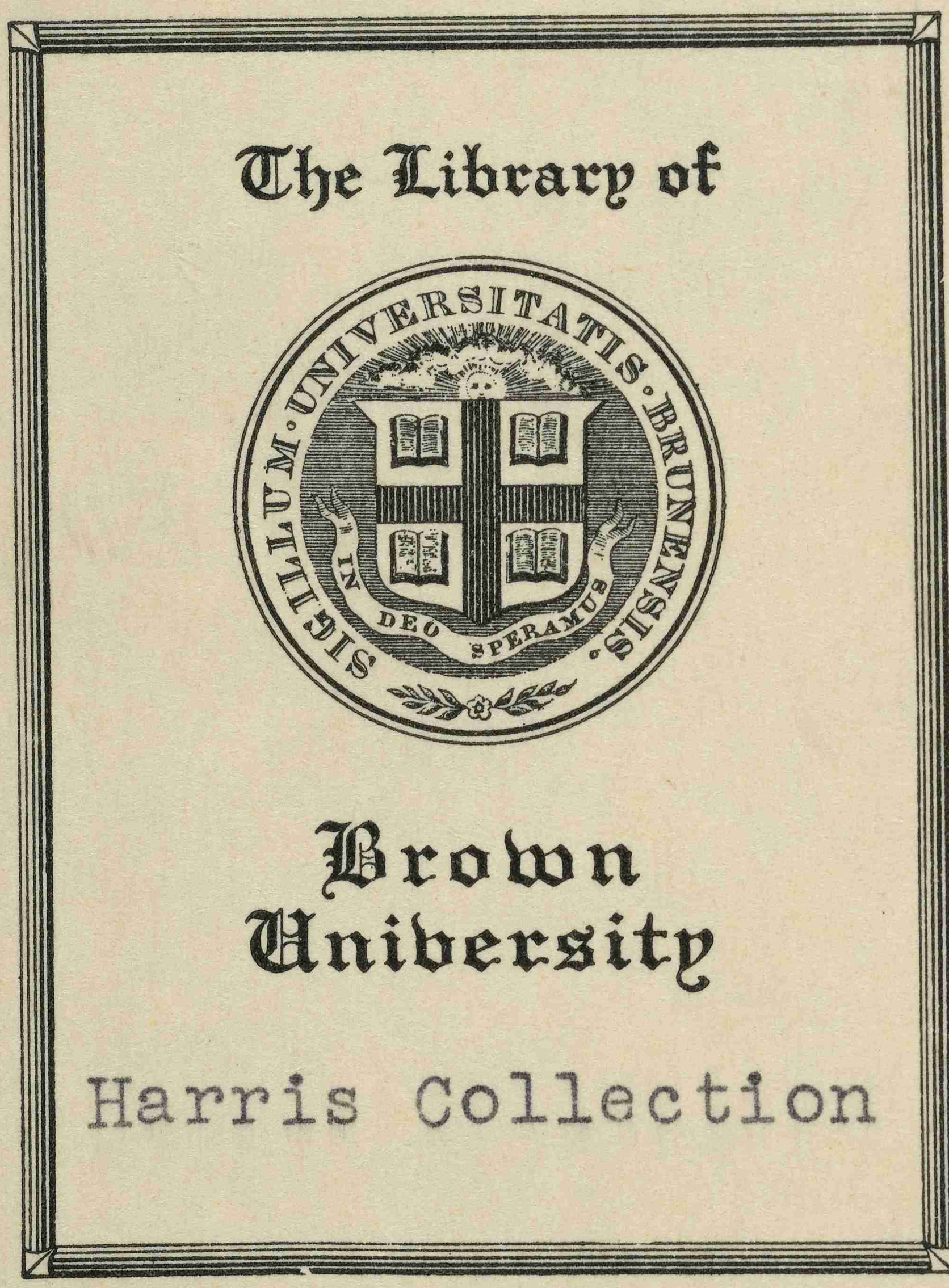
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THE

CHURCH HARP:

OR,

LATEST COMPILATION OF SACRED SONGS,

SUITABLE FOR

PRIVATE, PRAYER, SANCTUARY,
CAMP, REVIVAL,

AND

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS:

DESIGNED

FOR THE SWEET SINGERS IN
ISRAEL
OF EVERY DENOMINATION.

THIRD EDITION.

COMPILED BY REV. WM. HANBY.

Printed at the Conference Office of the United
Brethren in Christ.

CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO,
1843.

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Collection
Small
Books

PREFACE.

THE unprecedented demand for the "CHURCH HARP," and the sale of two entire editions within the last eighteen months, present a sufficient apology for offering the *Third Edition* to a generous public.

The best pieces of all other books of the kind are found in this little work, together with a number of recent origin no where to be found in bound volumes. The above, in connection with its cheapness, & being suited to the meridian of every orthodox denomination, it is thought will sufficiently recommend it to all the lovers of sacred song.

The subscriber would prayerfully commend this little book to the pious of all denominations, hoping that it will further the interests of the REDEEMER'S Kingdom.

WILLIAM HANBY.

CIRCLEVILLE, Ohio.

H89795

LATEST

COMPILATION

OF

SACRED SONGS,

DESIGNED

FOR

PRIVATE, PUBLIC, PARTICULAR, REVIVAL, CAMP, & ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

HYMN 1. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

The Altar of Prayer.

1 Once happy in Eden's primeval abode,
Encircled with pleasure, in favor with God,
Man worshipp'd as angels in innocence there,
Nor needed to bow at the altar of pray'r!
Pray'r, pray'r, sweet, sweet pray'r,
In Eden man needed no altar of pray'r!

2 But since by transgression that Eden was lost,
God's favor was forfeited, happiness cross'd,
The child of mortality, misery's heir,
Man now stands in need of an altar of pray'r!
Pray'r, pray'r, sweet, sweet pray'r,
Poor man stands in need of an altar of pray'r!

3 Sweet Mercy beheld us in ruin involv'd,
And swift to our rescue to come she resolv'd;
Her pathway of light broke the gloom of despair,
And here she erected an altar of pray'r!
Pray'r, pray'r, sweet, sweet pray'r,
For man she erected an altar of pray'r.

4 But Justice requir'd that the sinner should die,
Unless an atonement could Mercy supply,
From guilt to redeem, & the breach to repair,
And which might avail at the altar of pray'r.
Pray'r, pray'r. sweet, sweet pray'r,
A plea to avail at the altar of pray'r.

5 The Son of the Blessed in pity was mov'd
His life to lay down for the world that he lov'd,
Incarnate, our sins in His body to bear,
And give us access to the altar of pray'r.
Pray'r, pray'r, sweet, sweet pray'r,
We now have access to the altar of pray'r.

6 He died for our sins, but he rose from the dead,
Ascended on high, for us, sinners, to plead,
At the Father's right hand, as an Advocate there,
That we may prevail at the altar of pray'r.
Pray'r, pray'r, sweet. sweet pray'r,
Through Him we prevail at the altar of pray'r.

7 For we to the Father are now reconcil'd:
The Spirit bears witness that each is his child,
Our strength to renew ev'ry trial to bear,
And comfort our hearts at the altar of pray'r.
Pray'r, pray'r, sweet, sweet pray'r,
He comforts our hearts at the altar of pray'r.

8 Then let us come boldly, and mercy implore,
Our Jesus will pardon, our Eden restore,
'Till sanctified wholly, his image we bear,
For glory made meet at the altar of pray'r.
Pray'r, pray'r, sweet, sweet pray'r,
There's no place on earth like the altar of pray'r!

Rev. J. G. Wilson.

HYMN 2. P. M. 11s.

Christ in the Garden.

1 While Nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of day light shone dim in the west,
O'er fields, by the moon light, my wandering feet
Then led me to muse in some lonely retreat.
2 While passing a garden I paus'd then to hear
A voice faint and plaintive from one that was there;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.
3 In off'ring to Heaven His pitying pray'r,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear!
His life as a ransom He offer'd to give,
That sinners, redeem'd, in glory might live!
4 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this stranger could be!
I saw Him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
The loveliest Being that ever was found!

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night:
His locks by pale moon beams were glist'ning and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to Heav'n were rais'd,
While angels in wonder stood 'round Him amaz'd!

6 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his pray'rs,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him! I ask'd him his name!
He answer'd, "'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!

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

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

9 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smil'd when He saw me, and said to me,
"Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive!"

10 How sweet was that moment He bade me rejoice!

His smile, O how pleasant! How cheering
His voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted, "Salvation," and "Glory to
God!"

11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above!
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and
love!
I think of the garden, the pray'r, and the
tears
Of that loving Stranger who banish'd my
fears!

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

HYMN 3. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5.

Song of the Christian Soldier.

1 Soldiers of the Cross arise!
Lo, before our longing eyes
Canaan's happy landscape lies,
Fill'd with joys unknown.
What 'though rugged is the road,
'Tis the way the Saviour trod,
And the cheering voice of God
Calls us to His throne.

2 Who will now a traitor prove?
Who forget the Saviour's love,

Who will slight the joys above,
And that heav'nly home?
See that holy, happy band,
On the heights of Zion stand,
Vict'ry's palms in ev'ry hand,—
Hark! they bid us come.

3 'Though between us and the goal
Jordan's waters darkly roll,
And affright the tim'rous soul,
We will never fear:
But will onward urge our way,
And our Leader's voice obey,
'Till on Zion's Hill one day
We shall all appear.

Cross & Journal. C. R. R.

HYMN 4. 7s.

Prayer of the Mourner.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself hath bid thee pray:
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin:
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Shew me what I have to do:
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith!
Let me die Thy people's death!

HYMN 5. L. M.

To be sung at General, Annual, or Quarterly Conferences.

1 Lord! in Thy Zion now appear,
And animate Thy saints with zeal;
With great success our prospects cheer!
May we Thy presence with us feel!

2 Since Thou hast rescued us from death,
To know Thy love, and trust Thy grace,
Oh let us spend our life and breath
In winning sinners to Thy ways.

3 Shall we be cold, and live supine,
While thousands perish all around?
Duty is ours, success is Thine:
Now let Thy pow'r with us be found.

4 'Though dark and gloomy clouds arise,
And efforts oft abortive prove,
Oh Jesus shine, and clear our skies,
Fil ev'ry heart with hope and love.

5 Into thy vineyard many send,
And light, and zeal, and grace supply;
Be thou their guide, their God, their friend!
In danger and distress be nigh.

6 Bless those who now in foreign lands
Are preaching Christ as "All in All!"
Put forth Thy pow'r—break Satan's bands!
Crown with success the gospel's call.

7 O let the seed which may be sown
Be water'd with the Spirit's pow'r!
May Christ through ev'ry clime be known,
And blessings on the heathen show'r.

HYMN 6. 7s & 6s.

The Rejoicing Christian.

1 I wish to tell the story
Of bleeding, dying love,
On earth, and then in glory
With my dear friends above!
My soul is fill'd with gladness!
Christ roll'd my guilt away!
He banish'd all my sadness,
And turn'd my night to day!

2 I grop'd along in blindness,
And nearly lost in woe,
He op'd my eyes in kindness,
My lost estate to shew.
He said He was my Saviour,
And lov'd me long before—
I thank'd Him for His goodness,
And found He lov'd me more!

3 My harp, which on the willow
For years had idly hung,

I smote to sound His praises
In sweetest, newest song.
I keep that harp still ready
To chase all grief away,
And will prolong its music
Where shines an endless day!

4 I stand prepar'd for trials
In His own strength array'd,
A balm for deepest trouble,
A light for darkest shade.
I feel in deep affliction
His presence ever nigh,
And know my soul shall triumph
Although the body die.

