O peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy forever and forever.

828. C. M. BONAR.

I will give thee a Crown of Life.—Rev. 2:10.

1 THESE are the crowns that we shall wear,
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.

4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain,
And welcome sorrow, too;
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5 Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace;
Come, holy city of the Lamb;
Rise, Sun of Righteousness.

829. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Begotten us unto a lively Hope.—1 Pet. 1:3.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my home in heaven;—

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O, what a blesséd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

830. S. M. WATTS.

Behold, what manner of Love.—1 John 3:1.

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

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

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

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

831. C. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

We are saved by Hope. — Rom. 8:24.

1 THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.

2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed,
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.

3 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears, to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

4 O, no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.

5 Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

832. C. M. WATTS.

Heirs of God.—Rom. 8 : 17.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

833. C. M.

Good Hope through Grace.—2 Thess. 2 : 16.

1 WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.

2 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us, through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

3 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again,
In yonder peaceful heaven.

834. L. M. JUDKINS.

Elijah's Translation. — 2 Kings 2 : 11.

1 THE fiery steed and flaming car
Stood waiting on the azure road,
To take the blest Elijah far,
To him who called — Elijah's God.

2 And in his brother prophet's view,
As now his heavenward course he bore,
How deep the joy Elisha knew,
To catch the sacred robe he wore!

3 Ascended Saviour, so may we
Receive thy white and shining dress,
Stand clothed in all thy purity,
The garment of thy righteousness.

4 And thus, by thee presented, stand
Within our gracious Father's sight,
The heirs to an immortal land
Of love, and peace, and joy, and light!

835. C. M.

The Joy in Harvest. — Is. 9 : 3.

1 O LOVE! O true and fadeless light!
And shall it ever be,
That after all our toils and tears
Thy Sabbath we shall see?

2 'Mid thousand fears and dangers now
We sow our seed with prayer,
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

3 O God of justice, God of power,
Our faith and hope increase,
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace.

THE CHURCH.

FOUNDATION AND EXCELLENCY.

836. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.

Glorious Things are spoken of thee. — Ps. 87 : 3.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

837. S. M. WATTS.

The Head-stone of the Corner. — Ps. 118 : 22.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

4 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

5 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

838. H. M.

Christ is our Corner-stone.

1 CHRIST is our corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place | And joys above.

2 Here, gracious God, do thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, | Each holy day,
On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.

3 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given.
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

839. C. M. COXE.

Mark ye well her Bulwarks. — Ps. 48 : 13.

1 O, WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God:
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
And tempests are abroad, —

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

840. S. M. WATTS.

Walk about Zion. — Ps. 48 : 12.

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

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well —

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

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

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

841. L. M. WATTS.

A Habitation for the God of Jacob.—Ps. 132: 5.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for the eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever, saith the Lord:
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

842. S. M. DWIGHT.

Graven upon the Palms of my Hands. — Is. 49 : 16.

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

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

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

5 Sure as God's truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

843. C. M. WATTS.

We have a strong City. — Is. 26 : 1.

1 How honored is the sacred place
Where we adoring stand —
Zion! the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell:
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace —
You who have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

844. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

The Lord is round about His People. — Ps. 125 : 2.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by Power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

845. L. M.

We wept when we remembered Zion. —Ps. 137 : 1.

1 When we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

4 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

846. L. M. Watts

God is in the Midst of her. —Ps. 46 : 5.

1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

847. S. M. BONAR.

The Church throughout all Ages.—Eph. 3:21.

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

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still!—
Old, and yet ever new.

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

4 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill:
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still.

5 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

6 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.

7 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

848. S. M. WATTS.

God is known in her Palaces. — Ps. 48 : 3.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flock has been.

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

849. C. M. WATTS.

Upon this Rock I will build my Church. — Matt. 16 : 18.

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

2 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

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

MINISTRY.

850. L. M. WATTS.

Go into all the World and preach. — Mark 16 : 15.

1 Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord ;
Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
They shall be saved who trust my word,
And they condemned who disbelieve.

2 I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands ;
I'm with you till the world shall end ;
All power is trusted in my hands ;
I can destroy, and I defend.

4 He spoke, and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended Lord.

851. L. M.

I will publish the Name of the Lord. — Deut. 32 : 3.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name :
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more, —
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

852. S. M. WATTS.

How beautiful upon the Mountains. — Is. 52 : 7.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are! —
'Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

853. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

They are white already to Harvest. — John 4 : 35.

1 FAR o'er the land the precious grain
Waves 'neath the sunny sky,
And ripening harvests offer sheaves
For immortality.

2 But who will reap the golden fruit,
And who at last will stand,
A faithful servant, crowned with joy,
O Lord, at thy right hand?

3 Be ours the work, be ours the joy:
To us the charge be given
To gather souls to Christ, and find
Our garnered sheaves in heaven.

4 Strength to the reapers, mighty God,
Strength to the reapers send,
To bear the burden of the day,
And labor till the end.

5 Then songs of triumph shall arise,
Then shall thy kingdom come,
And echoing anthems greet at last
The heavenly harvest-home.

854. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

They watch for your Souls. — Heb. 13 : 17.

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

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

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In rapture or in woe.

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

855. L. M. PIERPONT.

The same commit thou to Faithful Men. —2 Tim. 2:2.

1 O THOU who art above all height,
Our God, our Father, and our Friend,
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his Guide, O God of truth.

4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death, by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,
O God, remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

856. 7s. E. PEABODY.

Rightly dividing the Word of Truth. —2 Tim. 2:15.

1 LIFT aloud the voice of praise,
God, our Father and our Friend;
Hear the prayer and song we raise;
Weak, yet trusting, we would bend.

2 Lo, another servant brought
To the heritage of God!
May he teach as Christ hath taught,
Tread the path his Saviour trod.

3 To the vineyard may he come,
Girded with celestial might,
Skilled to draw thy children home,
Taught to give the darkened light.

4 Unto thee a people bend;
Bind us heart to heart in love;
Flock and pastor, we would tend
Ever towards our home above.

857. C. M. LONGFELLOW.

Lo, I am with you alway. — Matt. 28 : 20.

1 THE Saviour said, 'Yet one thing more:
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Give all thou hast unto the poor,
And come and follow me.'

2 Within this temple Christ again
Those sacred words hath said;
Unseen his hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

3 Henceforth, beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean on him, and say,
'Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?'—

4 Near at the marriage-feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Near, in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

5 O holy trust! O endless rest!
Like the belovéd John,
To lean upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

858. C. M.

Lo, I come to do Thy Will, O God. — Heb. 10:9.

1 O God, thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes to do thy will.

3 O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood.

4 O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong.

5 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him.

859. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Receive him in the Lord with Gladness. — Phil. 2:29.

1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon the tower amid the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

860. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Feed the Flock of God.—1 Pet. 5 : 2.

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple, where we stand
To teach the truth, — not ours, but thine, —
May we, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches, shine.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love; —

4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep; —

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

DEDICATION.

861. C. M. BRYANT.

In His Temple we speak of His Glory. — Ps. 29 : 9.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

862. L. M. PIERPONT.

This is none other but the House of God. — Gen. 28 : 17.

1 O, BOW thine ear, eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote, these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save;
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

863. L. M. WILLIS

He that built all Things is God. — Heb. 3 : 4.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high —
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood;
The sea, the sky, and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands —
A humbler temple, made with hands.

5 We cannot bid the morning star
To sing how bright thy glories are;
But, Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the Christian's tear.

864. H. M. FRANCIS

Arise, O Lord, into Thy Resting-place. — 2 Chron. 6 : 41.

1 In sweet, exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

2 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thine abounding grace.

865. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer. — 2 Chron. 6.

1 When in these courts we seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

2 When here thy messengers proclaim
The blesséd gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 Hosanna! — to their heavenly King
When children's voices raise that song —
Hosanna! — let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

866. L. M. NORTON.

Neither in this Mountain. — John 4 : 21.

1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all.

2 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

3 Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

4 Nor we alone; may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

867. C. M. WAITS.

Removal of the Ark. — Ps. 132 : 8.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

868. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Lord added to the Church. — Acts 2 47.

1 O, HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

869. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

That they may be One in Us. — John 17 : 21.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

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

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

870. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Come in, thou Blessed of the Lord. — Gen. 24: 31.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 Come thou with us, — we'll do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

3 And when, by turns, we pass away,
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

871. C. M. WATTS

One Thing have I desired of the Lord. — Ps. 27: 4.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires —
O, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide

872. C. M. BEDDOME.

A good Profession before many Witnesses. — 1 Tim. 6 : 12.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break: —

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways,
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

873. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Gave themselves to the Lord and to us. — 2 Cor. 8 : 5.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

874. 7s. MONTGOMERY

Thy People shall be my People. — Ruth 1 : 16.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns —
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

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

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

875. S. M. DODDRIDGE

Gave themselves to the Lord and to us. — 2 Cor. 8 : 5.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

ORDINANCES.

876. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

Baptism of Christ.—Matt. 3.

1 How calmly wakes the hallowed morn!
How tranquil earth's repose!—
Meet emblem of the Sabbath morn,
When, early, Jesus rose.

2 How fair, along the rippling wave,
The radiant light is cast!—
A symbol of the mystic grave
Through which the Saviour passed.

3 Around this scene of sacred love
The peace of heaven is shed:
So came the Spirit, like a dove,
To rest on Jesus' head.

4 Lord, meet us in this path of thine;
We come thy rite to seal;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all thy grace reveal.

877. L. M. WATTS.

Teach all Nations, baptizing them. — Matt. 28 : 19.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the nations, and baptize:
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

3 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
Let angels this with rapture see,
In heaven our solemn vows record.

878. 8s & 7s.

Following Christ.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptized into my name:
He himself in Jordan's river
Was baptized beneath the stream.

3 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo, your Captain leads the way.

879. L. M. JUDSON

Buried with Him by Baptism. — Rom. 6 : 4.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

3 And as we rise with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

880. S. M.

Baptism of Jesus. — Matt. 3 : 16.

1 BENEATH the symbol wave
The Saviour's form was bowed;
Again from out the symbol grave
Rose our anointed Lord.

2 Descends God's Spirit now,
In likeness of a dove,
To warm his breast and wreathe his brow,
With Heaven's baptismal love.

3 With wings of holy flame,
On him, from heaven above,
It lit, and thus God's Spirit came, —
That heavenly-hearted Dove.

4 O Christ, our souls are thine,
Laved in thy sweetest love:
Descend on us, O Dove divine,
Descend, O heavenly Dove.

881. L. M.

Into the Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. — Matt. 28 : 19.

1 We long to move and breathe in thee,
Our souls inspired with thine own breath,
To live thy life, O Lord, and be
Baptized into thy bitter death.

2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise again in love;
We here are planted in thy woe,
But we shall live and bloom above.

3 Above we shall thy glory share,
As we thy cross below have borne;
E'en we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the crown of thorns have worn.

4 Thy crown of thorns, thy cross of shame,
Thy pains and tears are all our boast,
While now baptized into the name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

882. C. M. Beddome.

Fulfil all Righteousness. — Matt. 3 : 15.

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,—
Like him be numbered with the dead
And with him rise and reign.

883. C. M. NOEL.

What mean ye by this Service?—Ex. 12:26.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell—
Our more than orphans' woe?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
'Meet and remember me.'

4 Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

884. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Christ our Passover.—1 Cor. 5:7.

1 Let all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

885. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

This do in Remembrance of Me.—Luke 22:19.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

886. S. M. BONAR.

They overcame by the Blood of the Lamb.—Rev. 12:11.

1 WE thank thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ thy Son;
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won.

2 We thank thee for the grace
Descending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
Th' eternal Father's love.

3 We thank thee for the hope,
So glad, and sure, and clear;
It holds the drooping spirit up
Till the long dawn appear.

4 We thank thee for the crown
Of glory and of life;
'Tis no poor withering wreath of earth,
Man's prize in mortal strife:—

5 'Tis incorruptible,
And never fades away;
It shines with jewels bright and fair
In an eternal day.

887. S. M. PAUL GERHARD.

He was wounded for our Transgressions. — Is. 53 : 5.

1 AH, wounded Head! Must thou
Endure such shame and scorn!
The blood is trickling from thy brow,
Pierced by the crown of thorn.

2 Thou, who wast crowned on high
With light and majesty,
In deep dishonor here must die;
Yet here I welcome thee.

3 My Saviour, own me thine;
Thy lamb, O Shepherd, lead;
What richest blessings, Source divine,
Daily from thee proceed!

4 How oft thy love has fed
My soul with angels' food!
How oft thy Spirit o'er me shed
Its stores of heavenly good!

888. C. M. STENNETT

The Lord's Table. — 1 Cor. 10 : 21.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
And bids me freely come.

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
In praise join all your powers:
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

889. C. M. E. TAYLOR.

So making Peace. — Eph. 2 : 15.

1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease,
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where, met to think on Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 Thy kingdom come: we watch. we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

890. 7s. CONDER.

I am the Living Bread.—John 6 : 51.

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

891. L. M.

Will Ye also go away?—John 6 : 67.

1 WHEN on the midnight of the East,
At the dead moment of repose,
Like Hope on Misery's darkened breast,
The planet of salvation rose, —

2 The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,
Started, with broad and upward gaze,
Kneeled, while the star of Bethlehem broke
On music wakened into praise.

3 Shall we, for whom that star was hung
In the dark vault of frowning heaven, —
Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,
That song of peace, and sin forgiven, —

4 Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,
Careless his banquet's blessings see,
Nor heed the parting word that said,
'Do this in memory of me'?

892. 7s & 6s. THOMAS AQUINAS.

The True Bread from Heaven. — John 6 : 32.

1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art;
O, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

893. 7s. BOWRING.

The Love of Christ constraineth us. — 2 Cor. 5 : 14.

1 NOT with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread;
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

2 'Tis his memory we record,
'Tis his virtues we proclaim;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.

3 See him, on the dreadful day
Of his mortal agony,
Break the bread, and hear him say,
Eat of this, and think of me.

4 See him standing on the brink
Of the tomb; and hark! he cries,
Take the cup, and, as you drink,
O, remember Him who dies!

5 Yes, we will remember thee,
Friend and Saviour; and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest to us and best.

