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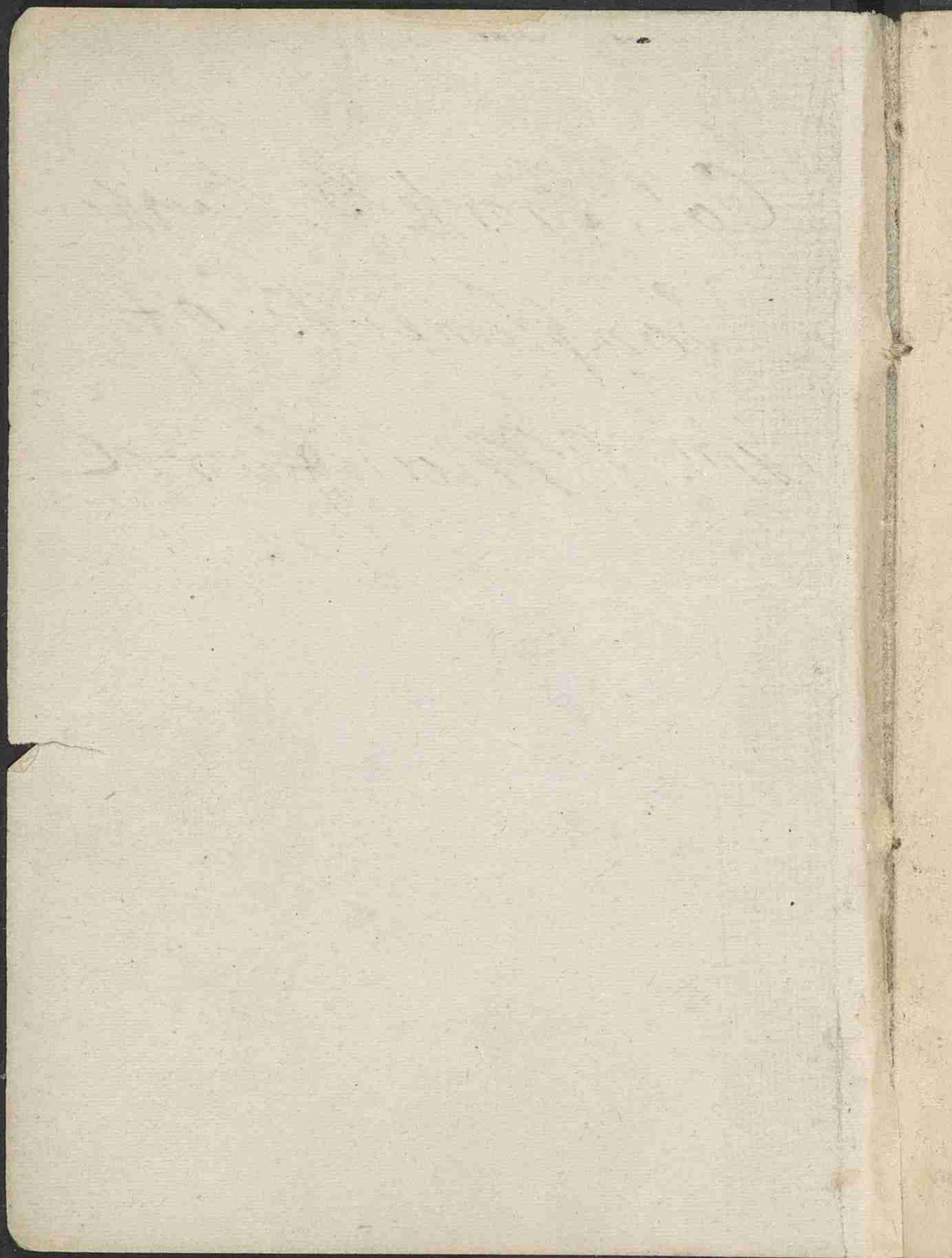
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
TO
THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY
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Col. Frank G. Russell
Compliments of
Jm. S. Munford.



REVISED HYMNS,

PREPARED BY

WM. P. MUNFORD.

RICHMOND, VA. :

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

1885.

Hymn

1885

Revi A

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

Richmond, Va.:
Printed by Whittet & Shepperson.

DEDICATION.

THIS VOLUME OF "REVISED HYMNS," PRE-
PARED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Y. M. C. A., OF RICHMOND, AND
PUBLISHED FOR THE BEN-
EFIT OF ITS ENDOW-
MENT FUND,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE
YOUNG MEN OF OUR COUNTRY.

The following resolution was adopted at a meeting of the Directory of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Richmond, Va., March 3, 1885 :

"*Resolved*, That we recommend for the use of our Associations the 'Revised Hymns for Y. M. C. A. Services,' prepared by Col. Wm. P. Munford."

LETTER

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the
and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. B. Smith

REVISED HYMNS.

1

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

C. M.

A BALM is found in Gilead's fields,
A great Physician there ;
While Sharon's rose its beauty yields,
And breathes a fragrance rare.

2 Then come, thou heavy laden soul,
To Jesus turn and live ;
When storms arise and billows roll,
He will a refuge give.

3 Through deserts we awhile may roam,
And Jordan will be crossed ;
When we shall all be safe at home,
No more by tempests tossed.

4 More brightly shines the morning star,
The darkness fades away ;
By faith we see the prize afar,
And hail eternal day.

2

O LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

10s.

A BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
 me.
- 4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies ;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee,
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

3

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

S. M.

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

- 2 From youth to hoary age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live,
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

4 BREVITY OF THE CONFLICT. S. M.

- A FEW more years shall roll
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those at rest,
In our eternal home.
- 2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
- 4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O cleanse me with thy precious blood,
And wash my sins away.

5 A SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.

- A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For sinners such as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree.

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

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

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

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

7

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

L. M.

ALONE amid the gathering throng,
I hear the revelry and song;
Alone, afar from those I love,
A pilgrim now, my home above.

- 2 Submissive, I await thy word,
Thy still, small voice in tumult heard;
And watch and wait to know thy will,
While all thy counsel I fulfil.
- 3 Beyond the river's surging roar,
Where winds and waves shall rise no more,
Beyond these wild and rocky ways,
We shall for ever sing thy praise.
- 4 Like eagles hasting to their prey,
Like fleeting ships, we pass away,
Grant us, O Lord, when life shall cease,
A home above, of joy and peace!

8

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

C. M.

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

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;

- How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 And when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

9

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

C. M.

- A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

10 THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND FIRE. C. M.

AMID the wilderness I roam,
Where waves the wing of night;
Though dark the shade, though far from home,
I trust God's guiding light.

2 When fiercely shines the dazzling day,
The path I may not see;
Thy cloudy pillar guards my way;
I safely follow thee.

3 It was not thus in former years,
When I my way would choose;
I heedless ran, I knew no fears,
Though I the path might lose.

4 But now I heed the Shepherd's voice;
I trust his staff and rod;
His way, not mine, is still my choice;
It upward leads to God.

11 CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. 8s, 6s.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade;
Singing, etc.

- 3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love,—
How came those children there?
Singing, etc.
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name,
In heaven they see his blessed face,
And all their joy proclaim;
Singing, etc.

- A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
"O death! where is thy painful sting?"
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe—shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and thy home may be;

But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

13 THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF THE LORD. L. M.

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

2 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O! how strong!

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

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.

14 DOERS, NOT HEARERS ONLY. C. M.

A WAKE, ye thoughtless souls! arise!
The grand arena view;
Immortal life's the promised prize,
And there is work to do.

2 Behold the ants! for one small grain,
They labor and contend;
While we, who would a heaven obtain,
Will not a thought expend.

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
While angel guards, in countless bands,
Our thoughtlessness reprove.

4 For us the Son of God came down,
And shed a healing flood ;
While we neglect the precious crown
He purchased with his blood.

15

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY.

L. M.

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

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

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

16

JESUS WAITING.

L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;

Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
And say, "Dear Jesus, thou art mine."

17

GOD'S GLORY.

L. M.

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

2 My joyful song shall ever raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
I give to thee my voice in praise,
My heart, and all my mortal frame.

3 My God, how boundless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

- 4 I yield my heart to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Unbounded blessings from thy hand
 Awaken endless songs of praise.

18

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

S. M.

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

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

19

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

H. M.

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

2 Exalt the Son of God,—
 The sin-aton-ing Lamb;
 Redem-p-tion in his blood,
 To all the world proclaim:
 The year, etc.

3 Ye who have sold for nought,
 Your heri-tage above;
 Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus love.
 The year, etc.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
 Let all the nations hear,
 And earth's remotest bounds,
 Before the throne appear.
 The year, etc.

20

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

P. M.

BRIGHTEST and blest of the sons of the
 morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, all the heavens adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

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

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Spices of Ceylon, and treasures divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Fruits from the forest, and gold from the
 mine?

B

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

21

JESUS CARETH FOR YOU. 8s & 7s.

CASTING all your care on Jesus,
 Since he careth for his own,
 Not a single grief or burden
 Would he have you bear alone.

- 2 Say not, "'Tis too light a trial,
 He will treat it with disdain;"
 No, your kind and gracious Father,
 Careth for your every pain.

- 3 Pour out all your heart before him,
 Tell him every grief and care,
 He in tender mercy helping,
 Will your greatest burden bear.