5 I feel when joy is brightest
His humbling grace is mine,
The inmost soul exalting
With hope of life divine.
I have the pleasing prospect
In weal and woe to find
The blessed Saviour near me,
Forever good and kind.

6 Oh I will try forever
To glorify His name,
With all the ransom'd millions
Who feel a kindred flame!
In glory we will mingle,
On lovely pinions fly,
An endless flight of seraphs,
Rejoicing through the sky!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 7. P. M. 11s.

The Home in the Sky.

1 Come mingle your voices, ye saints of the Lord,
Let your praises with angels' sweet music accord;
Let the heart's adoration ascend up on high,
For Jesus has bought us a "HOME" in the sky.

2 Then why, fellow pilgrim, this longing to stay
Where the tempest beats loudly, and darkens the way?
While the King, in His glory, invites you to rest,
And offers a crown & a home with the blest.

3 Who, who would still linger, or cherish despair,
Or turn from the view so delightful and fair?
Since the home of the soul's in that blissful abode
The Saviour has purchas'd and seal'd with His blood?

4 Turn wand'ring transgressor, and enter the fold,
For the HOME OF THE SOUL can't be purchas'd with gold;
Come with faith and repentance, with pray'r and with praise;
And with angels in Heaven loud anthems we'll raise!

5 The Redeemer has gone there, and there will remain
With glorified millions to swell His bright train;
Where the pure living waters eternally roll
By the throne of Jehovah,—"Sweet Home of the Soul!"

HYMN 8. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

Used in Sabbath Schools, and at Sabbath School Celebrations.

TEACHERS.

1 Come, ye children, and adore Him!
Lord of all He reigns above;
Come and worship now before Him:
He hath call'd you by His love.
He will grant you ev'ry blessing
Of His all abounding grace;
Come, with humble hearts, expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2 On this holy day of gladness
We will join in praises meet:
Ev'ry bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete.
Oh to feel the love of Jesus!
Oh to know that, from above,
Still our Heav'nly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

3 Dearest children, now adore Him!
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
While the nations bow before Him,
Echo back the notes again.
While He will accept the praises,
E'en from ev'ry heart and tongue,
Those to Him a child upraises
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our heart's oblation
Now ascends to Thee alone:
We would come with gratulations,
Now to worship at Thy throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth His praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of His grace?

TEACHERS & CHILDREN.

5 Praise to Thee, O Lord, forever!
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to Thee, O God, the Giver,
Blessed Lord, of life and light!
Ransom'd christians! spread the story!
Rescued people! ne'er give o'er!
All His grace, and all His glory,
Oh proclaim forevermore.

HYMN 9. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

The Backslider Comforted.

1 I was weary of my Saviour,
Turn'd my heart to other love;
Deeply mov'd at my behaviour,
Soon He call'd me from above:
Drew me gently,
Gently with the cords of love.

2 This delightful bondage breaking,
Soon my footsteps roam'd away;
He, in grief at my forsaking,
Follow'd me the live-long day:
Wooed me sweetly:
Words of love I heard Him say!

3 In His garden I was sleeping;
There he came to seek for me;
On His head the night dews weeping,
Soothingly He said to me:
"My beloved!
My beloved, come to me!"

4 Yet I left this Heav'nly Lover,
'Though His lips like lillies were;
Once again became a rover,
Turn'd away from one so dear:
Still He follow'd,
Watch'd me with untiring care.

5 Last of all he sent in sorrow;
Call'd my idols all away;

For the sake of bright to-morrow,
Darken'd all my joys to day:
Then He whisper'd,
"Oh, my fair one, come away!"

6 "I'm in all thy griefs a sharer;
Thy afflictions all are mine;
'Tis my love to draw thee nearer
To my heart, I'm breaking thine:
I have won thee,
Won thy heart by love divine!"

7 " 'Tis in mercy I have pain'd thee,
Wand'rer in a desert wild!
Now I know that I have gain'd thee,
Oh my love, my undefil'd!"
Thus He sooth'd me
With his accents sweet and mild.

8 Now I follow where He leads me;
I am His, and He is mine;
With the richest love He feeds me,
While upon Him I recline:
Gazing upward,
On His eyes I fasten mine.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

HYMN 10. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 Our Father, God, who art in Heav'n,
To Thy great name be rev'rence giv'n;
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, Oh Lord, 'till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 'tis by angels 'round Thy throne;
And let us ev'ry day be fed
With earthly and with heav'nly bread.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us:
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And ev'ry evil far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And Thine the pow'r to save the soul;
Great be the glory of thy reign:
Let ev'ry creature say, "Amen!"

HYMN 11. L. M.

To be sung previous to praying for a Person under Affliction.

1 My dearest Lord, in love appear,
And banish ev'ry guilty fear;
Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
And lift my drooping spirit up.

2 Should all forsake, my God is kind!
Make me to all Thy will resign'd!
Disease my outward frame decays;
Thy promise can my comforts raise.

3 My earthly house is breaking down:
O bear me to thy blissful throne,
To view the Lamb who once was slain,
My life, my portion, and my gain.

4 In Heav'n I shall His praises sing,
And triumph in my glorious King;
His matchless beauties there behold,
And tune His love on harps of gold.

5 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard
What God hath for His saints prepar'd;
There sin and sorrow never come!
I long for this eternal home.

HYMN 12. L. M.

Used in Sabbath School.

1 On this delightful, hallow'd day,
Saviour, what off'ring shall we bring?
Wilt Thou not hear our infant lay,
Who art our Saviour and our King?

2 Unnumber'd children sing Thy name,
Forever, 'round Thy gracious throne!
And is not our employ the same?
Wilt Thou not deign our song to own?

3 Thou wilt, for thou art full of grace;
And Thou hast said our love to gain,
That those who early seek thy face
Shall never seek thy face in vain.

4 Above all value we would prize
The holy volume Thou hast giv'n;
Oh make us by its doctrines wise,
And guide us by its light to Heav'n.

5 When Thou, the Judge of human kind,
Shall come, Oh save us then, we pray;

And may our friends and teachers find
Thy saving mercy on that day!

HYMN 13. C. M.

For opening a Place for social Prayer.

1 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

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

3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners 'round
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 14. 7s.

Sung at Love Feast.

1 Jesus! we Thy promise claim!
We are met in Thy great name;
In the midst do Thou appear!
Manifest Thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!
Breathe Thy Spirit, give us peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Still our fellowship increase!
Knit us in the bonds of peace;
Join our new-born spirits—join
Each to each, and all to Thine.

4 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

5 Call, Oh call us each, by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon Thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast.

HYMN 15. L. M.

Used when receiving New Members.

1 May those who have Thy name confess'd,
Now find in God a settled rest;
From day to day still more increase
In faith, and love, and holiness.

2 As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

3 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them to the end,

While in Thy house they still improve
'Till call'd to join the church above.

HYMN 16. P. M. 10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

I Must Die!

1 The time is near, is near when I must die!
I must die! I must die!
And wing my flight into eternity!
I must die! I must die!
But 'though the most of souls below
Must down to endless sorrow go,
I hope, through Christ, to flee from woe!
I must die! I must die!

2 The hour of death, of death may have its pain!
I must die! I must die!
I then may wish the sweets of earth again!
I must die! I must die!
But Jesus says He'll be with me
In death's extremest agony,
And set my panting spirit free!
I must die! I must die!

3 The fiends of hell, of hell may come to scare!
I must die! I must die!
And then my trembling soul may quake with fear!
I must die! I must die!
But I may have that perfect love
That cometh down from Heav'n above,
Which does a shield and buckler prove!
I must die! I must die!

4 The ransom'd soul in death may joyful sing!
I must die! I must die!
When Christ to strengthen mighty grace doth bring!
I must die! I must die!
God grant that angels from the sky,
May whisper "Glory!" as I die,
And to sweet Heaven with me fly!
I must die! I must die!

5 I would prepare to reach the heav'nly clime!
I must die! I must die!
And gladly hail of death the pleasing time!
I must die! I must die!
I long to be with Christ where pain
Shall never grieve my soul again,
And ev'ry bliss in Him obtain!
I must die! I must die!

6 I long to shout when earthly trouble ends!
I must die! I must die!
And say, "Farewell! Farewell!" to weeping friends!
I must die! I must die!
And as I part I wish to say,
"Oh do not weep, but rather pray
In yonder world to meet with me!"
I must die! I must die!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 17. L. M.

To be sung at the Laying the Corner Stone of a Church.

1 To Thee we raise our voices high,
Who o'er creation reignst alone;

Whose home is in the boundless sky,
And Nature's universe Thy throne.

2 Behold, and send Thy blessing, Lord,
And with Thy smile our labors own:
May to Thy praise this house be rear'd,
Of which we plant the Corner Stone.

3 May here Thy saving truths be preach'd,
Truths which thy Spirit e'er shall own,
And many sinful hearts be reach'd,
And led to Christ,—the Corner Stone.

4 When, bowing low, by sin opprest,
The contrite spirit makes its moan,
Here may it find the promis'd rest,
And build on Christ,—the Corner Stone.

5 Here may the christian e'er be taught
Of Him who doth for sin atone,
Until his soul, with love full fraught,
Shall sing of Christ,—the Corner Stone.

6 Oh God Triune, let all be blest
Who gather here before Thy throne,
As living stones, on earth, be drest
For Christ in Heav'n, our Corner Stone!

HYMN 18. P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6, 6.

A Temperance Song.

1 The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me;

But there's a drink that God hath giv'n,
Distilling in the show'rs of Heav'n,
In measure large and free!
Oh that's the drink for me,
Oh that's the drink for me, &c.

2 The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me,
For he who drinks it still is dry,
And ever dry he'll be:
But there's a stream, so cool and clear,
The thirsty trav'ler lingers near;
Refresh'd and glad is he:
Oh that's the drink for me,
Oh that's the drink for me, &c.

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

HYMN 19. P. M. 11s.

Rest in Heaven.

1 In Heav'n there's a rest, & that thought hath a pow'r
To banish the shadows of life's dreariest hour!

'Tis the balm of the heart, and of sorrow the cure,
The hope that deceives not, the promise that's sure!

2 In Heav'n there's a rest on the Saviour's sweet breast,
Where tears are all dried from the eyes of the blest,
And the smiles that succeed are so dazzling bright
That none but a spirit can dwell in their light!

3 In Heav'n there's a rest, and unclouded the skies,
Where joy hath no end, and there time never dies;
There nature is free from the earliest stain,
And love has no sorrow, & life has no pain!

4 In Heav'n there's a rest, & how deep that repose,
Life's bitterness past with its follies & woes,
Its passions all hush'd like the face of the deep
When the tempests expire, and the waves are asleep.

5 In Heav'n there's a rest, which mere words ne'er exprest!
I long to escape to the land of the blest,
And gladly exchange, when the summons is giv'n,
The tumult of earth for the calmness of Heav'n!

HYMN 20. P. M. 7s.

Used in dedicating Churches.

1 Lord of Hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of pray'r and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here Thy glories to declare.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heav'nly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May we lean on Jesus' breast.

3 In this temple deign to show
Thou canst dwell with men below;
And in answer to our cries
Send down blessings from the skies.

4 Here may sinners seek Thy face,
And obtain Thy pard'ning grace.
And in love, in pray'r, and song,
Happy, join the holy throng.

5 Let our children, yet unborn,
Here for Jesus wish and mourn,
That, when we are sav'd by grace,
They may occupy our place.

6 May this church a garden prove
For the plants that Thou dost love;
In succession bid them rise,
And transplant them to the skies.

HYMN 21. L. M.

For opening Sabbath School.