894. 11s. WHITTIER.

Christ present in the Spirit.

1 O, WHAT though our feet may not tread where
Christ trod,
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed him to
bear,
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of
prayer!

2 Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

3 O, the outward has gone, but in glory and power
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

895. L. M. WATTS.

My Blood of the New Testament. — Matt. 26 : 28.

1 'TWAS on that dark, and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes, —

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake! —

3 This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
'Tis the new covenant in my blood.

4 Do this, he cried, till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

896. C. M. SIGOURNEY.

Ye do show the Lord's Death till He come. — 1 Cor. 11 : 26.

1 LORD, may the spirit of this feast,
The earnest of thy love,
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires, —

3 Still may their light our duties trace
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet's face
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear,
To breathe the grateful prayer, —

5 Forget not, thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

897. S. M. WATTS

The Communion of the Body of Christ. — 1 Cor. 10 : 16.

1 JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

898. C. M.

The Presence of Jesus.

1 A HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2 O God, unite us heart to heart
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
But e'er love thee and thine.

3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to our Lord.

899. C. M.

God's Presence at the Communion.

1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thy table kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the body of the Lord,
Our drink his precious blood.

4 Thus may we all thy words obey,
For we, O God, are thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

900. S. M. FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 O FOR a prophet's fire,
O for an angel's tongue,
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung!

2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear:
Come, gather round this table, then,
And celebrate it here.

4 These symbols of his death,
O, with what power they speak!
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres,
Compared with these, are weak.

5 And shall they plead in vain
With our forgetful souls?
I cannot thus ungrateful prove,
While love my heart controls.

901. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The whole Family in Heaven and Earth. — Eph. 3 : 15.

1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him:
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

6 O God, be thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

902. C. M. E. TAYLOR.

Neither pray I for these alone. — John 17 : 20.

1 O, NOT for these alone I pray,
The dying Saviour said,
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head; —

2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

3 No, not for them alone he prayed, —
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet
His feast of love to share;
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer!

903. C. M. BEDDOME.

Let this Mind be in you which was in Christ.—Phil. 2:5.

1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

904. C. M. S. GILMAN

Communion Hymn.

1 O GOD, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given,
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills, to thee.

4 And oft, along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou on this thy holy day
For us this scene renew.

905. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Delight in the Communion.

1 O, WHAT delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,—
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!

2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransomed sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

906. C. M. BRYDGES.

Renewed in the Spirit of your Mind. — Eph. 4:23.

1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall:
Let every sin be crucified,—
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

907. 8s & 7s.

Arise, let us go hence. — John 14:31.

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example, by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

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908. C. M. C. Wesley.

Of one Heart and of one Soul. — Acts 4:32.

1 Blest be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

909. S. M. FAWCETT.

Ye are all one in Christ Jesus. — Gal. 3 : 28.

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

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

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

910. C. M. SWAIN.

Love as Brethren. — 1 Pet. 3 : 8.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word !

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

911. C. M. MILLER.

Being knit together in Love.—Col. 2:2.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 The little cloud increases still;
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

3 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
O, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee Lord.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim us, Lord, thine own.

912. 7s. C. WESLEY.

All ye are Brethren. — Matt. 23 : 8.

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be.

2 Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee.

4 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

913. S. M. BEDDOME.

For ye are all one in Christ Jesus. — Gal. 3 : 28.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found —
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

914. 7s. ZINZENDORF.

Love one another as I have loved you. — John 15 : 12.

1 HEART and heart together bound,
Seek in God your true repose;
In your love the price be found
Of your Saviour's love and woes.

2 If your bonds are yet too weak,
If but fragile yet they prove,
Help from his good Spirit seek
Who makes strong the chains of love.

3 O thou truest Friend, unite
All thy consecrated band,
That their hearts be set aright
To fulfil thy last command.

4 Let us live, O Christ, at one,
As thou with the Father art,
That through all the world be none
Of thy members left apart.

915. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Universal Bond of Love.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

3 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

916. H. M. ROBINSON.

One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. — Eph. 4 : 5.

1 ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword — Love:
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne;
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs, from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe;
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

917. C. M. SUTTON.

Hope of future Meeting.

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

2 What though the northern, wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot?
What though beneath an eastern sky
Be cast our distant lot?

3 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.

4 O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace hath given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

GROWTH AND FUTURE GLORY.

918. L. M.

We hanged our Harps upon the Willows. — Ps. 137 : 2.

1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps thy tuneful string? —
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

919. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The captive Exile hasteneth. — Is. 51 : 14.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust, —
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length —
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, Give up thy charge,
And, Keep not back, O north.

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

920. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Awake! put on thy Strength, O Zion. — Is. 52 : 1.

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

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

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

921. 7s. PALMER.

Thanksgiving for a Revival.

1 FOUNT of everlasting love,
Rich thy streams of mercy are:
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo, thy church, thy garden, now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower;
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow:
Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.

3 God of grace, before thy throne,
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

4 Hear, O, hear our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

922. L. M. WATTS.

Unto Thee shall all Flesh come. — Ps. 65 : 2.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
Great God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O Thou whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

3 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

923. C. M. WATTS.

The Time to favor Her is come.—Ps. 102 : 13.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice:
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He frees the soul condemned to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

924. 7s. C. WESLEY.

There ariseth a little Cloud.—1 Kings 18 : 44.

1 SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

4 More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

5 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace:
Jesus' word is glorified.

925. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Hear, O Israel; I am thy God. — Ps. 50:7.

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

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

3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

926. S. M. BROWNE.

Lord, revive Thy Work. — Hab. 3 : 2.

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again their sacred vows renew,
Thy blesséd presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
O, listen to our cry;
O, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

927. C. M. BONAR.

Fear not, little Flock. — Luke 12 : 32.

1 CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 A little flock! — so calls He thee,
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er;
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

5 Then, entering th' eternal halls
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

6 Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing,
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.

928. 8s, 7s & 4.

The Dayspring from on High. — Luke 1 : 78.

1 CHRISTIAN, see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo, the expected day is dawning —
Glorious Dayspring from on high;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

2 Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

3 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

929. C. M. LOGAN.

Let the Cities lift up their Voice. — Is. 42 : 11.

1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound;
Ye, too, who on the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

2 O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song,
And let the scattered villages
Thy joyful notes prolong.

3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

4 O, from the streams of distant lands,
Unto Jehovah sing;
And, joyful, from the mountain-tops
Shout to the Lord, the King.

5 Let all combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till, in remotest bounds of earth,
The nations sound his praise.

930. C. M. WATTS.

Then will the Lord pity his People. — Joel 2 : 18.

1 PITY the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

2 We long to see thy churches full,
That all thy faithful race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

931. 11s.

Arise, shine, for thy Light is come. — Is. 60 : 1.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ,
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar 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 ; [war.
For vain were their steeds and their chariots of

3 Daughter of Zion, the Power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be :
Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

932. 8s & 7s. COWPER

Thou shalt call thy Walls Salvation. — Is. 60 : 18.

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me ;
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

933. 7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

All Nations shall be blest in Him.—Ps. 72 : 17.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.

934. S. M. JOHNS.

Thy Kingdom come.—Matt. 6 : 10.

1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love;
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

935. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Gird on the Sword, O Most Mighty. — Ps. 45:3.

1 GIRD on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage the holy war:
Before his wheels, | Ye valleys rise,
In glad surprise, | And sink, ye hills.

2 Before thine awful face,
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace —
That grace which conquers all:
The world shall know, | What wondrous things
Great King of kings, | Thine arm can do.

3 Here, too, my willing soul,
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display:
My heart, thy throne, | Bows low to thee,
Great Sovereign, see, | To thee alone.

936. L. M. KELLY.

Arise, shine; for thy Light is come. — Is. 60 : 1.

1 ARISE, arise! with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand the rising sun.

2 Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.

3 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

937. 7s.

Give Place to me, that I may dwell. — Is. 49 : 20.

1 GIVE us room, that we may dwell,
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers — how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 O, how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo, thy sun goes down no more;
God himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine:
Lo, thy light from heaven is come:
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

938. 7s & 6s.

The Trees of the Field shall clap their Hands. — **Is. 55: 12.**

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

939. 7s & 5s. S. F. Smith.

The Angel of the Lord. — Rev. 14: 6.

1 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed:
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;

2 Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy;
Spread the gospel's love and trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

3 Now the Lord his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall;
Now the joyous song awakes,
'God is All in All!'

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY.

MISSIONS.

940. 8s, 7s & 4. S. F. SMITH.

The Missionary's Farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Home, and friends, and happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I — can I say, Farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly:
To the strangers let me tell
How he died — the blesséd Saviour —
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
From the scenes I love so well:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

941. 7s & 6s. HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

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

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

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

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

942. 6s & 4s.

Go ye into all the World. — Mark 16 : 15.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad:
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord hath done;
Tell how the day was won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land —
'Tis our Lord's own command —
Bear ye his name:
Bear it to every shore;
Regions unknown explore;
Enter at every door:
Silence is shame.

3 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will the work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

943. 7s. Marsden.

Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her Hands. — Ps. 68 : 31.

1 Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

944. L. M. MONTGOMERY

Wilt Thou not revive us again? — Ps. 85 : 6.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

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

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

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record:
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

945. L. M. COLLYER.

The Assembly of the Saints. — Ps. 89 : 7.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

946. 8s & 7s. COXE.

He shall have Dominion from Sea to Sea. — Ps. 72 : 8.

1 WHERE the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God, —

2 Westward till the church be kneeling
In the forest aisles so dim,
And the wild wood's arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.

3 Westward still, O Lord, in glory
Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Till from vale and mountain hoary
Rolls the anthem round the world.

947. 7s & 6s. LYTE.

O that the Salvation of Israel were come! — Ps. 14 : 7.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his chosen home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

948. 7s & 6s. ANDERSON.

The Wastes shall be builded.— Ezek. 36 : 33.

1 OUR country's voice is pleading;
Ye men of God, arise;
His providence is leading;
The land before you lies:
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening.
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illuming
With light that ever glows.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

949. L. M. BALFOUR.

City Mission.

1 Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry — food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

3 O, faint not in the day of toil;
When harvest waits the reaper's hand,
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

4 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

CHARITIES AND REFORMS.

950. C. M.

Hath not where to lay His Head. — Matt. 8: 20.

1 O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labor born,
And more than mortal woe;—

2 Incarnate Lord, by every grief,
By each temptation tried;
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died;—

3 If richly clothed, and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If, pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O, may thy Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine.

5 Through fickle fortune's various scene,
From sin preserve us free:
Like us, a mourner thou hast been;
May we rejoice with thee.

951. L. M. WHITTIER

Christianity.

1 O FAIREST-BORN of love and light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —

2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of all divine,
The pitying heart, the helping arm,
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.

3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

4 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

952. C. M.

Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. — **Luke 6 : 37.**

1 LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brothers' griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
'Father, thy will be done.'

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven.

953. C. M.

Do it as to the Lord, not to Men. — **Col. 3 : 23**

1 NOT only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the word,
Not only 'mid the Sabbath throng,
Our souls would seek the Lord; —

2 For, while we every yoke would break,
And every captive free,
And every sluggish soul awake,—
Lord, we are seeking thee.

3 O, mean may seem the work we do,
And vile the name we earn;
But thou, O Lord, dost search us through,
Our loyal hearts discern.

4 We lose, we lack, that men may gain,
We suffer and we smile;
But why this joy amid the pain?
We seek our Lord the while.

5 O, everywhere, O, every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured;
We work, we wait, we smile, we pray,—
Behold, we seek thee, Lord.

954. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

Her Sins are forgiven.—Luke 7:47.

1 As once the Saviour took his seat,
Attracted by his fame,
And lowly bending at his feet,
A humble suppliant came.

2 Ashamed to lift her streaming eyes,
His holy glance to meet,
She poured her costly sacrifice
Upon the Saviour's feet.

3 Oppressed with sin and sorrow's weight,
And sinking in despair,
With tears she washed his sacred feet,
And wiped them with her hair.

4 'Depart in peace,' the Saviour said;
'Thy sins are all forgiven.'
The trembling sinner raised her head
In peaceful hope of heaven.

955. L. M. DRUMMOND.

Charity seeketh not her own. — 1 Cor. 13 : 5.

1 COME, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity — the child of God ;
Hers, on whose kind, maternal breast,
The sheltered babes of misery rest ; —

2 Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine ; —

3 Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides ;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.

4 Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like heaven's refreshing dews, on all,
Encircling in her wide embrace
Her friends, her foes, the human race

5 Nor bounded to the earth alone ;
Her love expands to worlds unknown —
Wherever Faith's rapt thought has soared,
Or Hope her upward flight explored.

956. C. M.

Neither do I condemn thee. — John 8 : 11.

1 O, IF thy brow, serene and calm,
From earthly stain is free,
View not with scorn the erring one :
He once was pure like thee.

2 O, if the smiles of love are thine,
Its joyous ecstasy,
Shun not the poor, forsaken one :
He once was loved like thee.

3 And still, 'mid shame, and guilt, and woe,
One Being loves him still,
Who, blessing thee, hath poured on him
The world's extremest ill.

4 He knows the secret lure which led
Those youthful steps astray;
He knows that they who holiest are
Might fall from him away.

5 Then, with the love of Him who said,
'Go thou, and sin no more,'
Save, save the sinner from despair,
And peace and hope restore.

957. C. M.

In Thee the Fatherless findeth Mercy. — Hos. 14 : 3.

1 O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need,
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?

3 To thee we flee, to thee we pray;
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee.

4 Already thou hast heard our cry,
And wiped away our tears:
Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.

5 O, let thy love descend on those
Who pity to us show;
Nor let their children ever taste
The orphan's cup of woe.

958. 11s & 10s. WHITTIER.

He who loves God loves his Brother also. — 1 John 4:21.

1 O, HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken;
The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother;
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good:
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

959. S. M.

The Sighing of the Prisoner. — Ps. 79:11.

1 YE trembling captives, hear!
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the Jubilee's release
With eager rapture claims.

3 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

960. 8s & 7s. FRANCIS.

Bring ye all the Tithes into the Storehouse. — Mal. 3 : 10.

1 WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted;
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

961. C. M. MILTON.

Defend the Poor and Fatherless. — Ps. 82 : 3.

