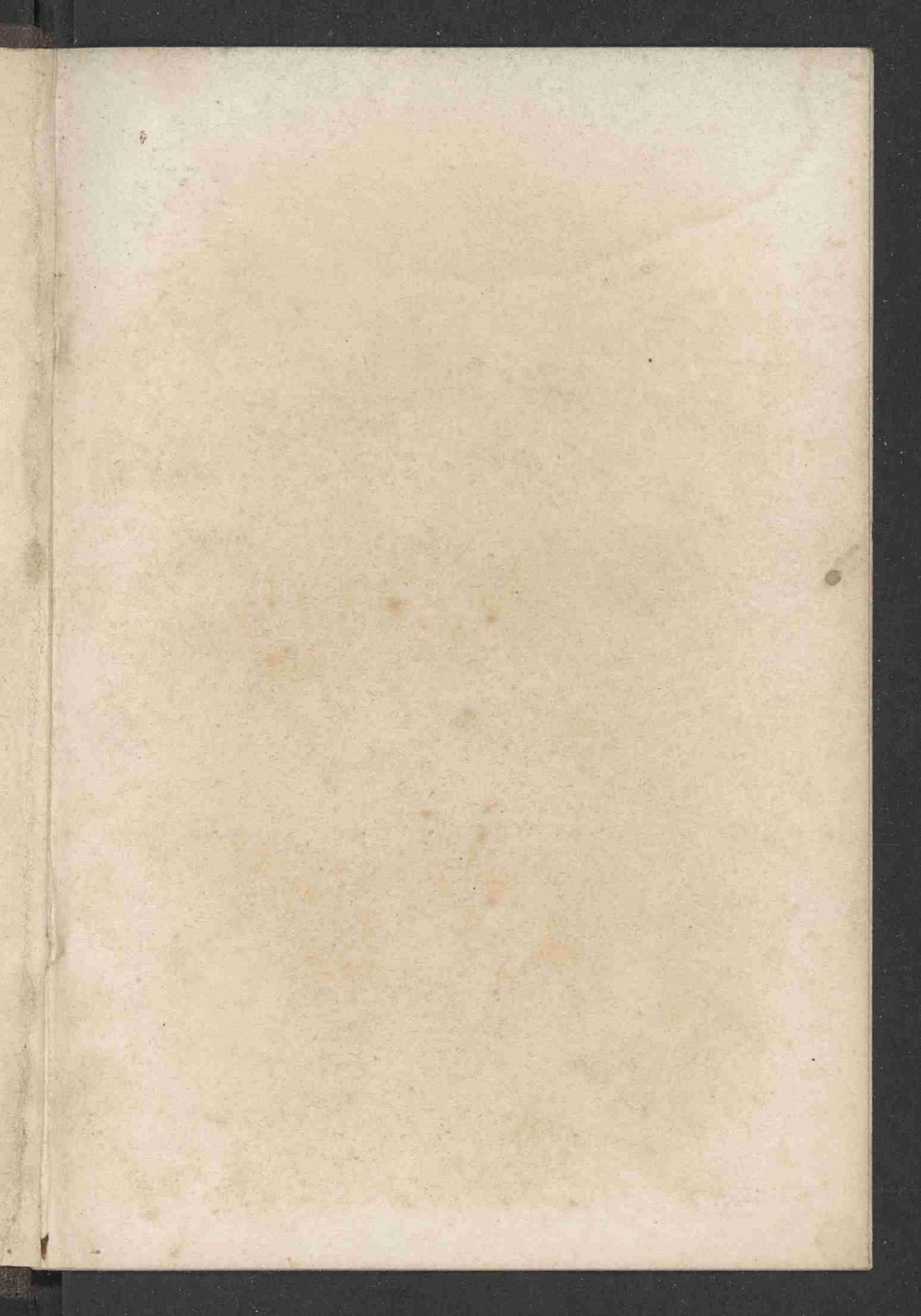
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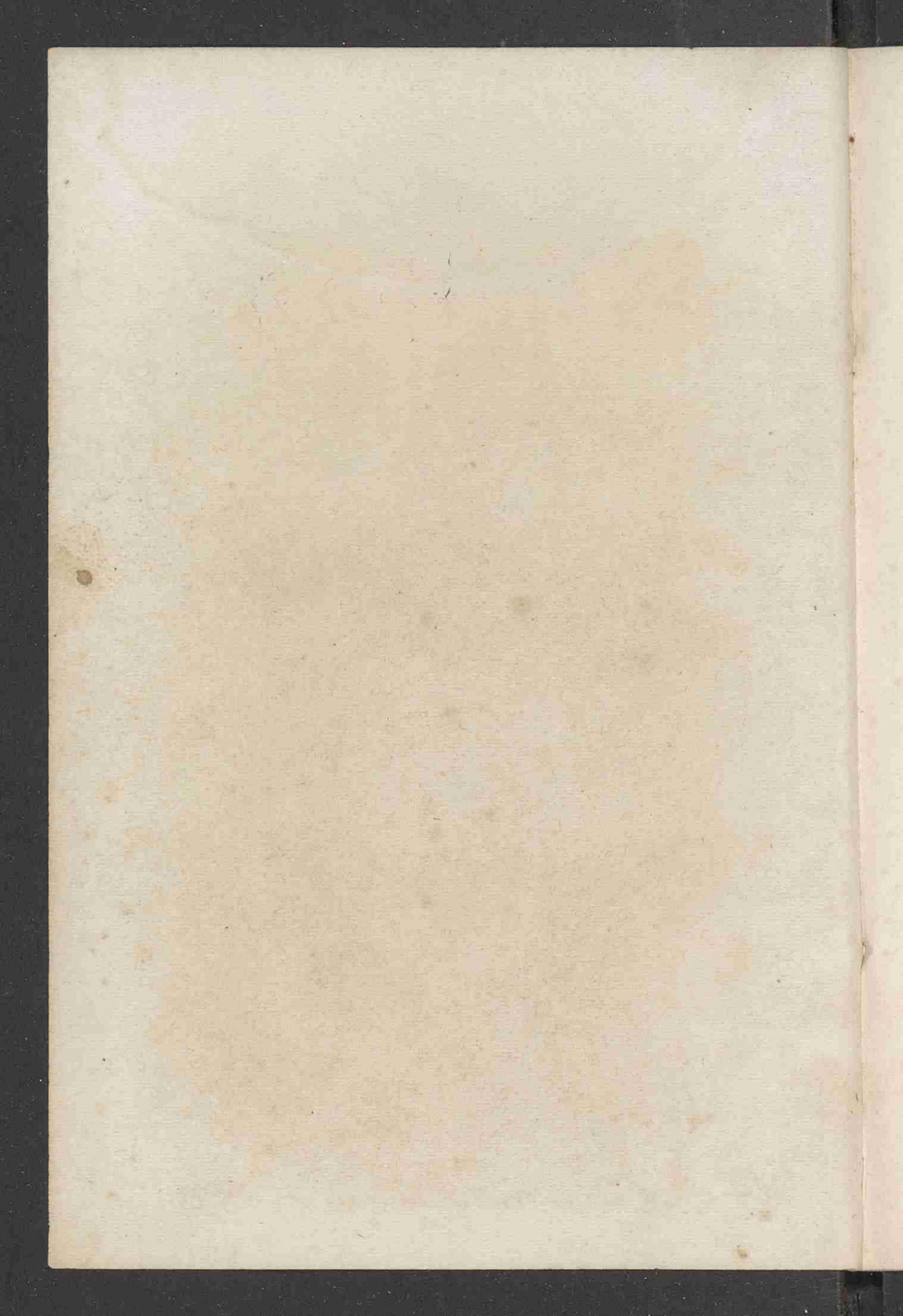
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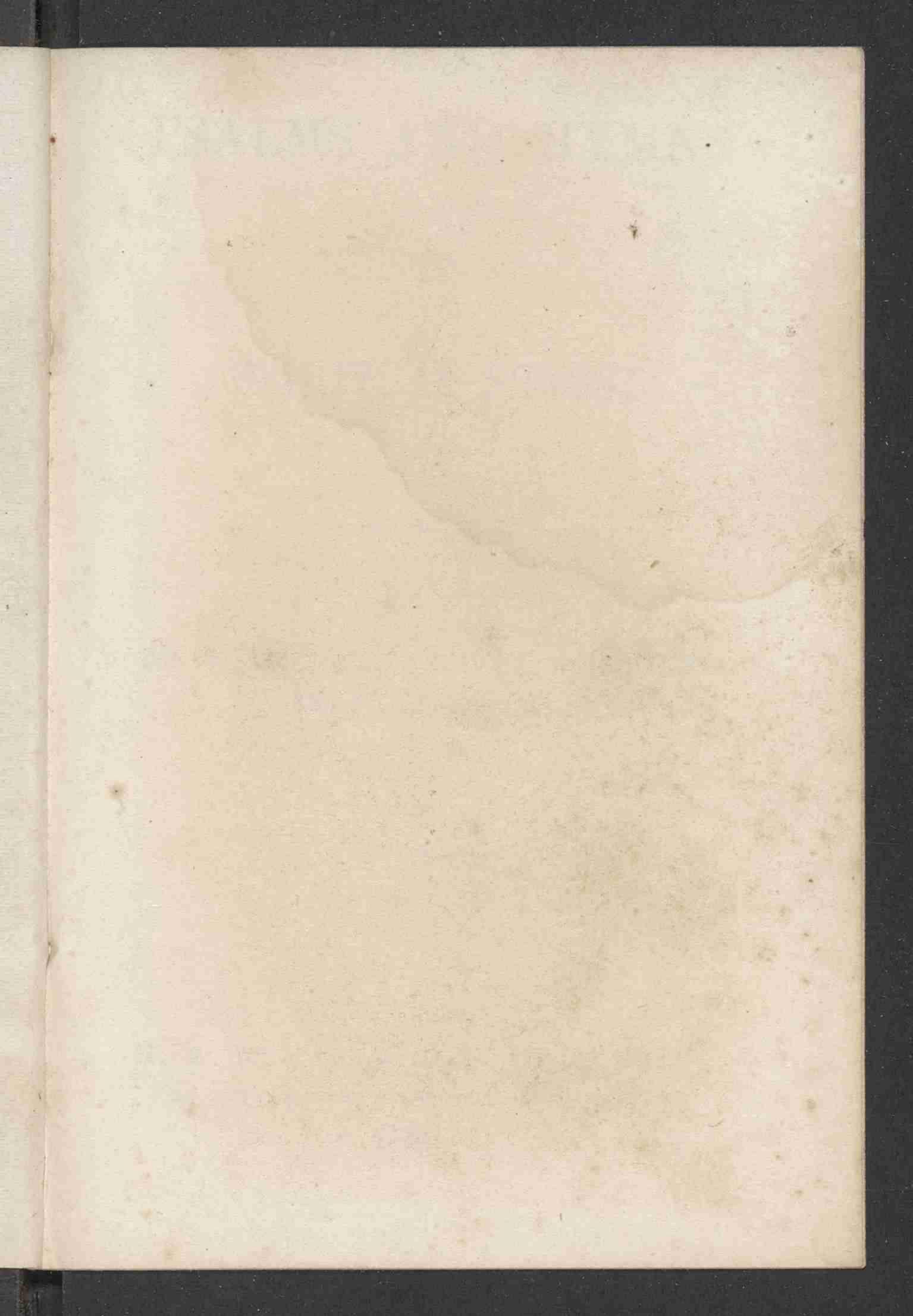
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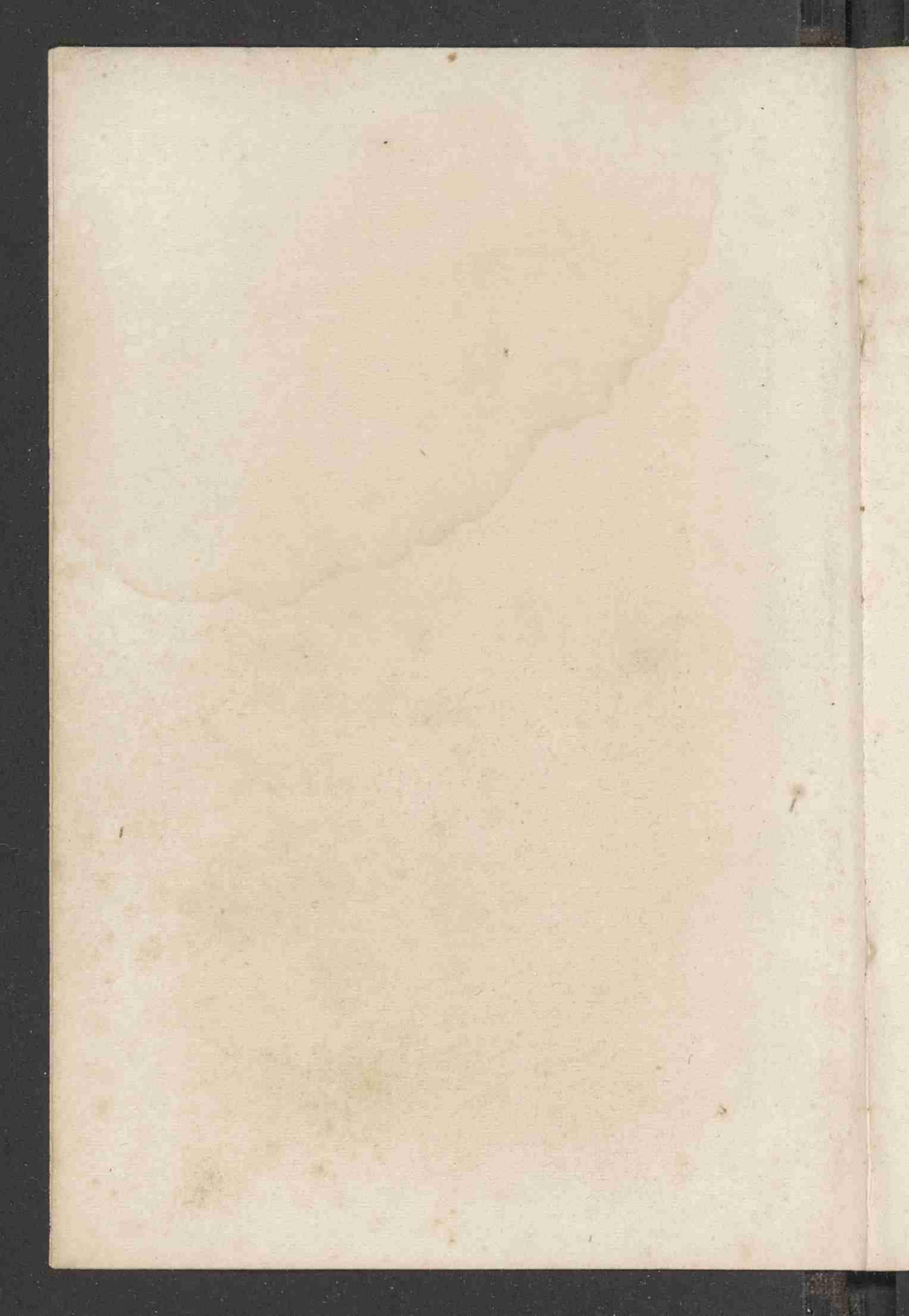
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# ADVERTISEMENT.

This little volume has been compiled, in order to meet a want which the publishers believed to exist in the Universalist communities of the West. They have long thought it desirable that there should be a more general participation in the musical exercises of Divine worship; and a great obstacle to such a participation has seemed to be the necessarily high price of the hymn-books in former use among us, which prevented more than a limited ownership in our poorer societies. Those books, considering the large amount of excellent matter they contain, are really "cheap;" but it was believed a collection might be made of a suitable number of appropriate hymns which could be sold at such a low rate as to justify congregations in purchasing supplies to be kept at their places of worship. For this purpose we offer 308 Hymns: abundant, we think, to meet every ordinary exigency of Church service; and at such a price as will enable societies, by a few collections, to obtain a proper number for public use.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been deemed that the purpose in view could be better attained by a reduced number of Hymns, carefully selected, rather than by publishing tunes with the Hymns. Those who can read music can obtain The Shawm, or some other good Note Book, at a price which, added to that of this little volume, would be no greater than that of the Plymouth Collection, for instance; and they would then have a larger variety of tunes and set pieces than could be given in any Hymn and Tune Book. Those who can not read music, and sing "by ear," need not be put to the extra expense. To accommodate those who may have to lead the singing, we have appended an Index of Tunes, suggested with reference to congregational singing.