- 4 All the host of heaven he nameth,
 Yet doth heed a sparrow's fall;
 Empires rise and kingdoms vanish,
 In his might he governs all.

22

THE PENITENT SINNER. C. M.

COME, contrite sinner, in whose breast
 Conflicting thoughts revolve;
 Come, with your fears and guilt oppressed,
 And make this firm resolve:

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus; at his throne
 Confess my guilt and sin;

He will not let me weep alone ;
I there shall pardon win.

3 "He promises to answer prayer,
To give the weary rest ;
And he will welcome sinners there,
Who come with guilt oppressed.

4 "I cannot perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I shall for ever die."

23

THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE.

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

24

FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Let saints below his praises sing,
With those to glory gone :
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

25

GOD'S GRACE.

8s & 7s.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 2 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !

Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

26

THE SONG OF THE SAINTS.

S. M.

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

- 2 There shall we see his face,
 And ever free from sin,
 From his unbounded stores of grace,
 Our crowns of glory win.
- 3 The hill of Sion 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.

27

SINNERS WELCOME. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

COME! ye sinners poor and needy,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;

Not the righteous ;—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

2 Come, poor sinners, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
Bring your faith and true repentance,
Every grace that draws you nigh ;
Without money,
Without merit, come and buy.

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

4 Saints and angels joined in chorus,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name ;
Glory, glory !
Let our chorus be the same.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God ! on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we adore with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
May we thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalted power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confest,
May naught in life or death divide
The saints of thy communion blest.

29

DELAY NOT.

11s.

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

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse,
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning
blood?

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

4 Delay not, delay not, the Saviour still calls,
While angels are coming for thee in the air;
Your friends are now waiting within the high
walls,
Expecting and longing to welcome you
there.

30

THE CONTRITE SINNER.

7s.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 And the chief of sinners spare ?

2 Jesus, answer from above,
 Is not all thy nature love ?
 Now thy gracious Spirit give,
 Let a contrite sinner live.

3 I have long withstood thy grace,
 Long provoked thee to thy face,
 Would not hear thy gracious calls,
 Grieved thee by a thousand falls.

4 Lord, incline me to repent ;
 Let me all my sins lament ;
 Deeply my neglect deplore ;
 Love thee now and evermore.

31

CONFESSING CHRIST,

C. M.

DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
 And bear the cross for me ?
 And shall I fear to own thy name,
 Or thy disciple be ?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
 To suffer shame or loss ;
 Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,
 And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine.
 And holy courage bold ;

Let faith and hope with meekness shine,
Nor let my love grow cold.

- 4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold, thy Saviour, ever near,
Will guard thee on thy way."

32 MARTHA'S FAITHFUL SERVICE. C. M.

EACH task that now is done by me
Is only meant to show
The love displayed, dear Lord, by thee,
Which I would ever know.

- 2 In each demand of lowly life,
Thy word I would obey;
And seek to triumph in the strife,
Dear Jesus, day by day.
- 3 These frequent crosses I would bear,
To show my love to thee;
And there are sorrows I would share,
As thou didst weep with me.
- 4 And while I gaze upon thy face,
Thy word I would fulfil;
That I may ever share thy grace,
And do thy holy will.

33 FAITH. L. M.

FAITH will its richest incense yield,
Where'er the foot of tyrant treads;
And like the flowers of the field,
Faith there its sweetest fragrance sheds.

- 2 Faith rose resplendent when the knife
 Was raised on dark Moriah's height,
 To take the sainted Isaac's life,
 Who trusted in Jehovah's might.
- 3 As evening's star more brightly shines
 Amid the darkness gathering 'round,
 So faith its richest lustre finds,
 When sorrow's gloom is most profound.
- 4 Full oft with sin's o'erwhelming fires,
 The heart oppressed repeats its woes;
 The flame of conscience soon expires,
 Where faith its precious mantle throws.
- 5 Faith glowed within the dungeon cell,
 While Paul and Silas knelt in prayer;
 They knew the promises full well,
 And felt that God was even there.

34

INVOCATION OF THE TRINITY.

7s.

FATHER, let thy smiling face
 Here within this holy place,
 Sweetly shining on my heart,
 Bid all sinful thoughts depart.

- 2 Jesus, thou whose ceaseless love
 Intercedes for us above,
 Bend to me thy listening ear,
 Make my wayward heart sincere.
- 3 Comforter of all the saints,
 Gently heal my soul's complaints;
 May a foretaste now be given
 Of the Sabbath day of heaven.

- 4 Great Jehovah! Father, Son,
Holy Spirit,—three in one,—
Let the blessing come from thee,
Thine shall all the glory be.

35

THE WORD OF GOD.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

- 3 And here the gracious Spirit gives
The treasures of his mind;
On these the trusting sinner lives,
And saints their joys may find.

- 4 O! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

36

THE MERCY SEAT.

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;

A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 There may we ever flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ;
There Jesus waits our souls to greet,
And fills with love the mercy seat.

37

MISSIONARY HYMN.

7s & 6s.

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

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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

38

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

8s & 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Sion, city of our God;
 He whose words cannot be broken
 Formed thee for his own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love;
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove;
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Thirst for ever shall assuage?
 Grace divine, like God, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each home in mercy hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light and shade by day and night;
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 And they triumph in his might.

39

MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are bringing blessings, and shall break
In mercy on your head.
- 4 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

40

EMMANUEL.

7s.

GOD with us! the blessed Son,
One with God, and with us one,
Welcomes sinners who aspire,—
Praise his name, and grace admire,

- 2 Let Emmanuel's precious name
Shine unrivalled in its fame;
God and man in Christ unite,
Human weakness, godlike might.
- 3 God with us! he left his throne,
Where no sin was ever known;

Yet he did our sins sustain,
Bear our guilt, endure our pain.

- 4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
We shall see his loving face;
And, like him forever sing,
Jesus, Prophet, Priest and King."

41

GOOD NIGHT.

L. M.

GOOD night, beloved! take thy rest,
Reclining on the Saviour's breast,
In peaceful trust and hope asleep,
No more to toil, no more to weep.

- 2 Rest till our labors all are past
And Jesus brings his sheaves at last.
Until the evening shade is o'er,
And morning brightness evermore.
- 3 Rest till his coming in the skies,
When all the saints in glory rise;
Until, transformed by love divine,
In his bright image we shall shine.
- 4 "Good night, beloved!" not "farewell!"
A little while and we shall dwell,
Where we shall know as we are known,
And wear the robe he gives his own.

42

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
And soothes a sinner's ear;
In heaven its echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And sinners saved, his grace display,
Who drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To leave the road I trod ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work has crowned,
To everlasting days ;
In heaven its rich reward is found,
And well deserves our praise.

43

GOD'S GREATNESS.

C. M.

- G**REAT God ! how infinite art thou !
What feeble mortals we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Our lives through changing scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares ;
While thy decrees move ceaseless on,
With all thy grand affairs.
- 3 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God ! there's nothing new.

44

GOD'S ETERNITY.

L. M.

GREAT God! thy life was still the same
 Before the universe began,
 Or angels could in songs proclaim
 The heavens embraced within thy span.

- 2 All time to thee a moment seems ;
 Thy mind can grasp eternity alone ;
 An atom in the sun's bright beams,
 Is man beside thy boundless throne.
- 3 When thy creation's work began,
 Thou wast of all the first great cause ;
 When suns and systems onward ran,
 Thou gavest them their perfect laws.
- 4 And when eternal ages roll,
 And systems fade or cease to live,
 Thy mighty arm will all control,
 And endless life to saints shall give.

45

CHRIST OUR GUIDE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

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 now and evermore.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 May the fiery cloudy pillar
 Through my journey still be found :
 Strong deliverer !
 Ever be my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the banks of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Lead me through the surging billows,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises—
 I will ever give to thee.

46

THE RESURRECTION.

7s.

HARK! the herald angels say,
 "Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Christ, the Lord, is risen to day,
 Let the earth and heaven reply."

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Jesus' sacrifice is o'er;
 Fought the fight, the victory won,
 Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Saints and angels see him rise;
 Christ his Godhead will reveal,
 His the cross, the crown, the skies.
- 4 Lives again the mighty king,
 He that died our souls to save;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Where thy victory, O grave?

47

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT. L. M.

HAVE mercy, Lord, and heal my wounds,
 Thy loving kindness has no bounds!
 While I am vile, without, within,
 Thy tender mercy pardons sin!

- 2 In penitence I ever say,
"O! wash iniquity away;
'Gainst thee, thee only, did I fight,
And do this evil in thy sight."
- 3 Create in me a heart most pure,
And every mortal evil cure;
Expel me not from thy dear face,
Take not away thy Spirit's grace.
- 4 Restore, O Lord, salvation's joy,
Give faith and love without alloy;
Touch thou my lips, and I will raise
My voice and heart to sing thy praise.

48

THE RIGHTEOUS.

L. M.

HE dwelleth near God's secret place,
And shares the blessings of his grace,
Who hath Jehovah for a guide,
And in his shadow doth abide.

- 2 O Lord my God, thy mighty power
Shall be my refuge and my tower;
Though I'm a creature of the dust,
In thy strong arm I'll safely trust.
- 3 I'm not afraid, though I might say,
"Destruction wastes my home by day,
And arrows fly at morning's light,
While pestilence doth walk by night."
- 4 God gives his angels charge to keep
In safety all my ways. Though steep,
No rocky road my foot can harm,—
An angel bears me on his arm.