1 LORD, Lord, defend the desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

2 Visit the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

3 Yea, Lord, judge thou the world in might,
The wrongs of earth redress;
For thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

962. L. M. SARGENT.

Look not upon the Wine. — Prov. 23 : 31.

1 SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl:
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys:
What countless thousands tribute bring
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruiséd reèd,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound:
The wife regains a husband freed,
The orphan clasps a father found.

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

963. S. M.

No Drunkard shall inherit God's Kingdom. — 1 Cor. 6 : 10.

1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem —
For reason's light divine
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul —
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

964. 8s & 7s. PIERPONT.

The opening of the Prison. — Is. 61 : 1.

1 LORD, in mercy thou hast spoken;
Ages witness as they roll;
Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,
Touched by thee, O God, are whole.

2 By thy pitying Spirit guided,
Jesus sought the sufferer's door;
Comfort for the poor provided,
And the mourner's sorrows bore.

3 So thy mercy's angel, bending,
Heard a friendless prisoner's call,
And through night's cold vault descending,
Loosed from chains thy servant Paul.

4 Father, as thy love is endless,
Working by thy servants thus,
The forsaken and the friendless
Deign to visit, e'en by us.

5 So shall each, with spirit fervent,
Laboring with thee here below,
Be declared thy faithful servant,
Where there's neither want nor woe.

965. 7s & 6s. CHAPIN.

They perceived this Work was of God. — Neh. 6 : 16.

1 Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo, on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant sin;
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charméd cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is — On!

2 Our fathers' God, our Keeper,
Be thou our strength divine:
Thou sendest forth the reaper;
The harvest all is thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness,
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more.

966. 11s.

Sounds of Gladness.

1 HARK! the sounds of gladness from a distant shore,
Like relief in sadness, sadness now no more:
'Tis the Lord hath done it; he has won the day;
His own arm hath won it, joyful let us say.

2 Idols lately bowed to lie by all abhorred,
And the people crowd to temples of the Lord,
What a change! how glorious! Lord, thine arm is strong: [was long.
Thou hast proved victorious, though the fight

3 Long the foe resisted, loath to yield his prey;
Every power enlisted to maintain his sway;
But his arm is shattered, and the slaves are free;
All his force is scattered: glory, Lord, to thee.

967. L. M. COWPER

Lord, save us; we perish. — Matt. 8 : 25.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, Peace, be still.

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek.

968. L. M. MRS. WILLARD.

Cradle of the Deep.

1 ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

2 I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

4 In ocean caves still safe with thee
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

969. 8s & 7s.

There was no more Sea. — Rev. 21 : 1.

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping, —
'All, all's well,' thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head,
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

970. S. M. Graham.

God with us on the Deep.

1 Heave, mighty ocean, heave;
And blow, thou boisterous wind:
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
Our home and friends behind.

2 Away, away we steer,
Upon the ocean's breast;
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west.

3 But there is hope and joy,
Wherever we may be;
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
Our trust, O God, in thee.

4 Then wherefore should we grieve?
Or what have we to fear?
Tho' home, and friends, and life we leave,
Our God is ever near.

5 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep,
Ye winds, blow foul or fair:
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is everywhere.

971. C. M.

The Sailor's Grave.

1 Not in the churchyard shall he sleep,
Amid the silent gloom;
His home was on the mighty deep,
And there shall be his tomb.

2 He loved his own bright, deep-blue sea;
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.

3 No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.

4 For him break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod;
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit with its God.

972. 8s, 7 & 4.

The Guiding Star.

1 Star of peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, O, safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

973. C. M.

Prayer for Seamen.

1 We come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

974. S. M. BALI.

They that go down to the Sea in Ships.—Ps. 107 : 23.

1 DEAR Saviour, teach our hearts
To feel for those whose home
Is on the stormy ocean cast,
Amid the tempest's foam.

2 When thunder peals around,
And lightnings flash on high,
O, cover them ; beneath thy wing
Protected may they lie.

3 So shall they sing of thee,
And, 'mid the calm, rehearse
The great deliverance of thy hands
In humble, grateful verse.

975. C. M. WHITTIER.

Gone to be Guest with a Sinner.—Luke 19 : 7.

1 O PURE reformers, not in vain
Your trust in human kind ;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide ;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

3 The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought—
Light, truth, and love ; your battle ground,
The free, broad field of thought.

4 Press on ; and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.

976. C. M. ADDISON.

Let not the Deep swallow me up. — Ps. 69 : 15.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

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

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

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

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

977. 7s. J. R. LOWELL

Be not afraid, but speak. — Acts 18 : 9.

1 MEN whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed? —
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

3 They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

978. 8s & 7s. COXE.

Quit you like Men; be strong.—1 Cor. 16 : 13.

1 WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling:
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.

4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad:
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

979. L. M. CAROLINE SEWARD.

Remember them who are in Bonds. — Heb. 13 : 3.

1 LORD, when thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.

2 Lo, in these latter days, our land
Groans with the anguish of the slave;
Lord God of hosts, stretch forth thy hand,
Not shortened that it cannot save.

3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of power;
The day of freedom usher in:
How long delays th' appointed hour!

4 As thou of old to Miriam's hand
The thrilling timbrel didst restore,
And to her joyful song the land
Echoed from desert to the shore, —

5 O, let thy smitten ones again
Take up the chorus of the free, —
Praise ye the Lord! His power proclaim,
For he hath conquered gloriously!

980. S. M. LUTHER.

Being dead, yet speaketh. — Heb. 11 : 4.

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their sacred ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last; —

2 And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Again shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

3 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath ;
And vain is Satan's boastful claim
Of victory in their death.

4 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim
To many a newly-wakened land
The one availing Name.

981. L. M. J. H. Bryant.

Liberty to the Captives. — Is. 61 : 1.

1 O Lord, our eyes have waited long,
But now a little cloud appears,
Spreading and swelling as it glides
Onward into the coming years.

2 Bright cloud of liberty, full soon,
Far stretching from the ocean strand,
Thy glorious folds shall spread abroad,
Encircling our belovéd land.

3 Like that sweet rain on Judah's hills
The glorious boon of love shall fall,
And our bound millions shall arise
As at an angel's trumpet call.

4 Then shall a shout of joy go up,
The wild, glad cry of freedom, come
From hearts long crushed by cruel hands,
And songs from lips long sealed and dumb, —

5 And every bondman's chain be broke,
And every soul that moves abroad
In this wide realm, shall know and feel
The blesséd liberty of God.

982. 8s & 4s.

God speed the Right.

1 Now to Heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
In the better land rewarded,
Who serve the right.

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory:
God speed the right!

3 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it:
God speed the right!

983. C. M. H. Martineau.

God hath made of one Blood all Nations. — Acts 17 : 26.

1 All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love,
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.

5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

984. C. M. NICOLS

Other Men labored.—John 4:38.

1 AN offering to the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling;—

2 Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bade the world go free.

3 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are;
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far.

4 Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free.

985. L. M.

Neither shall they learn War any more. — Is. 2 : 4.

1 THY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

2 O, show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Command the din of war to cease:
O, bid contending nations rest,
And let thy love rule every breast.

3 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
The hills rejoice; the valleys sing:
O, soon let every nation prove
The perfect joy of Christian love.

986. S. M. JOHNS.

Not hurt in all my holy Mountain. — Is. 11 : 9.

1 HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call;
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

2 Want, from the wretch depart;
Chains, from the captive fall;
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart:
Sufferers are brothers all.

3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall;
Let love each harsher feeling drown:
Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That Heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

987. C. M. SIGOURNEY.

The Angel of Peace.

1 THE mighty angel, to whose hand
The word of life is given,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And, soaring, cleaves the heaven.

2 And say, shall aught oppose his flight,
Or cloud his flaming scroll?
No! not till truth with holy light
Shall visit every soul;—

3 Not till blest Peace shall spring to birth,
And Hatred sheathe his sword;
Not till the nations of the earth
Are subject to the Lord.

988. C. M. WEISS.

Speaking the Truth in Love. — Eph. 4:15.

1 THE world throws wide its brazen gates;
With thee we enter in;
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
To free that world from sin.

2 We have one mind in Christ our Lord,
To stand and point above;
To hurl rebuke at social wrong;
But all, O God, in love.

3 The star is resting in the sky;
To worship Christ we came;
The moments haste; O, touch our tongues
With thy celestial flame.

4 The truest worship is a life;
All dreaming we resign;
We lay our offerings at thy feet—
Our lives, O Christ, are thine.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

THE NATION.

989. 6s & 4s. S. F SMITH.

National Hymn.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

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

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

990. 6s & 4s. J. S. DWIGHT.

He shall bless thee in the Land. — Deut. 28 : 8.

1 GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

991. 8s & 7s. PIERPONT.

Anniversary Hymn.

1 GOD of mercy, do thou never
From our offering turn away,
But command a blessing ever
On the memory of this day.

2 Light and peace do thou ordain it;
O'er it be no shadow flung;
Let no deadly darkness stain it,
And no clouds be o'er it hung.

3 May the song this people raises,
And its vows to thee addressed,
Mingle with the prayers and praises
That thou hearest from the blest.

4 When the lips are cold that sing thee,
And the hearts that love thee dust,
Father, then our souls shall bring thee
Holier love and firmer trust.

992. C. M. O. W. HOLMES.

Prayer in Time of War.

1 FATHER of mercies, heavenly Friend,
We seek thy gracious throne;
To thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known.

2 From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,
From every plague that harms,
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men-at-arms.

3 Though from our darkened lives they take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake
With no relenting tear.

4 Our blood their flowing veins will shed,
Their wounds our breasts will share;
O, save us from the woes we dread,
Or grant us strength to bear.

5 Let each unhallowed cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper, Peace!

6 Thine are the sceptre and the sword:
Stretch forth thy mighty hand;
Reign thou our kingless nation's Lord,
Rule thou our throneless land.

993. L. M. LUNT.

Their Sacrifices shall be accepted.--Is. 56:7.

1 WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.

2 Above the forest's gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.

3 The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust,
And Freedom's sons shall fill the land
When we are sleeping in the dust.

4 Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer,
For thou, who wast our fathers' Friend,
Wilt make our children still thy care.

994. 11s, 10s & 6s. O. W. Holmes.

Lift ye up a Banner. — Is. 13 : 2.

1 Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame:
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light;
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While, through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry —
Union and liberty! one evermore!

2 Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.

3 Lord of the universe, shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun.
Thou hast united us; who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the many in one.

995. C. M.

Our Fathers have told us. — Ps. 44 : 1.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.

2 For not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave,
Nor strength that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save, —

3 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy presence with the chosen race
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King:
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless thy name.

996. L. M. L. Bacon.

That leadest Joseph like a Flock. — Ps. 80 : 1.

1 O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

997. L. M. O. W. Holmes.

The Sword of the Lord. — Judges 7 : 18.

1 O Lord of Hosts, almighty King,
Behold the sacrifice we bring;
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.

3 Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations, sovereign Lord,
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign —
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to thee.

998. P. M. HEMANS.

The Pilgrims.

1 THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

2 And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

3 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

4 Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5 Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

6 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

7 Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

THANKSGIVING AND FAST.

999. L. M. HOLLAND

Learned to abound and to suffer need. — Phil. 4 : 12.

1 FOR summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise.

2 We trace to thee our joys and woes, —
To thee of causes still the Cause, —
We thank thee that thy hand bestows;
We bless thee that thy love withdraws.

3 We bring no sorrows to thy throne;
We come to thee with no complaint;
In providence thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint.

4 Here, at this blest thanksgiving time,
We raise to thee our grateful voice;
Eternal goodness, Lord, is thine;
And thus believing, we rejoice.

1000. L. M. BONAR

Thanksgiving.

1 THANKS be to Him who built the hills;
Thanks be to Him the streams who fills;
Thanks be to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.

2 Thanks be to Him who makes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

3 Thanks be to Him who sheds abroad,
Within our hearts, the love of God —
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness.

1001. 7s. BARBAULD.

Thou hast been favorable unto Thy Land. — Ps. 85 : 1.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;—

4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;—

5 These, great God, to thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

1002. L. M.

The Joy in Harvest. — Is. 9 : 3.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time, with rapid pinions, flies,
May every season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled,
No blasting wind our path assailed.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored;
O, have we hearts to praise the Lord?

4 Another harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace;
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests lower.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love.

1003. 8s & 6s. WASHBURN.

Magnify Him with Thanksgiving. — Ps. 69 : 30.

1 LET every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise:
Ye reverend men, and children, bring
To God your sacrifice;
For he is good — the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise;
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven his power is known;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne;
For he is good — the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways, &c.

1004. 6s & 4s. MONTGOMERY.

Offer the first ripe Fruits. — Ex. 22 : 29.

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

1005. L. M. J. F. CLARKE.

Thanksgiving for the Faithful.

1 FOR all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.

2 For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none thy word of truth could know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds, —

3 The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.

4 Half-battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized in tears;
And, routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years.

5 With lifted song and bended knee,
For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord;
But chief for those who made us free —
The champions of thy holy word.

1006. L. M. WARE.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving. — Ps. 116:17.

1 LIKE Israel's host, to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

2 Then, when their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew,
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew:
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her Head.

3 Then let the grateful church, to-day,
Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
And still our fathers' God display
His kindness, though the fathers sleep.
O, bless, as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

1007. C. M. FABER.

Thanksgiving for the Gift of the Spirit. — Acts 2.

1 THAT upper room is heaven on earth;
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith or hope,
Or heaven-born charity.

2 The eye of God looks down on them;
His love is centred there;
His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
By their sweet strife of prayer.

3 He comes, he comes — that mighty Breath
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
The church as it adores.

4 One moment, and the Spirit hung
O'er them with dread desire,
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

5 What gifts he gave those chosen men
Past ages can display;
Nay, more — their vigor still inspires
The weakness of to-day.

6 Most humble Spirit, mighty God,
Sweet must thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have thee.

1008. C. M. J. Q. ADAMS.

The Pilgrims.

1 WHEN o'er the billow-heaving deep
The fathers of our race,
The precepts of their God to keep,
Sought here their resting-place, —

2 That gracious God their faith prepared,
Preserved from every harm,
And still for their protection bared
His everlasting arm.