1 Sweet Sabbath Day, we hail with joy
Thy holy light, thy blest employ,—
And come, a little favor'd band,
One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2 Our infant hearts would humbly pray
That He will bless our school to-day;
To Him our joyful notes of praise
With one united voice we raise.

3 An off'ring to our Heav'nly King
Of glad hosannas now we bring;
And hope at last in His embrace,
Secure from sin, to find a place.

4 Oh it shall be our constant pray'r,
That we may here His blessings share,—
Then go and live at Christ's right hand,
A ransom'd, favor'd, happy band!

HYMN 22. L. M.

For Baptism by Immersion.

1 Eternal Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path He trod before.

3 A double baptism He display'd
Ere all the mighty debt was paid:
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then baptiz'd in sweat and blood!

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite, and be denied;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And sweetly they invite us through.

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own Thy name:
Receive us rising from the stream:
Then to Thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home!

HYMN 23. C. M.

For Baptism by Pouring or Sprinkling.

1 Behold what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of His grace!

2 "Forbid them not!" is His command:
Then why should men resist?
Our children now may be baptiz'd,
The church with such be blest.

3 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We bring them, Lord, to Thee;
Receive them, Jesus, to Thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

4 Thine may they be, forever Thine,
Thy ransom'd, purchas'd seed;

Oh let this seal of sprinkling,* now,
Be own'd of Thee, indeed.

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*Or the word "pouring" may be substituted, —wishing to avoid sectarianism in the compilation of this work.

HYMN 24. Metre, 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

Fond Recollections of Home.

1 How sweet to the heart of the wand'rer from home,
The fond recollections which mem'ry recalls,
While on life's tempestuous pathway we roam,
And adversity shrouds as pleasure soon palls.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
How hallow'd the feelings which bind us to home.

2 Misfortune may roll her dark thunders in ire,
Announcing the fall of the great and the gay,
Whose names in oblivion will fade & expire,
But home & its pleasures will not pass away.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
How strong the emotions that bind us to home!

3 A father's embrace, & a mother's warm kiss,
A sister's devotion and brother's pure love,
Transport the fond soul with enrapturing bliss,

And give us a foretaste of pleasures above.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
How dear to my soul are the friends of my home!

4 The friends of my childhood, Oh where have ye fled?
Companions of infancy, where have ye stray'd?
Some lie with the silent, the moss cover'd dead,
And others o'er earth's rugged pathways are led!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
How often distress drives the pilgrim from home!

5 A cold callous world youthful ardor will quell,
And intercourse with it fine feelings alloy;
The shocks of misfortune we may not repel,
The delights of dear home not always enjoy.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
The world has no pleasures like those of my home!

6 But since earthly homes are all transient and weak,
How wise to reflect on the worlds far on high,
And for that fair spot in eternity seek
Where home and its pleasures in death never die!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for Heaven Thy home!

HYMN 25. C. M.

Sung previous to Sermon.

1 Almighty God, in humble pray'r
To Thee our souls we lift:
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.
2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow:
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
3 We ask not honors which an hour
May bring and take away:
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and pow'r,
Lest we should go astray!
4 We ask for wisdom—Oh impart
The knowledge how to live:
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Sung after Sermon.

1 Almighty God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of Heav'n descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in ev'ry heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent,
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

4 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy!
But let it yield a hundred fold
Of light, of peace, and joy.

HYMN 27. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 8.

Preachers' Parting Hymn, for closing Conferences, and other Ministerial Meetings.

1 Beautiful upon the mountains
Are the messengers of peace,
Publishing the news of pardon
Through a Saviour's righteousness!
Joyful tidings
Of a Saviour's righteousness.

2 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Heralds of my Cross arise!
Go and publish news of pardon!
See a world in ruin lies!
Preach 'Salvation!'
'Till I call you to the skies!"

3 Jesus, we obey Thy summons;
See Thy servants waiting stand;
When our song of praise is ended
We will go at Thy commaud!
Great Redeemer,
Guide us by Thine own right hand!

4 Scenes of love and sacred friendship,
We will bid you all "Farewell!"
O'er the earth's wide face we wander,
News of Jesus' love to tell!
Christian soldiers,
We must part, and say, "Farewell!"

5 Often have we join'd these voices
In our songs as God we prais'd,
And, around our altars bending,
Pray'r at morn and ev'ning rais'd!
Perhaps never
Shall we join on earth in praise.

6 Brethren, we will meet together
On the mount of God above:
Then our rapturous hosannas
Shall be full of Jesus' love!
Saviour, bring us
Safely to our home above!

HYMN 28. Double, 8, 7, 8, 7.

The Love of Christ.

1 He hath lov'd us! Blessed Jesus!
Mortal love is not like Thine!
When false friends in sorrow leave us,
Then Thy help is most divine:
Then Thy pity e'er is waiting
To upraise the sinking mind,
All the heart with joy elating
When the foe is most unkind!

2 He hath lov'd us! Comfort bringing,
Jesus left the azure sky,
With unnumber'd angels singing,
For the lost to weep and die.
Tears He wept, but He, in sighing,
Chas'd our heavy gloom away:
Life He proffer'd, but in dying
Gave us life and endless day!

3 He doth love us! Ever willing
Still He hears our plaintive cry,
Hope of future bliss instilling
As to sin we daily die.
He will love us! In bright glory
We shall see Him face to face,
Hear Him tell the pleasing story
While we sing "Redeeming Grace!"

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 29. S. M.

Request of the Sanctified Christian.

1 Oh sing to me of Heav'n
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstacy
To waft my soul on high.

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

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh watch my dying face,

And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.
4 Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be giv'n:
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in Heav'n.
5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest:
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.
6 Then 'round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of Heav'n, delightful Heav'n,
My glorious home above!

Mrs M. S. B. Dana.

HYMN 30. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 11, 7.

The Christian begging his way to Glory.

1 When I set out for glory
I left the world behind,
Determin'd for a city
That's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go,
And to glory I will go, I'll go, I'll go!
And to glory I will go!

2 I left my worldly honor,
I left my worldly fame:
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.

3 Some said I'd better tarry,—
They thought I was too young
For to prepare for dying,
But that was all my song.

4 Come all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry:
All ye that are backsliders
Must shortly beg or die.

CHORUS.

And to begging I will go:
And to begging I will go, I'll go, I'll go!
And to begging I will go!

5 The Lord He loves the beggar
Who truly begs indeed:
He always will relieve him
Whene'er he stands in need.

6 I do not beg for riches,
Nor to be dressed fine,
The garment that He'll give me
The sun it will outshine.

7 I'm not asham'd to beg
While here on earth I stay:
I'm not asham'd to watch,
And I'm not asham'd to pray.

8 The richest man I ever saw
Was one that begg'd the most;
His soul was fill'd with Jesus,
And with the Holy Ghost.

9 And now we are encourag'd,
Come let us travel on,

Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.

HYMN 31. L. M.

Used in Opening and Closing Sabbath School.

1 Dear children, have you ever thought,
That you will come to school in vain
Unless you think of what you're taught,
And try instruction to obtain?

2 Allow no idle thought or look;
Let no disturbing sound be heard:
And when you read God's holy book
Be sure you mind it ev'ry word.

3 His holy will is written there:
For our instruction 'tis design'd;
Then surely we should never dare
To read it with a thoughtless mind.

4 At school, or home, still learn, and pray
That holy wisdom may be giv'n,
That teachers and the pupils may
At last be sav'd and meet in Heav'n.

5 Then happy we, and children, too,
The Mighty Teacher there shall meet,
Obtaining wisdom ever new,
Forever sitting at His feet!

HYMN 32. P. M. 10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

All is Well!

1 What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame!
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death I soon shall be
From ev'ry pain and sorrow free!
I shall the King of Glory see!
All is well! All is well!

2 Weep not for me, my friends, weep not for me:
All is well! All is well!
My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free!
All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from mine eyes:
I soon shall mount the upper skies!
All is well! All is well!

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

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master
calls me!
All is well! All is well!
I soon shall see, shall see His face in glory!
All is well! All is well!
Farewell, my friends,—adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glitt'ring crown appears in view!
All is well! All is well!
5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-wash'd
throng,
Sav'd by grace! Sav'd by grace!
I come to join, to join your rapt'rous song!
Sav'd by grace! Sav'd by grace!
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And Heav'n and glory now are mine!
All hallelujahs to the Lamb!
All is well! All is well!

HYMN 33. P. M. 11s.

The Bower of Prayer.

1 To leave my dear friends, with my neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From the blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray!
2 How sweet were the pine and the poplar which spread,

And wove with their branches a roof o'er my
head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in
pray'r.

3 The early shrill notes of the lov'd nightin-
gale,
That sang in my bower, I've mark'd as my
bell,
To call me to duty while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praise as I went to my
pray'r.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfum'd by
the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine:
But sweeter, Oh sweeter, superlative fair,
The joys there I tasted in answer to pray'r.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to
meet,
And blest with His presence my lonely re-
treat,—
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness
there,
Inditing with Heavn's own language my
pray'r!

6 Dear Bow'r! I must leave you, and bid you
adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'ry
where,
And can in all places give answer to pray'r!

HYMN 34. C. M.

Sung at the Solemnization of Marriage.

1 Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with Thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 In purest love these souls unite,
That they with christian care
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

4 May death to them no terror have
When life's short space is o'er:
In faith united may they live
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 35. L. M.

Sung at a Wedding.

1 With grateful hearts and tuneful lays
We sing before th'Eternal Throne,
And offer up our humble praise
To Him whose name is God alone.

2 At this auspicious hour draw near,
And shed Thy richest blessings down:
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,
And all Thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now Thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in Heav'n record,
And bless the newly married pair.

4 Oh guide them safe this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love;
May they with joy Thy glories view
In the eternal world above.

HYMN 36. L. M.

Sung previous to Prayer offered for a Newly Married Couple.

1 With cheerful voices let us sing
The praises of our God and King,
For He alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.

2 Oh may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind:
Happy together may they be
United, gracious Lord, to Thee.

3 So may they live as truly one,—
And when their work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to Heav'n, & share
The joys of love forever there.

HYMN 37. P. M. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 4, 6, 4.

The Ship of Zion.

1 Launch thy bark, Mariner!
Christian! God speed thee!

Let loose the rudder bands!
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come:
Steer thy course steadily!
Christian, steer home!

2 Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are 'round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast!

3 "What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!"
Be wakeful, be vigilant!
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee!

4 How gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold!
Hoist up thy merchandize!
Heave out thy gold!
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights!
Hurra! the harbor's near!
Lo! the red lights!

5 Slacken not sail yet
At inland or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land!
Crowd all the canvas on!
Cut through the foam!
Christian! cast anchor now!
Heav'n is thy HOME!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

HYMN 38. P. M. 5, 5, 11, 5, 5, 11.

New Song of the New Born Soul.

1 I know that the Lamb,
From glory who came
To save my poor soul, is forever the same!
Since others He blest
Their sins who confest,
I thought by confessing to find the same rest!

CHORUS.

Sing Hallelujah!
Sing Hallelujah!
Sing Halle—Oh Halle—Oh Hallelujah!

2 Obeying the word,
I came to the Lord,
Confessing my heart was both sinful and hard.
He heard when I cried!
Since Jesus has died
The need of the sinner is gladly supplied!

3 That great is His love,
In price far above
The gold of all Ophir, the vilest may prove!

I ask not in vain,
For when I complain
He blesses, and says He will bless me again!

4 I leave all behind
For a Saviour so kind,
Whose blessings extend both to body and mind:
I find a repose
The world never knows,
A peace, like a river, that swells as it flows.

5 Let infidels blame,
Say "Heaven's a name,"
And millions in glory are only a dream,—
I feel the pure fire
That bids me aspire
To strike with those millions the heavenly lyre!