- 5 God says, "You gave your heart to me,
And I'll bestow long life on thee;
I'll honor thee, since thou art mine,
And my salvation shall be thine."

49

THE BELIEVER'S TRUST.

L. M.

HE seeks no guard, no weapon needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
But safe, may pass where duty leads,
Through burning sand or blinding snows.

- 2 Released from guilt, he feels no fear;
Salvation is his shield and tower;
He sees his Saviour always near,
To help in every trying hour.

- 3 Though he is weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault him tries;
When Jesus is his shield and song,
The baffled tempter ever flies.

- 4 His love possessing, he is blest,
Secure wherever he may roam,
Whether he seeks the East or West,
With Jesus he is still at home.

50

HOPE.

L. M.

HOPE can with eyes of faith behold
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold;
It seeks a harp, a crown would wear,
With wreaths that saints and angels bear.

- 2 Hope, like an anchor ever fast
Within the veil, defies the blast;

Preserves the saints and keeps them pure,
While all their treasures are secure.

3 Had we the gems of every land,
And all their jewels at command ;
The fragrant grove, the priceless mine ;
None could compare with gifts like thine.

4 Hope, taking from the Father's hands
All that this world or heaven demands,
Transmutes to gold with chemic art,
And ever has a thankful heart.

5 Aspiring Hope, released from earth,
Turns to the throne, it's place of birth ;
It longs with Faith and Love to be
Forever blest dear Lord, with thee.

51 THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS. L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

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!"

52

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

11s.

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

2 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for re-
 pose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all earth should endeavor
 to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

53

THE BELIEVER'S JOY.

6s & 9s.

HOW happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 Oh! what tongue can express

The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love ?

- 2 'Twas heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 3 Oh ! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.
- 4 Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name ;
O ! that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

54

THE NAME OF JESUS.

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace !

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

55

TIME'S VALUE.

L. M.

I ASKED a man, with hoary hairs,
 Feeble and faint, oppressed with cares,
 "What is the worth of time?"—"Go, tell
 The young, the fair, to guard it well."

2 I asked the spirits of the dead,
 The martyred saints, who wrote or bled.
 From each and all the murmur flowed,
 "Time's seed we reap in our abode."

3 I asked a sinner, e'er death's stroke,
 The golden bowl of life had broke,
 "What is time's worth?" "Time," he replied,
 "I lost the treasure," and he died.

4 I asked God's holy word. It said,
 "Thy time is now ; the past is fled ;
 To-day is thine ! no morrow yet
 For mortal man e'er rose or set."

5 I asked the angel who shall stand
 Upon the mighty sea and land ;
 "In heaven," he said, "the mystery's o'er !
 Time was, but time shall be no more."

56

PRAYER FOR GRACE.

L. M.

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he will ever answer prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favored hour,
The Lord would answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
That he might all my sin reveal,
And thus his boundless grace impart.

5 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou withhold thy loving face?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for faith and grace.

6 "These frequent trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
To win thy heart from earthly joy,
And consecrate thy life to me."

57

RESIGNATION.

L. M.

I CANNOT work as reapers do.
Or bind the sheaves that thickly fall;
The Master's face I only view,
And feel that love is all in all.

- 2 I cannot cast the fisher's net,
 I am too feeble for the task ;
 So on the sands with spray-drops wet,
 I only for his blessing ask.
- 3 I cannot join the warrior band,
 Nor shout the battle's fearful cry ;
 I lean upon the Master's hand,
 And pray, while others bleed and die.
- 4 I am content, for all is thine,
 To work or suffer still for thee ;
 I leave what wisdom would resign,
 Or take whate'er it sends.
- 5 O Master, dear ! to work for thee,
 Finds recompense beyond our thought ;
 The hands that work may feeble be,
 But love illumines what is wrought.

I GAVE my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead ;
 I gave, I gave my life for thee,
 What hast thou given for me ?

- 2 My Father's house of light,
 My glory-circled throne,
 I left for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone ;
 I left, I left it all for thee,
 Hast thou left aught for me ?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

59

THE VOICE OF JESUS. C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

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

60

TRUST IN GOD.

S. M.

I LIFT my longing eyes,
To God's exalted throne,
My help is found within the skies,
And comes from God alone.

2 He will thy footsteps keep,
And guard at morn and even;
His eyes can never tire or sleep,
Encircling earth and heaven.

3 He keepeth Israel well,
And he will give thee light;
Beneath his shadow thou shalt dwell,
'Mid mercies day and night.

4 From evil he'll defend,
And still thy soul preserve;
He'll ever be a faithful friend,
To those who trusting serve.

61

SION'S GLORY.

S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

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

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

62

CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

I NEED thee every, hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need thee, O! I need thee,
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour
I come to thee.

- 2 I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

- 3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

- 4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

63

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

L. M.

IN grief like yours, how more than vain,
All comfort to the heart appears;
As darkest cloud may spend its rain,
So deepest grief will shed its tears.

2 And when your little darling's form
Had freed the spirit fettered there,
You could not pierce beyond the storm,
And see the light in your despair.

3 You only knew those eyes were dim,
You only felt those lips were cold,
You clung to what was left of him,
The precious form beneath the mould.

4 O mother, look! the gate unbars,
And through the darkness of the skies,
More brightly beaming than the stars,
Appears your darling's smiling eyes.

64

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

P. M.

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come ;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
There is rest etc.

3 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day ;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.
There is rest, etc.

65

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

P. M

IN the cross we shall glory alone,
When the trials of life are all fled ;
For a harp, and a crown, and a throne,
Have been purchased by Jesus who bled.

CHO.—In the cross, in the cross,
We shall glory at home with the blest ;
For the gain through his loss,
Is the theme of the ransomed at rest.

2 While his brethren in sorrow stood there,
And his sisters shed tears as he died,
For his foes he was pleading in prayer,
From the cross, "It is finished," he cried.

3 All the glories above he resigned,
For the shame of the cross as he dies ;
But the praises of saints are combined,
And re-echoed with songs from the skies.

66

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

11s.

I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way ;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the
tomb ;

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Oh ! who would live alway, away from his
God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet ;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.

67

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee ?

- 2 When shall mine eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
There Canaan's land I view;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the blissful band.

68

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. 7s & 6s.

JERUSALEM, the golden,
Descending from the Lord,
Display thy matchless glory,
To all the world abroad!
I know not, oh! I know not,
What joys await me there,
For none can tell the story,
Of bliss beyond compare.

- 2 Behold the walls of Zion,
Resounding with the song
Of happy, sinless angels,
Who greet the ransomed throng.
Around the throne of Jesus
Are saints from toil released,
Rejoicing in their triumph,
And joining in the feast.

3 O sweet and blessed Zion!
 The home of God's elect;
 O bright and happy city,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Behold our loving Saviour,
 Amid the saints at rest,
 Adored with God the Father
 And Spirit ever blest!

69

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

L. M.

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

2 Ashamed of Jesus! oh! as soon
 Let morning blush to own the noon;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

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

4 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride,
 I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
 And oh! may this my glory be,
 That Jesus loves and welcomes me.

70

FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST. 8s & 7s.

JESUS, If my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;

Helpless, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shall be.
 Let the world neglect and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hopes have oft deceived me,
 Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 In thy service pain is pleasure;
 With thy favor loss is gain.
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy loving face I see;
 Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
 When thy face is hid from me.

3 Since the Spirit dwells within thee,
 Since the Father's smiles are thine,
 Since your Saviour died to win thee,
 Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?
 Soon shall cease thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

71

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

7s & 6s.

JESUS, keep me near the cross,
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all—a healing stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the cross, in the cross,
 Be my glory ever;

Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

73

CHRIST OUR KING.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till earthly thrones shall be no more.

- 2 To him shall daily prayers be said,
And highest praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People of every tribe and tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
The highest honors to their king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And saints repeat the loud amen.

74

JESUS RULES HIS CHURCH.

S. M.

JESUS, the conqueror reigns,
And every debt has paid,
His kingdom over all remains,
In glorious strength arrayed.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol our King, most high,
Who shed his blood alone,
Who died, and lives no more to die,
Exalted on his throne.

4 Our advocate still lives,
And pleads the sinner's cause,
To all the saints, he mercy gives,
And vindicates his laws.

75

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,

To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek !

- 4 And they who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue or pen can show ;
The love of Jesus !—what it is
None but his loved ones know.

76

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

C. M.

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.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

77

JUST AS I AM.

L. M.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—for love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

78

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

L. M.

- L**ET us adoring, ever sing,
The Lord who doth salvation bring;
Praise him, who guilty man reprieves,
And every contrite soul receives.
- 2 Though sin and sorrow wound the soul,
His healing blood can make it whole;
We seek his grace, and lo! 'tis given,
He turns our deepest gloom to heaven.
- 3 Christ bore the cross and felt the rod,
The Son of man, the Son of God!
While all his saints confess and know,
That none but God such love could show.
- 4 His grace doth sinful hearts renew,
His Holy Spirit keeps them true;
He with the Father intercedes,
And evermore for sinners pleads.

79

THE ANXIOUS SINNER.