3 His breath, inspiring every gale,
Impels them o'er the main;
His guardian angels spread the sail,
And tempests howl in vain.

4 All-gracious God, inflame our zeal;
Dispense one blessing more;
Grant us thy boundless love to feel,
Thy goodness to adore.

1009. C. M. MORRISON

Is it such a Fast that I have chosen? — Is. 58 : 5.

1 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith He who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look —
Will they attract my love?

2 Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share;
And let the helpless, homeless poor
Be thy peculiar care.

3 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thine abundance blest;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

4 Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warmed and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

Then, bright as morning, shall come forth
In peace and joy thy days,
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

1010. S. M.

Thanksgiving for all Saints.

1 For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned, from thy Holy Spirit's breath,
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

1011. C. M. STEELE.

Turn us again, O God of Hosts. — Ps. 80 : 7.

1 See, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Dark, frowning judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy convincing grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

1012. L. M. DYER.

Then I proclaimed a Fast. — Ezra 8 : 21.

1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power, —

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.

4 O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

1013. C. M. LUTHER.

I humbled my Soul with Fasting. — Ps. 35 : 13.

1 OUT of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God; O, hear my prayer;
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair.

2 My hope I rest on thee, O Lord;
My works I count but dust;
I build not there, but on thy word,
And in thy goodness trust.

3 Though great my sins, and sore my wounds,
And deep and dark my fall,
Thy helping mercy hath no bounds;
Thy love surpasseth all.

1014. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

I planted thee a noble Vine. — Jer. 2 : 21.

1 OF old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

2 Lord God of hosts, thine ear incline;
Change into songs thy people's fears;
Return, and visit this thy vine;
Revive thy work amidst the years.

3 The plenteous and continual dew
Of thy rich blessing here descend;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

4 Then shall it flourish wide and far,
While realms beneath its shadow rest;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

1015. L. M.

The Sacrifice of God a broken Spirit. — Ps. 51 : 17.

1 HAVE mercy on me, O my God;
In loving kindness hear my prayer;
Withdraw the terror of thy rod;
Lord, in thy tender mercy, spare.

2 Offences rise where'er I look,
But I confess their guilt to thee;
Blot my transgressions from thy book;
Wash me from all iniquity.

3 Not streaming blood nor cleansing fire
Thy seeming anger can appease;
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.

4 The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone, will thine acceptance meet;
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Abased and contrite at thy feet.

THE YEAR.

1016. 7s. NEWTON.

Thou carriest them away as with a Flood. — Ps. 90 : 5.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find, —
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

1017. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Our Salvation nearer than when we believed. — Rom. 13:11.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise the sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

1018. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

I continue unto this Day. — Acts 26:22.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

1019. 10s, 5s, 6s & 12s. C. WESLEY.

He shall fly away as a Dream. — Job 20 : 8.

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

3 O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;'
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'

1020. S. M. BEDDOME.

Thou hast made my Days as a Hand-breadth. — Ps. 39 : 5.

1 MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears!
When past — but as a day.

2 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way.

1021. C. M. WATTS.

He fleeth also as a Shadow. — Job 14 : 2.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1022. C. M. WATTS.

Thou crownest the Year with thy Goodness. — Ps. 65 : 11.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Thy showers the thirsty furrows fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

1023. C. P. M. PAUL GERHARD.

A Summer Hymn.

1 Go forth, my heart, and seek delight
In all the gifts of God's great might,
These pleasant summer hours:
Look how the plains, for thee and me,
Have decked themselves most fair to see,
All bright and sweet with flowers.

2 The corn springs up, a wealth untold,
A sight to gladden young and old,
Who now their voices lift
To Him who gives such plenteous store,
And makes the cup of life run o'er
With many a noble gift.

3 Thy mighty working, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers; I look abroad,
And can no longer rest:
I too must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring
The Highest loveth best.

4 If thou, in thy great love to us,
Wilt scatter joy and beauty thus
O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in thy shining heaven,
Set round with golden towers!

1024. C. M. PEABODY

Lo, the Winter is past. — Cant. 2 : 11.

1 WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise.
And all that by his mercy live
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there; no shades of night
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

1025. 8s & 7s. HORNE.

We all do fade as a Leaf. — Is. 64 : 6.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound, —

2 Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

4 Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing:
Ye, like us, shall pass away.

5 On the tree of life eternal,
O, let all our hopes be laid;
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

1026. H. M. DWIGHT.

Thou visitest the Earth and waterest it.—Ps. 65:9.

1 How pleasing is thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly King,
That bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
The rains return, | And plains and hills
The ice distils, | Forget to mourn.

2 Thy showers make soft the fields:
On every side, behold,
The ripening harvests wave
Their loads of richest gold.
The laborers sing | And, blest, rejoice
With cheerful voice, | In God, their King.

3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms.
His gifts divine | And round the year
Through all appear, | His glories shine.

1027. 7s & 6s. T. C. MOULTON.

As a Shock of Corn in its Season. — Job 5 : 26

1 FULL-HANDED, glowing autumn
God's loving-kindness crowns;
O'er all the earth his goodness
In fruitfulness abounds.
In golden fields of harvest
His bounty largely flows;
O'er painted woods his glory
In gorgeous radiance glows.

2 In th' good man's face so shineth
The glory of the Lord;
So in his heart aboundeth
The fruitage of the Word:
Like full-ripe corn in harvest,
When comes life's reaping time,
He shall be safely garnered
In heaven's purer clime.

1028. H. M. FREEMAN.

Thou hast made Summer. — Ps. 74 : 17.

1 LORD of the worlds below,
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
The rolling years | In all we see
Are full of thee; | A God appears.

2 They come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice | But still our souls
In thunder rolls; | In thee rejoice.

1029. C. M.

Seed-time and Harvest shall not cease. — Gen. 8 : 22.

1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are,
The rolling seasons, as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, is thine;
The plants in beauty grow;
Thou giv'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.

3 These various mercies from above
Mature the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

4 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

1030. C. M. Watts.

He giveth Snow like Wool. — Ps. 147 : 16.

1 God's steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

2 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

THE FAMILY.

1031. C. M. GASKELL.

They are no more Twain, but One. — Matt. 19 : 6.

1 WE join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from thee,
On those who now the bands have twined
Which ne'er may broken be.

2 We know that scenes not always bright
Must unto them be given ;
But over all give thou the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.

3 Still hand in hand, their journey through,
Joint pilgrims may they go,
Mingling their joys as helpers true,
And sharing every woe.

4 May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love ;
In faith, and trust, and heart the same,
The same their home above.

1032. L. M. T. SCOTT.

The Altar at Home.

1 WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my house,
An altar to his name I'll raise ;
There, morn and evening, shall ascend
The sacrifice of prayer and praise.

2 With duteous mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law ;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.

3 Here may God fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love ;
Till, ripened for a happier state,
We meet the family above.

1033. C. M. SIGOURNEY.

Not good for Man to be alone. — Gen. 2 : 18.

1 NOT for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join, —

2 But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.

3 Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And, as the transient flowers of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die, —

4 But for a being without end
This vow of love we take:
Grant us, O Lord, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

1034. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Man goeth forth to his Labor. — Ps. 104 : 23.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

2 Still would we bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

3 For thee alone we would employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

1035. S. M.

The Hour of Prayer. — Acts 3 : 1.

1 It is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody.

2 O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

3 O, blesséd is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high;
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh.

1036. 7s.

He shall save the Children. — Ps. 72 : 4.

1 God of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share —
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear.

1037. C. M.

The Church in thy House. — Philemon 2.

1 Happy the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blesséd peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

1038. C. M. STEELE.

In Family Affliction.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise: —

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

1039. C. M. J. F. Clarke.

Cana. — John 2.

1 Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine, —

2 Come, visit us; and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us to turn
Life's water into wine.

4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

1040. C. M.

I shall go to Him. — 2 Sam. 12 : 23.

1 Blest hour, when righteous souls shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore.

2 The parent finds his long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned;
All that was dead revives again,
All that was lost is found.

4 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange,
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
On wings of love to range.

5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

1041. 11s.

Took her to his own Home. — John 19 : 27.

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

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And their 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 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.

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

CHILDREN.

1042. L. M.

Bring them up in the Nurture of the Lord. — Eph. 6 : 4.

1 This child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity:
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We too may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

1043. S. M. J. F. Clarke

I have lent him to the Lord. — 1 Sam. 1 : 28.

1 To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given —
Our dearest offering.

2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3 O, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

1044. S. M. J. F. CLARKE.

Consecration of Children.

1 To Him who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home.

2 To thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

3 And as our hands we lay
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now.

1045. L. M.

Not the Father's Will that little Ones perish.

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,—

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear, sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

1046. C. M.

And forbid them not.— Matt. 19 : 14.

1 O, WONDROUS is thy mercy, Lord :
We hear thy word of grace,
'Forbid them not,' — O, rich the word
That calls our infant race.

2 Our infant race we bring to thee :
Receive them as thine own ;
Now and forever may they be
Thine wholly, thine alone.

1047. L. M. M. F. OSSOLI.

The Christ Child.

1 JESUS a child his course begun :
How radiant dawned his heavenly day !
And those who such a race would run
As early should be on their way.

2 His Father's business was his care ;
Yet in man's favor still he grew :
O, might we learn by thought and prayer,
Like him a work of love to do !

3 For all mankind he came, nor yet
An infant's visit would deny ;
Nor friend nor mother did forget
In his last hour of agony.

4 O children, ask him to impart
That spirit clear, and temper mild,
Which made the mother in her heart
Keep all the sayings of her Child.

5 Bless Him who said, of such as you
His Father's kingdom is, and still,
His yoke to bear, his work to do,
Study his life to learn his will.

1048. L. M.

Suffer little Children to come unto Me. — Mark 10 : 14.

1 JESUS, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
These lambs within thine arms now take,
Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

3 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove,
And reach the heavenly fold above.

1049. C. M.

Them also I must bring. — John 10 : 16.

1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name,
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 He leads them to the gentle stream
Where living water flows,
And guides them to the verdant fields
Where sweetest herbage grows.

3 When, wandering from the peaceful fold,
We leave the narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To seek us when we stray.

4 The weakest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care:
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

1050. C. M. CUTTER.

To every Man according to his Ability. — Matt. 25 : 15.

1 HIDE not thy talent in the earth,
However small it be;
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
God will require of thee.

2 What if the little rain should plead,
'So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh yon thirsty mead;
I'll tarry in the sky?'

3 What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Was not enough for day?

4 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

5 Go, then, and strive to do thy part,
Though humble it may be;
The ready hand, the willing heart,
Are all Heaven asks of thee.

1051. C. M. FABER.

Child's Communion with Christ.

1 DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child, like me!

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear; —

3 But I can feel thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

5 Yes, when I pray, thou prayest, too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

1052. C. M. J. TAYLOR

A Child's Thoughts of Heaven.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Parents and children, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this solemn thought,
To-day, on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

1053. 8s & 7s.

Little Children coming to Christ. — Matt. 19 : 13.

1 Lord, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy;
O, how humble should we be!

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions, too.

1054. C. M. Watts.

A God unto thee and to thy Seed. — Gen. 17 : 7.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed! —
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all your need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure:
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! — how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

1055. C. M.

The Ransomed Band.

1 O HAPPY land, O happy land,
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.

2 But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.

3 Thou heavenly Lord, thou faithful Friend,
O, hear us when we pray;
Now let thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.

4 Be all our fresh, our youthful days
To thy blest service given;
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

1056. C. M.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. — Matt. 19 : 14.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven —
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

3 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blesséd face,
And stand before the Lamb.

1057. C. M. KENNADAY.

The Sabbath School.

1 SWEET Sabbath school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear,
The star of glory hung.

3 O holy place, where first we shed
The penitential tear,
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

1058. 6s & 5s. SARAH J. HALE.

Child's Version of the Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same:
O, give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From evil and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever. Amen!

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

1059. C. M.

Remember now thy Creator. — Eccl. 12:1.

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek him while he's near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

1060. C. M. WATTS.

The Entrance of Thy Words giveth Light. — Ps. 119:130.

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

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

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

1061. C. M. LOGAN.

Happy is the Man that findeth Wisdom. — Prov. 3 : 13.

1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she hath treasures greater far
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all the gain of gold.

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

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

1062. C. M. HEBER.

Early will I seek Thee. — Ps. 63 : 1.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

1063. 6s & 4s. C. ALEXANDRINUS.

Thou art the Guide of my Youth. — Jer. 3 . 4.

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways —
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

2 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide.
Our staff and song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thine enduring word
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

3 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng,
Who to thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

1064. C. M. WATTS.

Those that seek Me early find Me. — Prov. 8 : 17.

1 WHEN we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve succeeding years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, almighty God, to thee
May we our hearts resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

1065. C. M. LOGAN.

Thou hast taught me from my Youth. — Ps. 71 . 17.

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

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

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

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

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

1066. C. M.

Come to thy Grave in a Full Age. — Job 5:26.

1 TIME'S years of labor and unrest
Will soon with me be done;
My life, with all its ill and good,
Its course has nearly run.

2 My flowers have faded, and my fruit
Is dropping from the tree;
My harvest, with its ripened sheaves,
Gathered I soon shall see.

3 My eyes ere long shall weep their last,
Their springs will soon run dry;
My weariness is almost o'er,
When I shall rest on high.

4 I quit the battle-field of life;
My sword I soon lay down, —
The sword that, in God's might, for me
The victory hath won.

5 I lay me down and rest, as all
My fathers have lain down,
Waiting the resurrection-joy,
The glory and the crown.

1067. C. P. M. GRANT.

Even to your Old Age I am He. — Is. 46 : 4.

1 THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childhood's days:
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

2 And now, in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O, yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee.

3 Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

1068. C. M. WATTS.

Cast me not off in the Time of Old Age. — Ps. 71 : 9.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain —
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

MORTALITY.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

1069. L. M. STEELE.

The Measure of my Days. — Ps. 39 4.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 O, spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me forever dwell with thee.

1070. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Your Fathers, where are they? — Zech. 1:5.

1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and cares,
And wealth, and honor, gone.