6 The promise is nigh
As daily I die,
And long for the time when all sighing shall flee!
I soon shall be free
Those glories to see,
And with my dear Saviour forever to be!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 39. P. M. 7s.

Sung at the grave of a Departed Saint.

1 Clay to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle, for they must;
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit's fled to God!

2 Dust to dust, and clay to clay!
Ashes now with ashes lay;
Earthly mould to earth be giv'n,
For the saint is blest in Heav'n!

3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed
Where the spoils of Death are laid;
Dark the chamber, chill the gloom
Of man's melancholy tomb.

4 Look aloft! the spirit's ris'n!
Death cannot that soul impris'n,
'Tis in Heav'n such spirits dwell,
Glorious, 'though invisible!

HYMN 40. C. M.

Sunday School Teachers' Hymn.

1 Father! with one accord we stand,
And bring Thee of Thine own,
And train a bright immortal band
To worship 'round Thy throne.

2 Accept, Almighty Parent, these,
The children Thou hast giv'n,
And in Thy sov'reign favor make
These lov'd ones heirs of Heav'n.

3 There, rank'd among the shining host,
May all before Thee meet;
Oh Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our labors there complete.

HYMN 41. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 5, 8, 8, 8, 5.

Song of the Ransomed Soul.

1 A few more days on earth to spend,
My toils and cares shall have an end:
Then I shall see my God and friend,
And praise His name on high.
There no more sighs and no more tears,
There no more pains and no more fears,
But God and Christ and Heav'n appear
Unto the ravish'd eye.

2 Then, Oh my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
Oh happy day! Oh joyful hour,
When, freed from earth, my soul shall tow'r
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day!
I'd cheerfully the voice obey
Which calls my soul to soar away
To seats prepar'd above:
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in His belov'd embrace,
And taste the fullness of His grace,
And sing, "Redeeming Love!"

4 'Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And Death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood.

The heav'nly Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my ravish'd eyes appears,
Which makes me think I'm almost there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say, "Farewell!"
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th'Eternal Three.
I'll join with them who've gone before,
Who sing and shout, their suff'rings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more
To all eternity.

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

HYMN 42. P. M. 7s.

Child's Evening Hymn.

1 Father! now the day is past,
On Thy child Thy blessing cast;
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Let Thy guardian angels stand.

2 Father! through the present night
Let not evil harm or fright:
Let me rise at morn again
Free from ev'ry thought of pain!

3 Passing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day:
When the day of life is o'er
Save Thy child forevermore!

HYMN 43. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Used at Commencement, and during Progress of Camp Meeting.

1 Shout, for the Lord is in the camp!
Ye christians, rise, and trim your lamp
To meet Him from above!
The Lord, our King, has left His throne,
And come to claim us as His own,
Himself our friend to prove.

2 Ye faithful servants of the King,
Rejoice, and joyful anthems sing,
And speak His praise abroad,
While angels strike anew their lyre,
And evermore extol Him high'r,
Their Maker and their God.

3 Ye heralds, chosen of the Lord
To preach His everlasting word,
And warn the world of sin;
Arise, and let your trumpets sound,
Urge ev'ry sinner on the ground
The Saviour soon to win.

4 And thou, Oh sinner, hearken thou!
Jesus, thy Lord, is waiting now
To purify thy soul:
Fly to His arms! He ready stands

With willing heart and outstretch'd hands,
To wash and make thee whole.

5 Think how He groan'd and died for thee,
And offers NOW salvation free
To Adam's fallen race:
Remember! NOW thou hast a call;
NOW at the feet of Jesus fall,
And plead His pard'ning grace.

6 Shout, then, ye children of our God!
Shout, as ye walk the narrow road
That leads direct to Heav'n;
Shout, that to earth's remotest shore
The saints of God may shout it o'er:
"Your sins are all forgiv'n!"

HYMN 44. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Sung in closing Camp Meetings.

1 We've sung and pray'd together,
And heard the trumpet sound
The gospel of our Jesus
Upon this hallow'd ground;
We've sung and pray'd together,
That sinners might be found,
While here we are assembled
'Mid sweet creation 'round.

2 We've sung and pray'd together,
And God was pleas'd to hear
The pray'rs of all His children
Who Him do love and fear;
We've sung and pray'd together,
That Jesus us might bless,

And help the mourning sinner
From out his deep distress.

3 We've sung and pray'd together,
That Adam's fallen race
Might hasten to the fountain
That floweth with free grace.
We've sung and pray'd together
For blessings from above,
And God was pleas'd to send them,
And thus increas'd our love.

4 We've sung and pray'd together
For Satan's kingdom's fall,
And that our God's might flourish
Upon this earthly ball.
We've sung and pray'd together:
Our pray'rs went to the skies,
And angels shouted "Glory!"
On hearing mourners' cries.

5 We've sung and pray'd together,
And made our vows in heart.
That in God's ways we'll travel,
And ne'er from them depart!
We've sung and pray'd together,
But now, ah, now we part:
Our hands we give each other,
But God shall have the heart.

6 Then, farewell, farewell brothers,
And sisters, fare-you-well;
In Heav'n again assembled,
Of Jesus' love we'll tell!

Farewell, perhaps, forever,
On earth to meet no more:
Serve God, and we together
Shall meet on Canaan's shore.

HYMN 45. L. M. Double.

Expostulation addressed to Youth.

1 Young people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend:
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice,
But never knew substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiv'n,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and Heav'n,
And thus I found the heav'nly way.
And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the Spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conq'ring death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark;
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones who wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll
In solemn darkness 'round your head;
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 But, Oh, the soul! where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries:
It rolls amidst the burning flames
In endless woe and agonies;
There swallow'd up in darkest night,
Where devils howl and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and guilt
When thousand thousand years are o'er.

6 Ch fellow youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse,
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose;
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God,
But with the gospel terms comply,
And Heav'n shall be your great reward!

HYMN 46. S. M.

Persuasive Tears of Christ.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye!

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, Oh my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!
3 He wept that we might weep!
Each sin demands a tear:
In Heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there!

HYMN 47. P. M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

"Come ye Disconsolate!"

1 Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the Mercy Seat, fervently kneel!
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal!

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless & pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure!"

3 Here see the Bread of Life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can remove!

4 Let not your unbelief keep back the blessing,
But in the cause of God fully engage!
Bow at the throne of grace, ever confessing,
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n can't assuage!

5 Lo! from His shining throne, Jesus the Saviour,
Looks with complacency, bids you receive
Joy, peace, and pleasure sweet, pardon and favor:
Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can relieve!

NOTE.—By earnest request we have omitted a good hymn to introduce the above, which is a better one--not found in the index.

HYMN 48. C. M.

To be sung at General, Annual, or Quarterly Conferences.

1 Thy servants congregate, Oh Lord,
To act on earth for Thee,—
And for the spreading of Thy word
Would instrumental be.

2 We feel our insufficiency,
Thou Source of light and love;
Let wisdom, meekness, harmony,
Inspire us from above.

3 The Spirit's pow'r in us display,
A love for souls bestow;
Let Christ be seen in all we say,
And felt in all we do.

4 The bus'ness of eternity
How can we, Lord, perform,
Unless inspir'd and sent by Thee,
Supported by Thine arm.
5 Then while we meet in conf'rence here,
Or part to do Thy will
Obediently in love and fear,
Do Thou befriend us still.
6 Where'er to spread Thy truth we strive,
Do Thou be in the word,
And, when successful, may we give
The glory to the Lord!
7 Lord, when on earth our work is done,
Our griefs and conflicts o'er,
May we expire with armor on,
And meet to part no more.

R. E. H., LEVERING.

HYMN 49. P. M. 8. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Indian singing his Experience.

1 In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look Heaben, and send up cry,
Upon my knees so low,
Dat God on high, in shiny place,
See me in night with teary face;
De preacher tell'd me so.
2 God send His angel take me kay:
He cum himself and hear me pray,
If inside heart do pray:
He see me now, He do me heare,
He say, "Poor Indian, neber fear,
Me wid you night and day."

3 Den me love God with inside heart:
He fight for me and take my part,
He save my life before!
God love poor Indian in de wood,
So me love God, and dat be good:
Me praise Him two times more!

4 Me wish to Christ in Heaben go,
Not hunt de deer like here below:
No arrow shooting dere:
Me wish to walk de Heab'nly plain,
And swim dat riber 'gain again
'Mid glory runs so fair!

HYMN 50. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Appeal for the Slave.

1 Our countrymen are dying
Beneath their galling chains,
Full many a heart is sighing
Where nought but slav'ry reigns;
No note of joy and gladness,
No voice, with Freedom's lay,
Falls on them in their sadness
To wipe those tears away!

2 Where proud Potomac dashes
Along its northern strand,
Where Rappahannoc lashes
Virginia's sparkling sand,—
Where Eautaw, fam'd in story,
Flows swift to Santee's stream,
There, there in grief, and gory,
The pining slave is seen!

3 And shall Columbia's FREEMEN,
Descendants of the FREE,
Whose boasted flag is gleaming
'Mid Freedom's minstrelsy,
Will they, when hearts are breaking,
And bondmen weep in woe,
Their heavy grief partaking,
Their hearts of pity show?

4 Yes, let the shout for FREEDOM
Ring out a certain peal!
Let sire, and youth, and maiden,
All who have hearts to feel,
Awake! and with the blessing
Of Him who came to save,
A holy, peaceful triumph
Shall greet the kneeling slave!

HYMN 51. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

The Deceiving World Pictured.

1 The faithless world's promiscuous flow,
Enwrapt in Fancy's vision,
Allur'd by sound, beguil'd by show,
So sweet a dream, you'd scarcely know
There is a brighter Heaven!

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All varying time and forms are vain,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade,
There's nothing lasts but Heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric, all,
Will be to atoms riven,

The sky consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions wreck this earthly ball:
There's nothing firm but Heaven.

4 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal bloom in ruin lies,
Death reigns o'er all below the skies:
There's nothing lives but Heaven

5 This world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision:
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor:
There's nothing rich but Heaven.

6 A stranger here I lonely roam:
From place to place I'm driven,
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a lonely tomb:
I have no home but Heaven!

7 The clouds disperse, the light appears!
My sins are all forgiven!
Triumphant grace has lull'd my fears!
Roll on thou sun, fly swift ye years,
I'm on the wing for Heaven!

HYMN 52. P. M. 7s.

"*Look to Jesus!*"

1 "Look to Jesus!" See He stands,
Holding forth His bleeding hands,
Saying, "Come to me for rest,
And be sav'd among the blest!"

2 "Look to Jesus!" Sinner, come!
Without Christ, behold your doom:
Present pain and endless hell!
Come, and all may yet be well!

3 "Look to Jesus!" Mourner, hear
Mercy whisp'ring in your ear:
"'Though your sins as scarlet be,
I can cleanse and set you free."

4 "Look to Jesus!" weeping one!
Hope, for thou art not undone:
Those are blest who shed such tears;
He will hush thy doubts and fears.

5 "Look to Jesus!" Christian look!
Thy dear name is in His Book;
Read it there, and with delight,
Humbly seek perfection's height.

6 "Look to Jesus!" Joy in life:
Cure for sin, and end of strife;
Life in death, and endless bliss
Where the blessed Saviour is!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 53. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Soul's Physician and Balm of Gilead.

1 How lost was my condition
'Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death He found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,

To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.

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

3 From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me;
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus e'vry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this "Great Physician,"
How matchless is His grace,
Accepted my petition,
And manag'd soon my case:
First gave me sight to view Him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd,
Then bade me look unto Him—
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death!

Come then to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition:
'Tis only—LOOK AND LIVE!