L. C. M.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
Between unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 Before me place in bright array
The glories of the judgment day,
When thou, the judge, shalt stand
Amidst the angels from the skies,
To hold with thee the grand assize,
With saints at thy right hand.

3 O God, my thoughtless mind control,
And deeply on my inmost soul
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To think before it be too late,
And wake to righteousness.

80

CONSECRATION.

L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine.
With full consent, I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 A contrite sinner, grant a place
Among the trophies of thy grace;
Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity.

- 3 My vow is made beyond repeal ;
Now let thy Spirit set the seal.
Thee my Redeemer, I will call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Inspire my love, renew my will,
And all thy promises fulfil.
Thy grace can full assurance lend,
And on that grace I must depend.

81

PRAYER FOR BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free ;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Blessing others, O bless me !
Even me, etc.

- 2 Pass me not, Almighty Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou art holy, but the rather,
Let thy mercy fall on me.
Even me, etc.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to thee ;
I am longing for thy favor ;
Calling others, oh, call me.
Even me, etc.

- 4 Pass me not, O gracious Spirit !
Thine is love so rich and free ;
Pleading still the Saviour's merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.
Even me, etc.

82

FAITH IN CHRIST.

6s & 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh ! let me from this day,
 Be wholly thine.

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

3 When ends life's transient dream,
 Through Jordan's stormy stream
 Be thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day ;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thy dear side.

83

WALKING BY FAITH.

C. M.

MY feet, dear Jesus, have not trod,
 With thine, the secret place,
 Where thou dost dwell alone with God,
 And manifest thy grace.

2 I never touched thy garment's hem,
 With faith's confiding plea ;

Nor was I there when thou didst stem
The billows of the sea.

3 It is by faith that we can rest
On thee our every care ;
And lean as sinners on thy breast,
And leave our burdens there.

4 Thy ways are hidden, like thy face,
From my imperfect sight ;
But love can trust where none can trace,
And feel that all is right.

5 I know that thou wilt soon prepare
A place in heaven for me ;
And when thy blessed home I share,
I shall resemble thee.

6 Then shall I wake and see thy face,
Unveiled, in matchless light ;
Faith's dimly fashioned glass, by grace
Exchanged in heaven for sight.

84

THY WILL BE DONE.

8s & 4s.

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

2 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest ;
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done !

- 3 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with thine ; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !
- 4 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft heard with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done !

85

OUR SHEPHERD.

C. M.

- M**Y God, my Shepherd ever be !
Oh ! may I find repose
In pastures green, when led by thee,
Where living water flows.
- 2 When wandering, I go astray,
Thou callest me by name,
And leading in the narrow way,
Wilt all my steps reclaim.
- 3 Thou dost my plenteous table spread,
Amid surrounding foes ;
With oil thou dost anoint my head,
My cup still overflows.
- 4 I need thy strength, I seek thy aid
And presence everywhere ;
E'en though I walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd leads me there.

86

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

S. M.

MY soul! be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 To share his blest abode.

87

NEARER TO GOD.

6s. & 4s.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee!
 Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

- 3 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I raise;
And all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

88

THE SAVIOUR'S GLORY. L. C. M.

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

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

- 4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

89

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

C. M.

- 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 chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
And when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up the path we tread.
- 5 O Lord, bestow a faith like this,
And then, where'er we roam,
We will enjoy the hallowed bliss
Of our eternal home.

90

HARDNESS OF HEART.

L. M.

- O**H! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn will away;
And melt, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each touching line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 But grace divine avails for me,
And I invoke this gift from thee;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

91

CHRIST ENTHRONED IN GLORY. L. M.

- O**H! for a soul-entrancing sight
Of Christ our Saviour crowned in light;
Clothed with a body like our own,
And seated on his Father's throne.
- 2 Amid the blest angelic band,
Adoring saints around him stand;
He sheds his glory on them all,
While thrones and crowns before him fall.
- 3 Seraphic joys their souls shall fill,
Assembled on the heavenly hill;

With golden harps they ever sing,
And tell the triumphs of their King.

- 4 Enthroned above this changing sky,
Celestial pleasures never die;
And fruits immortal feast the soul,
While heaven's eternal ages roll.

92

THE REDEEMER'S PRAISE.

C. M.

OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 4 Let us obey; we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

93

PEACEFUL DEATH.

S. M.

OFOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh! be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

94 THE CONTRITE SINNER'S PRAYER. L. M.

O GOD! be merciful to me,
For loving-kindness dwells with thee;
Against thyself are all my sins,
But pardon at thy throne begins.

2 O wash me, make me white as snow,
And then thy gladness I shall know;
From my great sin avert thine eyes,
Nor let the past in judgment rise.

3 Create in me a sinless heart,
And thy dear Spirit's grace impart;
The welcome solace of thy voice
Shall make my lips and soul rejoice.

4 From thy dear presence do not cast
A contrite sinner; do not blast
My cherished hope; display thy grace,
That I may view my Saviour's face.

- 5 O Lord, my broken spirit raise,
And let my lips proclaim thy praise ;
My prayers shall then like incense rise,
And greet thy love with glad surprise.

95 GOD'S GOODNESS TO THE RIGHTEOUS. L. M.

- O** GOD, Most High, I would proclaim
Thy mighty works, and praise thy name ;
Thy love each day is my delight ;
And in thy truth I trust at night.
- 2 It is my joy with thee to stand,
In gardens planted by thy hand ;
Like cedars, ever fresh and green,
I would within thy gates be seen.
- 3 Sustained by blessings from above,
Thy saints shall grow in faith and love ;
And Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields not a scene so fair as these.
- 4 The plants of grace shall ever thrive,
For God preserves them all alive ;
Eternity does not impair,
But makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 5 When old, with fruit they ever grow,
And God's rich bounty plainly show.
They that approach his courts shall find
A faithful God, a Friend most kind.

96

GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

L. M.

- O** GOD ! thy mighty sceptre take !
For lo ! thy foes a tumult make.

Hold not thy peace, nor be thou still,
Make bare thine arm, assert thy will.

2 They counsel take, in anger scoff,
And strive to cut thy people off;
From Canaan's land they would expel
For aye the name of Israel.

3 My God, o'erturn them like a wheel;
As chaff, thy vengeance let them feel;
Like leafy mountains set on fire,
Let them endure thy flaming ire.

4 Let tempests all thy foes upbraid,
And make them in thy storms afraid;
Then fill their faces, Lord, with shame,
Till they shall seek thy holy name.

5 When love and tender mercies fail,
Let judgments teach and fears avail;
Let all the world the Lord proclaim,
Most High, Jehovah is thy name.

97

PRAISE TO GOD.

L. M.

O GOD, thou art my God alone;
To thee my soul shall ever cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,—
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
Will I remember on my bed;
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round me spread.

3 Better than life itself thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;

For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with thee?

- 4 With all my heart and mind and voice,
For mercies, I will praises give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

98

THE PEACE OF GOD.

L. M.

O JESUS, raise our souls above,
Till we shall rest in thy dear love ;
And let thy grace its peace impart,
Which fills with joy the contrite heart.

- 2 May we each daily duty meet,
Which tramples sin beneath its feet ;
While rising morn or setting sun
Shall find us, Lord, more truly one.
- 3 Give us thy strength to do thy will,
Thy mandate, saying, "Peace, be still!"
And then, secure from every harm,
We shall be leaning on thine arm.
- 4 May we in peace like brothers live ;
A brother's wrong in love forgive ;
And while our spirits find thy rest,
May we with saints be ever blest.

99

TRUST IN CHRIST.

L. M.

O LORD, in whom but thee above,
Can I repose my trusting love ?
And shall an earthly object be
More highly prized, my God, than thee ?

- 2 When even friendship cannot aid,
Or heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh! this shall check each hopeless sigh,
Dear Jesus, thou art ever nigh.
- 3 Ah! what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and life itself shall fail?
Thy love shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crowns a life of praise.
- 4 Then, oh! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I shall triumph, though I die;
My strength and portion is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine.

100

"PEACE, BE STILL."

7s & 6s.

O MOURNER, cease thy anguish,
Forget thy doubts and fear;
No longer weep and languish,
For Jesus still is near.
Thy Saviour will not leave thee,
Nor doom thy life to loss;
The sins that bound and grieve thee
Are nailed to his dear cross.

- 2 When wounded for transgression,
Condemned to pain and grief,
He meekly bore oppression,
And came to thy relief.
While men were vigils keeping,
And women shedding tears,
He came to banish weeping,
And drive away their fears.

- 3 Away with deep dejection !
 Let gladness crown thy head ;
 Come, hear of his affection,
 And what thy Saviour said :
 " Whoever looks believing
 Shall live, no more to roam ;
 The Father, still receiving,
 That soul shall welcome home."

101

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

8s & 7s.

- ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften ;
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

102

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

C. M.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a longing eye,

To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where all my treasures lie.

2 Oh! the transporting, blissful scene
That greets my eager sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 The fruits perennial never fail,
Where trees immortal grow;
There mountains high, and lowly vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all the wide celestial plain
Shines one eternal day;
There Jesus shall for ever reign,
While saints, in love, obey.

103

MARY'S CHOICE.

L. M.

ON life's uncertain stage I stand,
Perplexed with dangers on each hand;
While Jesus still displays the light,
To guide my doubting feet aright;

2 Directs my heedless, roving heart
To rest on Mary's better part;
To leave the baubles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then, let the wildest storms arise;
Let billows mingle with the skies;
No fatal shipwreck can there be,
When I my treasures trust to thee.