If this little volume shall in anywise add to the devotional feeling of our people, and increase their interest in public worship, or inspire them "to make melody in their hearts to the Lord," we shall

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N. & D.

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# HYMNS.

#### PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. 8s. & 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.

- 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.

# 2. L. M. J. PIERPONT.

- 1 О Тнои, to whom, in ancient time,
  The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
  Whom kings adored in song sublime,
  And prophets praised with glowing tongue:
- 2 Not now on Zion's hight alone, Thy favored worshiper 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.
- The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
  To Thee, at last, in every clime,
  Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.
- 3. 7s. M. J. TAYLOR.
- 1 Lord! before Thy presence come,
  Bow we down with holy fear;
  Call our erring footsteps home,
  Let us feel that Thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers!
  Come not where devotion kneels;
  Let the soul expand her stores,
  Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of Thy house,
  We resign our earth-born cares;
  Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
  Songs of praise and fervent prayers.
- 4. L. M. FROTHINGHAM.
- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all
  Within, around us, and above!
  Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,
  Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

- 2 That truth be with the heart believed
  Of all who seek this sacred place;
  With power proclaimed, in peace received—
  Our spirits' light, Thy Spirit's grace:—
- That love its holy influence pour,

  To keep us meek, and make us free,

  And throw its binding blessing more

  Round each with all, and all with Thee.
- 4 Send down its angel to our side—
  Send in its calm upon the breast;
  For we would know no other guide,
  And we can need no other rest.

### 5. C. M. Miss H. M. Williams.

- 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 power 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 will rest on Thee.

6. S. M. WATTS.

- 1 Come ye that love the Lord,
  And let your joys be known;
  Join in a song, with sweet accord,
  And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
  Be banished from this place;
  Religion never was designed
  To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
  A thousand sacred sweets,
  Before we reach the heavenly fields,
  Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry;
  We're marching through Immanuel's ground
  To fairer worlds on high.

# 7. 8s. and 7s. M. C. Wesley.

- Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
  Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
  All Thy faithful mercies crown.
  Father! Thou art all compassion,
  Pure, unbounded love Thou art!
  Visit us with Thy salvation,
  Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast;

Let us all Thy peace inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive:
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

#### 8. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
  Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
  Know that the Lord is God alone;
  He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
  Made us of clay, and formed us men;
  And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
  He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful songs; High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
  Vast as eternity Thy love;
  Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
  When rolling years shall cease to move.

#### 9. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

- 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.

# 10. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

- 1 With one consent, let all the earth
  To God their cheerful voices raise;
  Glad homage pay with hallowed mirth,
  And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Rejoice, for He is God alone,
  From whom both we and all proceed—
  We, whom He chooses for His own,
  The flock who on His bounty feed.
- 3 O enter, then, His temple-gate;
  Thence to His courts devoutly press;
  And still your grateful hymns repeat,
  And still His name with praises bless:—
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good;
  His mercy is forever sure;
  His truth, which always firmly stood,
  To endless ages shall endure.

# 11. 7s. M. SALISBURY COLL.

- 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 There no tongue shall silent be;
  All shall join in harmony;
  And, through heaven's capacious round,
  Praise to Thee shall ever sound.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
  Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
  Holy, holy, holy Lord!
  Be Thy glorious name adored.

### 12. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

- 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, our hearts are fixed and bent Their thankful tribute to present; And, with the heart, the voice we'll raise To Thee, our God, in songs of praise.
- Thy praises, Lord, we 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.

# 13. H. M. WATTS.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!

To Thine abode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

- Where God appoints to hear!
  O happy men that pay
  Their constant service there!
  They praise Thee still; and happy they
  Who love the way to Zion's hill.
- Through all the rolling years,
  Till each arrives at length,
  Till each in heaven appears:
  O glorious seat, when God our King
  Shall thither bring our willing feet!

# 14. 61. 7s. M. J. NEWTON.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
  God has brought us on our way.
  Let us now His blessing seek,
  Waiting in His courts to-day;
  Day, of all the week the best—
  Emblem of eternal rest.
- 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.
- Here we come Thy name to praise;
  Let us feel Thy presence near;
  May Thy glory meet our eyes
  While we in Thy house appear;
  Here afford us, Lord, a taste
  Of our everlasting 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 rest in Thee above.

#### 15.

#### L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
  O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
  With long desire my spirit faints
  To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.
- 2 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.

# 16. 6s. & 4s. M. MADAN, ALT.

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 children bless;
  Give Thy good 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.

# 17. 11s. M. Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

- 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 Gentle, the Just.
- 2 Nor come to the 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.

# 18. L. M. NEW YORK COLL.

- 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 Lord, on this day of holy rest,
  We would improve the calm repose;
  And, in Thy service truly blest,
  Forget the world, its joys and woes.

- 3 O 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.

# 19. 7s. M. HAMMOND.

- 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
  At Thy feet we humbly bow;
  O, do not our suit disdain;
  Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast down, lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 3 Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God supremely kind; Heal the sick; the captive free; Let us all rejoice in Thee.

# 20. S. M. URWICK'S COLL.

- 1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
  And in His praises join,—
  With saints His goodness to record,
  And sing His power divine!
- These seasons of delight
  The dawn of glory seem,
  Like rays of pure, celestial light,
  Which on our spirits beam.
  - 3 O, blest assurance this; Bright morn of heavenly day;

Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss, That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

21. BULFINCH.

senial beautiful sell at ten much sould W.

- 1 Hail to the Sabbath day!

  The day divinely given,

  When men to God their homage pay,

  And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
  Within Thy courts we bend,
  And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
  Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone
  In courts by mortals trod;
  Nor only is the day Thine own
  When man draws near to God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
  Of you unmeasured sky;
  Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
  Of grand eternity.
  - Dawn on Thy servants' sight;

    And purer worship may we pay
    In heaven's unclouded light.

22. C. M. JERVIS.

1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above—
That glorious temple in the skies
Where dwells eternal Love.

- 2 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to Thee
  Our filial duty pay;
  Thy service, unconstrained and free,
  Conducts to endless day.
- While in Thy house of prayer 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 offering we bring.

23. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
  To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
  To show Thy love by morning light,
  And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
  No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
  O may my heart in tune be found,
  Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in 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 Soon 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.

Sink of Him singsby the endil.

24.

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

1 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—

Willing hands to lead the blind, Bind the wounded, feed the poor; Love, embracing all our kind; Charity, with liberal store:— Teach us, O Thou heavenly King, Thus to show our grateful mind, Thus the accepted offering bring, Love to Thee and all mankind.

# 25. 8s. & 7s. M. HYMNS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

1 Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.
Let us think how time is gliding;
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Father, now one prayer we raise Thee:
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let us cease to praise Thee,
Never from Thy fear depart;
Thus, as years are gathering o'er us,
And the world declines in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before us;
There our treasure will be laid.

26.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Early, my God, without delay,
  I haste to seek Thy face;
  My thirsty spirit faints away
  Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
  Through all Thy temple shine;
  My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
  That vision so divine.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,

  Can my best passions move,

  Or raise so high my cheerful voice,

  As Thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
  I'll bless my God and King;
  Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
  And tune my lips to sing.

27.

#### 11s. & 8s. M.

- 1 How lovely the place where the Saviour appears,
  To those who believe in his word;
  His presence disperses their sorrows and fears,
  And bids them rejoice in the Lord.
- 2 Lord, give me a place with the humblest of saints, For low at Thy feet I would lie; I know Thou regardest my feeble complaints, And ever to help me art nigh.
- In all my endeavors, confiding in Thee,
  Pour out Thy abundance of love!
  From folly's enchantments, O aid me to flee,
  To set my affections above.

28.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Lord, how delightful 'tis to see A whole assembly worship Thee! At once they sing, at once they pray, They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 This blessing oft my soul would know: 'T is like the dawn of heaven below; Not all that mocking lips may say, Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord, The truth and precepts of Thy word, That I may love Thy law the more, And serve Thee better than before.
- 4 With holy thoughts and scenes divine, Fill up this longing heart of mine, That faithful I may ever be To all the laws derived from Thee.

29.

7s. M.

TURNER.

- 1 Lord of hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on earth, Thy temples are! Here Thy waiting people see Much of heaven, and much of Thee.
- 2 From Thy gracious presence flows
  Bliss that softens all our woes,
  While Thy Spirit's holy fire
  Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- Here we supplicate Thy throne;
  Here Thou mak'st Thy glories known;
  Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
  Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

4 Thus, with rev'rent songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ—
Love, and long to love Thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

30.

7s. M.

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 Peace is on the world abroad;
  'T is the holy peace of God—
  Symbol of the peace within,
  When the spirit rests from sin.
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
  Where the evening worshiper
  Seeks communion with the skies
  Pressing onward to the prize.

the little con the Landing the united to

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

A LET THE PROPERTY OF SAME SAME AND THE PARTY OF THE PART

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# MORNING AND EVENING.

Thus, with rest rotes someth out for

7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

(Morning Hymn.)

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone; Now the morning light comes on; Lord, may we be Thine to-day: Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light, Banish doubt, and clear our sight; In Thy service, Lord, to-day, May we stand, and watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound; Save us from our foes around; Going out and coming in, Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past, O, receive us then at last; Night and sin will be no more, When we reach the heavenly shore.

32.

C. M. GENTS. MAG.

(Daily Protection.)

- 1 On Thee, each morning, O my God! My waking thoughts attend; In Thee are founded all my hopes, In Thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost, Thy boundless love surveys; And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares A sacrifice of praise.

#### MORNING AND EVENING.

- And brings me safe to light;
  And with the same paternal care

  Conducts my steps till night.
- 4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
  With His protection blest,
  In peace and safety I commit
  My weary limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit in His hand secure,
  Fears no approaching ill;
  For, whether waking or asleep,
  Thou, Lord, art with me still.

33. L. M. BISHOP KEN.

#### (Morning Hymn.)

- 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 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew; Scatter my sins as morning dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
  All I design, or do, or say,
  That all my powers, with all their might,
  In Thy sole glory may unite.

34. L. M. WATTS.

(Morning or Evening Hymn.)

1 My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

#### MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
  To Thee I consecrate my days;
  Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
  Demand perpetual songs of praise.

# 35. L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

(Morning Hymn.)

- 1 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!
- 2 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.
- A deeper shade will soon impend;
  A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
  Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
  Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 4 That deeper shade shall break away;
  That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
  Thy light shall give eternal day—
  Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

### 36.

L. M.

KEBLE.

(Evening Hymn.)

1 'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze, Fast fading from our wistful gaze; You mantling cloud has hid from sight. The last faint pulse of quivering light.

- 2 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near: O may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can not live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I would not die.

8s. & 7s. M.

EDMESTON.

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### (Evening Hymn.)

- 1 FATHER, breathe an evening blessing Ere repose our spirits seal; Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us, Though its arrow past us fly, Angel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can not hide from Thee; Thou art He who, never weary, Evermore our guard will be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us And command us to the tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

## (Evening Hymn.)

- 1 Softly now the light of day
  Fades upon my sight away;
  Free from care, from labor free,
  Lord, I would commune with Thee.
- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day Shall forever pass away; Then from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

39.

## L. M.

WATTS.

### (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 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.
- 3 Faith in my God forbids my fear:
  O, may Thy presence ne'er depart!
  And in the morning make me hear
  Thy love and kindness in my heart.
- 4 And when the night of death shall come
  Still may I trust almighty Love—
  The love which triumphs o'er the tomb,
  And leads to perfect bliss above.

#### C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

(Evening Hymn.)

- I LOVE awhile to steal away
  From every cumbering care,
  And spend the hours of setting day
  In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love to think on mercies past,
  And future good implore,
  And all my cares and sorrows cast
  On Him whom I adore.
- 3 I love by faith to take a view
  Of brighter scenes in heaven;
  The prospect doth my strength renew,
  While here by tempests driven.
- 4 And when life's toilsome day is o'er,
  May its departing ray
  Be calm as this impressive hour,
  And lead to endless day.

# THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

41.

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

- 1 Glory be to God on high,
  God, whose glory fills the sky;
  Peace on earth to man forgiven,
  Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
- 2 Favored mortals! raise the song; Endless thanks to God belong; Hearts o'erflowing with His praise, Join the hymns your voices raise.

- 3 Mark the wonders of His hand! Power, no empire can withstand; Wisdom, angels' glorious theme; Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Gracious Being! from Thy throne Send Thy promised blessings down; Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy peace, Bid our earthly passions cease.

# 42. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 My God, my King, Thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my humble tongue Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to Thine ear; And every setting sun shall see New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise The long succession of Thy praise, And unborn ages make my song The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
  Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds.
  Vast and unsearchable Thy ways—
  Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

# 43. 8s. & 7s. M. FAWCETT.

- 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.

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

## 44. 8s. & 7s. M. Robinson.

- 1 Lord of every land and nation,
  Ancient of eternal days,
  Sounded through the wide creation
  Be Thy just and worthy praise,—
- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
  Grand beyond a scraph's thought—
  For created works of power,
  Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 3 For Thy providence, that governs
  Through Thine empire's wide domain,
  Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
  Glory to Thy gentle reign.
- 4 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
  Beams with brightness all along;
  Thought is poor, and poor expression;
  Who can sing this glorious song?

# 45. H. M. WATTS.

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,
To praise the Lord.

46. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

- 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 tongue can give.

4 O let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

## 47. 7s. M. Montgomery.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with halleluiahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise arose, when he Captive led captivity.
- 3 Men below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice; Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.
- 4 Borne upon our latest breath,
  Songs of praise shall conquer death;
  Then, amid eternal joy,
  Songs of praise our powers employ.

## 48. 7s. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

- 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, Clouds that drop refreshing dews, Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

- 3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal Autumn pours From her rich o'erflowing stores;—
- 4 These to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow; And for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## 49. 10s. & 11s. M. Doddridge.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord—prepare a new song,
  And let all His saints in full concert join;
  With voices united the anthem prolong,
  And show forth His praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend; Let each grateful heart be glad in its King; The God whom we worship our songs will attend, And view with complacence the offering we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints sustained by His might, And let your glad songs awake with each morn; For those who obey Him are still His delight— His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord—prepare a glad song,
  And let all His saints in full concert join;
  With voices united the anthem prolong,
  And show forth His praises with music divine.

## 50. 11s. M. Byrom.

1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide;

Whatever we want He will kindly provide: His care and protection His flock will surround; To them will His mercies forever abound.

- 2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what, then, shall we fear?
  Shall dangers affrighten us while He is near?
  O, no; when He calls us we'll walk through the vale,
  The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.
- 3 Afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
  Thy rod and Thy staff be our comfort and stay:
  We know by Thy guidance, when once it is past,
  To life and to glory it brings us at last.
- 4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
  His blessings have followed us all our life long;
  His name will we praise, while He lends to us
  breath,
  Bejoyful through life, and resigned in our death.

# 51. L. M. H. BALLOU, 2D.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne
  All heaven in ceaseless worship waits,
  Whose glory fills the worlds unknown—
  Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.
- 2 With mingling souls and voices join;
  To Him the swelling anthem raise;
  Repeat his name with joy divine,
  And fill the temple with His praise.
- 3 All-gracious God, to Thee we owe
  Each joy and blessing time affords:
  Light, life, and health, and all below,
  Spring from Thy presence, Lord of lords.
- 4 Thine be the praise, for Thine the love
  That freely all our sins forgave,
  Pointed our dying eyes above,
  And showed us life beyond the grave.

C. M.

ADDISON.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
  My rising soul surveys,
  Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
  Thy tender care bestowed,
  Before my infant heart conceived
  From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ;
  Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
  That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life,
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
  And after death, in distant worlds,
  The glorious theme renew.