HYMN 54. P. M. 12, 11, 12, 11. Double.

The Old Fashioned Bible.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice & affection,
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high;
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as rang'd on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excell'd every other,
The Family Bible which lay on the stand.
The "Old Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at ev'ning could yield us delight,
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and for safety through night,--
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,

All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Describ'd in the bible that lay on the stand!
The "Old Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible which lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we part-ed!
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore!
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from His bountiful hand!
Oh let me with patience receive His correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand!
The "Old Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand!

4 Blessed Bible! the light and guide of the stranger,
With thee I seem circled by parents and friends!
Thy kind admonitions shall guide me from danger:
On thee my last lingering hope then depends;

Hope wakens to vigor, and rises to glory!
I'll hasten and flee to the bright promis'd land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me
Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand!
The "Old Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand!

5 Hail thou, the brightest and best of the morning,—
Star that hath guided my parents safe home!
The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness, and brighten my gloom!
As wandering sages to worship the stranger,
Did hasten with rapture to Canaan's fair land,
I'll bow to adore Him, but not at the manger:
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The "Old Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

6 Should age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord,
'Though darkness should cover His merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheer'd by the heavenly word,

And now from things earthly my soul is re-
moving;
I soon shall shout glory with Heav'n's
bright band,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand!
The "Old Fashion'd Bible," the dear blessed
Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand!

HYMN 55. P. M. 8, 6. 6, 6, 8, 8, 8.

The Land of Glory.

1 The land, the land of glory lies
Beyond old Jordan's stream,
A region in the skies,
Where fields are always green!
Oh happy place of sweet repose,
Where pain & death no entrance know,
And life's fair tree forever grows.

2 There saints, there saints and angels drink,
And plunge in seas of love;
No bliss of which they think,
Shall be withheld above!
For all the blessings of the throne
Do freely flow to ev'ry one,
Secur'd to them through Christ alone.

3 Soon shall, soon shall our toil be o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain;
We'll meet upon that shore,
And never part again,
And sing the song, "Redeeming Love."

While we stand 'round the throne above,
And all the joys of Heaven prove!

HYMN 56. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

Sweet Home of the Rejoicing Saint.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of Mercy's there's room,
And long to behold Thee in glory at home!
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory my home!

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

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
'Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee at home.
Home, Home, Sweet, sweet home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh give me submission & strength as the day;

In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home!
Home, Home, Sweet, sweet home, &c.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait 'till Thou come,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home!
Home, Home, Sweet, sweet home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home!
Home, Home, Sweet, sweet home, &c.

HYMN 57. P. M. 12, 12, 12, 12, 14, 12.

Hymn for Christmas Day.

1 From the regions of love an angel descended,
And told the strange news how the babe was attended;
"Go shepherds, and visit the wonderful stranger!
See yonder bright star—there's your God in a manger!"

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchas'd our pardon,—
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan!

2 "Glad tidings I bring unto you, and each nation,
Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation!"
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout hallelujahs while Heaven rejoices!
Chorus—Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given:
"All glory to God!" is re-echoed in Heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation & glory.
Chorus—Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 Enraptur'd I burn with delight and desire:
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
Around the bright throne "Hosannahs" are ringing;
Oh when shall I join them, and ever be singing.
Chorus—Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

5 Oh Jesus, ride on! Thy kingdom is glorious:
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou'lt make us victorious;
Thy banner unfurl! let the nations surrender,
And own Thee their Saviour, their God and defender!
Chorus—Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 58. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, & Chorus.

The Female Preacher glorying in Christ.

1 Whither goest thou, Pilgrim Stranger,

Wand'ring through this gloomy vale,
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

No! I'm bound for the kingdom! Will you go
to glory with me!
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

2 "Pilgrim," thou dost justly call me,
Trav'ling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide.
Chorus—I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a guide! No guide attends thee:
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian pow'r defends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes!
Chorus—Oh I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in ev'ry strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
Chorus—For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
Chorus—No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No! that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I bend;
Thence to plunge will be delightful;

There my pilgrimage will end.
Chorus—For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprizing,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight:
Gazing still I saw her rising
Like an angel cloth'd in light!

CHORUS.

Oh, she's gone to the kingdom! Will you follow her to glory!
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

HYMN 59. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

The Holy Battle Call.

1 Soldiers of the Cross arise!
Lo! your Leader, from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory!
Seize your armor! gird it on!
Fight until the battle's won;
Soon the conflict will be done!
Then struggle manfully!

2 Jesus conquer'd when He fell:
Met and vanguish'd earth and hell!
Now He leads you on to swell
The triumphs of the Cross!
'Though your enemies appear,
Who will doubt or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near:
We cannot lose our cause!

3 Onward then ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod:
Follow where your leader trod!
You soon shall see His face.
Soon your enemies, all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain:
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise!

HYMN 60. P. M. 11, 12, 12, 12.

Last Trumpet and Judgment Scene.

1 The Chariot! the Chariot! its wheels roll in fire
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on the pathway of cloud,
And the Heav'ns with the burden of God-Head are bow'd.

2 The glory, the glory around Him is pour'd!
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet the dead have all heard!
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd:
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,

All the vast generations of man are come forth.

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

5 Oh mercy! Oh mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us (thy sad children,) with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in Heav'n!

HYMN 61. S. M.

Used in Opening Love Feast.

1 We meet with one accord
To eat this "Feast of Love,"
To sup with Jesus Christ, our Lord,
And taste the bliss above.

2 Born from above, we know
The mystic unity:
By faith, and deed, and truth, we show
In love our souls agree!

3 No jarring string is here:
Our hearts are all in tune;
Our gracious Master gives good cheer,
And glory is the boon!

4 While here with Christ we feast,
The fairest things of earth,
The brightest, richest, and the best,
Appear as nothing worth.
5 Come Jesus, and impart
Thy Spirit at this feast,
And sweetly in each loving heart
Abide a constant guest. J. G. W.

HYMN 62. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

The Raptures of Prayer.

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like pray'r;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet restrains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Pray'r, Pray'r. Oh sweet pray'r,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like pray'r.
2 When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart:
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
And Mem'ry rejoices in language of pray'r!
Pray'r, Pray'r, Oh sweet pray'r,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like pray'r!
3 When Pleasure would woo us from Piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly, or silently charms:

We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare;
On looking to Jesus we conquer by pray'r.
Pray'r, Pray'r, Oh sweet pray'r,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like pray'r.

4 While strangers to pray'r we are strangers to bliss,
Heav'n pours its full streams through no medium but this;
And 'till we the seraphs' full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by pray'r.
Pray'r, Pray'r, Oh sweet pray'r,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like pray'r.

Miss ANN LUTTON.

HYMN 63. P. M. 6 lines 8s.

Gathering in of the Moral Harvest.

1 'Though in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will reap the crop,
And burn the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here,—
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
No, soon the reaping time, &c.

3 Oh, this will aggravate their case:
They perish'd under means of grace!

To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death:
And soon the reaping time, &c.

4 But 'though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when He saves His own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown!
For soon the reaping time, &c.

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

HYMN 64. P. M. 11s.

The Christian telling his Experience.

1 Ye people that wonder at me and my ways,
And oft with astonishment on me do gaze,
Come, lend your attention, and I will relate
My past exercises and my present state.

2 The people I follow I once did despise,
And oft-times like you I gaz'd on with surprize;
I gaz'd with a mixture of pride and disdain,
Yet still from their meetings I could not refrain.

3 I sometimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
And sometimes in spirit felt deeply to mourn,
Their praying and mourning gave me such offence,

I thought it delusion, & nought but pretence.
4 I oft-times determin'd I'd hear them no more,
But still on occasion would go as before;
Although persecuting I still would return,
The sparks of conviction beginning to burn.
5 The word cloth'd with pow'r at length reach'd my heart;
I sat under preaching, and there felt the dart;
I strove to conceal it, but soon found it vain;
To pray, weep, and tremble, it did me constrain.
6 I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my distress,
I lay for some hours almost motionless,
'Till Jesus in mercy His love did reveal!
A wonder! a wonder!! Oh how did I feel!!!
7 My burden of guilt was removed and gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and prais'd Him, without dread or fear,
Nor would I regard 'though the world had been there.
8 My friends may despise me, and foes ridicule:
The wise of this world may esteem me a fool:
But all their attempts will be fruitless & vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise His name!

HYMN 65. L. M. Double.

Bethlehem's Star, for Christmas Day.

1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,

One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye!
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem,—
But one alone the Saviour speaks:
It is "The Star of Bethlehem!"

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

3 It was my guide, my light, my all!
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace!
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The glorious "Star of Bethlehem!"

HYMN 66. L. M. & Chorus.

The Christian's Farewell Song.

1 Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone:
I can no longer stay with you:
I'll take my staff and travel on
'Till I a better world do view!
Farewell, farewell, farewell!
My loving friends, farewell!

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

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

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the Cross,
You've struggled long & hard for Heav'n;
You've 'counted all things here but dross;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.
Farewell, farewell, farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God;
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet, dauntless, keep the heav'nly road
'Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be giv'n.

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

HYMN 67. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Earth's Vanities & Glories of Heaven.

1 This world is all a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given:
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing *true* but Heaven.

2 Poor wand'rers of a stormy day
From wave to wave are driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way,—
There's nothing *calm* but Heaven.

3 And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues at even,—
And Genius' bud and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing *bright* but Heaven.

4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For Sorrow's sigh and Trouble's tear
Have never found a refuge here.—
There's nothing *kind* but Heaven.

5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss
Without their sins forgiven;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace,—
There's nothing *good* but Heaven.

6 From such as walk in Wisdom's road
Corroding fears are driven:
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their *way* to Heaven.

HYMN 68. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8. Double.

Song of the Pardoned Backslider returning to God.

1 The CRUCIFIED ONE has appear'd!
His look how benign and how sweet!
By absence to me more endear'd,
I gratefully fall at His feet!
My crimes are remember'd no more!
The sky of my mind is serene!
And while I exult and adore,
Still more of His goodness is seen!

2 Oh soul, how ungrateful and dead!
How could you from Jesus depart?
And why was not Justice display'd
To punish this obdurate heart?
The depths of His love none can tell!
The heights of His goodness unknown!
On earth, or in Heaven, or hell,
That kindness I surely shall own!

3 The gifts of the Spirit bestow!
I'd feast with my Saviour on love,
Untouch'd by the evils below,
And cheer'd by the glories above!
Oh give me swift pinions to haste
From sin and the wish e'er to roam,
And crown all Thy mercies at last
By taking the BACKSLIDER home!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 69. P. M. 9, 8, 9, 8, & Chorus.

My Father's Home.

1 There is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
My heart and my treasure are there,
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair!

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my Father's land!
Oh how I long to be there!
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore!

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode:
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God!
Chorus—That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who worshipp'd and suffer'd with me,—
Exalted with Christ high on His throne,
The King in His beauty they see.
Chorus—That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its troubles are o'er,—
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
Chorus—That blissful place, &c.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Sung at Collection Season.

1 When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,

What were His works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace
Which spread salvation through our race.

2 Teach us, Oh Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue:
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each roiling sun.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,—
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God!

HYMN 71. L. M.

For New Year's Day Worship.

1 Great God! we sing Thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year Thy mercy shows:
Let mercy crown it 'till it close.

2 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, trusting, leave it at Thy feet.

3 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues:
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 72. S. M.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 Comfort Thy people, Lord!
Give hope for gloomy care!
Fulfil the promise of Thy word
To be where christians are.