4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
I live secure, and joyful die;

When mortal conflicts all shall end,
I can rejoice with my best Friend.

104

TRUST IN THE LORD.

8s & 4s.

ONLY know that Jesus calleth,
And says, "Repent!"
Go, and trust that what befalleth
Was his intent.

Do not, doubting, ask with Moses,
"Why send me?" While faith reposes
In the word, which he discloses,
Be thou content.

2 Though my feeble mouth containeth
No gift of speech;
Still no doubt or fear remaineth,
The Lord will teach.
Tongues may fail, but since he sees us,
He from sin will soon release us,
And the blessed name of Jesus
Shall sinners reach.

3 Thus it was in distant ages,
God's Spirit wrought;
Humblest teachers were the sages
Among the taught.
Thus, O Lord, thy grace impelling,
And thy love our bosoms swelling,
We shall still be sinners telling,
What blood has bought.

4 If, O Lord, one hearer only,
Though lost before,

Reaches home, no longer lonely,
 My task is o'er.
 Thou, O Judge of earth and heaven,
 Welcome me at morn or even,
 Bringing with the talent given,
 One talent more.

105

THE COMFORTER.

C. M.

- O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when distressed and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee !
- 2 We in thy sunshine ever live,
 When wintry storms have flown ;
 To thee our hearts we only give,
 But thou to us a throne.
- 3 Yes, thou wilt heal the broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes gladness out of woe.
- 4 But sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
 With more than rapture's ray,
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.
- 5 Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not the heavenly Dove
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 The olive branch of love ?

106

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. M.

O UR Father ! hallowed be thy name !
 Thy praise be heard at morn and even ;

Thy kingdom come, and all proclaim
Thy will on earth, thy will in heaven !

- 2 Give us each day our daily bread,
Forgive our sins as we forgive,
May we by tempters ne'er be led,
But free from evil ever live.
- 3 The hearts of all thy saints incline
To love and worship thee, and then,
The kingdom and the power thine,
May thine the glory be, Amen !

107

OUR INTERCESSOR.

L. M.

OUR great High Priest still intercedes,
And for his lowly brethren pleads ;
While his eternal altar stands,
Within God's house not made with hands.

- 2 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part,
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the mourner sends relief.
- 3 With boldness we approach his throne,
And there make all our sorrows known ;
We rest on his almighty power,
And trust his mercy every hour.
- 4 Our dear Redeemer yet retains
A friend's compassion for our pains ;
And now remembers in the skies,
His sorrows and expiring cries.

- 5 Though risen and enthroned on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
He still unfolds his gracious plan,
And intercedes with God for man.

108

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

C. M.

- OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.
- 3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 4 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

109

NAMES IN HEAVEN.

11s.

- OUR names are in heaven! Oh! wonderful
thought,
That they should be there, and we nothing
have wrought,
That names which so often are written in sand,
Should there with the names of the glorified
stand.

- 2 Yes, written in heaven. Ah! well may the
voice,
Revealing his love, bid his people rejoice.
Rejoice, still rejoice, in the midst of the throne,
The Lord of the seraphim welcomes his own.
- 3 Yes, written in heaven, for he will record
The names of the glorified saints of the Lord.
We know that a record before him is kept,
Of saints who have triumphed, and saints who
have wept.
- 4 Yet higher, and better, and sweeter than all,
Than Zion's fair record inscribed on her wall,
The Lamb's Book of life as a tablet still stands,
Where names are engraved on the palms of
his hands.

110

BLESS ME! EVEN ME.

8s & 7s.

PASS me not, O righteous Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou can'st punish, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.

CHO.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing rest on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor,
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh! call me.
Even me, etc.

- 3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;

Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.
 Even me, etc.

- 4 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh! bless me.
 Even me, etc.

III

FOLLOWING JESUS.

7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found;
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh! receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave;
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour;

"Follow me," I know thy voice,
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,
 Light thy burden now to me.

112

PRAYER.

C. M.

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

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death,
 He enters heaven with prayer.

113

GOD'S PRAISE.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator,
 Praise to thee from heart to tongue;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 In the anthems that are sung.

- 2 Hail! thou God of our salvation,
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine;

Praise from every tribe and nation,
Shall proclaim thy love divine!

3 For unnumbered blessings given,
For the hopes of endless days,
Spread throughout the world and heaven
Our Jehovah's welcome praise.

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

114

RELIGION.

C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its precious lessons learn,
Its priceless value know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
It fits us for declining age,
And consecrates the tomb.

3 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with Godly fear ;
Then all my acts and life shall prove,
My thoughts and words sincere.

4 Oh ! may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne,
And may my stubborn will, subdued,
His sovereign guidance own.

115

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

6s.

REPEAT the glad refrain
That greets the listening ear ;
For Christmas comes again,
And we its gladness hear.

CHO.—Repeat the glad refrain
Of joy and peace on earth ;
The message comes again,
Of Jesus and his birth.

2 His blessed, wondrous birth,
We celebrate to-day ;
Let saints in heaven and earth,
Repeat the joyful lay.

3 It echoes in the morn,
With every chiming bell,
“To-day a child is born,
Whose story we will tell.”

4 A child, the Saviour came,
Supreme in life and love ;
While we with joy proclaim,
The Lord, all Gods above.

116 PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT'S RETURN. C. M.

RETURN, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

2 Give me the peaceful rest I knew
When first I saw the Lord.

Grant me the loving, trusting view
Of Jesus and his word.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

4 Give me a closer walk with God,
A calm and tranquil mind,
A light to shine upon the road,
Where I may Jesus find.

117

THE PRODIGAL SON.

C. M.

RETURN, O prodigal, return,
Thy father bids thee come;
He doth thy needless absence mourn,
And says, "My son, come home!"

2 Yes, thou art bidden, weary one,
With wants and woes oppressed;
And though a wayward, wandering son,
Thou art a welcome guest.

3 Come, for the feast already waits,
Forget thy grief and pain;
Come, seek with haste his open gates,
Nor shalt thou seek in vain.

4 Thy father stands and waits to greet
His late returning son,
Come, contrite child, he runs to meet,
And clasps thee as his own.

118

ROCK OF AGES.

7s.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from guilt, and make me pure.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal more ardent grow,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Let me to the fountain fly;
Help me, Saviour, ere I die.
Needing still the wedding dress,
Grant thy robe of righteousness.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

119

SABBATH WORSHIP.

7s.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day ;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

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

3 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints ;
Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

4 Here we've come thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near ;
And our joyful anthems raise,
Till thy glory shall appear ;
May we now on earth be blest,
With a foretaste of thy rest.

120

REDEEMING LOVE.

8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Let my heart an anthem raise ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by joyful saints above ;

Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

121

A PRAYER.

7s.

SAVIOUR, when in prayer to thee,
Low we bend th' adoring knee,—
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
Oh! by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Leaning from thy throne on high,
Hear our earnest, pleading cry.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our supplicating cry.
- 3 By thy conflict with despair,
By thine agony of prayer,

By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our deep, imploring cry.

- 4 By thy last expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,—
Jesus, our ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Mighty Saviour, hear on high,
Answer now our pleading cry.

122

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul;
Urged thee to leave the paths of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Accept the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou can'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 God's Spirit will not always wait;
It warns thee from the wrath to flee;

Come, enter through the open gate;
The Saviour calls and welcomes thee.

123

THE WARFARE ENDED.

S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Accept thy Master's joy.

2 Thy spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
Thy tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
Thy soul shall rest in peace.

4 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Receive thy Saviour's joy.

124

THE RIVER OF WATER OF LIFE. 8s & 7s.

S SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up the silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.—CHO.
- 3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.—CHO.
- 4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—CHO.

125

THE PENITENT SINNER.

L. M.

- SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
S Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

126 SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS. S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown;
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
 When and wherever strown.

3 Thou can'st not toil in vain;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garner in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The judgment day, is come,
 The angel reapers shall descend,
 And sing "the harvest home."

127 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. P. M.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of
 kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve,
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-
 ing,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
 sheaves.

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
breeze;
By and by, the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.—CHO.
- 3 Go thou, still rejoicing, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often
grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us wel-
come;
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.—CHO.

128

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

C. M.

- SUBMIT, fond nature, cease thy strife!
This spark of heavenly flame
Would seek above a nobler life,
And leave this mortal frame.
- 2 Say what is this controls me quite,
Arrests my pulse and breath,
Steals all my senses, shuts my sight;
Tell me, can this be death?
- 3 In heaven our friends are rapt in prayer,
While angels, whispering, say:
“Why will you longer linger there?
Arise, and come away.”
- 4 Heaven opens on my eyes; I fly,
While harps seraphic ring:
“O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?”

129

JESUS, BE EVER NEAR.

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if thou be near;
 Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve;
 Without thy love I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh;
 Without thy love I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere through the world my way I take;
 Abide with me till, in thy love,
 I rest with thee in heaven above.

130

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

L. M.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear

To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

131

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

7s.

SWEETLY sounds the word to me,
Like the distant chiming bells,
Saying, "Jesus waits for thee,
And thy nearer home foretells."