3 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

1071. C. M. HEBER

Such an Hour as ye think not. — Matt. 24 : 44.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

1072. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

We all do fade as a Leaf. — Is. 64 : 6.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light
And know, its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

4 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

5 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In your celestial home.

1073. C. H. M. J. TAYLOR.

What is your Life? — James 4 : 14.

1 O, WHAT is life? 'Tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour
With all its beauty on:
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O, what is life? 'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky;
We love to see its colors glow,
But, while we look, they die:
Life fails as soon: to-day 'tis here;
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life? If spent with thee
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

1074. C. M. STEELE.

Thou hast made my Days as a Hand-breadth. — Ps. 39 : 5.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour :
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that never die.

1075. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Time is short. — 1 Cor. 7 : 29.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw ;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid stream are borne,
Swift to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

1076. L. M. WATTS.

He weakened my Strength in the Way. — Ps. 102 : 23.

1 It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall assuage:
Our Father and our Saviour lives;
Thou art the same through every age.

4 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm on high;
Thy church forever must abide.

5 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign:
This fading world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

1077. C. M. WATTS.

As a Flower of the Field so he flourisheth. — Ps. 103 : 15.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long !

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame —
The God who made us first ;
Salvation to th' almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

1078. L. M. J. TAYLOR.

He fleeth also as a Shadow. — Job 14 : 2.

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 He lived, he died : behold the sum,
The abstract, of th' historian's page ;
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly.

1079. L. M.

It is even a Vapor. — James 4 : 14

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this.

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1080. 7s & 6s. J. BURTON.

We all do fade as a Leaf. — Is. 64 : 6.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb.

2 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

3 But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

1081. 8s & 7s.

Thou art to pass over Jordan this Day. — Deut. 9:1.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly —
Those hours of toil and danger:
For now we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave —
Let every lamp be burning;
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
There's glory on the morrow.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever;
There, bright and joyous in the skies,
There is our home forever.

DEATH.

1082. C. M. Watts.

Meditation on Death.

1 Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse a while with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 But, O, the soul, that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay;
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

4 Jesus, to thy dear, faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into the dust!

1083. C. M.

Thy Rod and thy Staff they comfort me. —**Ps. 23:4.**

1 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale;
But He whose word is sure hath said
His mercy shall not fail.

3 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God above;
But shrink not; he has said, my soul,
He is a God of love.

4 His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blesséd ones
In heaven's serene abode.

1084. 7s & 6s. MALAN.

Mortality swallowed up of Life. — 2 Cor. 5:4.

1 No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be,
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a heavenly crown,
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of Him whose sway we own.

5 O, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind;
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hinderance ever knowing;
Here, only drops we find.

1085. L. M. WATTS.

To die is Gain. — Phil. 1:21.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1086. 11s. MUHLENBERG.

I would not live alway. —Job 7:16.

1 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: 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.

3 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;—

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

1087. S. M.

Whoso believeth in Me shall never die. — John 11 : 26.

1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

1088. S. M.

Our Salvation nearer than when we believed. — Rom. 13 : 11.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before;—

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns;
Nearer the crystal sea;—

3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown;—

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

Jesus, to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

1089. C. M. WATTS.

We can carry Nothing out of the World.—1 Tim. 6:7.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first,
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.

2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heaven's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restored.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave:
He gives; and when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Then ever blesséd be his name;
His goodness swelled our store;
His justice but resumes its own;
Still we the Lord adore.

1090. L. M. BARBAULD.

Let me die the Death of the Righteous. — Num. 23 : 10.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'

6 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave, where is thy victory now?
And where, O death, where is thy sting?

1091. L. M. BATHURST.

Let my last End be like his. — Num. 23 : 10.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

1092. C. M. PEABODY

He fell asleep. — Acts 7 : 60.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And lo, above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

1093. C. M.

There the Weary be at Rest.—Job 3:17.

1 How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode:
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

5 All, levelled by the hand of Death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

1094. L. M. Mrs. Mackay.

Them which sleep in Jesus.—1 Thess. 4:14.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blesséd 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 hath lost its venomed sting!

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

1095. 6s & 4s. HEMANS.

Forsake me not when my Strength faileth.—Ps. 71:9.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow,
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us thou.

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,—
Aid us, O God.

4 Trembling beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

1096. 12s. HEBER.

Weep not for me. —Luke 23 : 28.

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

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long:
But the sunshine of glory beamed bright on thy waking,
And full on thine ear burst the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Refuge, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

1097. C. M. DALE.

Sorrow not, even as others. — 1 Thess. 4 : 13.

1 DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee :
One thought shall check the starting tear :
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain :
O, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee back again ?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone ;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigu,
To think the fight was won.

4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine ;
O, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine !

1098. L. M.

They are not lost, but gone before.

1 DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour ;
O, why should we in anguish weep ? —
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

1099. 7s.

Body to dust — Spirit to God. — Eccl. 12:7.

1 Clay to clay, and dust to dust;
Let them mingle, for they must:
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God.

2 Look aloft! The spirit's risen;
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

3 Thither let us turn our view:
Peace is there, and comfort too;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing life's eternal round.

1100. C. M. Barton.

They shall shine as the Stars. — Dan. 12:3.

1 The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye.
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For Death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;—

4 Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high,
By trust triumphant over death,
In immortality.

1101. 7s & 6s. BONAR.

He that believeth in Me shall never die. — John 11 : 26.

1 RETURNING, not departing,
My steps are homeward bound;
I quit the land of strangers
For home on native ground.

2 I'm leaving only shadows
For what is true and good:
I must not, cannot, linger;
I would not, though I could.

3 This is not death's dark portal —
Life's golden gate to me:
Link after link is broken,
And I at last am free.

4 Jesus, thou wilt receive me,
And welcome me above;
This sunshine, which now fills me,
Is thine own smile of love.

1102. L. M. LOGAN.

I have fought a good Fight. — 2 Tim. 4 : 7.

1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 I come, I come at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

1103. C. M. WATTS.

To be with Christ, which is far better. — Phil. 1 : 23.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
To heaven's desired abode?
Why should we wish the hours more slow
Which keep us from our God?

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1104. L. M. WATTS.

And laid it in his own new Tomb. — Matt. 27 : 60.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

1105. P. M. POPE.

O Grave, where is thy Victory?—1 Cor. 15:55.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
O, 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 spirits, 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?'

1106. L. P. M. MRS. BROWNING

He giveth his Beloved Sleep. — Ps. 127 : 2.

1 OF all the thoughts of God, that are
Borne in upon our souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
O, tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

2 His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

3 And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
When round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth his belovéd sleep.

1107. C. M. WATTS.

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord. — Rev. 14 : 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

1108. S. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

That where I am, there ye may be. — John 14 : 3.

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night —
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1109. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

They shall shine as the Stars forever. — Dan. 12 : 3.

1 THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eyes;
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the skies.

2 Spirits from bondage thus set free
I may, I must believe,
Are somewhere in immensity,
And know, and love, and live.

3 Ah, tis in heaven, where Christ is gone,
Our friends with angels dwell;
There we may hope to meet again
Those here we loved so well.

1110. S. M.

Them which sleep in Jesus. — 1 Thess. 4:14.

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years, —
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

1111. C. M.

Entered into his Rest. — Heb. 4:10.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God is given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

1112. L. M. MRS. GILBERT.

They shall shine forth as the Sun. — Matt. 13 : 43.

1 WHY should we weep for those who die —
Those blesséd ones, who weep no more?
Jesus hath called them to the sky,
And gladly have they gone before.

2 Up, up, in swift ascent, they rise,
Star after star of living light:
Why should we mourn that midnight skies
Become with added glories bright?

3 Far in the distant heavens they shine,
But still with borrowed lustre glow:
Saviour, the beams are only thine,
Of saints above or saints below.

1113. 8s & 7s.

The Righteous hath Hope in his Death. — Prov. 14 : 32.

1 BROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow!
Death is o'er, and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow:
Rest! thine earthly race is run.

2 Brother, wake! the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Brother, wake! for He who loved thee,
He who died that thou mightst live,
He who graciously approved thee,
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4 Fare thee well! though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

1114. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Well done, good and faithful Servant. — Matt. 25 : 21.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
Death found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

3 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

1115. C. M. WHITTIER.

Not lost, but gone before.

1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.

2 O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

3 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

1116. 8s & 7s. S. F. SMITH.

She is not dead, but sleepeth. — Matt. 9:24.

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

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

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

1117. 8s & 7s. BONAR.

Homewards.

1 DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore,
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more.

2 Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free.

3 Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried —
Even Him who, to deliver
Precious souls from death hath died.

4 Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land,
Where the living live forever
At the Father's own right hand.

1118. L. M. R. HILL.

Why is his Chariot so long in coming? — Judges 5:28.

1 GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last, expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, forever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let child-like patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 O, speed thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

5 There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing —
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my King.

1119. 8s & 4. MONTGOMERY

There is a Calm for those who weep.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

5 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

1120. C. M. STEELE.

Death of the Young.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, 'I, too, must die,'
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow, death may come.

4 O, let us fly — to Jesus fly!
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

1121. 8s & 7s. MOIR.

Suffer them to come unto Me. — Matt. 19 : 14.

1 FARE thee well, thou fondly cherished;
Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well:
He who lent thee now hath called thee
Back with him and his to dwell.

2 Like a sunbeam through our dwelling
Shone thy presence, bright and calm;
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure;
To our sorrows thou wast balm.

3 Yet while mourning, O, our lost one,
Come no visions of despair:
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
Saith, thou art not, art not there.

4 Where, then, art thou? With the Saviour,
Blest, forever blest, to be;
'Mid the sinless little children
Who have heard his, Come to me.

5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,
Thou art leaning on his breast,
Where the wicked may not enter,
And the weary are at rest.

1122. C. M. BONAR.

Death of a Child.

1 SHE was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

2 Above the couch we bent and prayed
In the half-lighted room,
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

3 The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share;
Farewell, with weeping hearts we said,
Child of our love and care.

4 But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallowed up of life
On the immortal shore.

5 Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
And smooth that golden hair;
Then shall we kiss those lips again,
When we shall meet her there.

1123. C. M. HEMANS.

Death of the Young.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust to its narrow house beneath;
Soul to its place on high:
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

1124. S. M.

Is it well with the Child? — 2 Kings 4:26.

1 Go to thy rest, fair child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

2 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear,
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest
In yon celestial sphere.

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a dear delight, —

4 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No, gentle angel; seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

1125. L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

The Flower fadeth. — Is. 40 : 8.

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burned with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, and died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings and soared to God

1126. 10s. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Christian in his Prime.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-work is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,
In Death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave; — no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

FUTURITY.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

1127. 7s. KELLY.

The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven. —1 Thess. 4:16

1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes! and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad, through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly,
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love;
Ever blessing, ever blest.

1128. S. M. BONAR.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus. —Rev. 22:20.

1 COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for the corn is ripe;
Put in thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth:
Sower and Reaper thou.

4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise —
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

1129. 8s, 7s & 4.

Behold, the Lord cometh. — Jude 14.

1 Lo, He cometh: countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine

3 Come, ye blesséd of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

1130. S. M. BONAR.

How long, O Lord, holy and true? — Rev. 6 : 10.

1 THE church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits;
A friendless stranger she.

2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

1131. L. M. HEBER.

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed. — 2 Thess. 1 : 7.

1 THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come — a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall;
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come!

132. C. M. BONAR.

The Marriage Supper of the Lamb. — Rev. 19:9.

1 ASCEND, belovéd, to the joy;
The festal day has come;
To-night the Lamb doth feast his own
In the great upper room.

2 The festal lamps are lighting now
In the glad marriage hall;
By angel hands the board is spread;
The King his own doth call.

3 Long, long deferred, now come at last
The Lamb's glad wedding day;
The guests are gathering to the feast;
How bright the new array!

4 Sorrow and sighing are no more;
The weeping hours are past;
The joy and glory are begun;
The crown has come at last.

1133. C. M.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear. — Col. 3 : 4.

1 Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day;
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

2 O, bid the bright archangel now
The trump of God prepare,
To call thy saints, the quick, the dead,
To meet thee in the air.

3 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and thee.

4 But O, the thought of sharing, Lord,
Thy glorious throne above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?

1134. C. M. Watts.

The Holy City, New Jerusalem. — Rev. 21 : 2.

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

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

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

4 The Lord of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode —
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving Lord.

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

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

1135. L. M. RIST.

That Day when I make up my Jewels. — Mal. 3:17.

1 Lo, He, on whom all power is laid,
Who sits at God's right hand on high,
To judge the living and the dead,
In fire and tempest draweth nigh.

2 Awake, thou careless world, awake;
Sinners, behold his countenance
In beauty terrible, and quake
Condemned beneath his piercing glance.

3 But ye, O faithful souls, shall see
That morning rise in love and joy;
Your Saviour comes to set you free,
Your Judge shall all your bonds destroy.

4 His people, with a mighty hand,
He, from earth's conflict, then shall bring
Into their promised fatherland,
Where songs of victory they shall sing.

5 Arise, and let us haste to meet
The Bridegroom standing at the door,
That we may worship at his feet
With holy angels evermore.

RESURRECTION.

1136. S. M. BONAR.

Awake and sing, ye that dwell in Dust. — Is. 6 . 19.

1 SOON shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes death's silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

2 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

3 'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

1137. C. M. LOGAN.

If it die, it bringeth forth much Fruit. — John 12 : 24.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again;
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield, -

2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5 O, may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

1138. S. M. WATTS.

This Mortal must put on Immortality.—1 Cor. 15:53.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 My dear Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1139. C. M.

Christ the First-fruits. — 1 Cor. 15 : 23.

1 As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then, then shall they who live be changed
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation shake.

4 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

5 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell forever with the Lord
Beyond the reach of woe.

1140. C. M.

If a Man die, shall he live again? — Job 14 : 14.

1 My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
And on the clouds shall come.

2 I know that he shall soon appear
In power and glory meet;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

3 Then, though the grave my flesh devour,
And hold me for its prey,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment day.

4 I in my flesh shall see my God
When he on earth shall stand;
I shall with all his saints ascend
To dwell at his right hand.

5 Then shall he wipe all tears away,
And hush the rising groan;
And pains, and sighs, and griefs, and fears
Shall ever be unknown.