53.

C. M.

BROWNE.

- 1 Lord! Thou art good: all Nature shows
  Its mighty Author kind;
  Thy bounty through creation flows,
  Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole, in every part, proclaims
  Thine infinite good-will;
  It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
  And blooms on every hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
  And heavens, which spread more wide;
  It drops in gentle showers of rain,
  And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Through the vast whole it pours supplies, Spreads joy through every part;

- O, may such love attract my eyes, And captivate my heart!
- 5 My highest admiration raise,
  My best affections move!
  Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
  And fill my heart with love!

## 54. 7s. M. MILTON.

- 1 Let us with a gladsome mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
  For of gods He is the God:
  He by wisdom did create
  Heaven's expanse, and all its state;
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
  How to rise above the main;
  Did by His commanding might,
  Fill the new-made world with light.
- 4 All things living He doth feed; His full hand supplies their need. Let us therefore warble forth His high majesty and worth.

# 55. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
  The Fountain of eternal love;
  Whose mercy firm through ages past
  Has stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express?—
  Not only vast, but numberless!
  What mortal eloquence can raise
  His tribute of immortal praise?

- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
  Who from Thy judgments never stray;
  Who know the right, nor only so,
  But always practice what they know.
- 4 O render thanks to God above,
  The Fountain of eternal love;
  Whose mercy firm through ages past
  Has stood, and shall forever last.

## 56. C. M. M. RAYNER.

- 1 HAIL! Source of light, of life, and love, And joys that never end, In whom all creatures live and move,— Creator, Father, Friend.
- 2 All space is with Thy presence crowned;
  Creation owns Thy care;
  Each spot in nature's ample round,
  Proclaims that God is there.
- 3 Attuned to praise be every voice;
  Let not one heart be sad:
  Jehovah reigns! Let earth rejoice;
  Let all the isles be glad.
- 4 Then sound the anthem loud and long,
  In sweetest, loftiest strains:
  And be the burden of the song,
  The Lord, Jehovah, reigns!

# 57. H. M. H. BALLOU, 2D.

Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King;
O bless His name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

- 2 Give glory to the Lord,
  Ye kindreds of the earth;
  His sovereign power record,
  And show His wonders forth,
  Till heathen tongues His grace proclaim,
  And every heart adores His name.
- 3 'T is He the mountains crowns
  With forests waving wide;
  'T is He old ocean bounds,
  And heaves her roaring tide;
  He swells the tempests on the main,
  Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.
- As round the earth they roll;

  His praise for evermore

  They sound from pole to pole.

  'T is nature's wild, unconscious song
  O'er thousand waves that floats along.
- Display with all your spheres,
  Amid the darksome sky,
  When silent night appears.
  O, let His works declare His name
  Through all the universal frame.

## 58. 10s. & 11s. M. TATE & BRADY.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord—prepare your glad voice His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them His great name devoutly adore, In loud-swelling strains His praises express, Who graciously opens His bountiful store Their wants to relieve, and His children to bless.

With glory adorned, His people shall sing To God who defense and plenty supplies; Their loud acclamations to Him, their great King, Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

### 59.

## 7s. M. Montgomery.

- 1 All ye nations, praise the Lord;
  All ye lands, your voices raise;
  Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
  Praise the Lord, forever praise.
- 2 For His truth and mercy stand,
  Past, and present, and to be,
  Like the years of His right hand,
  Like His own eternity.
- Praise Him, ye who know His love;
  Praise Him from the depths beneath;
  Praise Him in the hights above;
  Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

# 60. 8s. & 7s. M. Dublin Coll.

- Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
  Praise Him, angels in the hight;
  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 will make His truth 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!

## 61. 10s. & 11s. M. PARKER.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak well of His name, His mercies record, His bounties proclaim: To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.
- 2 Tho' hid from man's sight, God sits on His throne, Yet here, by His works, their Author is known: The world shines a mirror, its Maker to show, And heaven is seen in its image below.
- 3 And man, His last work, with reason endued, Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed, To God, his Creator, with joy let him raise The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

# 62. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
  Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
  While in Thy temple we appear,
  And hail Thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 The flowery spring, at Thy command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer suns with vigor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
  Through all our coasts redundant stores;
  And winters, softened by Thy care,
  No more the face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, Demand successive songs of praise; And be the grateful homage paid, With morning light and evening shade.

# 63. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid To Him who earth's foundation laid; Praise to the God, whose strong decrees Sway the creation as He please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord, Who rules His people by His word; And there, as strong as His decrees, Reveals His kindest promises.
- 3 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,
  To credit what Jehovah saith;
  To hear the message of His Son,
  And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 4 Then, should the earth's firm pillars shake, And all the wheels of nature break, Our steady souls shall fear no more Than solid rocks when billows roar.

# 64. L. M.

- 1 Rise, every heart and every tongue, Prepare a sweet, angelic song; Surprising mercies must require An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.
- 2 The sun of heaven illumes the soul;
  Oceans of mercies sweetly roll;
  The heavenly streams of truth and love
  Flow freely from the Fount above.
- 3 O happy day! we live to see How kind to men our God can be;

His greatest mercies stand confessed, And Zion is divinely blessed.

4 Thy truth and loving-kindness, Lord, We will with holy songs record; To us are richest favors given, And praises shall return to heaven.

## 65. 8s. M.

- 1 O come, let us sing to the Lord,
  In God our Salvation rejoice;
  In psalms of thanksgiving, record
  His praise with one spirit and voice.
- 2 Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
  The God of all gods, on His throne;
  The strength of the hills He maintains,
  The ends of the earth are His own.
- 3 O come, let us worship, and kneel
  Before our Creator and God,
  The people who serve Him with zeal,
  The sheep who His pastures have trod.
- 4 To Him let us hearken to-day,
  The Voice that yet speaks from above,
  And all His commandments obey,
  For they are the statutes of love.

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66. L. M. Blacklock.

- 1 Father of all, omniscient Mind,
  Thy wisdom who can comprehend!
  Its highest point what eye can find,
  Or to its lowest depths descend!
- 2 If up to heaven's ethereal hight,
  Thy prospect to elude, we rise,
  In splendor there, supremely bright,
  Thy presence shall our sight surprise.
- 3 Thine essence fills each breathing frame;
  It glows in every vital part,
  Lights up our souls with livelier flame,
  And feeds with life each beating heart.
- 4 To Thee from whom our being came,
  Whose smile is all the heaven we know,
  Inspired with this exalted theme,
  To Thee our grateful strains shall flow.

67. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 Great God, how infinite art Thou!

  How weak and frail are we!

  Let the whole race of creatures bow,

  And homage pay to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood, Ere earth or heaven was 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 varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

68. C. M.

THOMSON.

- 1 FATHER in heaven! 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 In all the varying scenes of time, On Thee our hopes depend; Through every age, in every clime, Our Father, and our Friend!

69. C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 I SING the mighty power of God,
  That made the mountains rise,
  That spread the mighty seas abroad,
  And built the lofty skies.
- I sing the Wisdom that ordained
  The sun to rule the day;
  The moon shines full at His command,
  And all the stars obey.

1

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
  That filled the earth with food;
  He formed the creatures with His word,
  And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below,
  But makes His glories known;
  And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
  By order from His throne.

## 70. 8s. & 7s. M. Bowring.

- 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:
  Everywhere His glory shineth;
  God is wisdom, God is love.

## 71. C. M. COWPER.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
  His wonders to perform;
  He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread

- Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for his grace;
  Behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
  The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.
- 72. H. M.
  - I UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
    From God is all my aid,—
    The God that built the skies,
    And earth and nature made;
    God is the Tower
    To which I fly;
    His grace is nigh
    In every hour.

WATTS.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,
  And fall in fatal snares,
  Since God, my Guard and Guide,
  Defends me from my fears:
  That wakeful eye,
  That never sleeps,
  His children keeps
  When dangers rise.
  - Nor blasts of evening air,
    Shall take my health away,
    If God be with me there:
    He is my Sun,
    And He my Shade,
    To guard my head
    By night or noon.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, Thee we praise;
  Thee all Thy creatures sing:
  While with Thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
  And heaven's high palace ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
  How glorious to behold!
  Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
  And decked with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
  And strike the gazing sight,
  Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
  With rev'rence and delight.
- 4 Almighty power, and equal skill,
  Shine through the worlds abroad,
  Our souls with vast amazement fill,
  And speak the builder, God.

# 74. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

- 1 There is a God—all nature speaks
  Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies:
  See, from the clouds His glory breaks,
  When first the 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 The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
  Above the weak attempts of art;
  Their bright, inimitable dyes
  Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad, And trace creation's wonders o'er, Confess the footsteps of a God; Come, bow before Him, and adore.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

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 proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which o'er the hills, and through the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

3 O ne'er may 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.

76.

C. M.

BEVERIDGE.

- 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 returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
  With all the bliss it yields;
  With joyful clusters loads the vine,
  With waving grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
  Are in the Gospel seen;
  There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines,
  Without a cloud between.

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

1 While God my Father's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

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

78.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

1 Almighty Father, gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was Thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce Thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From Thy exhaustless store;
But, O! in vain my laboring thought
Would count Thy mercies o'er.

4 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of Thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

C. M.

1 THERE'S not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

3 Then rise, my soul, and sing His name,
And all His praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.

4 Where'er Thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare;
Nor think the mighty theme too vast,
For God is everywhere.

80.

S. M.

WATTS.

I 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 can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

C. M.

- 1 Thou great Creator, wise and good!
  To Thee our songs we raise:
  Nature, in all her various scenes,
  Invites us to Thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh wonders strike our view; And, while we gaze, our hearts exult With transports ever new.
- 3 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
  Our serious hours engage;
  Still may our grateful hearts consult
  Thy works' instructive page.
- 4 And while, in all Thy wondrous works,
  Thy varied love we see,
  O may our hearts, great God! be led
  Through nature up to Thee.

82.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 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 Within Thy circling power I stand; On every side I find Thy hand: Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.
- 3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
  What large extent! what lofty hight!
  My soul, with all the powers I boast,
  Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 4 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.

GEO. ROGERS.

- 1 My Father is God, and His goodness to me
  It passes the compass of language to tell;
  Eternal, unchangeable, boundless, and free,
  Was child ever loved by a parent so well?
  Yet oft in the ways of rebellion I rove,
  Till in the dark waste I no solace can find;
  He pours in my heart the sweet balm of His love:
  Was ever a father to rebel so kind?
- When far in the wilds of transgression I strayed,
  Till, faint and o'erwearied, I sunk in despair,
  He opened a fountain—spread o'er me a shade,
  And cherished my spirit with fatherly care.
  And still He is nigh me, to aid me full soon,
  When darkness and sorrow my comfort invade,
  His smiles shed around me the brightness of noon:
  O, when was such love by a father displayed?
- 3 Nor does it content Him to bless me below;
  Far greater displays of His mercy I'll see;
  For when from this scene of affliction I go,
  A mansion of bliss He has ready for me.
  And there, near His throne, where is fullness of
  I shall in His image eternally shine: [joy,
  To love and adore Him, my blissful employ:
  My God, was there ever such goodness as
  Thine?

# 84. S. M. MRS. STEELE.

- 1 My Father! cheering name!
  O, may I call Thee mine?
  Give me the humble hope to claim
  A portion so divine.
- 2 Whate'er Thy will denies, I calmly would resign;

For thou art just, and good, and wise, O, bend my will to Thine.

- 3 Whate'er Thy will ordains,
  O give me strength to bear;
  Still let me know a Father reigns,
  And trust a Father's care.
- 4 My Father!—blissful name!
  Above expression dear!
  If Thou accept my humble claim,
  I bid adieu to fear.

# 85. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

- 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 he is blessed
  With Thy peculiar care!
  Why on his offspring is conferred
  Of love so large a share.
- 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!

# 86. L. M. Mrs. GILMAN.

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 rushing 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 life, the dying hour, Shall own my Father's grace and power.

87. L. M. BRYANT.

- 1 FATHER! to Thy kind love we owe All that is fair and good below;
  Bestower of the health that lies
  On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!
- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!
  Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
  Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
  Fills the vast urns of sun and star!
- 3 Yet deem we not that thus alone, Thy mercy and Thy love are shown; For we have learned, with higher praise And holier names, to speak Thy ways.
- 4 In woe's dark hour, our kindest Stay!
  Sole Trust when life shall pass away!
  Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
  Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

88. 7s. M. Wesley.

1 Source of being, Source of light, With unfading beauties bright;

Thee, when morning greets the skies, Blushing sweet with humid eyes; Thee, when soft declining day Sinks in purple waves away; Thee, O Father, will I sing,—
To Thy feet my tribute bring!

- Yonder azure vault on high,
  Yonder blue and liquid sky,
  Earth on its firm basis placed,
  And with circling waves embraced;
  All Thine all-wise power confess,
  All their mighty Maker bless;
  Shaking nature with Thy nod,
  Earth and heaven confess their God.
- 3 Father, King, whose heavenly face
  Shines serene upon our race;
  Mindful of Thy guardian love,
  Over all below, above,—
  We Thy majesty adore,
  We Thy gracious aid implore;
  Not in vain Thy help we call,
  Naught we want, for Thou art All!

89. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

- 1 Lord! when my raptured thought surveys
  Creation's beauties o'er,
  All nature joins to teach Thy praise,
  And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
  Thy radiant footsteps shine;
  Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
  And speak Thy hand divine.
- 3 On me Thy providence hath shone With gentle, smiling rays;

- O! let my lips and life make known Thy goodness and Thy praise.
- 4 All-bounteous Lord! Thy grace impart;
  O! teach me to improve
  Thy gifts with ever-grateful heart,
  And crown them with Thy love.

## 90. L. M. Bowring.

- 1 FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
  Beaming through all Thy works, we see;
  Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
  And all the earth is full of Thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
  While Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
  Involved in clouds, invisible,
  Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
  Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
  But this we know, that where Thou art,
  Power, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
  Sustained by this delightful thought,
  Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
  They can not be where Thou art not.

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91. C. M. E. H. SEARS.

- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night Come heaven's melodious strains, Where wild Judea stretches far Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 The answering hills of Palestine
  Send back the glad reply;
  And greet, from all their holy hights,
  The day-spring from on high.
- 3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
  Loud with their anthems ring,—
  "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
  From heaven's Eternal King!"
- 4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!

  The Saviour now is born;

  And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains

  Breaks the first Christmas morn.

92. C. M. Doddridge.

- 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, Exerts its sacred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray,

And on the eye oppressed with night To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
  The bleeding soul to cure,
  And with the treasures of His grace
  T' 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.

93. C. M. WATTS.

- 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 earth! the Saviour reigns!

  Let men their songs employ;

  While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,

  Repeat the sounding joy.
- No more let sins and sorrows grow,
  Nor thorns infest the ground;
  He comes to make His blessings flow
  As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
  And makes the nations prove
  The glories of His righteousness,
  And wonders of His love.

94. S. M. NEEDHAM.

1 Behold the Prince of Peace!
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfills
The sure prophetic word.

- 2 No royal pomp adorns
  This King of Righteousness;
  Meekness and patience, truth and love,
  Compose his princely dress.
- 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 glad our hearts!
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
  Shall run the heavenly way:
  The path which Christ has marked and trod,
  Is that of endless day.

95. C. M. Enfield.

- 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!

TO STORY BUTTER AND T

L. M.

- 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 traveled 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!

97.

L. M. Russell.

- 1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee The gloom of twilight gathers fast, And on the waters drearily Descends the fitful evening blast.
- 2 The weary bird hath left the air And sunk into his sheltered nest; The wandering beast has sought his lair, And laid him down to welcome rest.

- 3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
  Lingers a form of human kind;
  And on his lone, unsheltered head
  Falls the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
  Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
  Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;
  He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 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.