CHO.—Ring the sweetly chiming bells,
Let the pealing anthems rise,
While the angel chorus tells
Gladness ringing through the skies.

2 Nearer shines the crystal sea,
With the golden harp and throne;
Nearer saints and friends shall be,
Where the Saviour reigns alone. —CHO.

3 Jesus, I to thee would cling,
Resting on an arm of love,
'Neath the shelter of thy wing,
Till I reach my home above.

4 When, at last, I reach my home,
There I'll lay my burden down;
Never more from thee to roam,
Leave my cross, and take my crown.

132

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

8s & 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,

Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll rest, for ever viewing
Mercy flow in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Joy and grief my heart dividing,
I would bathe his feet with tears;
Constant still in faith abiding,
While his precious blood appears.

5 May I still enjoy this feeling,
When to Jesus I shall go;
Find his blood a balm most healing,
And his love for ever know.

133

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

7s & 6s.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,

Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The early dew of morning,
Has passed away at noon.—CHO.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—CHO.

134

“THOU ART THE WAY.”

C. M.

THE carrier dove, from distant skies
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam;

2 But high she soars through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, for ever there,
From earth-born sin set free,

To steer, through virtue's purer air,
My onward course to thee!

- 4 No sin to tempt, no cloud to stay,
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy blessing on her wings.

135

THE GOSPEL.

L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The glowing sun, the changing moon,
Thy power proclaim from day to day;
But thy blest word, a richer boon,
Thy justice and thy grace display.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Throughout the world, and never cease;
And since thy word began its race,
It brings to all thy joy and peace.
- 4 Nor shall the spreading gospel rest,
Till through the earth its truth has run;
Till all the nations shall be blest
Who own the name of thy dear Son.

136

THE SINNER SAVED BY GRACE. 6s & 4s.

THE Lord hath called her hence,
For she, in penitence,
Knelt o'er and o'er,

And often kissed his feet,
 And prayers she would repeat,
 Till came the mandate sweet,
 "Go, sin no more."

2 The Lord hath called her home,
 For she had ceased to roam,
 And to his will
 Had bowed, in patient love,
 And heard the heavenly Dove
 Proclaim earth's storms above,
 "Rest, and be still."

3 The Lord hath called her now,
 And crowned his pilgrim's brow,
 Who shared his loss,
 And daily took her load,
 And followed in the road
 That upward led to God,
 And bore her cross.

4 The Lord hath given her rest,
 Whilst lingered in the west
 Her setting sun;
 The sheaves, before him spread,
 Brought blessings on her head,
 As her dear Master said,
 "Well done, well done."

137

RESIGNATION.

C. M.

THE Lord, how tender is his grace,
 His judgments how august!
 We fear to meet his frowning face,
 But in his mercy trust.

- 2 He showers manna from above,
And feasts in deserts gives ;
He strikes the flinty rock in love,
The fainting sinner lives.
- 3 He bids the stricken heart to sing,
The tears of sorrow cease ;
In prisons spreads his healing wings,
And softly whispers, "Peace."
- 4 Oh! grant that still, with grateful heart,
My peaceful years may run ;
Thy grace bestow, thy love impart,
And may thy will be done.

138

GOD'S GLORY IN ZION.

L. M.

- THE Lord our God in beauty stands,
And sends from Zion his commands ;
He calls his angels from above,
With saints, the trophies of his love.
- 2 "Come, gather all my saints," he cried,
"For whom the mighty Saviour died,
Who, by his sacrifice, has paid
The debt their covenants have made."
- 3 The heavens his justice shall declare,
While contrite saints his mercy share ;
They pay their vows, and oft reply,
In prayer and praise, to God most high.
- 4 When trials come, they trust in God,
They seek the path the Saviour trod ;
Their faithful Friend is ever nigh,
Their great Protector, God most high.

- 5 Their praises glorify his name,
Their songs salvation shall proclaim ;
Their words and works shall ever find
Responsive love from God most kind.

139

TEARS IN HEAVEN.

L. M.

- T**HE Psalmist, penitent, with tears
His couch did moisten many years ;
While Jesus held, with loving face,
To catch those tears, a golden vase.
- 2 Though Paul and Stephen loved their God,
They often passed beneath the rod ;
Their martyr crowns had no alloy ;
They sowed in tears, and reaped in joy.
- 3 Amid the crowd, a weeping one
Addressed the Master : " Heal my son !"
Christ said, " Believe !" He said, in grief,
" Lord, I believe ; help unbelief !"
- 4 The diamond sparkles in the mine,
The dew on grass or flower may shine ;
Yet none to Jesus are more dear
Than this, a contrite sinner's tear.
- 5 While round the tomb where Lazarus slept,
His friends were weeping, Jesus wept !
He brings before their gazing sight
Life from the grave, from darkness light.
- Tears will be shed, in glad surprise,
When first our friends shall greet our eyes ;
Yet tears of joy in heaven may stay,
Till Jesus wipes them all away.

- 7 The tears of Jesus, radiant, blest,
Illumed by beams of righteousness,
Shall ever brightly shine alone,
A full-orbed rainbow round his throne.

140 THE BLOOD OF CHRIST. C. M.

- T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed saints of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
Ascending from the grave,
I'll still the blessed theme prolong,
And sing thy power to save.

141 THE HEAVENLY CANAAN. C. M.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;

Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Could we by grace each doubt remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With faith's unclouded eyes;

4 Could we ascend the mountain's height,
And view thy landscapes o'er,
Not Jordan, rolling in its might,
Should keep us from thy shore.

5 Bright fields would rise beyond the flood,
Arrayed in living green,—
Blest fields, secured by precious blood,
Where love alone is seen.

142

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,

And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share,
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

143

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

C. M.

THERE is an ear that vigil keeps,
When fades the beams of light ;
There is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night.

2 There is an arm that never quails,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain ;
It is the Christian's sword and shield,
Which will the victory gain.

- 5 Such might hath prayer, whose wing unfurled,
Can soar to God's high throne;
Prayer moves the arm that moves the world,
But pleads through Christ alone.

144

THE HEAVENLY REST. C. M. D.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above—in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

145

THE UNSEEN WORLD. L. M.

THERE is a world by us unseen,
Which time shall never dare destroy;

- Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 It is not fanned by vernal gale,
'Tis not refreshed by summer shower ;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there is known no evening hour.
- 3 It is all holy and serene,
A land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the joyful scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 4 In vain we seek with mortal eyes,
To find this world, or enter there ;
It is beyond the curtained skies,
God's dwelling-place, the home of prayer.

146

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

8s & 7s.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.

CHO.—We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus ;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

CHO.—We love, etc.

- 3 To Jesus every knee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess him,
 And we unite with saints in light,
 Our only Lord to bless him.
 CHO.—We love, etc.

147

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

P. M.

THERE'S a song that is heard in the air,
 There's a star that appears in the sky;
 There's a mother's thanksgiving and prayer,
 And her infant's low murmuring cry.

CHO.—And the star rains its beams,
 While the angels, the beautiful, sing,
 'Round the child as it dreams,
 In the manger that cradles a King.

- 2 There's a transport of heavenly joy,
 As they hear of the wonderful birth
 Of the Saviour, the Virgin's sweet boy,
 Who is Lord both of heaven and earth.
- 3 We rejoice in the heavenly light,
 And re-echo the angels' sweet song,
 As it comes through the depths of the night,
 To dispel every error and wrong.
- 4 In the lustre of Bethlehem's star,
 The banner of love is unfurled,
 And that song, as it echoes afar,
 Shall inspire and enrapture the world.

148

THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

C. M.

THE Saviour calls, let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;

Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
Here streams of blessings flow,
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
To banish every woe.

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

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

149 THE CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST. C. M.

THE Saviour! oh! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
His presence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The great Creator of the skies,
This lowly vale has trod;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Saviour, be for ever mine;
I cannot ask for more.

- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Before thy cross I fall;
O Lord may I for ever prize,
My Saviour as my all.

150

THE FOUR ANCHORS.

C. M.

THE storm is fierce, and dark the night,
But God is in command;
And sure am I at morning's light,
I shall be at the land.

I know the darkness soon is past,
When Jesus sends a ray;
So I'll the anchor Patience cast,
And wish, but wait for day.

- 3 If wrecked while leaning on his arm,
I'll trust him though he slay;
With Faith's strong anchor fear no harm,
But wish, and wait for day.

- 4 His promises, so richly spread,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,
And wish, but wait for day.

- 5 I'll look for safety from above,
And while I watch and pray,
Still clinging to the anchor Love,
I'll wish and wait for day.

151

THE BIBLE OUR GUIDE.

C. M.

THE world prepares a tempting maze,
Her victims to ensnare;

- While sin allures to winding ways,
Descending to despair.
- 2 Yet weary pilgrims throng these roads,
From homes of peace and light;
Their baubles bearing, or their loads,
To find eternal night.
- 3 There is a guide to show the path,
Where we can never stray,
Which shields the soul from sin and wrath,
And leads to endless day.
- 4 Then he who finds should ever give
God's word to those who stray;
A light of life to all who live,
To guide them on their way.

152

THE HEAVENLY REST.

L. M.

- T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.
- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Oh! long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;

Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

153

THE LORD'S DAY.

C. M.

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

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

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

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

154

JESUS THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. C. M.

THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;

Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
No power on earth shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Where joys eternal flow.