1141. 7s. L. HENRIETTA.

Because I live, ye shall live also. — John 14 : 19.

1 JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
And his life I'm sure to see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where he is, I too shall be.
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

2 I shall see him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise;
With his love this heart shall glow;
Nought shall e'er my soul remove
From her refuge in his love.

3 Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign;
Earthly here the seed is sown;
Heavenly it shall rise again:
Natural here the death we die;
Spiritual our life on high.

1142. 7s. WHITTIER.

The Angels at the Tomb. — John 20 : 12.

1 THOU, O most Compassionate,
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain, —

2 Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.

3 Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering by its open door,
'Fear not; he hath gone before!'

1143. 8s & 7s.

All that are in their Graves shall come forth. — John 5 : 29.

1 Lo, the seal of death is breaking;
Those who slept its sleep are waking;
Heaven opes its portals fair.
Hark! the harps of God are ringing;
Hark! the seraphs' hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning;
Gone the night and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore.

JUDGMENT.

1144. C. M. WATTS.

He hath appointed a Day. — Acts 17 : 31.

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

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, Depart!

3 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

4 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

1145. L. M. SCOTT

The great Day of His Wrath is come. — Rev. 6 : 17.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day? —

2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day — that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be, Lord, the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

1146. 8s, 7s & 4. BRYDGES.

The Hour of his Judgment is come. — Rev. 14:7.

1 Lo, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —
Come to judgment! —
Come to judgment! — come away!

4 Yea, amen! Let all adore thee,
Seated on thy heavenly throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous judgments known;
O, come quickly —
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

1147. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Knowing the Terror of the Lord, we persuade Men. — 2 Cor. 5:11.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away ?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

1148. 8s & 7s.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. — Matt. 25 : 6.

1 That great day of wrath and terror,
That last day of woe and doom,
Like a thief that comes at midnight,
On the sons of men shall come, —

2 When the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume his throne on high ;
When the bands of all his angels
Shall be near him in the sky ; —

3 When the sun shall turn to sackcloth,
And the moon be red as blood ;
When the stars shall fall from heaven
As the leaves fall in a wood.

4 Therefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
From the tempter's malice fly !
Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
If thou seek'st to win the sky.

5 Let thy loins be straitly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right,
That, whene'er the Bridegroom cometh,
Full thy lamp may shine and bright.

1149. 8s, 6s & 4. MRS. AKERMAN.

He found Nothing but Leaves. — Mark 11 : 13.

1 NOTHING but leaves ; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life ;
Sin committed, while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife ;
Nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves ; no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain ;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds ;
We sow our seeds — lo, tares and weeds ;
We reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves ; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past ;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last
Nothing but leaves.

4 And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves ?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit ;
We stand before him, humble, mute,
Waiting the word he breathes, —
'Nothing but leaves.'

1150. C. M. ADDISON.

He will judge the World in Righteousness. — Acts 17 : 31.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear ?

2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought, —

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand revealed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear!

4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord;
Let mercy set me free,
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.

1151. C. P. M.

Who shall judge the Quick and the Dead. — 2 Tim. 4 : 1.

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

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But — can I bear the piercing thought? —
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Among them, Lord, let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

HEAVEN.

1152. C. M. **GILL.**

The Image of the Earthy.—1 Cor. 15 : 49.

1 O, MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
O, vanquished world, O, glorious shame,
O, hallowed agony!

4 O, vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell;
O, holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Immanuel!

5 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

1153. C. M. **GILL.**

The Image of the Heavenly.—1 Cor. 15 : 49.

1 'TIS not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
Nor always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

2 Thou, to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us wouldst be,
Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with thee.

3 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes shall wear;
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may bear.

4 O, mighty grace! our life to live,
To make our earth divine;
O, mighty grace! thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine.

5 O, strange the gifts and marvellous,
By thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
And we receive thy heaven.

1154. S. M. BONAR.

Pilgrims on the Earth. — Heb. 11 : 13.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

5 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

1155. 7s. SCHMOLCK.

The Homeward Journey.

1 HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend;
We are strangers here on earth;
Through the wilderness we wend
Towards the Canaan of our birth;
Here we roam a pilgrim band;
Yonder is our native land.

2 Heavenward! doth God's Spirit cry,
When I hear him in his word,
Showing thus the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord;
When his word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

3 Heavenward death shall lead, at last,
To the home where I would be;
All my sorrows overpast,
I shall triumph there with thee;
Jesus, thou hast gone before,
That we too might heavenward soar.

4 Heavenward! heavenward! Only this
Is my watchword on the earth;
For the love of heavenly bliss
Counting all things little worth;
Heavenward all my being tends,
Till in heaven my journey ends.

1156. L. M.

Heaven anticipated.

1 WE go with the redeemed to taste
Of joy supreme, that never dies;
Our feet still press the weary waste;
Our hearts, our home, are in the skies.

2 And, O, while on to Zion's hill
The toilsome path of life we tread,
Around us, loving Father, still
Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

3 From day to day, from hour to hour,
O, let our rising spirits prove
The strength of thine almighty power,
The sweetness of thy saving love.

1157. 8s & 7s.

Only Waiting.

1 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

1158. 7s & 6s.

Contrast of Heaven with Earth.

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there:
Reward of grace how wondrous!
Short toil — eternal rest!
O, miracle of mercy,
That rebels should be blest! —

2 That we with sin polluted
Should have our home on high!
That we should dwell in mansions
Beyond the starry sky!
And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And ever-bright renown.

3 I know not, O, I know not
What social joys are there,
What pure, unfading glory,
What light beyond compare.
O garden free from sorrow!
O plains that fear no strife!
O princely bowers, all blooming!
O realm and home of life!

1159. S. M. Lyte.

How shall we sing i a strange land? — Ps. 137 : 4.

1 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press —
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near;
On thee my hopes I cast;
O, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

1160. 9, 11 & 10s.

Strangers and Pilgrims. — Heb. 11: 13.

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.

2 There the glory is ever shining;
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

1161. C. M. STENNETT.

The Lord showed him all the Land.—Deut. 34:1.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

1162. 8s & 7s. BONAR.

We seek a City to come.—Heb. 13:14.

1 THIS is not my place of resting:
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

1163. S. M.

Come, ye Blessed of my Father.—Matt. 25:34.

1 Come to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

1164. 8s & 7s. CONDER.

The Future World.

1 O THE hour when this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud,
And amid the wide ethereal
All th' invisible shall crowd,
And the naked soul, surrounded
By realities unknown,
Triumphs in the view unbounded,
Feels herself with God alone!

2 Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing,
Guide me, by thy presence, there.
Jesus, blesséd Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod,
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God.

3 Blesséd fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their Sun, their Centre,
And their shield Omnipotence:
Blesséd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
And their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountain lead them
Till fruition's perfect day.

1165. 7s. SCHENK.

Who are these?—Rev. 7: 13.

1 WHO are those before God's throne,
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes of white alone,
That unstained shall ever shine?
Hallelujahs, hark! they sing;
Joyful praise to God they bring.

2 They are those who much have borne —
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care;
Who have wrestled night and morn
With the mighty God in prayer;
Who have made their raiment clean
In the blood Christ shed for them.

3 Cast my lot in earth and heaven
With thy saints, Lord, made like thee;
Let my bonds be also riven;
Make thy child, who loves thee, free;
Near the throne where thou dost shine
May a place at last be mine.

4 Ah, that bliss can ne'er be told,
When, with all that army bright,
Thee, my Sun, I shall behold,
Shining star-like with thy light.
Amen! Thanks be brought to thee,
Praise through all eternity.

1166. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Holiness a Condition of Heaven. — Heb. 12 : 14.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love,
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

1167. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

And the City had no Need of the Sun. — Rev. 21 : 23.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

1168. C. M. NOEL.

To die is Gain. — Phil. 1 : 21.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still: —

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

1169. 8s.

Church of the First-born. — Heb. 12:23.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

1170. C. M. J. TAYLOR

God hath revealed them by his Spirit. — 1 Cor. 2 : 10.

1 THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around
And guard my quiet bed.

3 The things unseen, O God, reveal;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,
That those I love are near.

4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife,
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

1171. C. M. WATTS.

They desire a better Country. — Heb. 11 : 16.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes, —

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

1172. C. M. WATTS.

Eye hath not seen. — 1 Cor. 2 : 9.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

1173. L. M. TUCK.

Eye hath not seen. — 1 Cor. 2 : 9.

1 THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing —
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 That world is ever, ever bright
With purest radiance all its own :
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

3 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene ;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

4 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.

1174. C. M.

Washed their Robes. — Rev. 7 : 14.

1 How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Their robes, which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amid
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 The Lamb that dwells amid the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 In pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God, the Lord, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

1175. L. M.

The former Things are passed away.—Rev. 21:4.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

1176. 7s.

I have finished my Course. — 2 Tim. 4 : 7.

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead
In the Lord who sweetly die;
They from all their toils are freed.

2 Ready for their glorious crown, —
Sorrows past and sins forgiven, —
Here they lay their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run;
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life.

4 Lo, the prisoner is released —
Lightened of his heavy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God.

1177. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

So shall we ever be with the Lord. — 1 Thess. 4 : 17.

1 FOREVER with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord;
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that gracious word
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 Be thou at my right hand;
So shall I never fail:
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Help, and I shall prevail.

5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne —
Forever with the Lord!

1178. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

In my Father's House are many Mansions. — John 14 : 2.

1 My Father's house on high —
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

2 Yet clouds still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

3 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

5 And then I feel that he, —
Remembered or forgot, —
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

1179. C. M. STEELE.

The Land that is very far off.—Is. 33 : 17.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

1180. C. M.

The New Jerusalem.—Rev. 21.

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

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through dark and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

1181. L. M. STEELE.

That they may behold my Glory. — John 17 : 24.

1 O, FOR a sweet, inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day —
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

1182. L. M. PALMER.

My Father's House. — John 14 : 2.

1 THY Father's house! thine own bright home!
And thou hast there a place for me;
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3 O, welcome day! when thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er,
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home forevermore.

1183. L. M. BONAR.

Heaven a social State.

1 STILL one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love.

2 Yet must we part, and, parting, weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs how sharp and deep!
Our farewell words how sad and sore!

3 Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy.

4 There, hand in hand firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

1184. 8s & 7s.

Shall we know each other there?

1 When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices, singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured, in my raptured ear,—
Evermore their sweet song lingers,—
We shall know each other there.

1185. 8s & 3. BONAR.

The Holy City.—Rev. 21 : 2.

1 ANGEL voices sweetly singing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Sin forever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us;
Gone the vanity and folly,
Come the joyous and the holy;
Heaven at last.

2 On the jasper threshold standing,
See, the strange, bright scene expanding;
What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story:
Softest voices, silver-pealing,
Happy hymns around us stealing;
Heaven at last.

3 Christ himself the living splendor,
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Now at length the veil is rended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, himself hath crowned us;
Heaven at last.

1186. 7s. NEVIN.

Come up hither.—Rev. 4 : 1.

1 'COME up hither; come away:'
Thus the ransomed spirits sing;
Here is cloudless, endless day;
Here is everlasting spring.

2 Come up hither; come and dwell
With the living hosts above;
Come, and let thy bosom swell
With their burning songs of love.

3 Come up hither; come and share
All the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere,
Through the myriads of the skies.

4 Come up hither; come and shine
In the robes of spotless white;
Palms, and harps, and crowns are thine;
Hither, hither wing thy flight.

5 Come up hither; hither speed:
Rest is found in heaven alone;
All the wealth thou e'er wilt need;
Come, and make this wealth thine own.

1187. 8s & 6s. TAPPAN.

The Hope laid up in Heaven. — Col. 1:5.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above — in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene — in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn — of heaven.

1188. C. M. WATTS.

But the Righteous into Life eternal. — Matt. 25 : 46.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 There, where my blesséd Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

3 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

4 My Saviour, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

5 Haste, my Belovéd, raise my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

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1. PSALM XXIII.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall..not | want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the | still = | waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his | name's = | sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me,
thy rod and thy | staff..they | comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
my | cup..runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord..for- | ever.

2. PSALM XXIV.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the | fulness..there- | of;
The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
2 For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas,
And established | it up- | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the | hill..of the | Lord?
Or who shall stand | in his | holy | place?
4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure = | heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, |
nor = | sworn de- | ceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord,
And righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.
6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him,
That | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them
up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.
8 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord of hosts, | he..is the | King of | glory.

3. PSALMS XLII. AND XLIII.

1 As the hart panteth after the | water- | brooks,
So panteth my soul after | thee = | O = | God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the | living | God!
When shall I come and ap- | pear be- | fore = | God?
3 My tears have been my meat | day and | night,
While they continually say unto me, | Where is |
thy = | God?
4 When I re- | member..these | things,
I | pour..out my | soul in | me;
5 For I had gone with the multitude, I went with
them to the | house of | God,
With the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude
that | kept = | holy- | day.
6 The Lord will command his loving-kindness |
in the | daytime,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
and my | prayer..unto the | God..of my | life.
7 O, send out thy light and thy truth: |
let them | lead me;
Let them bring me unto thy holy | hill,
and | to thy | tabernacles.
8 Then will I go unto the altar of God,
unto God my ex- | ceeding | joy:
Yea, upon the harp will I praise | thee,
O | God, my | God.
9 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis- | quiet- | ed..with- | in me?
10 Hope | thou in | God:
For I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my |
counte-nance, | and my | God.

4. PSALM XCIII.

1 The | Lord = | reigneth,
He is | clothed..with | majes- | ty;
2 The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath |
girded..him- | self:
The world also is established, that it | cannot |
be = | moved.
3 Thy throne is es- | tablished..of | old:
Thou | art from | ever- | lasting.
4 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have
lifted | up their | voice;
The | floods lift | up their | waves.