98. 7s. M. Gibbons

- 1 Angels, roll the rock away!
  Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
  See! He rises from the tomb
  Glowing with immortal bloom!
- 2'T is the Saviour: angels, raise
  Fame's eternal trump of praise;
  Let the world's remotest bound
  Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Heaven unfolds its crystal gate:
  Enter, in thy glorious state!
  King of glory, mount thy throne:
  Boundless empire is thy own.
- 4 Praise him, ye celestial choirs—
  Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
  Praise him, in the noblest songs
  From ten thousand thousand tongues.
- 99. 8s. & 7s. M. Bowring.
  - 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 more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
  By the cross are sanctified;
  Peace is there that knows no measure,
  Joys that through all time abide.

# 100. L. M. E. TAYLOR.

- 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 feel 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.

### 101.

ter sanger there ent linds toyou.

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to 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 pris'ner leaps to loose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

### There is the witness of the court was a few toner. 102. 8s. & 7s. M. CAWOOD.

thing wants the straight in its your 10

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies! Lo! th' angelic host rejoices; Heavenly halleluiahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story Which they 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 Mortals join: repeat the story
  Of our great Redeemer's birth:
  Spread the brightness of his glory,
  Till it cover all the earth.

# 103. L. M. STENNETT.

- 1 "'T is finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
  And meekly bowed his head, and died:
  "'T is finished!"—yes, the race is run,
  The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "'T is finished!"—all that Heaven foretold By prophets in the days of old; And truths are opened to our view, That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "'T is finished!"—Son of God, thy power Hath triumphed in this awful hour; And yet our eyes with sorrow see That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 "'T is finished!"—let the joyful sound Be heard through all the nations round; "'T is finished!"—let the triumph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies.

# 104. L. M. WATTS.

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

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air, Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer; The desert thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and thy victory, too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
  More of thy gracious image here;
  Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
  Among the followers of the Lamb.

# 105. 7s. & 6s. M. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
  Great David's greater Son;
  Hail, in the time appointed,
  His reign on earth begun!
  He comes to break oppression,
  To set the captive free;
  To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.
- 2 He cometh down, like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
  And love and joy, like flowers,
  Spring in his path to birth;
  Before him, on the mountains,
  Doth peace, the herald, go,
  And righteousness, in fountains,
  From hill to valley flow.
- 3 O'er every foe victorious,
  He on his throne shall rest,
  From age to age more glorious,
  All-blessing, and all-blest.

The tide of time shall never

His covenant remove;

His name shall stand forever,—

That name to us is—Love.

106.

### L. M.

BOWRING.

- 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,
  Unvailing 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.

107.

### C. M.

NEWTON.

- In a believer's ear!

  It soothes his sorrow, heals nis wounds,
  And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
  And calms the troubled breast;
  'T is manna to the hungry soul,
  And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
  And cold my warmest thought;
  But when I see thee as thou art,
  I'll praise thee as I ought.

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

# 108.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 Thy gospel, Lord, is 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,
  To Jesus let us lift 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 these the rules by which we live.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
  The labors of his life were love;
  If then we bear the Saviour's name,
  By his example let us move.

# 109.

H. M.

abilities along the begins and a work

WATTS.

- 1 Join all the glorious names
  Of wisdom, love, and power,
  That mortals ever knew,
  That angels ever bore;
  All are too mean to speak his worth,
  Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Lo, what endearing words,
  What condescending ways,
  Doth our Redeemer use
  To teach his heavenly grace!

My soul, with joy and wonder see What forms of love Christ bears for thee.

3 Great Prophet of our God, Our souls would bless thy name. By thee the joyful news Of our salvation came; The joyful news of sin forgiven, Of death subdued, and peace with heaven.

# 110

# 7s. M.

KNEELAND.

- 1 MEDIATOR, Son of God, Spread thy boundless love abroad: Counselor, the Prince of Peace, Fill the world with truth and grace.
  - 3 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 sealed book, Cause the world therein to look: Taker of the vail away, Lead us to eternal day.

# 111.

L. M. GEO. ROGERS.

1 O, sweet as heavenly music, broke The gospel from Messiah's tongue! New joys, new hopes, that voice awoke In those who on its accents hung.

- 2 Pardon and peace from heaven he brought;
  His message was to broken hearts:
  The lost and sorrowing Jesus sought,
  In lonely wilds and crowded marts.
- 3 Enough for him that sorrow plead,
  That stricken hearts his aid bespoke;
  He never gave a stone for bread,
  He ne'er the bruisèd spirit broke.
- 4 In Jesus men a copy saw
  Of what God is—what they should be;
  O God, may such example draw
  Our willing souls to Christ and Thee!

# 112. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
  My dear Redeemer's praise,
  The glories of my Lord and King,
  The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
  That bids our sorrows cease,—
  'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
  'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He speaks, and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice, The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,
  Your loosened tongues employ:
  Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
  And leap, ye lame, for joy.

# 113. C. M. DUNCAN.

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

- 2 Ye sinners, who can ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall:
  Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
  And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 And when, with the angelic throng,
  We at his feet shall fall,
  We'll join the everlasting song,
  And crown him Lord of all.

114. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
  With angels round the throne;
  Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
  But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
  To be exalted thus:

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honor and power divine;
  And blessings, more than we can give,
  Be, Lord, forever thine.
- The whole creation join in one,
  To bless the sacred name
  Of Him that sits upon the throne,
  And to adore the Lamb.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
  'T is music to my ear:
  My tongue would sing thy praise so loud
  That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 All my capacious powers can wish
  In thee doth richly meet;
  Nor 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 its wounds,
  The cordial of its 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.

116.

L. M.

H. BALLOU.

- 1 TEACH us to feel as Jesus prayed,
  When on the cross he bleeding hung;
  When all his fees their wrath displayed,
  And with their spite his bosom stung.
- 2 Till death he loved his foes, and said,
  "Father, forgive,"—then groaned and died;
  And when arisen from the dead,
  His mercy to their souls applied.
- 3 For such a heart and such a love,
  O Lord, we raise our prayer to Thee;
  O pour Thy spirit from above,
  That we may like our Saviour be.

# 117. 11s. M. MARIE DE FLEURY.

- 1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron! by thy silver stream,
  Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
  [stray,
  Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently 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, beheld the sad sight,
  And watched o'er the Saviour with solemn delight.
- 3 O garden of Olives, thou 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 O come, and behold him! come bow at his feet!
  O give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
  Let joyful hosannas unceasingly rise,
  To join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

# 118. C. M.

- 1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
  We love to hear of thee:
  No music like thy charming name,
  So sweet or dear can be.
- 2 The gentle whisper of thy voice
  Allays each doubting fear;
  It bids the trembling soul rejoice,
  And dries the falling tear.
- 3 This, this shall be our constant theme,
  And this our thrilling joy;
  The praises of our Saviour's name,
  Shall be our sweet employ.

# THE WORD.

### 119.

### H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

And the diffusive rain!

To heaven from whence they fall,

They turn not back again;

But water earth
And call forth all

Through every pore,

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
The copious seed
Its golden ears,
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
And bear it down
Shall feel its power,
To millions more."

### 120.

### L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
  Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue!
  Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
  And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 The spacious earth and spreading flood Proclaim the wise, the mighty God; And Thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.

#### THE WORD.

- 3 But in the Gospel of Thy Son
  Are all Thy mightiest works outdone;
  The light it pours upon our eyes
  Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 4 Our spirits kindle in its beam:
  It is a sweet, a glorious theme:
  Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
  Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

### 121.

### S. M.

WATTS.

- 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 statutes 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 way of heaven.

### 122.

### C. M.

WATTS.

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.

- When once it enters to the mind,
  It spreads such light abroad,
  The meanest souls instruction find,
  And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
  That guides us all the day;
  And, through the dangers of the night,
  A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
  How pure is every page!
  That holy Book shall guide our youth,
  And well support our age.

## C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
  By inspiration given!
  Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
  To lead our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
  In times of wee and tears;
  Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
  And calms our anxious fears.
- 3 This lamp, with radiance heavenly bright,
  Through life shall guide our way,
  Till we behold the glorious light
  Of never-ending day.

### 124.

### L. M.

WATTS.

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.

#### THE WORD.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
  And nights and days, 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 has run;
  Till Christ has all the nations blest,
  That see the light, or feel the sun.

# 125. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in Thy Word
  What endless glory shines!
  Forever be Thy name adored
  For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find;
  Riches above what earth can grant,
  And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the 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.

# 126. C. M. WATTS.

1 Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice;

The trumpet of the Gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

- 2 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
  A soul-reviving feast,
  And bids our longing appetites
  The rich provision taste.
- And pine away and die;
  Here you may quench your raging thirst
  With springs that never dry.
- 4 The happy gates of Gospel grace
  Stand open night and day;
  Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
  And drive our wants away.

127.

C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 What 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.

128.

L. M.

WATTS.

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy Word.

#### THE 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.
- How well Thy sacred truths agree!

  How wise and holy each command!

  Thy promises, how firm they be!

  How firm our hope and comfort stand!
- 3 Should all the forms that men devise
  Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
  I'd call them vanity and lies,
  And bind the Gospel to my heart.

# 129.

### S. M.

BEDDOME.

- 1 O Lord, Thy perfect Word Directs our steps aright; Nor can all other books afford Such profit or delight.
- 2 Celestial light it sheds,
  To cheer this vale below;
  To distant lands its glory spreads,
  And streams of mercy flow.
- 3 True wisdom it imparts;
  Commands our hope and fear;
  O may we hide it in our hearts,
  And feel its influence there.

### 130.

# L. M.

BEDDOME.

- 1 God, in the Gospel of His Son,
  Makes His eternal counsels known;
  'T is here His richest mercy shines,
  And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts, To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;

Its influence makes the sinner live; It bids the drooping saint revive.

- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
  And comfort yields to contrite souls;
  It brings a better world in view,
  And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie Close to my heart, and near my eye, Till life's last hour my soul engage, And be my chosen heritage.

# 131. C. M. MEDLEY.

- 1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
  Are in the Gospel found!
  Suited to every sinner's case,
  Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds, Your every burden bring; Here love, unchanging love, abounds, A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
  And heavenly joy imparts;
  Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
  And drink with thankful hearts.

# 132. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 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.
- 2 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,—
  That all our raging fear controls;
  Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
  And give new strength to fainting souls.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

- 1 When Israel through the desert passed,
  A fiery pillar went before,
  To guide them through the dreary waste,
  And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is Thy glorious Word, O God;
  'T is for our light and guidance given;
  It sheds a luster all abroad,
  And points the path of bliss and heaven.
  - Its promises rejoice our hearts;
    Its doctrines are divinely true;
    Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
    It comforts, and instructs us, too.
  - 4 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
    And quickens all its slumbering powers:
    It sets our wandering footsteps right,
    Displays Thy love, and kindles ours.

134.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

- 1 Lord, send Thy Word, and let it fly,
  Armed with Thy Spirit's power;
  Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
  And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of Thy grace
  The barren wastes shall rise,
  With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
  A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root
  In each believing heart,
  Shall in a growth divine arise,
  And heavenly fruits impart.
- 4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch Her wings from shore to shore;

### THE WORD.

No trump shall raise the rage of war, Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait;—those days
Are in Thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold!

# 135.

### C. M.

WATTS.

- Our lasting heritage;
  May it our noblest powers employ,
  Our warmest thoughts engage.
  - 2 'T is 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 O, 't is a land of wealth unknown,
    Where springs of life arise;
    There seeds of endless bliss are sown,
    There boundless glory lies.
  - 4 The best relief that mourners have,
    It makes our sorrows blest;
    It shows a home beyond the grave,
    And an eternal rest.

# 136.

### L. M.

BOWRING.

- 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 More glorious still as centuries roll, New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,

Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world—

As when the cloudless lamp of day

Pours out its floods of light and joy,

And sweeps each lingering mist away.

# ASPIRATION.

137. C. M. H. WARE, JR.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to Thee my heart
  Would lift itself in prayer;
  Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
  And show Thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of my life renews
  The mercies of my Lord;
  Each moment is itself a gift
  To bear me on to God.
- 3 O help me break the galling chains
  This world has round me thrown,
  Each passion of my heart subdue,
  Each darling sin disown.
- 4 O Father, kindle in my breast
  A never-dying flame
  Of holy love, of grateful trust
  In Thine almighty Name.

138. 7s. M. STOCKER.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine!
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my doubts and fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

- 2 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Breathe Thyself into 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.

# 139. L. M. C. WESLEY.

- 1 "Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
  Ye restless wanderers after rest,
  Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
  In me a hearty welcome find."
  - 2 My soul, no more refuse t' embrace The plenitude of Gospel grace;— The trustful fear, the feeling sense, The mystic joys of penitence;—
  - 3 The tears that speak thy sins forgiven,
    The sighs that waft the soul to heaven;
    The genuine, meek humility;
    The wonder, "Why such love to me?"—
  - 4 Th' all-conq'ring power of saving grace, The brightness of the Father's face, The hopes that thee to blessing move, And all the silent heaven of love.

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# 140. S. M. BELKNAP'S COLL.

1 My Father! I adore
That all-commanding name:
O may it virtue's strength restore,
And raise devotion's flame!

2 I bow at Thy commands,
And filial homage pay;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I'll cheerfully obey.

3 No more would I transgress,
As I too oft have done;
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.

4 Do Thou the strength impart
This purpose to fulfill;
Lord, write Thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do Thy will.

# 141. C. M. MILMAN.

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,
Thine evermore to be.

# 142. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;

- A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
  Hold thee in full survey:
  Forget the steps already trod,
  And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
  That calls thee from on high;
  'T is His own hand presents the prize
  To thine aspiring eye:
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
  Which shall new luster boast,
  When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
  Shall blend in common dust.

### 143.

# L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

- 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; See Pleasure's silken banners spread, And willing souls are captive led.
- 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.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 O LET our lips and lives express
  The holy Gospel we profess!
  O let our works and virtues shine,
  And prove the doctrine all divine!
- 2 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion and envy, lust and pride, While justice, temperance, truth, and love Our inward piety approve.
- Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
  The honors of our Saviour, God,
  When His salvation reigns within,
  And grace subdues the power of sin.

145.

L. M.

WATTS.

- A stranger to myself and Thee:
  Amid 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:
    Thy 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.

# 146. 8s. & 7s. M. Miss Grant.

1 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:
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

# 147. C. M. COWPER.

- 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 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
  How sweet their memory still!
  But they have left an aching void
  The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove! return,
  Sweet messenger of rest!
  I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
  And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
  Whate'er that idol be,
  Help me to tear it from thy throne
  And worship only Thee.

### L. M. HENRY MOORE.

- A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
  Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
  And pleasures kill, and glories cheat,—
  - 2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray, To guide me in the doubtful way; And o'er me hold Thy shield of power, To guard me in the dangerous hour.
  - 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun In which the thoughtless many run, Who for a shade the substance miss, And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
  - 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride Allure my wandering soul aside; But, through this maze of mortal ill, Safe lead me to Thy heavenly hill.

# 149.

### L. M.

OBERLIN.

- 1 O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart, And fix my frail, inconstant heart; Henceforth my chief desire 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.
- 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.

### 150.

### C. M.

WATTS.

- 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 Lord, send Thy Spirit down to write Thy law upon my heart! Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Or 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,—
  'T is a delightful road;
  Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
  Offend against my God.

# 151.

# 7s. & 6s. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

- 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 new-born of God
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

# 152. C. M. WREFORD.

- 1 Lord! I believe; Thy power I own,
  Thy Word I would obey;
  I wander comfortless and lone,
  When from Thy truth I stray.
  - 2 Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
    Sometimes bedim my sight;
    I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
    And cry for strength and light.
  - 3 Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,
    My faith is cold and weak;
    Strengthen my weakness, 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 my unbelief!

# 153. L. M. MORAVIAN.

- 1 О Тнои, to whose all-searching sight
  The darkness shineth as the light,
  Search, prove my heart: it pants for Thee;
  О burst its bonds, and set it free.
  - 2 While in this darksome wild I stray,
    Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
    No foes, no violence, I fear,
    While Thou, my gracious God, art near.

- 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 When rough and thorny is the way,
  My strength proportion to my day;
  Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
  And all is calm, and joy, and peace.