155

THE RESURRECTION.

C. M.

THROUGH danger's path and sorrow's
night,
• Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of the Lord of Light
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There safe at rest, our labors done,
In this secure retreat,
The battle fought, the victory won,
No storms of life shall beat.

3 At rest, at home, beyond the skies,
The vital spark shall be ;
For o'er time's wreck that spark shall rise,
And live, O Christ, with thee.

4 This little dust, these ashes too,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last trumpet echoes through
The long and blessed sleep.

- 5 Then o'er each form the morning dew
Shall shed its mildest rays ;
And we the Saviour there shall view,
'Mid shouts of endless praise.

156

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

L. M.

- T**HY feast, O Lord, we would attend,
To show the death of our dear Friend ;
And we will celebrate thy love
Till we shall meet with thee above.
- 2 When this memorial feast began,
Thy love was shown to sinful man ;
Whene'er we take this cup and bread,
Thy gracious words are ever said :
- 3 " This is my body, given for you ;
Your fainting hearts it shall renew ;
This is my blood, for sinners shed ;
They drink this wine, and eat this bread.
- 4 " Do this till mortal life shall end,
Remembering your dying Friend ;
Surround my table, and record
The love of your ascended Lord.

157

THY WILL BE DONE.

S. M.

- T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me, O God, by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might ;

Choose thou for me, O Lord, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

4 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou, O Lord, my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh! ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh! listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh! grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

159

VALUE OF PRESENT TIME.

S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Within thy sovereign hand;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 Oh! make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour,
 Eternity is hung;
 Awaken by thy gracious power,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light;
 Lest life's young golden beam should die,
 In sudden, endless night.

160

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

L. M.

TRACED in the midnight planet's blaze,
 Above, around, where'er I gaze,
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair
 Is but thine own reflection there.

- 2 Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
 In glistening star or morning dew,
 The tempest and the calm declare
 Thyself, for thou art everywhere.
- 3 I find thee in the noon of night,
 And in the radiant orb of light,

Each ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

- 4 The twilight eve, the dewy morn,
Thy hands have fashioned and adorn ;
Thy glory shines in every sphere,
And all things whisper, "God is here!"

161

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

7s.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Rising o'er yon mountain's height!
See that brightly beaming star;
Tell us, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Will it bring the blessed day,—
Promised day of Israel?

- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Bringing blessedness and light,
Peaceful rest its course portends;
Tell us, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Will the ages be its own,
Shining over all the earth?

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Darkness soon will take its flight,
Doubt and danger be withdrawn;
Soon will all our labors cease,
Soon we'll reach our happy home,
And rejoice in perfect peace,
When our blessed Lord shall come.

162

JESUS A FRIEND.

8s & 7s.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All my sins and griefs to bear ;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh ! what peace we often forfeit,
Oh ! what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee ;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

163

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

C. M.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round ;
That which was lost in Paradise,
And which in Christ was found ?

2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then, let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

164

GOD'S GOODNESS.

C. M.

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

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

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

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

165

PRAYER.

L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Then, let our hearts and voices raise
 To heaven, the great Redeemer's praise;
 Our cheerful song should ever be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

166

THE CHRISTIAN'S TITLE.

C. M.

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,

- I then can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Then shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
- 4 There shall I see my Saviour's face,
When ransomed from the fall;
And shout with sinners saved by grace,
"My Lord, my God, my all!"

167

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

L. M.

- W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

168 THE WOMAN AT JACOB'S WELL. L. M.

- W**HEN Jesus sat upon the well,
Wearied with journeys none may tell,
He asked for water, seeking rest,
A woman gave, and she was blest !
- 2 He craved the boon of water bright,
Who once exclaimed, "Let there be light!"
The water from the well he quaff,
And gave to her a living draft.
- 3 He rested there with her alone,
But gave a jewel from his throne,
Too great for any earthly bowl,
Rest for the weary, contrite soul.
- 4 We prize a book, an old arm chair,
A little tress of flaxen hair ;
We cherish e'en the dying bed
Once pressed by him, the sainted dead.
- 5 Yet, since the Son of man and God,
This mount with holy footsteps trod,
No earthly home can have a spell,
More dear to her than Jacob's well.

169 "NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE." L. M.

- W**HEN pastures, down the Alpine hills,
Have ceased to feed the fleecy flocks ;
The shepherd mounts where grassy rills,
Are found beyond the rugged rocks.
- 2 The shepherd takes a lamb at play,
And lifts him gently on his breast ;

Then with the bleatings leads the way,
And draws by cords of love the rest.

3 The mother follows in the path,
And others go in faith and hope;
The shepherd gathers all he hath,
And rests with him far up the slope.

5 And on those hills he ever feeds
The trusting flock. No tear drops fall;
Behold! your little darling heeds,
The gentle shepherd's tender call.

170

SINAI, TABOR AND CALVARY.

7s.

WHEN on Sinai's mount I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime.
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

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

4 Here for pardon I would fly,
On the Saviour's cross rely;
Thou a gate of heaven to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

171

DEPENDENCE ON CHRIST.

L. M.

WHEN streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine.

2 Dear Saviour, chase the clouds away,
And turn my darkness into day :
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

3 When daily scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose ;
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
May I be guarded while I rest.

4 And at life's brightly setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly glory shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed.

5 And at thy coming from the skies,
When all thy saints in glory rise,
Oh ! may thy hand my body raise,
To join the angels in thy praise.

172

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH.

L. M.

WITH Christ at home ! how few the years,
In which life's tempting paths were trod,
Now from its trials and its fears,
She rests in peace, at home with God.

2 Amid the morning hours of life,
When faith and love glowed fresh and warm,

She sought a refuge from the strife,
And found a haven from the storm.

3 Not her's the gloomy doubt that throws
It's shadow o'er the spirit here;
But perfect trust and sweet repose
Were ever her's while God was near.

4 Not her's the weary war with sin,
She lives with Christ and triumphs now;
The victor's wreath, which saints might win,
Now beams resplendent on her brow.

5 She now is safe, our feet may err,
When straying from the narrow path;
She walks in light, and far from her,
The tempter cowers in his wrath.

6 Our hopes may fail, but she has found
Fruition in her home of love;
We bear the cross, while she is crowned,
And dwells in perfect peace above.

WHEN to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary;
Oh! Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy precious blood I trembling take,
In deep humility.

- 3 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember thee.
- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And sight and memory flee;
When with the angels thou shalt come,
O Lord, remember me.

174

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

C. M.

- W**HILST 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 most 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.

175

THE BIBLE.

C. M.

- W**ITHIN this precious book we find,
The Saviour's loving face;

We share his mighty wealth of mind,
His boundless stores of grace.

2 Here kings their glowing thoughts repeat,
In grand, immortal lays ;
And prophets safely guide our feet,
In wisdom's peaceful ways.

3 And here the noblest mind expands,
Amid the boundless view ;
While round us gather countless bands,
The gifted and the true.

4 This wondrous, holy book appears,
Remote in age and clime ;
Yet, 'midst the ruined wrecks of years,
It stems the tide of time.

5 May we these blessed lines revere,
Where God his love displays ;
And may we find the Saviour here,
And learn the songs of praise.

176

COME TO JESUS.

L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 Oh ! voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above !
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

4 I trust thy word, on thee rely ;
Earth has no resting-place for me ;
My home is now beyond the sky ;
I come, O Christ, I come to thee.

177

WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

WORK, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling ;
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor ;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing.
Work, for daylight flies.

Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work till the dawn of heaven,
 When man's work is o'er.

178

PRAISE TO GOD.

C. M.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
 Through all my mortal days ;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honors of my God ;
 My life, with all its active powers,
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 When time itself shall be no more,
 And heaven shall greet my eyes,
 My song shall then to nobler heights
 And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
 Their grateful tribute pay ;
 The theme demands an angel's tongue,
 And heaven's eternal day.

179

A NAME IN THE SAND.

8s & 6s.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand ;
 A pearly shell was in my hand ;
 I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
 My name, the year and day.

- 2 As onward from the spot I passed,
 One lingering look behind I cast ;

A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

3 And so, methought, 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth of me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,

4 And where I walked the sandy shore
Of mortal life, the name I bore,
The day and year, shall be no more,
Nor leave a track or trace.

5 And yet, with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.

6 The deeds this mortal part has wrought,
And all this waking soul has thought,
Within these fleeting hours, are fraught
With glory or with shame.

180

INVOCATION OF THE SPIRIT.

7s.

MIGHTY Spirit, dwell with me;
Thou my conqueror shalt be;
Let my every look and tone
Thy prevailing power make known.

2 Joyous Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me joyous, glad, and free;
Happy in the midst of care,
Ever prevalent in prayer.

3 Glorious Spirit, dwell with me ;
 All my heart I yield to thee ;
 Free from sin, and free from care,
 Stamp the Master's image there.

4 Heavenly Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I would heavenly minded be ;
 May my heart its Sovereign own,
 Ever kneeling at his throne.

181

PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT.

7s.

HOLY Spirit, dwell with me,
 Make me holy, like to thee ;
 Bring each wandering thought of mine
 Into harmony with thine.

2 Lowly Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I would meek and lowly be ;
 Check, subdue my haughty pride ;
 Let me in thy shadow hide.