5 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of |
many | waters,
Yea, than the mighty | waves = | of the | sea.
6 Thy testimonies are | very | sure:
Holiness becometh thine | house, O | Lord, for- | ever

5. PSALM XCVIII.

1 O, SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done |
marvel..lous | things:
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath | gotten | him..
the | victory.
2 The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation:
His righteousness hath he openly showed in the |
sight = | of the | heathen.
3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward
the | house of | Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation |
of our | God.
4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth:
Make a loud noise, and re- | joice, and | sing = | praise
5 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp;
With the harp, and the | voice = | of a | psalm.
6 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet
Make a joyful noise be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
7 Let the sea roar, and the | fulness..there- | of;
The world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
8 Let the floods | clap their | hands:
Let the hills be joyful to- | gether..be- | fore the | Lord;
9 For he cometh to | judge the | earth;
With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the |
people | with = | equity.

6. PSALM C.

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his |
presence | with = | singing.
2 Know ye that the Lord | he is | God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we
are his people, and the | sheep of | his = | pasture.
3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his |
courts with | praise.
Be thankful unto him, and | bless = | his = | name.
4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting;
And his truth endureth to | all = | gener- | ations.

7. PSALM CIII.

1 The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and | plenteous..in | mercy.
2 He will not always chide:
Neither will he keep his | anger..for- | ever.

3 He hath not dealt with us after our sins;
Nor rewarded us according to | our..in- | iquities:
4 For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward | them..that | fear him.

5 Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth | them..that | fear him.
6 For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that | we are | dust.

8. PSALM CXXII.

1 I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the | house..of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates,
O Je- | rusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city
That is com- | pact to- | gether:
4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give | thanks..
unto the | name..of the | Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the | house of | David.
6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall | prosper..that | love = | thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity with- | in thy | palaces.
8 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, | Peace = | be with- | in thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God |
I will | seek thy | good.

9. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

1 We praise thee, O God;
We acknowledge thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the earth doth worship thee,
The | Father | ever- | lasting.

3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
The heavens, and all the | powers there- | in.
4 To thee cherubim, and seraphim,
Con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry,

5 Holy, holy, holy,
Lord | God of | Sabaoth;
6 Heaven and earth are full
Of the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.

7 The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise thee.
8 The noble army of martyrs praise thee.
The holy church throughout all the world | doth ac- | knowledge | thee.

9 The Father, of an infinite majesty;
Thine adorable, true and | only | Son;
10 Also the | Holy | Ghost,
The | Comforter.

11 Thou art the King of glory, O Christ,
Thou art the ever-blesséd | Son..of the | Father.
12 When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble thyself to be | born = | of a | virgin.

13 When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to | all be- | lievers.
14 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.

15 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants,
Whom thou hast redeemed with thy | precious | blood.
16 Make them to be numbered with thy saints,
In | glory | ever- | lasting.

10. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1 Glory be to | God on | high,
And on earth | peace, good | will toward | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee,
We glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee, for | thy great | glory,

3 O Lord God | heavenly | King,
God the | Father | Al- = | mighty.
4 Glory be to the Father, Al | mighty | God,
Through | Jesus | Christ, our | Lord!
5 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World with- | out end. | A = | men.

11. FUNERAL CHANT.

1 Behold, I show you a mystery;
We shall not all | sleep,
But we shall all be changed, in a moment,
In the twinkling of an eye, at the last | trump;
2 For the | trumpet..shall | sound;
And the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
And | we = | shall..be | changed.
3 So when this corruptible shall have put on incor- |
ruption,
And this mortal shall have put on immor- | tality,
4 Then shall be brought to pass the | saying..that is |
written,
Death is swallowed | up..in | vic..to- | ry.
5 O Death, where is thy | sting?
O Grave, where is thy | victory?
6 The sting of | death is | sin,
And the | strength..of | sin..is the | law.
7 But thanks be to God,
who giveth us the | victory,
Through our Lord Jesus | Christ:
8 Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast,
unmovable, always abounding
in the | work..of the | Lord,
Forasmuch as ye know that your
labor is | not..in | vain..in the | Lord.

12. ORDINATION.

1 The Lord | gave the | word;
The Lord gave the word;
Great was the | company..of | those that | published it.
2 Thou hast ascended on high;
Thou hast received | gifts..for | men.
Thou hast received gifts for men;
That the | Lord might | dwell a- | mong them.
3 Now therefore arise, | O..Lord | God.
Now therefore arise into thy resting-place, |
Thou..and the | ark of..thy | strength:
4 Let thy priests, O Lord God,
Be | clothed..with sal- | vation;
And let thy | saints..re- | joice..in | goodness
5 And now, Lord, grant unto thy servants
That with all boldness they may | speak..thy | word.
Amen, | A..men, | A-= | men.

13. BAPTISM.

1 Jesus cometh from Galilee to Jordan,
Unto John, to be bap- | tized..of | him.
And Jesus, when he was baptized,
Went up | straight..way | out..of the | water.

2 See, here is water; what doth
Hinder me to | be..bap- | tized?
If thou believest with | all..thy | heart,..thou | mayest.

3 Can any man forbid water,
That these should not | be..bap- | tized,
Which have received the Holy | Ghost..as | well..as | we?

4 When they believed the things concerning the kingdom
Of God, and the name of | Je..sus | Christ,
They were bap- | tized,..both | men..and | women.

14. BAPTISM.

1 All power is given unto me in | heaven..and in | earth;
Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations,
Baptizing them in the name of the Father,
And of the | Son..and | Ho..ly | Ghost.

2 They who gladly received the word | were..bap- | tized;
And they of Jerusalem — were baptized in the
River | Jordan..con- | fessing..their | sins.

3 Buried with Christ by baptism into death,
They rise in the likeness of his | res..ur- | rection,
To walk in newness of life,
And | go..on their | way..re- | joicing.

4 For as many as have been baptized into Christ,
Have | put..on | Christ.
Therefore glorify God in your body,
And in your | spirit, which | are = | God's.

5 Blessed are they that | do..his com- | mandments.
Great peace have they who love thy law,
And | nothing | shall..of- | fend them.

6 Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations to observe
All things, whatsoever I have com- | mand..ed | you.
And lo! I am with you alway,
Even | unto the | end..of the | world.

15. CHILDREN.

1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting **to ever-**
lasting upon | them that | fear him,
And his righteousness | unto | children's | children.

2 To such as | keep his | covenant;
And to those that remember his com- | mandments..
to | do = | them.

3 And Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid
them not to | come unto | me;
For of | such..is the | kingdom of | heaven.

4 He shall feed his | flock..like a | shepherd:
He shall gather the lambs with his arm and | **carry..**
them | in his | bosom.

5 I will pour my spirit up- | on thy | seed,
And my | blessing..up- | on thine | offspring;

6 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass,
As | willows..by the | water- | courses.

7 For the promise is unto you, and | to your | **children;**
And to all that are afar off, even as many as the |
Lord our | God shall | call.

16. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1 Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed | be thy | name;

2 Thy kingdom come;
Thy will be done in earth as it | is in | **heaven.**

3 Give us this day our daily bread;
And forgive us our debts, as we for- | give our | **debtors;**

4 And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver | us from | evil;

5 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, **and the glory,**
Forever. | A- = | men.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | **Son,**
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | **shall be,**
World with- | out end. | A- = | men.

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I rest my soul on Jesus . . . . . 7s & 6s. . 639
Is it not strange, the darkest hour . . . . L. M. . 690
Is there a lone, and dreary hour . . . . . L. M. . 765
Is there ambition in my heart . . . . . C. M. . 554
It came upon the midnight clear . . . . . C. M. . 230
I thirst, but not as once I did . . . . . L. M. . 629
It is not death to die . . . . . S. M. . 1087
It is the hour of prayer . . . . . S. M. . 1035
It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand . . . . L. M. . 1076
It is the one true light . . . . . S. M. . 217
It is thy hand, my God . . . . . S. M. . 780
I waited patient for the Lord . . . . . C. M. . 486
I want a principle within . . . . . C. M. . 573
I want the Spirit of power within . . . . L. M. . 663
I was a wandering sheep . . . . . S. M. . 738
I worship thee; sweet will of God . . . . C. M. . 530
I would not live alway: I ask not to stay . . 11s. . 1086
I would not wish to dwell on earth . . . . C. M. . 557

Jehovah, God, thy gracious power . . . . C. M. . 132
Jerusalem, my happy home . . . . . C. M. . 1180
Jesus a child his course begun . . . . . L. M. . 1047
Jesus, and shall it ever be . . . . . L. M. . 722
Jesus! delightful, charming name . . . . C. M. . 275
Jesus, full of all compassion . . . . . 8s & 7s. . 427
Jesus, I love thy charming name . . . . . C. M. . 335
Jesus, immutably the same . . . . . C. M. . 311
Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . . . 8s & 7s. . 473
Jesus, I my cross have taken . . . . . 8s & 7s. . 475
Jesus, in thy transporting name . . . . . C. M. . 325
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee . . . . . 7s. . 585

Jesus, lover of my soul	7s.	298
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	L. M.	616
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace	C. M.	579
Jesus, my Redeemer, lives	7s.	1141
Jesus, our Head, once crowned with thorns	C. M.	679
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	L. M.	328
Jesus, still lead on	5s & 8s.	733
Jesus, take me for thine own	7s.	462
Jesus, the Christ of God	S. M.	297
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns	S. M.	327
Jesus, the Friend of man	S. M.	897
Jesus, the ladder of my faith	L. M.	796
Jesus, the very thought of thee	C. M.	296
Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep	L. M.	1048
Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain	8s & 7s.	451
Jesus, who upon the tree	7s.	467
Join all the glorious names	H. M.	301
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	C. M.	236
Joy to those that love the Lord	7s.	804
Just as I am, without one plea	L. M.	430
Keep us, Lord; O, keep us ever	8s, 7s & 4.	119
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong	L. M.	198
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	C. M.	220
Let all who truly bear	S. M.	884
Let deepest silence all around	C. M.	651
Let everlasting glories crown	L. M.	222
Let every heart rejoice and sing	8s & 6s.	1003
Let every mortal ear attend	C. M.	367
Let him to whom we now belong	C. M.	461
Let me be with thee, where thou art	L. M.	668
Let me but hear my Saviour say	L. M.	771
Let not your heart be faint	S. M.	818
Let others boast how strong they be	C. M.	1077
Let party names no more	S. M.	913
Let us awake our joys	6s & 4s.	339
Let worldly men, from shore to shore	C. M.	205
Let Zion and her sons rejoice	C. M.	923
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	C. M.	854
Life is a span, a fleeting hour	C. M.	1074
Life is the time to serve the Lord	L. M.	395
Lift aloud the voice of praise	7s.	856
Lift up your heads, eternal gates	C. M.	265
Light of life, seraphic fire	7s.	641

Light of those whose dreary dwelling	8s & 7s.	299
Like Israel's host, to exile driven	L. M.	1006
Like morning when her early breeze	L. M.	358
Like shadows gliding o'er the plain	L. M.	1078
Like the eagle, upward, onward	8s & 7s.	716
Lo, God is here! let us adore	L. M.	4
Lo, he comes with clouds descending	8s, 7s & 4.	1146
Lo, he cometh; countless trumpets	8s, 7s & 4.	1129
Lo, He, on whom all power is laid	L. M.	1135
Long as I live I'll bless thy name	C. M.	75
Long as the darkening cloud abode	L. M.	288
Long have I sat beneath the sound	C. M.	734
Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious	8s, 7s & 4.	269
Lord, a little band, and lowly	8s & 7s.	1053
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee	C. M.	952
Lord, at thy table, I behold	C. M.	888
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	8s, 7s & 4.	114
Lord, from whom all blessings flow	7s.	912
Lord, how secure my conscience was	C. M.	482
Lord, I approach the mercy-seat	C. M.	454
Lord, I believe a rest remains	C. M.	646
Lord, I believe: thy power I own	C. M.	500
Lord, I have made thy word my choice	C. M.	213
Lord, in mercy thou hast spoken	8s & 7s.	964
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	C. M.	94
Lord, I will bless thee all my days	L. M.	516
Lord Jesus, come; for here	S. M.	286
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	C. M.	558
Lord, Lord, defend the desolate	C. M.	961
Lord, may the spirit of this feast	C. M.	896
Lord of all being, throned afar	L. M.	76
Lord of the worlds above	H. M.	1
Lord of the worlds below	H. M.	1028
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	C. M.	605
Lord, thou hast searched and seen us through	L. M.	148
Lord, thy glory fills the heavens	8s & 7s.	82
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	L. M.	406
Lord, what offering shall we bring	7s.	9
Lord, when thine ancient people cried	L. M.	979
Lo, the seal of death is breaking	8s & 7s.	1143
Lo, the storms of life are breaking	8s & 6.	610
Love divine, all love excelling	8s & 7s.	544
Lo, what a glorious sight appears	C. M	1134
Lo, when the Spirit of our God	C. M	365
Lowly and solemn be	6s & 4s.	1095

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	C. M.	271
Mark the soft falling snow	H. M.	414
Mary to the Saviour's tomb	7s.	258
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour	8s & 7s.	120
Mediator, Son of God	7s.	329
Meek and lowly, pure and holy	8s & 7s.	545
Men whose boast it is that ye	7s.	977
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints	11s.	1041
Morning breaks upon the tomb	7s.	268
Mourn for the thousands slain	S. M.	963
Must Jesus bear his cross alone	C. M.	674
My blessed Saviour, is thy love	C. M.	561
My country, 'tis of thee	6s & 4s.	989
My days are gliding swiftly by	8s & 7s.	1081
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	L. M.	282
My faith looks up to thee	6s & 4s.	496
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave	C. M.	1140
My Father! — cheering name	S. M.	194
My Father's house on high	S. M.	1178
My few revolving years	S. M.	1020
My God, accept my early vows	L. M.	96
My God, accept my heart this day	C. M.	906
My God, how wonderful thou art	C. M.	149
My God, in whom are all the springs	L. M.	83
My God, I thank thee; may no thought	L. M.	800
My God, my everlasting hope	C. M.	1068
My God, my Father, while I stray	8s & 4.	469
My God, my hope, my Father thou	L. M.	730
My God, my strength, my hope	S. M.	642
My God, O, could I make the claim	C. M.	507
My God, permit me not to be	L. M.	633
My God, permit my tongue	S. M.	509
My God, the spring of all my joys	C. M.	807
My God, to thee I now commend	C. M.	599
My gracious Lord, I own thy right	L. M.	465
My Maker and my King	S. M.	167
My opening eyes with rapture see	L. M.	36
My Saviour, my almighty Friend	C. M.	340
My sky was once noon-bright	S. M.	797
My soul before thee prostrate lies	L. M.	435
My soul, be on thy guard	S. M.	699
My soul doth long for thee	6s.	662
My soul, how lovely is the place	C. M.	31
My soul no more shall strive in vain	L. M.	463
My soul, repeat his praise	S. M.	69
My soul, weigh not thy life	S. M.	701