### 154.

### C. M.

SMART.

- 1 FATHER of light! conduct my feet
  Through life's dark, dangerous road;
  Let each advancing step still bring
  Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
  And, when I go astray,
  Recall my feet from folly's path,
  To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Thy heavenly wisdom from above
  Abundantly impart;
  And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
  And penetrate my heart,—
- 4 Till it shall fill me with Thyself,
  Spirit of bliss and love!
  And all my darkness be dispersed
  By light from realms above.

### 155.

### 7s. M.

FURNESS.

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 Blessed 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 lean on him; From his precepts wisdom draw, Make his life my solemn law.
  - 4 Thus, in deed, in thought, and word,
    Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
    In my weakness, thus shall I
    Learn to live, and learn to die;—
  - Like the perfect ones above;

    Learn to die without a fear,

    Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

# 156. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

- 1 Supreme and universal Light!
  Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
  Parent of good! whose blessings flow
  On all above, and all below;—
- 2 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,
  What nature and Thy laws decree;
  Worthy that bright, that living flame,
  Which from Thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 May our expanded souls disclaim
  The narrow view, the selfish aim;
  And with a Christian zeal embrace
  Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 4 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
  No more we wish, no more we want:
  To know, to serve Thee, and to love,
  Is peace below—is bliss above.

7

### L. M. MRS. COTTERILL.

- 1 O Thou, who hast at Thy command The hearts of all men in Thy hand! Our wayward, erring minds incline To have no other will but Thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires control;
  Mold every purpose of the soul;
  O'er all may we victorious be
  That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Thrice-blest will all our blessings be, When we can look through them to Thee; When each glad heart its tribute pays Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to Thy glory live,
  May we to Thee all glory give,
  Until the final summons come,
  That calls Thy trustful children home.

# 158.

### C. M.

MERRICK.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on Thee;
  Thine ever-watchful eye
  Alone our real wants can see,
  Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let Thy fear within us dwell,
  Thy love 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 unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

# 159. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

- Along our path to flow;
  We ask not undecaying health,
  Nor length of years below.
  - 2 We ask not honors which an hour May bring and take away: We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power, Lest we should go astray.
  - 3 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
    The knowledge how to live;
    A wise and understanding heart
    To all before Thee give.
  - 4 The young remember Thee in youth,
    Before the evil days!
    The old be guided by Thy truth
    In wisdom's pleasant ways!

# 160. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Shine forth, eternal Source of light,
  And make Thy glories known;
  Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
  With luster all Thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays, The brightest creatures boast; And all their grandeur and their praise Are in Thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame Is our sublimest skill;

True science is to learn His name, True life, to do His will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray; This let me still pursue, Till visions of eternal day Fix and complete the view.

#### platened we and son strength of wealth C. M. 161.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 TALK with us, Lord; Thyself reveal, While here on earth we rove; Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindling 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. digit to the settle water od the net

## 162.

C. M. MRS. STEELE.

- 1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at Thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free! The blessings of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.
- 3 "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."

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high, To say—"My Father, God?" Lord, at Thy feet I fain would lie, And learn to kiss Thy rod.
- 2 I would submit to all Thy will, For Thou art good and wise; Let every anxious thought be still, Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom, And bid me wait serene; Till hopes and joys immortal bloom, And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father! O permit my heart To plead her humble claim, And ask the bliss those words impart, In my Redeemer's name.

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164. L. M. MORAVIAN.

- 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 free.
- 3 One only care my soul would know, Father, all Thy commands to do; O deep engrave it on my breast, That I in Thee alone am blest.

L. M.

BROWNE.

- 1 O God, my Father, and my King,
  Of all I have, or hope, the Spring!
  Send down Thy Spirit from above,
  And fill my heart with heavenly love.
- 2 May I from every act abstain,
  That hurts or gives another pain:
  And bear a sympathizing part,
  Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 3 And let my neighbor's prosperous state A mutual joy in me create; His virtuous triumph let me join; His peace and happiness be mine.
- 4 And though my neighbor's hate I prove, Still let me vanquish hate with love; And every secret wish suppress, That would abridge his happiness.
- An image fair, though faint, of Thine!
  Thus let me his disciple prove,
  Who came to manifest Thy love.

166.

11s. M. Mrs. S. J. Hale.

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.

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2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know That humble compassion which pardons each foe; Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin, And Thine be the glory forever—Amen.

#### ASPIRATION.

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above; O, write Thy name upon my heart,-Thy name, O God, is Love.

#### 169.

#### L. M.

MERRICK.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord! Thy way, That to my life's remotest day, By Thy unerring precepts led, My feet its heavenly paths shall tread.
  - 2 Informed by Thee, with sacred awe, My heart shall meditate Thy law; And with celestial wisdom filled, To Thee its just obedience yield.
  - 3 Give me to know Thy will aright,-Thy will, my glory and delight,-That, raised above the world, my mind In Thee its highest good may find.
  - 4 O turn from vanity mine eye; To me Thy quickening strength supply; And with Thy promised mercy cheer A heart devoted to Thy fear.

#### 170.

C. M. WATTS.

- COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

#### ASPIRATION.

- At this poor dying rate?
  Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
  And Thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
  With all Thy quickening powers,
  Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
  And that shall kindle ours.

#### 171.

#### C. M.

BATHURST.

- 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 or 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 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
  And then, whate'er may come,
  We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
  Of our eternal home.

## 172. 8s. 7s. & 4s. M. OLIVER.

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.

#### ASPIRATION.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all the journey through.
Strong Deliv'rer!
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.

### 173. S. M.

- 1 When shall Thy love constrain,
  And force me to Thy breast?
  When shall my soul return again
  To her eternal rest?
- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,
  My wandering to and fro!
  Thou hast the words of endless life,
  Lord, whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
  To me did freely move;
  It calls me still to seek Thy face,
  And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
  I would from sin be free;
  I fain would now obey the call,
  And give up all for Thee.

### 174. 8s. & 7s. M. ROBINSON.

I 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;
  Sacred mount, O fix me on it,—
  Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 3 O, to Grace how great a debtor
  Daily I'm constrained to be!
  Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
  Bind my wandering soul to Thee.
  - 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
    Prone to leave the God of love;
    Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,—
    Seal it for Thy courts above.

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### 175. L. M.

- 1 O God of love! with cheering ray,
  Gild our expiring hour of day;
  Thy love, through each revolving year,
  Has wiped away affliction's tear.
  - 2 Free us from death's terrific gloom,
    And all the fear which shrouds the tomb;
    Highten our joys, support our head,
    Before we sink among the dead.
  - 3 May death conclude our toils and tears!
    May death destroy our sins and fears!
    May death, through Jesus, be our Friend!
    May death be life, when life shall end!

4 Crown our last moment with Thy power— Thy love beam o'er our latest hour; Till to the raptured hights we soar, Where fears and death are known no more.

### 176. 11s. M. MUHLENBERG.

- 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, thus fettered by sin,
  Temptation without, and corruption within:
  E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
  And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from you 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 life of the soul.

### 177. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

- Across the evening sky,
  So man's bright hours decline in shade,
  And mortal comforts die.
- In vain pale winter brave;

  Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom knows

  A ransom from the grave.

- 3 But morning dawns and spring revives,
  And genial hours return:
  So man's immortal spirit lives,
  And scorns the moldering urn.
- 4 When this vain scene no longer charms
  Or swiftly fades away,
  He sinks into a Father's arms,
  Nor dreads the coming day.

#### 178. C. M. W. B. TAPPAN.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
  To mourning wanderers given;
  There is a joy for souls distressed,
  A balm for every wounded breast;
  'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
  By sins and sorrows driven,
  When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
  Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
  And all is drear—'t is heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
  The heart no longer riven,—
  And views the tempest passing by,
  Sees 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 dark and narrow tomb
  Appears the dawn of heaven.

### 179. L. M.

1 THERE is a world we have not seen, That wasting time can ne'er destroy,

- Where mortal footstep hath not been, Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 It is all holy and serene,—
  The land of glory and repose;
  And there, to dim the radiant scene,
  No tear of sorrow ever flows.
  - 3 It is not fanned by summer gale;
    'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;
    It never needs the moonbeam pale,
    For there are known no evening hours.
  - 4 There forms unseen by mortal eye,
    Too glorious for our sight to bear,
    Are walking with their God on high,
    And waiting our arrival there.

# 180. L. M.

- 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.

181.

L. M.

BRYANT.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
  Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
  The God, who loves our race, has shown
  A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
  The lids that overflow with tears,
  And weary hours of woe and pain
  Are earnests of serener years.
- 3 O, there are days of sunny rest
  For every dark and troubled night!
  Grief may abide an evening guest,
  But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 For God hath marked each anguished day,
  And numbered every secret tear;
  And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
  For all His children suffer here.

182.

L. M.

NORTON.

- 1 O, STAY thy tears; for they are blest,
  Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
  Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
  Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.
- 2 How blest are they whose transient years
  Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
  Not dark with guilt, or dim with tears;
  Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.
- 3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way;
  But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
  Streams downward from eternal day,
  And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 O, stay thy tears: the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love:
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

183. C. M. HOUGHTON.

- 1 Blest be the hour when friends shall meet,
  Shall meet to part no more,
  And with celestial welcome greet,
  On an immortal shore.
- 2 The parent eyes his long-lost child;
  Brothers on brothers gaze:
  The tear of resignation mild
  Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 And while remembrance, lingering still,
  Draws joy from sorrowing hours;
  New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
  The soul's capacious powers.
- 4 Their Father fans their generous flame,
  And looks complacent down;
  The smile that owns their filial claim
  Is their immortal crown.

184. C. M. COTTON.

- 1 Affliction is a stormy deep,
  Where wave resounds to wave;
  Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
  We know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness, and when sorrows rise,
  And press on every side,
  The Lord shall still sustain our steps,
  And still shall be our Guide.

- 3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
  He will restore our peace;
  For He who bade the tempest roar,
  Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
  Nor murmur at His rod;
  He's more to us than all the world,
  Our Health, our Life, our God.

### 185. L. M. NORTON.

- 1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought E'er deem thy Providence severe; But may this heart, by sorrow taught, Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 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 fulfill;
    And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
    Let kneeling faith adore Thy will.

### 186. C. M. THOS. MOORE.

1 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when bereaved or wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

113

- 2 But thou wilt heal that suffering heart,
  Which, like the plants that throw
  Their fragrance from the wounded part,
  Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not Thy wing of love
  Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
  Our peace-branch from above!
- 4 Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright,
  With more than rapture's ray;
  As darkness shows us worlds of light
  We never saw by day.

### 187. L. M.

- 1 Why weep for those, in hopeless wee,
  Who've fled and left us mourning here?
  Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
  They glory in a brighter sphere.
- 2 Space can not check, thought can not bound,
  The high exulting souls, whom He,
  Who formed these million worlds around,
  Takes to His own eternity.
- 3 Weep not for them: beside us now Perhaps they watch with guardian care, And witness tears that idly flow O'er those who bliss of angels share,—
- 4 Or round their Father's throne above,
  With raptured voice, His praise they sing;
  Or on His messages of love
  They journey with unwearied wing.

### 188. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower, Frail, smiling solace of an hour;

So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art, To soothe the anguish of the heart? Spirit of grace! be ever nigh; Thy comforts were not made to die.
- 3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain, And dying hope revives again; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points upward to the sky.

#### 189.

C. M. Mrs. Steele.

- 1 THE once-loved form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs; And nature weeps her comforts fled, And withered all her joys.
- 2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time, When what we now deplore Shall rise in full, immortal prime, And bloom to fade no more.
- 3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears; Look to the world on high; There everlasting spring appears, And joys that can not die.

### 190

#### C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

- 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.

THE PERSON NAMED IN STREET

#### 191.

### S. M.

MRS. HOWITT.

- 1 O SPIRIT, freed from earth!
  Rejoice, thy work is done!
  The weary world's beneath thy feet,
  Thou brighter than the sun!
- 2 Awake, and breathe the air
  Of the celestial clime!
  Awake to love which knows no change,
  Thou who hast done with time!
  - 3 Awake, lift up thine eyes!
    See, all heaven's host appears!
    And be thou glad exceedingly—
    Thou who hast done with tears!
  - 4 Ascend! thou art not now
    With those of mortal birth:
    The living God hath touched thy lips,
    Thou who hast done with earth!

#### 192.

### 8s. & 7s. M.

And down that that the dist.

COLLYER.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
  O'er the grave of those you love;
  Pain and death, and night and anguish,
  Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying
  Lonely through night's deepening shad
  Glory's brightest beams are playing
  Round the ransomed spirit's head.

- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
  From the hand of God most high,
  In His glorious presence living,
  They shall never, never die.
  - 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
    Sickness there no more can come;
    There no fear of woe intruding
    Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

### 193. 8s. & 7s. M. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.
- Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
  Peaceful in the grave so low;
  Thou no more wilt join our number;
  Thou no more our songs shalt know.
  - 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
    Here thy loss we deeply feel;
    But 't is God that hath bereft us,
    He can all our sorrows heal.
  - 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
    When the day of life is fled;
    Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
    Where no farewell tear is shed.

#### 194. 11s. & 10s. M. Thos. Moore.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not
cure."

#### 195. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
  When sinks a weary soul to rest,
  How mildly beam the closing eyes!
  How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 A holy quiet reigns around,
  A calm which life nor death destroys;
  And naught disturbs that peace profound,
  Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
  Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
  How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
  Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 4 Life's duty 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!"

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### 196. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
  What timorous worms we mortals are!
  Death is the gate of endless joy,
  And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
  Fright our approaching souls away;
  Still we shrink back again to life,
  Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
  My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
  Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
  Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
  Feel soft as downy pillows are,
  While on his breast I lean my head,
  And breathe my life out sweetly there.

### 197. L. M. FAWCETT.

- 1 The God of mercy will indulge
  The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
  When honored parents fall around,
  When friends beloved and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
  Should with our mourning passions blend;
  Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
  Their mighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,
  Thou art each tender name in one;
  On Thee we cast our every care,
  And comfort seek from Thee alone.
- 4 To Thee, our Father, would we look,
  Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,
  And on Thy gracious love and truth
  With humble, steadfast hope depend.

### 198. S. M. A. C. THOMAS.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul—
When heavy darkness looms around,
And waves of anguish roll!

- Where shall we find repose?
  Whither, O whither flee?
  Where find relief from tears and woes,
  Where sorrow will not be?
- 3 There is a Friend on high,
  Who bids us trust in Him:
  His mercy is forever nigh;
  His eye is never dim!
- 4 Lord, on thy loving breast
  We will in faith repose;
  There will we find a welcome rest
  From all our cares and woes.

### 199. L. M. DRUMMOND.

- 1 AFFLICTION'S faded form draws nigh,
  With wrinkled brow and tearful eye;
  With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
  And ashes scattered o'er her head.
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth; From heaven she draws her sacred birth; Beside the throne of God she stands, To execute His wise commands.
- The messenger of grace, she flies
  To train us for our home, the skies;
  And onward as we move, the way
  Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
  Her looks with kindling radiance burn,
  And from her lips these accents steal:
  "God smites to bless, he wounds to heal."

## 200. P. M. HYMNS OF ZION.

Off, by the silent tomb,
Where grief is darkly bending,

Breaks through the fearful gloom
This hope, from heaven descending:
Those forms once fair,
That slumber there,
The bonds of death shall sever;
Those eyes once bright,
Now sealed in night,
Shall wake and smile forever.
Thus by the silent tomb, etc.

The friends that molder round us,
Freed from each darkling chain
Of grief, on earth that bound us,
Each parting knell,
Each tear that fell,
Shall be forgotten ever,
As round the throne,
Close joined in one,
We clasp, no more to sever.
Thus by the silent tomb, etc.

### LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

STOP THE PARTY OF THE PARTY OF

201.

7s. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

BELLINGOUS SVES OIL

the books of the book

- 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, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

#### LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes Watch to see the morning rise;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
  In remorse for sin who mourn,
  Here repose your heavy care;
  Who the stings of guilt can bear?
- 5 Come ye all! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure; Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

### 202. S. M. Doddridge.

- 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.