3 Gentle Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I would ever gentle be ;
 Calm my anxious, troubled breast ;
 Hush my spirit into rest.

4 Loving Spirit, dwell with me ;
 Make me loving, like to thee ;
 Let thy words be ever near ;
 Let thy life in mine appear.

182

ALONE WITH GOD.

C. M.

THE calm retreat, the quiet shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;

And seem by thy rich bounty made
For those who worship thee.

- 2 If there, thy Spirit from above
Shall grace thy saints' abode;
In blessedness, and peace, and love,
He rests secure with God.
- 3 Thou art the guardian of my life,
The source of light divine!
My shield amid the mortal strife,
My Saviour, thou art mine.
- 4 What thanks I owe thee, and what praise!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through eternal days,
When time shall be no more.

183

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

COME home! come home!
For we watch, and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the way is so wild,
O prodigal child,
Come home, oh! come home!

- 2 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child,
Come home! oh! come home!

3 Come home! come home!
 There is bread, and to spare,
 And a warm welcome there;
 Then, to friends reconciled,
 O prodigal child,
 Come home! oh! come home!

184

RETIREMENT.

8s.

ESCAPE from the turmoil of life,
 From work to the desert retire;
 Leave regions of tumult and strife,
 Rekindle the heavenly fire.
 The Saviour from Jordan arose,
 From trial to labor he led;
 In silence he sought for repose,
 In prayer, e'er he suffered and bled.

2 So, pilgrim, thy strength must be sought
 In soul-breathing accents of prayer;
 In fields must the battle be fought,
 In secret the weapon prepare.
 Retire from thy labors awhile,
 Alone on the mount with the Lord;
 Then bask in the beam of his smile,
 And feed on the wealth of his word.

185

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

C. M.

MY heavenly home, I wait for thee,
 In faith, and hope, and love,
 Where I shall dwell, and ever be,
 In brighter worlds above.

2 The lurid clouds where now I roam,
Grow dark around my way,
But in my home, my heavenly home,
There shines eternal day.

3 In perfect peace and sweet repose,
Above all earthly joy,
I shall be safe where mortal foes,
And death can ne'er destroy.

4 So when all other hopes depart,
And life has ceased for me,
To my bright home I give my heart,
Sweet home, I wait for thee.

186

GOD'S PRESENCE.

L. M.

OFt in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

2 But art thou thus indeed alone,
Quite unbefriended, all unknown?
And hast thou then his love forgot,
Who formed thy frame, and fixed thy lot?

3 Who laid his Son within the grave,
Thy soul from endless death to save;
Who gave his Spirit to console,
And make thy wounded bosom whole?

4 Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with him the star so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade or die,
Unnoticed by his watchful eye?

- 5 Each fluttering hope, each anxious fear,
Each lonely sigh, each silent tear;
To thine Almighty Friend is known,
And canst thou say "I am alone?"

187 INFLUENCE OF COMMUNION WITH GOD. L. M.

WE hold communion with the skies,
Whence all our heavenly graces rise;
And mingle then with earthly things,
As though an angel shook his wings.

- 2 Immortal fragrance fills the air,
And tells us whence these treasures are;
So when the ship with spicy stores,
The sun matured on India's shores,
3 Has dropped her anchor, and has furled
In some safe haven of the world,
We ask not from what land she went:
The gale is laden with the scent!
4 Since Jesus walked to Emmaus,
Communed with friends, and left for us
A sweet memento, we should learn,
And feel our hearts within us burn.

188 THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME. C. M.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns a grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe

To him who died our fears to quell,
And banish every woe ?

3 While he in agony surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
“Meet and remember me !”

4 Remember thee—thy death and shame,
Our sinful lives to share !
Oh ! memory, leave no other name
But Christ's recorded there.

189 EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD. L. M.

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

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care disturbs my breast ;
Oh ! 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 love his word ;
His works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep his counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or hoped below ;
And every grace find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

190

COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

L. M.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
When days are dark, and friends are few,
On Christ I lean, who not in vain
Knew every sorrow, every pain.

- 2 He sees my grief, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears ;
He points to realms of cloudless day,
And wipes the latest tear away.
- 3 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that trying hour.
- 4 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers now my dearest friend,
The Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept, and raised the dead.
- 5 And oh ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still faithful, Jesus, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died.

191

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

7s.

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

- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind.
- 3 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 4 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

192

NATIONAL HYMN.

6s & 4s^r

- M**Y country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;

Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing ;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

193

GOD SAVE THE STATE.

6s & 4s.

GOD bless our native land !
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night ;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies ;
 On him we wait ;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State !

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honors done.

L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

7s.

FATHER, grant thy boundless love ;
Jesus, show thy gentle face ;
And descending like a dove,
Holy spirit, bring thy grace.

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26	Come, we that love the Lord,-----	21
27	Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,-----	21
28	Command thy blessing from above,-----	22
29	Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,-----	23
30	Depth of mercy! can there be,-----	24
31	Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,-----	24

32	Each task that now is done by me, -----	25
184	Escape from the turmoil of life, -----	130
33	Faith will its richest incense yield, -----	25
34	Father, let thy smiling face, -----	26
35	Father of mercies, in thy word, -----	27
36	From every stormy wind that blows, -----	27
37	From Greenland's icy mountains, -----	28
38	Glorious things of thee are spoken, -----	29
193	God bless our native land, -----	136
39	God moves in a mysterious way, -----	30
40	God with us! the blessed Son, -----	30
41	Good night, beloved! take thy rest, -----	31
42	Grace! 'tis a charming sound, -----	31
43	Great God, how infinite art thou, -----	32
44	Great God, thy life was still the same, -----	33
45	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, -----	33
46	Hark! the herald angels say, -----	34
47	Have mercy, Lord, and heal my wounds, -----	34
48	He dwelleth near God's secret place, -----	35
49	He seeks no guard, no weapon needs, -----	36
181	Holy Spirit, dwell with me, -----	128
50	Hope can, with eyes of faith, behold, -----	36
51	How blest the righteous when he dies, -----	37
52	How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, ---	38
53	How happy are they, -----	38
54	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, -----	39
55	I asked a man, with hoary hairs, -----	40
56	I asked the Lord that I might grow, -----	41
57	I cannot work as reapers do, -----	41
188	If human kindness meets return, -----	132
58	I gave my life for thee, -----	42
59	I heard the voice of Jesus say, -----	43
60	I lift my longing eyes, -----	44
61	I love thy kingdom, Lord, -----	44
62	I need thee every hour, -----	45
63	In grief like yours, how more than vain, -----	46
64	In the Christian's home in glory, -----	46
65	In the cross we shall glory alone, -----	47
66	I would not live alway, I ask not to stay, -----	48
67	Jerusalem, my happy home, -----	48
68	Jerusalem, the golden, -----	49
69	Jesus, and shall it ever be, -----	50
70	Jesus, I my cross have taken, -----	50

71	Jesus, keep me near the cross, -----	51
72	Jesus, lover of my soul, -----	52
73	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, -----	53
74	Jesus, the conqueror, reigns, -----	54
75	Jesus, the very thought of thee, -----	54
76	Joy to the world, the Lord is come, -----	55
77	Just as I am—without one plea, -----	55
78	Let us, adoring, ever sing, -----	56
79	Lo! on a narrow neck of land, -----	57
80	Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, -----	57
81	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, -----	58
180	Mighty Spirit, dwell with me, -----	127
193	My country, 'tis of thee, -----	136
82	My faith looks up to thee, -----	59
83	My feet, dear Jesus, have not trod, -----	59
84	My God, my Father, while I stray, -----	60
85	My God, my Shepherd ever be, -----	61
185	My heavenly home, -----	130
86	My soul, be on thy guard, -----	62
87	Nearer, my God, to thee, -----	62
186	Oft in my dreams a form I view, -----	131
88	Oh! could I speak the matchless worth, -----	63
89	Oh! for a faith that will not shrink, -----	64
90	Oh! for a glance of heavenly day, -----	65
91	Oh! for a soul-entrancing sight, -----	65
92	Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing, -----	66
93	Oh! for the death of those, -----	66
94	O God! be merciful to me, -----	67
95	O God, Most High! I would proclaim, -----	68
96	O God! thy mighty sceptre take, -----	68
97	O God! thou art my God alone, -----	69
98	O Jesus! raise our souls above, -----	70
99	O Lord! in whom but thee above, -----	70
100	O mourner! cease thy anguish, -----	71
101	One there is, above all others, -----	72
102	On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, -----	72
103	On life's uncertain stage I stand, -----	73
104	Only know that Jesus calleth, -----	74
105	O thou who driest the mourner's tear, -----	75
106	Our Father! hallowed be thy name, -----	75
107	Our great High Priest still intercedes, -----	76
108	Our God, our help in ages past, -----	77
109	Our names are in heaven! oh! wonderful thought, -----	77

110	Pass me not, O righteous Father, -----	78
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113	Praise to thee, thou great Creator, -----	80
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115	Repeat the glad refrain, -----	82
116	Return, O holy Dove, return, -----	82
117	Return, O prodigal, return, -----	83
118	Rock of Ages, cleft for me, -----	84
119	Safely through another week, -----	84
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121	Saviour, when in prayer to thee, -----	86
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127	Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, -----	90
128	Submit, fond nature, cease thy strife, -----	91
129	Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, -----	92
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