2 Oh send Thy Spirit down!
Let fervent pray'r arise;
We would adore Thee as we own
A blessing from the skies.

3 The sluggish soul inspire
With Thy reviving voice!
Impart the Pentecostal fire,
And let Thy saints rejoice.

4 Alarm, convict, convert,
By arrows dipp'd in blood!
The measures of the foe subvert,
And show that Thou art God!

5 Let souls untouch'd before,
Aloud for mercy cry,
And happy souls rejoice the more
Thy work reviv'd to see!

6 Let Zion, conq'ring, sing!
In new-born honors shine,

Her trophies to the Saviour bring,
Obtain'd through grace divine!

R. F. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 73. P. M. 5, 5, 11, 5, 5, 11.

The Good Tidings.

1 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy, "Salvation through blood!"
Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

CHORUS.

Oh Hallelujah!
Oh Hallelujah!
Oh Halle—Oh Halle—Oh Hallelujah!

2 Their anguish and smart,
And sorrow depart,
Who find this salvation inscrib'd on their heart!
True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound,
And they that have found it have Paradise found!
Chorus—Hallelujah, &c.

3 Our Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis Heaven below:
This blessing be mine
Through favor divine,

But, Oh, my Redeemer, the glory be Thine!
Chorus--Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 74. L. M. & Chorus.

The Christian's Shouting Song.

1 This day our souls have caught new fire,
Oh Halle--Hallelujah!
We feel that Heav'n is drawing nigh'r;
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!
We long to quit this cumbrous clay,
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!
And shout with Christ in endless day!
Oh Halle--Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Pray on--pray on--we are gaining ground;
Oh Halle--Hallelujah!
The pow'r of God is coming down;
Oh Halle--Hallelujah!

2 When christians pray the Devil runs,
And leaves the field to Zion's sons;
One single saint can put to flight
A thousand blust'ring sons of night.
Chorus—Pray on, pray on, &c.

3 Ye little Samsons up and fight;
Put the Philistian host to flight;
The troops of hell are marching 'round,
But Zion's sons are gaining ground.
Chorus—Pray on, pray on, &c.

4 Their hottest fire is now begun;
Come stand the flame 'till it is won;

Some souls are wounded, others fell;
Our Lord is saving souls from hell.
Chorus--Pray on, pray on, &c.

5 When Israel came to Jericho,
Began to pray, to shout, and blow,
The tow'ring walls came tumbling down,
Like thunder, flat upon the ground.
Chorus—Pray on, pray on, &c.

6 See Gideon marching out to fight,
And had no weapon but His light;
He took his pitcher and his lamp,
And storm'd with ease the Midian camp.
Chorus—Pray on, pray on, &c.

7 The Hebrews, in the dreadful flame,
Found Zion's King was still the same;
Young David's weapon was but dull,
Yet broke Goliah's brazen skull.
Chorus---Pray on, pray on, &c.

8 Saint Paul and Silas, bound in jail,
Would sing and pray in spite of hell;
They made the prison loudly ring,
Although oppos'd by Hell's dark King.
Chorus--Pray on, pray on, &c.

9 The Devil soon will shout his last:
Our fighting then will all be past,
And we shall lay our armor by,
And sing with angels through the sky.
Chorus---Pray on, pray on, &c.

10 Our God, who conquers death and sin,
Will smile and say, "My saints, come in!

You've fought through many battles sore,
But now you'll reign forevermore!"
Chorus---Pray on, pray on, &c.

11 "Come wear these crowns, and let your tongues
Sing Gabriel's new eternal songs:
You now are free from death and pains,
Come shout through Salem's peaceful plains."
Chorus---Pray on, pray on, &c.

12 All glory, glory to the Lamb:
Throughout my soul I feel the flame;
Oh had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would shout with those above.
Chorus---Pray on, pray on, &c.

HYMN 75. C. M. & Chorus

The Blissful Hope of Heaven.

1 Hail sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail sacred HOPE, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine!

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has giv'n,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in Heav'n,
We all shall meet in Heav'n, at last,
We all shall meet in Heav'n,

The hope when days and years are past
We all shall meet in Heav'n.

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

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again!
Chorus—It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

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

HYMN 76. L. M. & Chorus.

Striving for Sweet Canaan.

1 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now ador'd,
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

CHORUS.

Sweet Canaan. sweet Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan:
Canaan it is my happy home,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

2 I'm not asham'd to own His laws,
Nor to defend His noble cause;
The way He's gone is mark'd with blood;
Oh may I tread the steps He trod.
Chorus—Sweet Canaan, sweet Canaan, &c.

3 I'm not asham'd His name to bear
With those who His disciples are;
Christian! sweet name! it's worth I view:
Oh may I wear its nature, too.
Chorus—Sweet Canaan, sweet Canaan, &c.

4 I'm not asham'd to bear my cross,
For which I 'count all things as dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
If Christ command, I will obey.
Chorus—Sweet Canaan, sweet Canaan, &c.

5 I'm not asham'd to be despis'd
By those who ne'er religion priz'd;
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue
For all that man can say or do.
Chorus—Sweet Canaan, sweet Canaan, &c.

6 This world's vain honors I will shun,
The narrow way of life to run,
That this at last my boast may be,
The Saviour's not asham'd of me!
Chorus—Sweet Canaan, sweet Canaan, &c.

HYMN 77. C. M. & Chorus.

Remember Me!

1 Oh Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Oh Lord, remember me!

CHORUS.

Remember me! remember me!
Good Lord! remember me!
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

2 Remember, Lord, the mourning soul!
Oh soothe my agony!
Now, now away my burden roll!
Remember Calvary!
Chorus—Remember me, remember me, &c.

3 While with a broken contrite heart
I lift mine eyes to Thee,
Thy name proclaim, Thyself impart!
In love remember me!
Chorus—Remember me, remember me, &c.

4 And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at Thy decree,
Then, Saviour, with my latest breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me!"
Chorus---Remember me, remember me, &c.

HYMN 78. P. M. 7s. Double.

An Anti-Slavery Dialogue.

1 Freemen! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Bondman! lo! yon spreading light,
Freedom's glory-beaming star!
Freemen! do its blessed rays
Promise good to slaves like me?

Bondman! yes, its glorious blaze
Lights your path to LIBERTY!

2 Freeman! tell us of the night:
Does its star approach our land?
Bondman! mark yon dawning light!
Lo! the breaking day's at hand!
Freeman! can these beams alone
Bid our dreadful bondage cease?
Bondman! God is on the throne:
He will bring thee quick release.

3 Freeman! shall our fetter'd race
Cease to wear the galling chain?
Bondman! lo! the God of grace
Comes to end thy tyrant's reign.
Freeman! can it, can it be?
Shall we share thy glorious name?
Bondman! yes, thou shalt be free!
Spread thy great Deliv'rer's fame!

DUNBARTON.

HYMN 79. L. M. 6 lines.

Wrestling Jacob.

1 Come O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle 'till the break of day

2 I need not tell Thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;

Thyself hast call'd me by my name:
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
'Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now resolv'd I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
'Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What 'though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail!

HYMN 80. P. M. 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.

Praising God for Salvation.

1 Head of the "Church Triumphant,"
We joyfully adore Thee!
'Till Thou appear Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory!

We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love divine which made us Thine,
Can keep us thine forever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou wilt restore us:
The cross despise for that rich prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou 'count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand
To take us up to Heaven.

HYMN 81. L. M.

Feet Washing Hymn, John xiii, 2 *to* 17.

1 When Jesus Christ was here below,
He taught His people what to do;
And if we would His precepts keep,
We must descend to washing feet!

2 For on that night He was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Soon as His supper He did eat
He rose and wash'd His brethren's feet.

3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose, and laid His garments by,
And wash'd their feet to show that we
Should always kind and humble be!

4 He wash'd them all. to make them clean,
But Judas still was full of sin:
May none of us, like Judas, sell
The Lord for gold and go to hell.

5 Peter said, "Lord, it shall not be!
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me!"
Oh that no christian here may say,
"I'm too unworthy to obey!"

6 "You call me Lord and Master, too:
Then do as I have done to you;
All my commands and counsels keep,
And show your love by washing feet."

7 "Ye shall be happy if ye know
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you 'till you die,
And then remove you up on high!"

HYMN 82. P. M. 7s.

Morning Hymn for Family Devotion.

1 Now the shades of night are gone:
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be Thine this day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heav'nly light;
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we work, and watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
Oh receive us then at last;
Night of sin will be no more
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

HYMN 83. C. M.

For New Year's Day.

1 Remark, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year:
How swift the weeks complete their round:
How short the months appear.

2 How fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey!

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t'ncrease
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, Oh God, my careless heart
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to Thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys above the skies!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 84. C. M.

Used on Public Fast Day.

1 Come, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay,
Who still suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.

2 Great is our guilt: our fears are great;
But we will not despair:
Still open is Thy Mercy Seat
To penitence and pray'r.

3 Kind Intercessor! to Thy love
This blessed hope we owe:
Oh let Thy merits plead above
While we implore below.

4 Oh gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
Attend our humble cry,—

Nor let Thy kindling vengeance wake
Destruction from on high.

5 'Though Justice, near Thy awful throne,
Attend Thy great command,
Lord, hear Thy servants, hear Thy Son,
And save a guilty land! STEELE.

HYMN 85. L. M.

Revival Hoped and Prayed for.

1 While I to grief my heart gave way
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears,—the ark is mine!"

2 " 'Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r:
Still wrestle at the Throne of Grace,
And wait for a reviving hour."

3 "Take down Thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r;
The winter season has been sharp,
But Spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey! my hopes revive!
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing!
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help, and triumph bring!

HYMN 86. C. M.

The Wanderer from God called.

1 Return, Oh wand'rer, now return,
And seek Thy Father's face;

Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

2 Return, Oh wand'rer, *now* return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, Oh wand'rer, NOW return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to His feet, and grateful learn
How freely He'll forgive.

4 Return, Oh wand'rer, NOW return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer monrn,
'Tis Love invites thee near!

COLLYER.

HYMN 87. S. M.

Kindness of the Heavenly Shepherd.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is!
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside.

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

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

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear:
'Though I should walk through Death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

HYMN 88. 7s.

The Delaying Sinner Warned.

1 Haste, Oh sinner,—NOW be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won!

2 Haste,—and mercy NOW implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this ev'ning's stage be run.

3 Haste, Oh sinner, NOW return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done!

4 Haste, Oh sinner,—NOW be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 89. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.

A Glance into the Third Heaven.

1 Burst ye em'rald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
'Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes!
Break ye intervening skies:
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before Him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore Him:
Trumps angelic sound His fame!
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of His name,
Heaven echoing the theme!

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout His glorious victories,
Sing the "Great Salvation!"
Cast their crowns before His throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, HOLY ONE!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us:
Join we, too, the holy lays:
"JESUS—JESUS—JESUS!"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!

Sweetest note on mortal tongue!
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus,—Jesus flow along!

HYMN 90. P. M. 5, 7, 5, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

The Voice of Free Grace.

1 The voice of Free Grace
Cries, "Escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race
Christ has open'd a fountain;
For sin and transgression,
For ev'ry pollution
His blood flows most freely,
As streams from the ocean!"

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has purchas'd our pardon:
We'll praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan!

2 That fountain, so clear,
In which we find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption;
'Though your sins were increas'd
As high as a mountain,
His blood flows most freely!
Oh come to this fountain!
Chorus--Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Bless'd Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious:

O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious;
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.
Chorus---Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We'll praise Him evermore!
We'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing "Hallelujahs!"
Forever and ever!
Chorus—Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

HYMN 91. L. M.

The Mercy Seat.

1 From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath "The Mercy Seat."

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads:
A place than all 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 sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common "Mercy Seat."

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat
Had suff'ring saints no "Mercy Seat?"