### 203. 8s. & 7s. M. T. L. HARRIS.

1 Off, when storms of pain are rolling, And I cross the fiery sea, Comes a voice, my heart consoling:
"Jesus loves me, even me!"

- 2 When I sink, oppressed with anguish,
  Comes that voice along the sea,
  Quickening all the powers that languish:
  "Jesus loves me, even me!"
- 3 O that great inspiring Presence!

  How He stills my bosom-sea,

  Breathing there His mercy's essence!

  "Jesus loves me, even me!"
  - 4 Faith reveals her starlit heaven;
    Gentlest music lulls the sea;
    Vails that hide the Lord are riven;
    "Jesus loves me, even me!"
  - 5 Life is near, and earth is fleeting; Soon, beyond the stormy sea, I shall wake, in bliss repeating, "Jesus loves me, even me!"

#### 204.

#### C. M. TATE & BRADY.

- 1 Lord, who's the happy man, that may
  To Thy blest courts repair,
  Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
  But to inhabit there?
- 2 'T is he whose every thought and deed
  By rules of virtue moves;
  Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
  The thing his heart disproves;—
  - Who never did a slander forge,

    His neighbor's fame to wound,

    Nor hearken to a false report,

    By malice whispered round;—

#### LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

- 4 Who to his plighted vows and trust
  Has ever firmly stood;
  And though he promise to his loss,
  He makes his promise good.
- The man who by this steady course

  Has happiness insured,

  Tho' earth's foundations shake, shall stand

  By Providence secured.

#### 205. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire, Come, dear Redeemer, from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
  How sweet thy 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;
  The brightest, sweetest, fairest One
  That eyes have seen, or angels known!

#### 206. L. M. WATTS.

- 1 'T is by the faith of joys to come
  We walk through deserts dark as night;
  Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
  Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies: She makes the pearly gates appear;

Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

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

207.

#### C. M.

TURNER.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
  And saves us from its snares;
  Its aid in every duty brings,
  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.
  - Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
    Where deathless pleasures reign;
    And bids us seek our portion there,—
    Nor bids us seek in vain.
  - 4 On that bright prospect may we rest,
    Till this frail body dies;
    And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
    To endless glory rise.

208. 7s. & 6s. M. Montgomery.

1 God is my strong Salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand.
125

#### LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

2 Place on the Lord reliance; My soul, with courage wait; His truth be thine affiance, When faint and desolate; His might thine heart shall strengthen; His love thy joy increase; Mercy thy days shall lengthen; The Lord will give thee peace. .FOS

209. LOGAN.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.
  - 2 Her treasures are of more esteem Than east or west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than all their mines of gold.
  - 3 She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's path 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.

THE COURSE M. MONTOONING.

210.

: noite P. Mioria var al nost il m

1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision, All the ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright elysian: Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break, ye intervening skies!

Sun of Righteousness, arise, Ope the gates of Paradise.

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

#### 211.

#### S. M.

STENNETT.

- 1 How various and how new
  Are Thy compassions, Lord!
  Each morning shall Thy mercies show,—
  Each night Thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
  Dawned on our early days,
  Ere infant reason had begun
  To form our lips to praise.
- 3 But we expect a day
  Still brighter far than this,
  When death shall bear our souls away
  To realms of light and bliss.
- 4 There rapturous scenes of joy
  Shall burst upon our sight;
  And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
  Be drowned in endless light.

#### 212.

#### S. M.

MRS. STEELE,

1 Far from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

tream, near doals a cold doed.

- 2 No strife or envy there
  The sons of peace molest;
  But harmony and love sincere
  Fill every happy breast.
- 3 No cloud those regions know,
  Forever bright and fair;
  For sin, the source of mortal woe,
  Can never enter there.
- 4 There night is never known,
  Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
  But glory from th' eternal Throne
  Spreads everlasting day.

213. C. M. WATTS.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
  Where saints immortal reign;
  Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
- 3 O, could we make our doubts remove,—
  Those gloomy doubts that rise,
  And see the Canaan that we love
  With unbeclouded eyes:
- 4 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.

214. 8s. M. C. Wesley.

1 Away with our sorrow and fear; We soon shall recover our home; The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

3 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Christ does his brightness display,
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And lo, by reflection, they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

215. C. M. STENNETT.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
  And cast a wistful 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 No chilling winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;

9

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

216.

#### C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
  To mansions in the skies,
  I'll bid farewell to every fear,
  And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
  And fiery darts be hurled,
  Then I can smile at passion'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.

217.

#### 7s. M.

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 awhile 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.

### 218. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

- 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.

### 219. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

- 1 When marshaled 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.

- It is our guide, our light, our all;
  It bids our dark forebodings cease;
  And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
  It leads us to the port of peace.
- 4 Now safely moored—our perils o'er,
  We'll sing, first in night's diadem,
  Forever and for evermore,
  The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

220.

#### L. M.

MEDLEY.

- 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 gather'd thick and thunder'd 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.

221.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

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 Jesus, our living Head,
  We bless thy faithful care;
  Our Advocate before the Throne,
  And our Forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix, my roving heart!
  Here wait, my warmest love!
  Till the communion be complete,
  In nobler scenes above.

### 222. H. M. HATFIELD.

- Jehovah, God above;
  Where tender herbage grows,
  And peaceful water flows,
  He gently leads, He kindly feeds,
  And lulls me then to sweet repose.
- If e'er I heedless stray,
  He shows my feet the way;
  Yea, though through dreary glades,
  I walk in dismal shades,
  No harm I fear, for Thou art near;
  Thy faithful staff my progress aids.
- When raging foes surround,
  My comforts still abound;
  I breathe a fragrant air,
  And feed on sweetest fare;
  Thus in Thy fold, when worn and old,
  I'll dwell secure beneath Thy care.

223.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love;
  The fellowship of kindred minds
  Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
  We pour our ardent prayers;
  Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
  Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
  Our mutual burdens bear;
  And often for each other flows
  The sympathizing tear.
- 4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
  Soon shall we all be free,
  And perfect love and friendship reign
  Through all eternity.

224.

6s. & 9s. M.

- O ноw happy are they,
  Who their Saviour obey,
  And have laid up their treasure above;
  Tongue can never express
  The sweet comfort and peace
  Of a soul in its holiest love.
- That sweet comfort is mine,
  For the favor divine
  I have found in the blood of the Lamh:
  When at first I believed,
  What a joy I received,
  What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'T is a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

O! the rapturous hight
Of that holy delight
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I am perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

225. C. M. BARTON.

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;— Not to the last! God's Word hath said, Could we but read aright, O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head, At eve it shall be light!

2 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path awhile,
God's blessed Word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and praise
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
Token that storms shall cease.

Then keep we on with hope unchill'd,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own His word fulfill'd—
At eve there shall be light!

226.

C. M.

BARTON.

- 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 find
  Thy heart made truly His,
  Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
  In whom no darkness is.
  - 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
    Thy darkness passed away,
    Because that Light hath on thee shone
    In which is perfect day.
  - 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
    No fearful shade shall wear;
    Glory shall chase away its gloom,
    For Christ hath conquered there.

227.

8s. & 4s.

1 There's a Friend above all others,
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves!

- 2 All our sins shall be forgiven,
  O how He loves!
  Backward all our foes be driven,
  O how He loves!
  Best of blessings He'll provide us,
  Naught but good shall e'er betide us,
  Safe to glory He will guide us—
  O how He loves!
- O how He loves!

  And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
  O how He loves!

  He will strengthen each endeavor,
  And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
  This shall be our song forever,
  O how He loves!

228. 8s. & 7s. M. NEWTON.

- I GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
  Zion, city of our God;
  He, whose word can not be broken,
  Formed thee for His own abode;
  On the Rock of Ages founded—
  What can shake thy sure repose?
  With salvation's walls surrounded,
  Thou mayst smile on all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
  Springing from eternal love,
  Well supply thy sons and daughters,
  And all fear of want remove.
  Who can faint while such a river
  Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
  Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
  Never fails from age to age.

229.

7s. & 6s. M.

- 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:
  Each cry to heaven going
  Abundant answer brings:
  And heavenly gales are blowing,
  With peace upon their wings.

230.

L. M.

DRUMMOND.

- 1 Sweet Charity—the child of God!
  Come, let us sound her praise abroad,—
  Hers, on whose kind, maternal breast,
  The sheltered babes of misery rest:—
- 2 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.
- 3 Her tender mercies freely fall, Like heaven's refreshing dews, on all; Encircling in their wide embrace Her friends, her foes—the human race.
- 4 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!

231.

7s. M.

GRANT.

- 1 Lord of earth! Thy forming hand Well this beauteous frame hath planned, Woods that wave, and hills that tower, Ocean rolling in his power.
- 2 Yet amid this scene so fair,
  Should I cease Thy smile to share,
  What were all its joys to me?
  Whom have I on earth but Thee?
- 3 Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight Rolls a world of pure delight; There in love's unclouded reign Parted hands shall clasp again.
- 4 O! that world is passing fair,
  Yet if Thou wert absent there,
  What were all its joys to me?
  Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

232.

8s. M.

NEWTON.

- 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 to 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 Whenever I feel Him thus nigh,
Naught have I to wish, or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer endures all the year.

# 233. 11s. M. S. F. STREETER.

- 1 How gracious the promise, how soothing the word,

  That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!

  "Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
  Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."
- 2 Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
  For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart;
  And all who have sinned and have wandered
  astray,
  Come, walk in the light and the truth and the
  way.
- 3 Ye heart-stricken sons, and ye daughters of woe, For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow; Your souls to the blessed Redeemer unite; His yoke it is easy, his burden is light.

# 234. S. M.

- 1 Love is the strongest tie
  That can our hearts unite;
  Love makes our service liberty,
  Our every burden light.
- 2 We run in God's commands, When love directs the way; With willing hearts and active hands, Our Maker's will obey.

- 3 Love softens all our toil,
  And makes our bondage blest;
  The gloomy desert wears a smile
  When love inspires the breast.
- 4 Let love forever grow,
  And banish wrath and strife;
  So shall we witness here below
  The joys of heavenly life.

# 235. 8s. & 7s. M. J. G. ADAMS.

- 1 Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness Cheer the true believer's way, In this world where sin and sadness Often change to night our day.
- 2 Heaven is here; where misery lightened
  Of its heavy load is seen;
  Where the face of sorrow brightened
  By the deed of love hath been;—
- 3 Where the bound, the poor, despairing,
  Are set free, supplied, and blest;
  Where, in others' anguish sharing,
  We can find our surest rest;—
- 4 Where we heed the voice of duty
  Rather than man's praise, or rod:
  This is heaven,—its peace, its beauty,
  Radiant with the smile of God.

# 236.

S. M.

JERVIS.

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 blessed.

THE DEPOSIT OF DESIGNATION OF THE PERSON OF

237. C. M.

- 1 Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
  Our glowing hearts in one;
  Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
  To sing what God hath done.
  It is the hope, the blissful hope,
  Which Gospel grace hath given,
  The hope when days and years are past,
  We all shall meet in heaven.
- 2 No hope deferred, no parting sigh,
  That blessed meeting knows;
  There friendship beams from every eye,
  And love immortal grows.
  It is the hope, the precious hope,
  Which boundless grace hath given:
  The hope when time shall be no more,
  We all shall meet in heaven.

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TARTE DESCRIPTION

238.

C. M.

A. C. THOMAS.

1 Joined in a union firm and strong,
No foe our ranks can break;
To victory we press along,
And glorious warfare make.
Our fervent prayers shall still prevail
Against a host of sins;
And angels every Christian hail
Whose love a conquest wins.

2 Then let our ranks, more closely joined, With shield and buckler stand;
A kingdom we at last shall find, The promised spirit-land.
Let all with harmony of voice, In lofty praises join:
Let every soul in Christ rejoice, With rapture all divine.

The kindling flame begins to glow,
Each heart grows warm with love;
And we enjoy on earth below,
The bliss of heaven above!
O thus forever may we feel,
And evermore display
Devotion's pure and holy zeal,
In Zion's chosen way.

239.

C. M.

MRS. CARNEY.

O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet mayst be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

# 240. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

- 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 Their streaming eyes together flow For human sin and earthly woe; Their ardent prayers together rise Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 3 Together oft they seek the place Where God reveals His radiant face: How high, how strong, their raptures swell, There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
  When droops at length frail nature's fire;
  For they shall meet in realms above,—
  A heaven of joy, because of love.

241.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

### LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

- 2 Among the saints on earth Let mutual love be found; Heirs of the same inheritance, With mutual blessings crowned.
- He mine that silent, cella repast 3 Let envy and ill-will Be banished far away; Those should in holy friendship dwell Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the Church below Resemble that above; Where streams of purest pleasure flow, And every heart is love.

Thus said assume surveyed by the state of th

# 242. C. P. M. COTTON.

- 1 IF solid happiness we prize, Within our breast the jewel lies; Nor need we roam abroad: The world has little to bestow; From pious hearts our joys must flow, Hearts that delight in God.
  - profe lists but the thing views area. 2 To be resigned when ills betide, Patient when favors are denied, And pleased with favors given,-This is the wise, the virtuous part; This is that incense of the heart Whose fragrance reaches heaven.
  - A. Pinya of all one and Hallest sweet 3 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go: Its checkered paths of joy and woe With holy care we'll tread, Quit its vain scenes without a tear, Without a trouble or a fear, And mingle with the dead.

243.

L. M.

COTTON.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll, And seek the joys that hurt the soul, Be mine that silent, calm repast, A conscience peaceful to the last.
- 2 With this companion in the shade, My soul no more shall be dismayed; But fearless meet life's dreariest gloom, And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 3 Amid the various scenes of ills, Each blow some kind design fulfills; And can I murmur at my God, While love supreme directs the rod?
- 4 His hand will smooth my rugged way, And lead me to the realms of day; To milder skies, and brighter plains, Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

L. M. STOWELL.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'T is found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,— A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the heavenly 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.

### LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

# 245.

# L. M.

BOWRING.

- 1 Were all our hopes and all our fears
  Confined within life's narrow bound;
  If, travelers through this vale of tears,
  We saw no better world beyond;
- 2 Did not a sunbeam break the gloom,
  And not a floweret smile beneath,—
  Who could exist in such a tomb?
  Who dwell amid the shades of death?
- And such were life without the ray
  From our divine religion given:
  'T is this that makes our darkness day;
  'T is this that makes our earth a heaven.
- And all is joy, and all is love,
  Reflected from a world to come.

# 246.

## De P. M. To see of a

Justell with the trot rent Analth of

1 О над I wings like a dove, I'd fly
Away from this world of care;
My soul would mount to the realms on high,
And seek for a refuge there.
But is there no heaven here below,
No hope for the wounded breast?
No hallowing spot where content has birth,
And where I may find a rest?

There is, there is, in Thy holy Word,
Thy Word which can ne'er depart,
There is a promise of mercy stored
For them who are lowly of heart.
"My yoke is easy, my burden light—

O come unto me for rest!"

This, this is the promise of mercy, stored

For the wounded and weary breast.

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# 247.

# parent les elles et les des parents enderneut l'All parents en visa e VI

phinal works with a military bouthood.

1 How precious when first I believed,
Did Jesus my Saviour appear!
When him as my Lord I received,
To me above all he was dear.
All glory, dominion, and praise,
To him who hath loved us be given,
By all who on earth feel his grace,
By all who behold him in heaven.

2 With joy when my cup runneth o'er,
When smiles this vain world upon me,
My soul is transported still more
My precious Redeemer to see.
Dominion, and glory, and might,
Forever and ever be paid,
To Jesus our Joy and Delight,
In robes of salvation arrayed.

And when the grave's terrors appear,

No danger or evil I'll dread,

For Jesus, my Lord, will be there:

His praises forever we'll sing

Who's willing and mighty to save,

Who took from the monster his sting,

And spoiled of its terror the grave.

# 248. 12s. & 11s. M.

1 How sweet to reflect on the joys that await us,
In you blissful region, the haven of rest!
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet
us,

And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest! Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded, Our happiness perfect, our mind's sky unclouded, We'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded, And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

2 While legions angelic, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they come from the regions terrestrial,

In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise.

Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven;

Our souls will respond, To Immanuel be given, All glory, all honor, all might and dominion, Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love!

3 Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory!
Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through ransoming
love!

Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation, Reserved for mankind in the Eden of Love!

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THE LATE OF LESS PROPERTY.

LOVE, FOY, PEACE.

249. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing, Pilgrims for Zion's city bound, Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on Through all the blissful road, Till to the sacred mount you rise, And see your Father, God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy Shall bloom on every head; While sorrow, sighing, and distress, Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength; Pursue His footsteps still; And let the prospect cheer your eye, While laboring up the hill.

250,

7s. M. Montgomery.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore; Hallelujah to the Lord! God omnipotent shall reign, Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound, Heard through earth and through the skies, Wakes above, beneath, around, All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'t is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign though, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens shall pass away;
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

# 251. 11s. & 10s. M.

I Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

arent out active finds bread stos over sill b

- 2 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
  Streams ever copious are gliding along;
  Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
  Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 3 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
  Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
  Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
  Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

252. C. M. WATTS.

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears

To our believing eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.

- 2 From heaven above, where God resides, That holy, happy place, The new Jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 The God of glory down to men Removes His blest abode; Men, the dear objects of His grace, And He, the loving God.
- 4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye; And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death itself, shall die.
  - 5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour delay? Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day. DECEMBER OF STREET OF STREET OF STREET, STREET

# Louis from Microsoft alette and Louis and Louis L

253. H. M. TURNER.

- Come, sing a Saviour's power,

  And praise his mighty name; His wondrous love adore, And chant his growing fame. Wide o'er the world he King shall reign, And righteousness and peace maintain.
  - Fallen are the comment of war and commention, 2. The scepter of his grace He shall forever wield; His foes, before his face, To strength divine shall yield: The conquest of his truth shall show What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguiled, betrayed,
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made:
Such numbers shall his courts adorn
As dew-drops of the vernal morn.

By liberal things upheld;
And from his bounteous hand
All hearts with joy be filled.
A universe with praise shall own
The countless honors of his throne.

254. L. M. H. BALLOU.

- And all creation makes anew,
  What tongue can half the wonders tell?
  What eye the dazzling glories view?
  - 2 Celestial streams shall gently flow;
    The wilderness shall joyful be;
    Lilies on parched ground shall grow,
    And gladness spring on every tree;
  - 3 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
    The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
    The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
    And joy through all the earth shall ring.
  - 4 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
    Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,—
    When God descends from worlds above,
    To dwell with men on earth again.

255. C. M. SCOTCH PARAPH.

1 O'ER mountain-tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

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

3 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife Disturb those happy years; To plowshares men shall beat their swords, To pruning-hooks their spears.

4 No longer host encountering host, Shall crowds of slain deplore! They'll lay the martial trumpet by, And study war no more.

# TOLLAND MOUNTE

# 256. C. M.

#### H. BALLOU.

dds

- 1 Jesus his empire shall extend; Beneath his gentle sway Kings of the earth shall humbly bend And his commands obey.
- 2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore, All nations shall be blest; We hear the noise of war no more,-He gives his people rest.
- 3 As clouds descend in gentle showers, When spring renews her reign; And call to life the fragrant flowers O'er forest, hill, and plain;—
- 4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace, Descends on man below, And o'er the millions of our race His gentle blessings flow.
  - 5 All that the reign of sin destroyed The Saviour shall restore; And, from the treasures of the Lord, Give boundless blessings more.

S. M. H. BALLOU.

- The bodiner W 1 In God's eternity There shall a day arise, When all the race of man shall be With Jesus in the skies.
- 2 As night before the rays Of morning flees away, Sin shall retire before the blaze Of God's eternal day.
- 3 As music fills the grove When stormy clouds are past, Sweet anthems of redeeming love Shall all employ at last.
- 4 Redeemed from death and sin, Shall Adam's numerous race A ceaseless song of praise begin, And shout redeeming grace.

258.

# L. M.

DEERING.

- 1 AWAKE the song that gave to earth Salvation in Immanuel's birth! Angelic tongues the strain began,-'T was peace on earth, good-will to man.
- 2 Celestial peace! and is it ours To strike the harp on Salem's towers? To welcome back the dove that brings The balm of healing in her wings?
- 3 She comes! and, lo, the orphan's wail No longer loads the passing gale; Contentment sheds her sacred calm, And nature owns the sovereign balm.

4 She comes! and banner, spear, and plume, That led to conquest and the tomb, Wreathed with the olive, now adorn The triumph of salvation's morn.

## 259.

# ad their ment for the real p

H. M. KNEELAND.

- 1 I sing the gospel day, When Christ shall finish sin, His wondrous love display, And every rebel win: They prostrate fall, and humbly own That God alone is All in all.
- 2 The Saviour, Christ, must reign Till all his foes submit, And, saved by him from pain, Shall worship at his feet: Shall prostrate fall, and humbly own That God alone is All in all.
- Then death itself shall die, And life triumphant reign; No more shall sinners sigh .858 In darkness, guilt, and pain: Prostrate they fall, and humbly own That God alone is All in all.

#### men of the good, true do some sur 7s. & 5s. M. A. C. Thomas. 260.

CONTROL OF A POSSESSION

1 Thou whose wide-extended sway Suns and systems e'er obey! Thou, our Guardian and our Stay, Grace and truth impart; May Thy word its power display, And Thy love-enkindling ray, Warm, enlighten, and assay Every waiting heart.

- 2 Thou by all shalt be confessed,
  Ever blessing, ever blest,
  When to Thy eternal rest
  In the courts above,
  Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed,
  Fill each joy-desiring breast,
  Make of each a welcome guest,
  At the feast of love.
- 3 When destroying death shall die,
  Hushed be every rising sigh,
  Tears be wiped from every eye,
  Never more to fall;
  Then shall praises fill the sky,
  And angelic hosts shall cry,
  Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
  Thou art All in all.

261. C. M. H. BALLOU.

- 1 Behold on Zion's heavenly shore
  A pure and countless band,
  Whose conflicts and whose toils are o'er,
  In glorious order stand.
- 2 From earth's remotest bounds they came,
  From tribulations great,
  And, through the victories of the Lamb,
  Have reached the heavenly state.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they know no more,
  From burning heats refreshed;
  The Lamb shall feed them from his store,
  And give them endless rest.
- 4 God all their tears shall wipe away,
  And they His wonders tell,
  While in His temple they shall stay,
  And God with them shall dwell.

262. P. M. GEO. ROGERS.

1 The Abrahamic covenant all people embraced,
And all who die in Adam are in Jesus replaced;
For Jehovah hath sworn, and He will not recall
His vow,
That in the name of Jesus every creature shall

That in the name of Jesus every creature shall bow.

2 From his kingdom shall Christ remove all things that offend,

He will finish transgression, and bring sin to an end,

No place for the devil nor his works will be found,

Where sin once abounded grace much more shall abound.

3 O then shall the glorious restitution take place, The reconciliation of all Adam's lost race, Which Jehovah hath promised and announced unto man,

By the mouth of all His prophets since creation began.

4 To Zion the ransom'd of the Lord shall repair, The Jew and the Gentile, bond and free shall be there:

All people encircled in the Saviour's embrace, And sighing and sorrow to their songs shall give place.

5 On the mountain of Zion God a feast shall afford, And all nations shall flock unto this feast of the Lord;

The songs of salvation shall employ every voice, Christ shall see of the travail of his soul and rejoice.

6 Every creature in heaven, on earth, and beneath,
Shall celebrate the triumph over Ha-des and
death:

All rule, and authority, and power overthrown, And God All in all the whole creation shall own.

# 263. 11s. & 10s. M. A. C. Thomas.

and accept appropriate will be a the first of the skiles.

1 God of creation, our Father and Saviour,
Praise for Thy goodness we humbly accord;
Crown'd with Thy blessing, and blest with Thy
favor,

Time has roll'd on in the love of the Lord.
Thou of all comfort the Author and Giver,
Ever may we Thy compassion proclaim;
Lauded and hallow'd forever and ever,
Be the Almighty's adorable name.

2 Round us we gaze on the works of creation,
Wisdom and goodness in all things we see;
Brighter, by far, in the plan of salvation,
Shineth the grace that proceedeth from Thee!
Forward we look, and the brightness of glory
Dawneth resplendent from mansions above;
Ransomed from sorrow, each soul shall adore
Thee,
Filled with the fruits of unsearchable love!

3 Darkness and doubting forever departed,
Sighing and sorrow forever shall cease;
And in the grace by Jehovah imparted,
Joy shall roll on in the river of peace.
Thou of salvation the Author and Giver,
Oft shall remembrance thy mercies recall;
Lauded and hallowed forever and ever,
Be the Creator and Saviour of all!

And or well the world with your

264. 11s. & 10s. M. KNEELAND.

- 1 Come, then, O my soul, meditate on that day When all things in nature God's voice shall obey; The trumpet shall sound, the dead all arise, And ascend up together with God in the skies.
- 2 When the gates of the law and the prophets unfold,—
  The promise therein to all nations be told,—
  Heav'n's arches shall ring, the Saviour appear,
  The true Gospel tidings shall reach ev'ry ear.
- The deaf shall all hear, the dumb shall all sing,
  The blind shall discover that Jesus is King;
  The lame shall all walk, the mourners rejoice,
  The poor and the simple believe in his voice.
- 4 All creatures in heaven and earth shall revere,
  No sounds of rebellion shall fall on the ear;
  Jesus shall be crown'd the Head of all men,
  The peace of his kingdom shall ne'er have an
  end.
- All sin shall be closed, transgression shall cease—And nature rejoice in the beauty of peace;
  The victory won, rebellion shall fall,
  And God, our Creator, shall be All in all.

265. C. M. L. C. Browne.

- 1 And is it so—and is it so?

  Can news so good be true?

  Shall man, redeemed from sin and woe,

  Be raised to life anew?
- 2 Yes, Jesus shall a victory win,
  And Satan's power destroy—
  Shall triumph over death and sin,
  And crown the world with joy.

- 3 I'll hush my sighs, and dry my tears,
  And lay my doubts aside;
  For lo! a glorious sight appears,
  The heavens open wide.
- 4 There Jesus shines, the conq'ring King,
  His banner wide unfurled;
  And saints and angels shout and sing,
  The Saviour of the world!

# 266. 11s. M. A. B. Grosh.

- 1 O why should the hearts of believers be sad, Or religion be clothed in the vestments of gloom?
  - In heaven above there are none but the glad, And we are their kindred, and heaven's our home.
- 2 By the light of the gospel, earth's valley of tears
  Is arched o'er with rainbows that smile as
  they weep;

And evil's dark cloud fades in skies that it clears, Till death, even death's but a child's peaceful sleep.

- 3 The ends of the earth—all the offspring of God—Shall with us be saved, and Jehovah adore:—All suffering shall cease, sin and death be destroyed—

  O what can the souls of believers ask more?
- 4 Then rend from religion the drapery of gloom,
  And banish forever all doubt and despair;
  Let Faith, Hope, and Love every moment illume,
  And good-will to man be the heart's constant
  prayer.

The sugar state and

t recently large privile man charle H. I. S.

#### DEDICATION.

267.

### L. M.

WILLIS.

- 1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod, Was the first temple,—built by God; His flat 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.
- The mountains in their places stood,
  The sea—the sky—and "all was good;"
  And when its first few praises rang,
  The "morning stars together sang."
- 4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea,
  And earth, and sky, a house for Thee;
  But in Thy sight our off'ring stands—
  An humbler temple "made with hands."
- We can not 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.

#### ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

# 268. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

- 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 Shepherd; guard and keep
  This fold from doubt, and fear, and sin;
  Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
  The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
  A band of pilgrims on their way,
  That, safely walking at thy side,
  We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.

# 269. L. M.

- 1 With heavenly power, O Lord! defend Him whom we now to thee commend; His person bless, his faith secure, And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace; Direct his feet in paths of peace; Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill, And help him to obey Thy will.

- O love him, save him to the end!
  Nor let him, as Thy pilgrim, rove
  Without the convoy of Thy love.
  - 4 Enlarge, inform, and fill his heart; In him Thy mighty power exert; That thousands yet unborn may praise The wonders of redeeming grace.

# 270. L. M. PIERPONT.

- 1 O Thou, who art above all hight,
  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 this Thy 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 doctrine drop like rain,
  His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
  Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
  Ripe for the harvest, waits Thy will.

# 271. C. M. H. BACON.

1 Nor for the prophet tongue of fire,
Or voice of trumpet tone,
We lift our prayer, Immortal Sire,
For him before Thy throne.

- 2 We ask for wisdom's gifts and grace,

  The heart alive to love,

  The earnest zeal to save our race,

  All selfish aims above.
- 3 Lord, bless him now! By holy rite,
  We consecrate to Thee!
  Make to his eye the chief delight
  Christ's prospering work to see.
  - 4 Bold let him be for truth and man,

    For God and righteousness!

    Free let him speak the gospel plan,

    And the whole truth confess.
  - 5 Be Cloud and Fire about his way,
    Till Canaan's land is trod!
    Then o'er his grave Thy church shall say,
    He led us to our God!

# ASSOCIATIONS AND CONVENTIONS.

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# 272. L. M. H. BALLOU.

- 1 DEAR Lord, Thy lowly servants here
  From various parts together meet,
  To tell their labors through the year,
  And lay the harvest at Thy feet.
- 2 The reapers cry, "The fields are white,
  All ready to be gathered in,
  And harvests wave, in changing light,
  Far as the eye can trace the scene."
- 3 Lord, bless us while we here remain;
  With holy love our bosoms fill;
  O may Thy doctrine drop like rain,
  And like the silent dew distil.

4 While we attend Thy churches' care O grant us wisdom from above; With prudent thought and humble prayer, May we fulfill the works of love.

273.

L. M. B. FRANCIS.

- 1 BEFORE Thy throne, eternal King! The voice of joyful praise we bring,-We sing the conquests of Thy sword, And publish loud Thy healing word.
- 2 While angels sound Thy glorious name, Thy saving grace our lips proclaim; And, while we feel Thy heavenly love, We burn like seraphim above.
- 3 Still in Thy work would we abound; Still prune the vine, or plow the ground; Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed, And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 4 Thou art our Lord, our Life, our Love, Our Rest below, our Peace above: Thy praise shall be our best employ, Thy presence our eternal joy.

274.

# 7s. & 6s. M.

HEBER.

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

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle?
  Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile?
  In vain with lavish kindness
  The gifts of God are strown;
  The heathen in his blindness
  Bows down to wood and stone.
  - 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
    By 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.

# 275. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim Salvation thro' 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 breasts inspire; Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempests into peace.
- 3 And when your 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.

#### DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

276.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
  With all-engaging charms;
  Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
  And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 't was to bless such souls as these The Lord of glory came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
  And yield them up to Thee;
  Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
  Thine let our offspring be.

277.

C. M.

STENNETT.

- 1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
  With transport all divine;
  Thine image trace in every word,
  Thy love in every line.
- 2 With joy I see a thousand charms
  Spread o'er Thy lovely face,
  While infants, in Thy tender arms,
  Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 I take these little lambs, said He,
  And lay them on my breast;
  Protection they shall find in me,
  In me be ever blest.
- 4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
  But not dissolve my love;
  Millions of infant souls compose
  The family above.

His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

# 278.

## L. M. W. BOSTON COLL.

- O God of grace and purity!
  Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
  And let Thy love its life prolong.
  - 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, Blest with the happiness of heaven.

# 279.

# 8s. & 7s. M.

- 1 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
  With a shepherd's kindest care,
  All the feeble gently leading,
  While the lambs thy bosom share,—
- 2 Now this little one receiving,
  Fold it in thy gracious arm;
  There, we know—thy word believing,—
  Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
  Let it be the lion's prey;
  Let thy tenderness, so loving,
  Keep it all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let it find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

#### CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

280.

### L. M.

KELLY.