My spirit sinks within me, Lord	L. M.	823
My times of sorrow and of joy	C. M.	776
Naked as from the earth we came	C. M.	1089
Nature, with eternal youth	7s.	156
Nearer, my God, to thee	6s & 4s.	618
Near the cross our station taking	8s & 7s.	683
No, never shall my heart despond	C. M.	600
No, no, it is not dying	7s & 6s.	1084
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard	C. M.	1172
Not all the blood of beasts	S. M.	293
Not all the outward forms on earth	C. M.	489
Not for the summer hour alone	C. M.	1033
Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves	8s, 6s & 4.	1149
Not in the churchyard shall he sleep	C. M.	971
Not only when ascends the song	C. M.	953
Not to condemn the sons of men	L. M.	272
Not with our mortal eyes	S. M.	653
Not with terror do we meet	7s.	893
Now be the gospel banner	7s & 6s.	419
Now, host with host assembling	7s & 6s.	965
Now is the accepted time	S. M.	384
Now let our souls, on wings sublime	L. M.	615
Now, may the Lord, our Shepherd lead	L. M.	116
Now, my soul, thy voice upraising	8s, 7s & 4.	680
Now to heaven our prayers ascending	8s & 4s.	982
Now to the haven of thy breast	C. M.	786
Now with creation's early song	L. M.	89
O Almighty God of love	7s & 6s.	517
O, blesséd souls are they	S. M.	817
O, bless the Lord, my soul	S. M.	73
O, blest Creator of the light	L. M.	98
O, bow thine ear, eternal One	L. M.	862
O Bread to pilgrims given	7s & 6s.	892
O cease, my wandering soul	S. M.	380
O Christ, with each returning morn	L. M.	91
O, could I find, from day to day	C. M.	620
O, could I speak the matchless worth	C. P. M.	334
O day to which the seas, and sky	L. M.	232
O, deem not that earth's crowning bliss	C. M.	782
O, deem not they are blest alone	L. M.	789
O, do not let the word depart	L. M.	402
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	8s, 7s & 4.	417
O everlasting Light	S. M.	274
O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore	11s.	320

O fairest-born of love and light	L. M.	951
Of all the thoughts of God that are	L. P. M.	1106
O Father, humbly we repose	L. M.	523
O Father, though the anxious fears	C. M.	35
Of old, O God, thine own right hand	L. M.	1014
O for a closer walk with God	C. M.	621
O for a faith Christ spake of	7s & 6s.	825
O for a faith that will not shrink	C. M.	494
O for a glance of heavenly day	L. M.	429
O for a heart to praise my God	C. M.	488
O for a prophet's fire	S. M.	900
O for a shout of joy	H. M.	85
O for a sweet inspiring ray	L. M.	1181
O for a thousand tongues to sing	C. M.	333
O for that tenderness of heart	C. M.	433
O for the death of those	S. M.	1110
O for the peace that floweth as a river	11s & 10s.	826
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe	7s.	708
O God, accept the sacred the hour	C. M.	904
O God, beneath thy guiding hand	L. M.	996
O God, by whom the seed is given	C. M.	115
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	C. M.	181
O God, that mad'st the earth and sky,	C. M.	688
O God, thou art my God alone	L. M.	531
O God, thy children gathered here	C. M.	858
O God, unseen, yet ever near	C. M.	899
O God, we praise thee, and confess	C. M.	64
O gracious Lord, whose mercies rise	C. M.	957
O hallowed is the land, and blest	L. M.	330
O, happy day that fixed my choice	L. M.	868
O, happy is the man who hears	C. M.	1061
O happy land, O happy land	C. M.	1055
O, happy soul, that lives on high	C. M.	658
O, happy they who know the Lord	C. M.	656
O, help us, Lord: each hour of need	C. M.	506
O, here, if ever, God of love	C. M.	889
O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken	11s & 10s.	958
O holy, holy Lord	H. M.	63
O, how happy are they	6s & 9s.	484
O, how I love thy holy law	C. M.	221
O human heart, thou hast a song	L. M.	543
O, if thy brow, serene and calm	C. M.	956
O Jesus, Lord of all below	C. M.	332
O, let my trembling soul be still	L. M.	524
O Lord, hadst thou been here! but when	C. M.	792
O Lord, how full of sweet content	L. M.	146

O Lord, I would delight in thee	C. M.	520
O Lord of Hosts, almighty King	L. M.	997
O Lord, our eyes have waited long	L. M.	981
O Lord, our fathers oft have told	C. M.	995
O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart	L. M.	459
O Lord, thy work revive	S. M.	926
O Love divine, that stooped to share	L. M.	793
O love, how cheering is thy ray	L. M.	643
O love of God, how strong and true	L M.	177
O love! O true and fadeless light	C. M.	835
O love, that casts out fear	S. M.	563
O, mean may seem this house of clay	C. M.	1152
Once I thought my mountain strong	7s.	735
Once more, my soul, the rising day	C. M.	95
On earth we gain by losing	7s & 6s.	788
One prayer I have, all prayers in one	C. M.	614
One sole baptismal sign	H. M.	916
One sweetly solemn thought	S. M.	1088
One there is, above all others	8s & 7s.	304
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	C. M.	1161
Only waiting till the shadows	8s & 7s.	1157
O, not for these alone I pray	C. M.	902
O, not my own, this wondrous frame	L. M.	474
On the dark wave of Galilee	L. M.	247
On the dewy breath of even	8s & 7s.	110
On the mountain top appearing	8s, 7s & 4s.	925
Onward speed thy conquering flight	7s & 5s.	939
Open, Lord, mine inward ear	7s & 6s.	172
Oppressed with guilt, and full of fears	C. M.	218
Oppressed with sin and woe	S. M.	742
O pure reformers, not in vain	C. M.	975
O sacred day of holy rest	C. P. M.	45
O sacred head, now wounded	7s & 6s.	316
O Saviour, whom this holy morn	C. M.	950
O, see how Jesus trusts himself	C. M.	295
O sinner, bring not tears alone	C. M.	434
O, speak of Jesus: other names	L. M.	321
O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way	C. M.	700
O Spirit of the living God	L. M.	944
O streams of earthly love and joy	C. M.	399
O Strong to save and bless	6s & 4s.	519
O teach me, Father, to submit	C. M.	781
O that I could forever dwell	L. M.	652
O that my heart was right with thee	L. M.	630
O that my load of sin were gone	L. M.	447
O that the Lord's salvation	7s & 6s.	947

O that the Lord would guide my ways	C. M.	623
O the hour, when this material	8s & 7s.	1164
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	C. M.	757
O Thou that hearest prayer	H. M.	28
O Thou, to whom all creatures bow	C. M.	174
O Thou, to whom in ancient time	L. M.	19
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight	L. M.	607
O Thou who art above all height	L. M.	855
O Thou who driest the mourner's tear	C. M.	754
O Thou, whose mercy guides my way	C. M.	759
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands	C. M.	861
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears	C. M.	747
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	C. M.	346
Our Captain leads us on	S. M.	317
Our country's voice is pleading	7s & 6s.	948
Our Father in heaven	6s & 5s.	1058
Our God is love, and all his saints	C. M.	568
Our God, our help in ages past	C. M.	142
Our heavenly Father calls	S. M.	666
Our heavenly Father, hear	S. M.	587
Our Lord is risen from the dead	L. M.	262
Our pathway oft is wet with tears	C. M.	762
Our souls, by love together knit	C. M.	911
Out of the depths I cry to thee	C. M.	1013
Out of the depths of woe	S. M.	452
O, what a treasure all divine	C. M.	308
O, what delight is this	S. M.	905
O, what is life? 'Tis like a flower	C. H. M.	1073
O, what though our feet may not tread where	11s.	894
O, when shall I see Jesus	7s & 6s.	726
O, where are kings and empires now	C. M.	839
O, where is He that trod the sea	C. M.	243
O, where is now that glowing love	L. M.	736
O, where shall rest be found	S. M.	381
O, who shall say he knows the folds	L. M.	584
O, why despond in life's dark vale	C. M.	200
O, wondrous is thy mercy, Lord	C. M.	1046
Part in peace: is day before us	8s & 7s.	113
Peace be to this sacred dwelling	8s & 7s.	821
People of the living God	7s.	874
Pity the nations, O our God	C. M.	930
Planted in Christ, the living vine	C. M.	869
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	C. M.	279
Pour, blesséd gospel, glorious news	10s.	425
Pour forth the oil, — pour boldly forth	C. M.	542

Pour out thy Spirit from on high	L. M.	860
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	L. M.	128
Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore him	8s & 7s.	62
Praise to God, immortal praise	7s.	1001
Praise to thee, thou great Creator	8s & 7s.	78
Praise ye Jehovah's name	6s & 4s.	71
Prayer is appointed to convey	L. M.	593
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	C. M.	596
Press on, press on, ye sons of light	L. M.	698
Purer yet and purer	6s & 5s.	627
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	7s.	529
Rejoice in God alway	S. M.	802
Remember thy Creator now	C. M.	1059
Rest is not quitting the busy career	10s.	816
Returning, not departing	7s & 6s.	1101
Return, my roving heart, return	L. M.	441
Return, O God of love, return	C. M.	761
Return, O wanderer, now return	C. M.	377
Ride on, ride on, in majesty	L. M.	250
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	7s & 6s.	645
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path	C. M.	720
Rocked in the cradle of the deep	L. M.	968
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	7s.	300
Safely through another week	7s.	39
Salvation, O, the joyful sound	C. M.	292
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	8s & 7s.	103
Saviour, when in dust to thee	7s.	455
Saw ye not the cloud arise	7s.	924
Say not the law divine	S. M.	418
Say, sinner, hath a voice within	L. M.	383
Scorn not the slightest word or deed	C. M.	711
See, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er	12s & 11s.	105
See, from Zion's sacred mountain	8s, 7s & 4s.	422
See, gracious God, before thy throne	C. M.	1011
See how he loved! exclaimed the Jews	L. M.	240
See, in the vineyard of the Lord	C. M.	382
See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands	C. M.	1049
See the leaves around us falling	8s & 7s.	1025
See what a living stone	S. M.	837
Servant of God, well done	S. M.	1114
Shall hymns of grateful love	H. M.	336
Shall we grow weary in our watch	8s & 6.	564
She loved her Saviour, and to him	C. M.	457

Shepherd of tender youth	6s & 4s.	1063
Shepherd of the ransomed flock	7s.	310
She was the music of our home	C. M.	1122
Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive	L. M.	428
Silent, like men in solemn haste	L. M.	705
Since all the varying scenes of time	C. M.	187
Since first thy word awaked my heart	8s & 7s.	487
Sing of Jesus, sing forever	8s & 5.	343
Sing to the Lord in joyful strains	C. M.	929
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands	C. M.	227
Sinners, the voice of God regard	C. M.	400
Sinners, turn: why will ye die	7s.	408
Sinners, will you slight the message	8s, 7s & 4.	410
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely	8s & 7s.	1116
Slavery and death the cup contain	L. M.	962
Sleep not, soldier of the cross	7s.	709
Slowly, by God's hand unfurled	7s.	109
Softly fades the twilight ray	7s.	47
Soldiers of Christ, arise	S. M.	693
So let our lips and lives express	L. M.	581
Sometimes a light surprises	7s & 6s.	819
Soon shall the trump of God	S. M.	1136
Sound, sound the truth abroad	6s & 4s.	942
Sow in the morn thy seed	S. M.	723
Speak gently — it is better far	C. M.	551
Speak with us, Lord; thyself reveal	C. M.	654
Spirit divine, attend our prayer	C. M.	363
Spirit of power and might, behold	C. M.	356
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	L. M.	697
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	7s & 6s.	707
Star of Peace, to wanderers weary	8s, 7s & 4.	972
Still nigh me, O my Father, stand	L. M.	749
Still one in life, and one in death	L. M.	1183
Still, still with thee — when purple morn-	11s & 12s.	659
Still with thee, O my God	S. M.	650
Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise	C. M.	1082
Supreme in wisdom, as in power	C. M.	511
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh	L. M.	354
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer	L. M.	640
Sweet is the friendly voice	S. M.	445
Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve	L. M.	53
Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream	C. M.	595
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	L. M.	56
Sweet is the work, O Lord	S. M.	38
Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me	C. M.	1057

Sweet the moments, rich the blessing	8s & 7s.	682
Sweet was the time when first I felt	C. M.	490
Tarry with me, O my Saviour	8s & 7s.	111
Tell me not in mournful numbers	8s & 7s.	702
Thanks be to him who built the hills	L. M.	1000
That awful day will surely come	C. M.	1144
That blesséd law of thine	S. M.	636
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	L. M.	1145
That great day of wrath and terror	8s & 7s.	1148
That might of faith, O Lord, bestow	C. M.	502
That upper room is heaven on earth	C. M.	1007
The aged sufferer waited long	C. M.	242
The billows swell, the winds are high	L. M.	967
The bird that soars on highest wing	L. M.	565
The breaking waves dashed high	P. M.	998
The Christian warrior, see him stand	L. M.	714
The church has waited long	S. M.	1130
The darkened sky, how thick it lowers	L. M.	756
The day is past and gone	S. M.	101
The dead are like the stars by day	C. M.	1100
The dead are like the stars by day	C. M.	1109
The dove, let loose in Eastern skies	C. M.	617
Thee we adore, eternal Name	C. M.	1021
The fiery steed and flaming car	L. M.	834
The fountain in its source	S. M.	632
The glorious universe around	C. M.	915
The God of glory walks his round	L. M.	718
The God of harvest praise	6s & 4s.	1004
The God who reigns alone	6s.	138
The happy morn is come	H. M.	326
The heaven of heavens cannot contain	C. M.	140
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	L. M.	203
The hour of my departure's come	L. M.	1102
Their hearts shall not be moved	H. M.	513
The King of heaven his table spreads	C. M.	392
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