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

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

HYMN 92. P. M.

The Valley of Humility.

Composed by a Young Lady on her Death Bed.

1 Low down in this beautiful valley,
Where *Love* crowns the meek & the lowly,
Where loud storms of envy and folly
May roll on their billows in vain.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension;
No dark wile of evil invention
Can find out the region of peace.

3 The low soul, in humble subjection,
May here find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind sooth'd from sorrow & pain!

4 Oh there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink the beautiful river
That flows peace forever and ever,
Where joy and love fore'er increase.

5 Oh there, there in yonder bright glory
We'll sing, shout, and tell the glad story:
And when pass'd cold Jordan quite over,
We'll shout "Hallelujah!" to God and the Lamb!

HYMN 93. L. M. & Chorus.

Journeying to Canaan.

1 "Is Canaan's land a happy place?"
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!
I hear him say who has no grace!
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!
Yes, sinner, yes,—it flows with bliss,
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!
With corn, and wine, and oil, and peace!
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Go on—go on—you may get there,
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!
By faith, and grace, and mighty pray'r!
Oh Halle—Hallelujah!

2 "Oh give me Canaan or I die!"
I hear the weeping mourner cry!
Pray, mourner, pray, and soon in view

Sweet Canaan will appear to you.
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

3 "How far is it to Canaan's land?"
Exclaims the saint with staff in hand:
Haste, christian, haste,—your troubles o'er,
You soon will shout on Canaan's shore.
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c

4 "I sometimes think I'll not get there!"
The christian cries in deep despair:
Hear, christian, hear,—let this delight,
Christ says you'll walk with Him in white.
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

5 "Oh I have lost the Canaan road!"
Says one who wanders from the Lord:
Backslider, turn, and pardon get,
And you may go to Canaan yet.
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

6 "I like to hear of Canaan's land!"
Says one who's vex'd on ev'ry hand:
Hope, christian, hope, the time is near
When Christ shall wipe your ev'ry tear.
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

7 "I hear sweet songs from Canaan's land!"
The christian shouts while Death's at hand:
Shout, christian, shout! on Canaan's shore
You soon shall live to die no more!
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

8 "And I will try to get there, too!"
Say brothers, sisters, not a few:
Here, breth'ren, here's my heart and hand,

To shout with you in Canaan's land.
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

9 Amen! Amen! Extol the Lamb,
Who from bright glory joyful came
To save, and take us by the hand,
And lead us on to Canaan's land.
Chorus—Go on, go on, you may get there, &c.

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 94. L. M. & Chorus.

The Christian going Home!

1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
Prepare me, Lord, to go:
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Prepare me, Lord, to go:
Bright angels beckon me away,
Prepare me, Lord, to go:
To sing God's praise in endless day:
Prepare me, Lord, to go:

CHORUS.

And, Oh dear Jesus, Oh how long
Have I on earth to stay?
Roll on, roll on ye wheels of time,
And bring the joyful day.

2 I'm glad that I was born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem!
Chorus—And, Oh dear Jesus, Oh how long, &c.

3 And when to that bright world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky,
Oh then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
Chorus--And, Oh dear Jesus, Oh how long, &c.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who us'd to join with me in pray'r;
Our mourning time will then be o'er,
And we shall live to die no more.
Chorus--And, Oh dear Jesus, Oh how long, &c.

5 I'll praise my God while I have breath:
I hope to praise Him after death;
I hope to praise Him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
Chorus--And, Oh dear Jesus, Oh how long, &c.

6 We soon shall hear the solemn sound:
"Awake ye nations under ground;
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds!"
Chorus--And, Oh dear Jesus, Oh how long, &c.

7 There I shall see my blessed Lord,
And triumph in His blest abode:
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall "Glory! Glory! Glory!" be!
Chorus--And, Oh dear Jesus, Oh how long, &c.

HYMN 95. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Reflections on Dying.

1 When life as op'ning buds is sweet,
With bloom that seems undying,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,

And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard is dying.

2 When just is seiz'd some valued prize.
When Fortune seems complying,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then is dying.

3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And worldly hope is flying,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
How easy then is dying.

4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And Age for Death is sighing,
And films slow gath'ring dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
Sweet Nature's boon is dying.

5 When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
To Jesus' voice complying,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And vision'd glories half appear,
There's triumph then in dying.

HYMN 96. P. M. 7s. Double.

Angels and Spirit.

1 Angels, tell me whence you came?
Why thus hover o'er my bed!
Spirit, leave this mortal frame:
Peace shall crown thy weary head.

Angels, who hast sent you here?
Who did of my sickness know?
Sister Spirit, do not fear,
We Jehovah's love will show.

2 Angels, tell me whence ye came?
Sweet your words fall on my ear:
Spirit, Jesus' love proclaim,
Thy deliverance is near;
Angels, when this life is past,
Will the Lord accept my soul?
Spirit, on thy Saviour cast
All Thy care to His control.

3 Angels, tell me whence ye came?
Swiftly fades the world away!
Spirit, wing'd by Mercy's claim,
We have left the realms of day:
Angels, whence such light and love,
Whence does such sweet music come?
Spirit, 'tis from realms above!
Ransom'd Spirit! welcome home!

E. M. S.

HYMN 97. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

The Mansions of Endless Peace.

1 Gay pleasures and palaces, mention them not,---
'Tis only in Heaven that care is forgot;
'Tis only in mansions prepar'd for the blest
That souls of believers can ever find rest!
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!

There's no place like home! There is no place like Home!

2 Poor exiles from Heaven, we seek, but in vain,
For pleasures which only in Christ we obtain;
Temptations beset us, affiictions pursue,
And all that supports us is Heaven in view.
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There is no place like Home!

3 Oh soon may this wearisome pilgrimage cease;
Oh soon may we rest in the mansions of peace;
And soon may the Saviour our welcome proclaim,
And take us to glory to praise His dear name.
Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There is no place like Home!

4 Oh holy and sweet shall its resting prove there,
Free forever from sin, and from sorrow, and care;
And the loud "Hallelujahs!" of angels shall rise
To welcome the soul to its Home in the skies.
Home, Home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the "Home of the Soul!"

HYMN 98. P. M. 10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

God is Love.

1 What sound is this? A song through Heaven resounding,
"God is Love! God is Love!"
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
"Love is His nature, Love His name!"
My soul in rapture cries the same:
"God is Love! God is Love!"

2 This song repeat, repeat ye saints in glory!
God is Love! God is Love!
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is Love! God is Love!
In this let Heav'n and earth agree,
To sound His love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is Love! God is Love!

3 Creation speaks, with thousand tongues proclaiming,
God is Love! God is Love!
And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming,
God is Love! God is Love!
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The gospel, sounding loud and clear,
To ev'ry soul both far and near,
God is Love! God is Love!

4 This "Heav'nly Love" all 'round is sweetly flowing,
God is Love! God is Love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing,
God is Love! God is Love!
That "God is Love," I know full well,
And had I pow'r His love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell,
God is Love! God is Love!

5 The "Love of God" is now my greatest pleasure,
God is Love! God is Love!
And while I live I ask no greater treasure,
God is Love! God is Love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is Love! God is Love!

HYMN 99. L. M. & Chorus.

The Loving Kindness of the Saviour.

1 Awake my soul to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O, how free.

CHORUS.

His loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, O, how free.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;

He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O, how great.
Chorus—His loving-kindness, &c.

3 'Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
'Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O, how strong.
Chorus—His loving-kindness, &c.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O, how good.
Chorus—His loving-kindness, &c.

5 Although I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
And 'though I have Him oft forgot.
His loving-kindness changes not.
Chorus—His loving-kindness, &c.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
Chorus—His loving-kindness, &c.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To brighter worlds of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprize,
His loving-kindness in the skies.
Chorus—His loving-kindness, &c.

HYMN 100. P. M. 8, 8, 11, 9.

Evening Walk to the Mountain Calvary.

1 Come, Oh my heart, and let us take
An ev'ning walk becoming thee;
And whither dost thou choose we shall take our course,
To Calvary or Gethsemane?

2 Oh Calvary is a mountain high,
And quite too great a task for me;
And an ev'ning's repose I would rather choose
Than Calvary or Gethsemane.

3 The mountain would not seem so high,
Nor yet so great a task for thee,
If thou didst love the "Man" who first laid the plan
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

4 What! leave my comp'ny all behind,
In youthful bloom to go with thee?
There's time enough yet, and the journey's not so great:
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

5 Your gay companions will not do:
Poor blinded soul, couldst thou but see,
If e'er thou wouldst stand on Canaan's happy land,
Thou must first climb the mountain Calvary.

6 I'd rather now live at my ease,
And go some other time with thee:

When blooming youth is gone, and old age
comes on,
I will then go with thee to Calvary.

7 There is no better time than youth
To climb this mountain—you must see
When youthful days are gone, and old age
comes on,
How then canst thou climb up Calvary?

8 Oh hark—I heard a dreadful sound—
Awake, awake! thy danger see!
A blooming youth is gone, and is laid in the
tomb,
Who refus'd to climb up Calvary.

9 Alas, I know not what to do;
A dread alarm hath seized me;
In sin I've gone on 'till I fear I'm undone:
How now can I climb up Calvary?

10 Oh tarry not in all the plains!
Eternal vengeance threatens thee;
But look up to the man who was slain for
thy sin,
And He'll help thee to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 101. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7. Double.

The Sacrificing of Jephthah's Daughter.

1 Jephthah led forth Israel's army,
Brave in war, and God their shield,
Ever near in time alarming,
Saving on the bloody field.

Christian soldiers, God is waiting,
As of old, to lead us on!
Let us march while Hope, elating,
Sweetly bids all fear begone.

2 Jephthah vow'd that, if victorious
On the field, at his return,
What he met, however glorious,
He, in sacrifice, would burn.
Christian, can you thus be grateful
For the vict'ry of the Cross?
Can you thus to Christ be gracious,
'Counting all the world as dross?

3 Jephthah conquer'd—God had aided—
He remembers still his vow,
But, returning, much he sorrows,
His own daughter meets him now.
Valiant christian! still be faithful!
'Though your trials vex you sore,
Give to God your dearest Isaac,
He will kindly give thee more.

4 Jephthah wept—his soldiers sighing,
Witness'd all the melting scene:
But, rejoic'd, she said, complying,
"I submit---God good has been!"
Christian, give your all for Jesus!
Gladly give as He gave you,---
He gave you His life so precious,
'Though the gift was steep'd in woe.

5 Jephthah's daughter, when her mourning
On the neighb'ring hills was o'er,

Gave her body to the burning,
And rejoic'd forevermore.
Christian parent! when God calls you
To give up a fav'rite one,
Do not let the stroke appal you,
But exclaim, "Thy will be done!"

6 Jephthah, and his lovely daughter,
For obedience are above,
Basking with the promis'd Jesus
In the light of changeless love!
Holy christian! earthly treasure
You have spurn'd to serve your God,
But, remember, without measure
Your reward in Heav'n is stor'd!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 102. L. M.

The Sanctified Christian desiring to go Home.

1 The time draws nigh,---I must go home,
Resign my body to the tomb;
I leave you all in Jesus' arms,
Whose bosom bears the tender lambs.

2 He saw me wand'ring far from God;
He by His gospel call'd aloud,
'Till by th'entreaties of His tongue
He rous'd my heart, and brought me home.

3 He's kept me now for many years,
Sometimes through joys, sometimes through
fears;

Sometimes my soul would mount on high
Like soaring lark towards the sky.

4 Sometimes I'm like the lonesome dove:
Mourning she cries through all the grove;
With notes of grief I oft complain
'Till my dear Lord returns again.