- 1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
  In Jesus' name we bid thee come;
  No more thy feet shall roam abroad:
  Welcome! our brother,—welcome home.
- 2 Those joys which earth can not afford,
  We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
  Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
  Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
  We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
  We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
  And count our brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
  Receive assurance of our love,
  Until we all together meet
  Around the throne of God above!

# 281.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

- 1 I LOVE Thy church, O God!
  Her walls before Thee stand,
  Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
  And graven on Thy hand.
- 2 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.

- 3 Beyond my highest joy
  I prize her heavenly ways,
  Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
  Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Father and Friend divine,
  Our Saviour and our King,
  Thy hand from every snare and foe
  Shall great deliverance bring.

282. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 O, HAPPY day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Father and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad!
- 2 O, happy bond, that made my vows
  To Him who merits all my love!
  Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
  While to His altar now I move.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
  Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
  Here have I found a nobler part;
  Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 4 High Heaven, that hears 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.

#### COMMUNION.

283.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

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 'T is his memory we record,
  'T is 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 ye drink,
  O remember him who dies!"
- Yes, we will remember thee,
  Friend and Saviour; and thy feast
  Of all services shall be
  Holiest and welcomest.

# 284. 7s. M. PRATT'S COLL.

- 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!

# 285. C. M. E. TAYLOR.

1 Nor here, where met to think on him Whose latest thoughts were ours,

Shall mortal passions come to dim

The prayer devotion pours.

- 2 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.
- 3 "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.

286. C. M. S. GILMAN.

- 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.

# 287. 8s. & 7s. M. EXETER COLL.

- 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 men displaying, Walking steadfast in his way, Joy attend us in believing, Peace from God through endless day.

288.

C. M.

- 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 And do you love him? do you feel Your warm affection move? This is the proof which he demands,— That you each other love.

#### NATIONAL.

289.

6s. & 4s. M. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 My country! 't is of thee, Sweet land of liberty! Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From every mountain-side, Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country! thee, Land of the noble free! Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
  And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
  Let mortal tongues awake,
  Let all that breathe partake,
  Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.
- 4 Our father's 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.

290.

C. M.

WREFORD.

- 1 Lord! guard our shores from every foe,
  With peace our borders bless,
  With prosperous times our cities crown,
  Our fields with plenteousness.
  - 2 Unite us in the sacred love
    Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
    And let our hills and valleys shout
    The songs of liberty.
  - 3 Here may religion shed her light On days of rest and toil, And piety and virtue reign, And bless our native soil.
  - 4 Lord of the nations! now to Thee
    Our country we commend;
    Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
    Her everlasting Friend.

#### OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

THE YEAR.

291.

#### C. M.

FERGUS.

- 1 THE year begins with promises Of joyful days to come, Of Sabbath bells, of times of prayer, Of thoughts on heaven, our home:
- 2 Of seed-time, with its gentle winds, Soft dews and healthful showers, And streamlets gushing from the hills, And birds and opening flowers;
- 3 Of summer, with its warbling choir Amid the balmy leaves; Of autumn, with its fragrant herbs And fruits and bending sheaves:
- 4 Of countless mercies from our God, Who rules the changeful years, Both here and in the world of love, Beyond the heavenly spheres.

292. L. M.

FERGUS.

- 1 THE spring, the joyous spring is come, With lovely flowers of early bloom; The warbling birds, on every tree, Fill all the air with melody.
- 2 Once more, unsealed, the fountains run, Sparkling, beneath a brighter sun; Green leaves and tender herbs arise, Cheered by the glow of warmer skies.
- 3 O Lord, the changes of the year At Thy almighty word appear; And all the seasons, as they roll, Declare Thy name from pole to pole.

4 Spring showers, descending from above, Bear down glad tidings of Thy love, And every blossom on the tree Bespeaks our gratitude to Thee.

## 293.

# S. M.

- 1 Great God, at Thy command,
  Seasons in order rise:
  Thy power and love in concert reign
  Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air!

  How warm the sun's bright beams!

  While, to refresh the ground, the rains

  Descend in gentle streams.
- Thy providential hand,
  While grass, and herbs, and waving corn,
  Adorn and bless the land.
  - 4 But greater still the gift
    Of Thy beloved Son;
    By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
    Through endless ages run.

# 294. 7s. & 6s. M. British Mag.

The leaves around me falling,
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away:"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

#### OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

2 The light my path surrounding, The loves to which I cling, The hopes within me bounding, The joys that round me wing,-All, all, like stars at even, Just gleam and shoot away, Pass on before to heaven, And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me Are calling from on high, And happy angels o'er me Tempt sweetly to the sky:

"Why wait," they say, "and wither, 'Mid scenes of death and sin? O, rise to glory, hither, And find true life begin."

295.

C. M. WATTS.

1 THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow, Descend and clothe the ground; The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound.

2 God sends His word and melts the snow; The fields no longer mourn; He calls the warmer gales to blow, And bids the spring return.

2 The changing wind, the flying cloud, Obey His mighty word; With songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

## 7s. M.

NEWTON.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here:

#### CLOSING HYMNS.

Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 Thanks for all gifts, Lord, receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With Thyself and heaven in view:
Bless Thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short race is run,
May we dwell with Thee above.

## CLOSING HYMNS.

DESCRIPTION OF SECURE OF OR

CLEDOWY VIDEOUS GROUP, STREET

samplified to the test of the same and

THE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY.

## 297.

6s. & 5s. M.

- 1 When shall we meet again—
  Meet ne'er to sever?
  When will peace wreathe her chain
  Round us forever?
  Our hearts will ne'er repose,
  Safe from each blast that blows,
  In this dark vale of woes—
  Never, no, never.
- When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill; And fears of parting chill Never, no, never.

- Take us, dear Saviour;

  May we all there unite,

  Happy forever.

  Where kindred spirits dwell,

  There may our music swell;

  And time our joys dispel

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

298.

#### P. M.

OLOSING HYMNS.

GEO. ROGERS.

- There's a region above
  Free from sin and temptation,
  And a mansion of love
  For each child of creation:
  Then dismiss all thy fears,
  Weary pilgrim of sorrow,
  Though thy sun set in tears,
  'T will rise brighter to-morrow.
  - 2 There our toils will be done,
    And free grace be our story;
    God himself be our Sun,
    And our unsetting Glory.
    In that world of delight,
    Spring shall never be ended,
    Nor shall shadows or night
    With its brightness be blended.

#### CLOSING HYMNS.

3 There shall friends no more part, Nor shall farewells be spoken; There'll be balm for the heart That with anguish was broken; From affliction set free, And from God ne'er to sever, We His glory shall see, And enjoy Him forever.

299.

over later (all the tell) 8s. & 7s. M. Burder.

2 Here, in This could be

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! Trav'ling through this wilderness.

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

300.

7s. M. Cowper.

- 1 Now may He who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May He teach us to fulfill What is pleasing in His sight; Perfect us in all His will, And preserve us day and night.

301.

H. M.

TURNER.

- Again with joy we bow,
  For all the gifts and grace
  Thou dost on us bestow.

  Our tongues would all Thy love proclaim,
  And chant the honors of Thy name.
- 2 Here, in Thine earthly house,
  Our joyful souls have met;
  Here paid our solemn vows,
  And felt our union sweet.
  For this our tongues Thy love proclaim,
  And chant the honors of Thy name.
  - 3 Now may we dwell in peace
    Till here again we come;
    And may our love increase
    Till Thou shalt bring us home.
    Then shall our tongues Thy love proclaim,
    And chant the honors of Thy name.

302.

8s. & 7s. M.

NEWTON.

- 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 can not afford.

303.

1 When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?

#### CLOSING HYMNS.

Oft may glowing hope expire,
Oft may wearied love retire,
Oft may death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled, When its wasted lamps are dead, When in cold oblivion's shade, Beauty, fame, and power are laid, Where immortal spirits reign, There we all shall meet again.

## 304.

## L. M.

WATTS.

.008

- 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 to set no more.

## 305.

# 8s. & 7s. M. S. F. Adams.

- 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.
- God, our Maker, loveth best;
  Such the worship that upraises
  Human hearts to heavenly rest.

306.

8s. & 7s. M. BICKERSTETH.

- 1 HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
  Through our pilgrimage below,
  And beside the waters lead us,
  Where Thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, Thy guardian presence ever, Meekly kneeling, we implore; We have found Thee, and would never, Never wander from Thee more.

307.

6s. or S. M.

- 1 Once more before we part,
  Bless the Redeemer's name;
  Let every tongue and every heart
  His wondrous grace proclaim.
- 2 Lord, in Thy name we come;
  Thy blessing still impart;
  We met in Jesus' hallowed name,
  In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on Thy holy Word,
  We'll live and feed and grow;
  Go on to know our heavenly Lord,
  And practice what we know.
  - 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
    Help us to bless Thy name;
    May every tongue and every heart
    Thy wondrous love proclaim.

308.

Gracioner service to the Bring.

Praise Him, all creatures here below,—
Praise Him, ye angels round the Throne:
O praise the High and Holy One.

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The following Tunes are suggested as appropriate to the several Hymns to which they are referred. They are all found in "THE SHAWM," except those whose titles are printed in *Italics*. The selection has been made with reference to Congregational singing.

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#### HYMN

- 1. Harwell; Greenville; Winston.
- 2. Federal Street; Hamburg; Uxbridge.
- 3. Hancox; Pleyel's Hymn.
- 4. Federal Street; Hamburg; Ward.
- 5. Brattle Street; Woodstock; Balerma.
- 6. Ain; Silver Street; Dover.
- 7. Greenville; Harwell; Nettleton.
- 8. Old Hundred; Hamburg; Luton.
- 9. Ortonville; Zerah; Rindge.
- 10. Uxbridge; Old Hundred; Zephyr.
- 11. Wilmot; Nuremburg.
- 12. Stonefield; Portugal; Old Hundred.
- 13. Bethesda; Haddam; Lenox.
- 14. "Safely through another week;" Martyn.
- 15. Portugal; Uxbridge; Duke Street.
- 16. Italian Hymn; America.
- 17. Portuguese Hymn; Expostulation.
- 18. Ames; Rockingham; Hebron.
- 19. Hancox; Pleyel's Hymn.
- 20. Shirland; Pentonville; State Street.
- 21. Boylston; Olmutz; State Street.
- 22. Cambridge; Heber; Warwick.
- 23. Duke Street; Ames; Zephyr.
- 24. Martyn; Benevento.
- 25. Autumn; Harwell; Nettleton.
- 26. Lanesboro; Balerma; Memphis.
- 27. Rogers †
- 28. Rockingham; Portugal; Duke Street.
- 29. Hancox; Martyn.
- 30. Pleyel's Hymn; Hancox.
- 31. Martyn; Pleyel's Hymn.
- 32. Peterboro; Barby; Balerma.
- 33. Portugal; Rockingham; Ames.
- 34. Heber; Luton; Portugal.
- 35. Myers; Hebron; Malvern.
- 36. Malvern; Zephyr: Uxbridge.
- 37. Winston; Mount Vernon; Greenville.

#### HYMN

- 38. Martyn; Hancox.
- 39. Hebron; Uxbridge; Portugal. 40. Heber; Woodstock; Naomi.
- 41. Wilmot; Nuremburg.
- 42. Duke Street; Portugal; Park Street.
- 43. Harwell; Wilmot; Sicily. 44. Sicily; Winston; Greenville,
- 45. Bethesda; Lischer; Lenox. 46. St. Thomas; Watchman; Shirland.
- 47. Amesbury; Hancox. 48. Wilmot; Nuremburg.
- 49. Lyons; Goshen.
- 50. Goshen; Portuguese Hymn; "What Fairy-like Music."

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- 51. Uxbridge; Stonefield; Portugal.
- 52. Ortonville; Peterboro; Zerah.
- 53. Warwick; Swanwick; Mear.
- 54. Amesbury; Hancox.
- 55. Portugal; Ames; Effingham.
- 56. Cambridge; Ortonville; Azmon.
- 57. Lenox; Haddam.
- 58. Lyons; Goshen.
- 59. Nuremburg; Wilmot.\*
- 60. Harwell; Autumn.
- 61. Lyons; Goshen.
- 62. Rockingham; Duke Street; Park Street.
- 63. Duke Street; Portugal; Rockingham.
- 64. Park Street; Portugal; Duke Street.
- 65. Howell: Madison.
- 66. Hamburg; Federal Street; Ward.
- 67. Dundee; St. Martin's; China.
- 68. Peterboro; Mear; Balerma.
- 69. Zerah; Azmon; Ortonville.
- 70. Greenville; Sicily; Winston.
- 71. Barby; Memphis; Swanwick.
- 72. Lischer; Lenox.
- 73. Devizes; Swanwick; Ortonville.
- 74. Stonefield; Uxbridge; Rothwell.
- 75. Uxbridge; Zephyr; Hebron.
- 76. Azmon; Jazer; Ortonville.
- 77. State Street; Boylston; Shirland.
- 78. Peterboro; Balerma; Memphis.
- 79. Ortonville; Azmon; St. Martin's.
- 80. State Street; Olmutz; Shirland.
- 81. St. Martin's; Mear; Peterboro.
- 82. Ames; Federal Street; Stonefield.
- 83. "Sweet Afton."
- 84. Watchman; Shirland; Boylston.
- 85. St. Martin's; Ortonville; Mear.
- 86. Malvern; Zephyr; Ward.
- 87. Ward; Malvern; Hamburg.
- 88. Martyn; Benevento.

HYMN	21
89. Azmon; Ortonville; Lanesboro.	H
90. Hebron; Uxbridge; Ames.	
91. Zerah; Coronation; Ortonville.	
92. Cambridge; Azmon; Jazer.	
93. Antioch; Rindge; Coronation.	
94. Olmutz; Boylston; Watchman.	
95. Balerma; Naomi; Memphis.	
96. Windham; Ward; Hamburg.	
97. Hamburg; Hebron; Rockingham.	
98. Nuremburg; Wilmot.*	
	NOE
100. Zephyr; Hebron; Malvern.	
102. Harwell; Nettleton; Autumn.	
103. Windham; Hamburg; Uxbridge.	
104. Hebron; Rockingham; Myers.	
105. Webb; Missionary Hymn.	
106. Rockingham; Hebron; Ames.	
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116. Hebron; Ward; Malvern.	
117. "The Last Rose of Summer;" "Sweet Afton."	HIL
118. Memphis; Devizes; Balerma.	OI
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120. Duke Street; Portugal; Park Street.	PTI
121. Dover; Pentonville; Shirland.	ETT
122. Heber; Peterboro; Balerma.	ST [
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128. Hebron; Uxbridge; Ames.	
129. St. Thomas; Shirland; Olmutz.	
131. Memphis; Balerma; Mear.	
132. Ward; Zephyr; Malvern.	
133. Ames; Uxbridge; Zephyr.	
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138. Hancox; Pleyel's Hymn.	
139. Malvern; Zephyr; Uxbridge.	(in)
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HYMN		THE REAL PROPERTY.	
140.	St. Thomas; State Street; Shirland.	318	
the second secon	St. Martin's; Balerma; China.	100	
	Christmas; Zerah; Cambridge.	71	
	Rockingham; Park Street; Portugal.	200	
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The second secon	Mear; Balerma; Naomi.		
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	Balerma; Heber; St. Martin's.	上的技艺	
100.	Martyn; Hancox.	200	
106.	Uxbridge; Effingham; Ames.		
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158.	Peterboro; Woodstock; Naomi.		
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	Cambridge; Warwick; Devizes.		
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168.	Balerma: Naomi; Mear.	TITLE	
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	Mear; Balerma; Ortonville.	RIT	
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292. Portugal; Rothwell; Ames.

293. Boylston; Olmutz; State Street.

294. Missionary Hymn.

295. Mear; Warwick; Ortonville.

296. Benevento; Martyn.

297. " When shall we meet again."+

298. The Braes of Balquhither.

299. Greenville; Zion; Oliphant.

300. Martyn; Hancox.

301. Lischer; Lenox; Haddam.

302. Mount Vernon; Autumn; Sicily.

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