5 My sun has passed o'er the line;
My body now does fast decline,
But still my soul moves slowly on
To see the Lord upon His throne.

6 Fly fast my sun towards the west;
There I'll enjoy an endless rest,
And join with them now near the throne,
Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come.

7 Farewell my true and loving friends:
Death soon this mortal life shall end:
Angels shall fly at God's command
To waft my soul to Canaan's land.

8 Farewell, my brethren, whom I love:
Prepare me soon to meet above;
There you shall hear me sing and tell
That Jesus sav'd my soul from hell.

9 Then far beyond this mortal shore
We'll join with them who've gone before,
And sing on harps, attun'd so well,
Redemption through Immanuel!

HYMN 103. P. M. 5, 5, 11, 5, 5, 11.

The Christian forsaking all for Christ.

1 Oh tell me no more

Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

CHORUS.

O Hallelujah!
O Hallelujah!
O Halle---O Halle---O Hallelujah!

2 The souls that believe
In Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.
Chorus---O Hallelujah, &c.

3 No mortal doth know
What He can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort---go after
Him, go!
Lo, onward I move
To a country above:
None guesses how wondrous my journey will
prove.
Chorus---O Hallelujah, &c.

4 Great spoils shall I win
From death, hell, and sin:
'Midst outward afflictions I feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me!" I'll cry,

For Jesus has lov'd me I cannot tell why.
Chorus—O Hallelujah, &c.

5 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth 'till admitted to see my Lord's face.
Chorus—O Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 104. P. M.

Meeting & Parting forever at the Judgment Seat of Christ.

1 Oh, there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
Oh! there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ!
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Will part to meet no more!

2 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Parents & children there will part, &c.

3 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Brothers & sisters there will part, &c.

4 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

5 Oh! there will be mourning, &c.
Saints and sinners there will part, &c.

6 Oh! there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and devils there will part, &c.
7 Oh! there will be shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet, &c.

HYMN 105. C. M.

A Sacramental Melody.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the 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,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words display'd,
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

5 Remember us while here we meet,
And feast us with Thy love,
With hope of union much more sweet
In yon bright world above!

CHORUSES,

Which may be appended to Sacred Songs as Occasions require.

1 Chorus for a P. M. Hymn:—

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God together;
I'll praise the Lord for the work that he has done,
And we'll bless His name forever.

2 Chorus for a Long Metre Hymn:—

And, O be engag'd, be engag'd,
O Hallelujah,
Be engag'd sons of God, O Hallelujah!

3 Chorus to 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Hymn:—

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
We are on our journey home;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Jesus smiles and bids us come.

4 Chorus for L. M. Hymns:

Glory to God! there's crowns above,
There's crowns above,
And there's crowns above,
Glory to God! there's crowns above.

5 But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
Oh, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Jesus, Jesus is my friend!

APPENDIX

To the Third Edition of the Church Harp.

HYMN 106. P. M. 8 lines 8s.

Best Teacher, best Learning, and the best School.

1 There is a school on earth begun,
Conducted by the Holy One;
He sets his students all to prove
The principle of perfect love.
Come, all my friends, where'er you be,
Say, will you go to school with me?
Christ Jesus is my Master's name,
To-day, as yesterday, the same!

2 My Master learns the blind to see!
Come all ye blind,—the school is free;
My master learns the lame to walk;
He likewise learns the dumb to talk!
He learns the swearing man to pray;
Come ye profane without delay,
He'll change your tongues to praise His name,
And spread abroad my Master's fame.

3 My Master learns the deaf to hear—
Come, all ye deaf, and lend an ear
Unto my Master's pleasant voice—
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

The Scripture is our school book true:
Its lessons are forever new;
The scholars all are well agreed
It is a blessed school, indeed.

4 Come, breth'ren dear, who are at school,
Attention pay to ev'ry rule:
And soon we'll learn that holy art
Of loving God with all our heart!
When these frail tenements must die,
Then we must lay our school books by,
And reign with Master Jesus then!
Glory to God—Glory—Amen!

HYMN 107. 7s.

The Holy Bible.

1 "Holy bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!"
Mine to light me on the road;
Mine to bring me safe to God.
2 Let that light be always near
Me to guide, and me to cheer;
That though men, and earth, and hell,
Shall conspire, all may be well.
3 Thou hast lighted many through,
Been their sword and compass too,—
Now they shout on Zion's hill,
"Hallelujah! all is well!"
4 So, blest volume, be to me,
Though I much have slighted thee;
Yet instruct me still, until,
Safe in heaven, all is well!

5 Then although the way was dark—
Almost gone oft times my bark,
Yet rejoicing, there I'll tell
Through my bible, all is well.

6 Then while endless ages roll
And fresh glory swells the soul,
O how blest to feel and tell,
'Twas my bible—all is well.

W. B. JARVIS.

HYMN 108. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Strike for Freedom!

1 Strike ye for Freedom, bold!
By birth-right man is free!
For slaves, let it be told,
There is a JUBILEE!
That "Year of Jubilee" shall come,
When Tyranny shall meet its doom!

2 Strike ye for Freedom, *now!*
In this propitious hour,
When tyrants trembling know
There is redeeming pow'r,
And that the Year of Jubilee
Shall soon be spread o'er land and sea!

3 Strike ye for Freedom! GOD,
The SAVIOUR, SPIRIT, too,
And *Nature's* voice, abroad,
Loud cry, as urging you,
"The Year of Jubilee proclaim,
Joy to the slave in Heaven's name!"

4 Strike ye for Freedom! hear:
"There's wrath for those who quail!"
'Tis God's assisting hour,
A cause which cannot fail!
The Year of Jubilee will soon
Unloose the slave, and hush his moan!
5 Strike ye for Freedom! shall
Our boasted flag and land
Be stain'd, and we be still,
While, heard on ev'ry hand,
The slave lifts his impatient cry,
"O haste, O haste the Jubilee?"
6 Strike ye for Freedom! kind,
The truth to worlds unrol!
It shall prevail, unbind
The body and the soul!
The Year of Jubilee sends forth
Its morning rays upon the earth!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 109. P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

Will you Go?

1 We're trav'ling home to Heav'n above!
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love!
Will you go? Will you go?
Our sun no more will there go down:
Our morn no more will be withdrawn,—
Our days of mourning past and gone!
Will you go? Will you go?
2 We're going to reap the great reward!
Will you go? Will you go?

Which Christ in Heav'n for us prepar'd!
Will you go? Will you go?
A rich supply of milk and wine,
And everlasting joys divine,
And robes that will the sun outshine!
Will you go? Will you go?

3 We're going to strike the golden lyre!
Will you go? Will you go?
And shout in strains of heav'nly fire!
Will you go? Will you go?
We'll sing of God's redeeming grace,
And see our Saviour face to face,
And evermore will shout His praise!
Will you go? Will you go?

4 We're going to walk in plains of light!
Will you go? Will you go?
Where perfect day excludes the night!
Will you go? Will you go?
And crowns of glory ever wear,
And palms of vict'ry ever bear,
And all the joys of Heaven share!
Will you go? Will you go?

5 The road to Heav'n is free to all,—
Will you go? Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile—great and small—
Will you go? Will you go?
Come, now resolve—give Christ your heart,
From ev'ry evil to depart!
And now for glory make a start!
Will you go? Will you go?

HYMN 110. P. M.

The Glorious Treasure.

1 Religion is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of the Saviour's blood:
It fills the mind with consolation,
It lifts the thoughts to things above;
It calms our fears and soothes our sorrows,
It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea;
'Tis mix'd with goodness, meekness, & temperance:
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

2 This earthly house must be dissolved,
And mortal life will then be o'er;
All earthly cares and earthly sorrow
Shall pain my eyes and heart no more:
But pure religion remains forever,
And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

3 How vain, how fleeting and transitory
This world with all its splendid show:
Its vain delights and deceitful pleasures,
I'll gladly bid them all adieu;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauty see,
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be.

4 While trav'ling here through tribulation,
In christian love we will march along;
And while contention divides the "Union,"
In Jesus Christ we'll all be one!

For pure religion unites together
In christian union, I plainly see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav'nly portion mine shall be!

HYMN 111. P. M.

The Little Mourner—for Children.

1 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother* gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
The morning lark awakes,
And sings at early dawn of day,
And I cannot play alone:
Oh where doth my brother stay?

2 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track,
Yet no more I chase its flight,—
Oh I wish my brother back!

3 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
The flow'rs are blooming sweetly
That we sow'd around the tree,

*Or "Sister," if deceased is a girl.

And the clusters load the vine!
Call my brother back to me!

4 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?

MOTHER.

He cannot hear thy voice, my child,—
He cannot come to thee,—
And that face that oft hath smil'd
Thou no more on earth wilt see!

CHILD.

5 Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?
Oh where, tell me where
Is my little brother gone?

MOTHER.

A rose's short, bright life of joy
Was only to him given:
And thou now must play alone,
For thy brother is in Heaven!

CHILD.

6 Alone! all alone!
Oh I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone!
Oh, I cannot play alone!
And has he left his birds and flow'rs?
And must I call in vain?

And through all the summer hours
Will he never come again?

7 Alone! all alone!
Oh I cannot play alone!
Alone! all alone!
Oh I cannot play alone!
And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wand'rings o'er?
Oh, while brother with me play'd
Would that I had lov'd him more!

HYMN 112. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Superiority of Christ.

1 Sweetest are the joys that spring
From the blessed Jesus,
Sweeter far than earth can bring
Only to deceive us!
Lovely as the blushing morn
Earth has beauties with a thorn:
Transient as the cloud and dew,
Not like Christ's forever new!

2 Sweeter than earth's music His,
With redemption's story
Bursting from its notes of bliss,
Tones of endless glory!
Angels catch the flying strain,
Send it back to earth again,
Sounding o'er the land and sea,
"*Come, O sinner, come to me!*"

3 Sweetest is the heav'nly love
That removes our blindness,

Unlike earth's it cannot rove,
Full, unmeasur'd kindness!
Ever burning with desire,
It awakes a kindred fire,
Joining Christ to souls undone,
Everlastingly as one!

4 Sighing soul, 'tis well you say,
"Earth is but a vision,
Forging chains for those who stay
Gladly in its prison!"
Pris'ner now no more in pain,
Throw away your galling chain!
Thy Deliv'rer smiles on thee!
As His love thy soul is free!

5 Ransom'd spirit! earth no more
With its follies luring,
While His glories on thee pour,
Christ thy soul assuring,
Leads and points thee to the land
Where His heav'nly mansions stand,
Marking that prepar'd for thee
Through a blest eternity!

R. E. H. LEVERING.

HYMN 113. C. M. D.

Eden is my Home.

1 Oh, I have roam'd through many lands,
A stranger to delight,—
Not Friendship's hopes nor Love's sweet smiles
Could make my pathway bright,

'Till on the sky a star arose
And lit night's sable dome!
Oh steer my bark by that sweet star,
For Eden is my Home!

2 Oh Eden is my place of rest!
I long to reach its shore,
To shake these troubles from my breast,
And weep and sigh no more.
To that fair land my spirit flies,
And angels bid me come!
Oh steer my bark o'er Jordan's wave,
For Eden is my Home.

3 Oh take me from this world of woe
To my sweet Home above,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And all the air is love.
My sister spirits wait for me,
And Jesus bids me comə!
Oh steer my bark to that bright land,
For Eden is my Home.

Rev. J. N. MAFFIT.

HYMN 114. P. M.

Death Bed Reflections!

1 Hearken ye sprightly, & attend ye vain ones!
Pause in your mirth—adversity consider!
Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful
Sick Bed Reflections!

2 Healthful and gay, like you, I spent my moments;

Fondly my heart said, joy should last forever;
But had forgotten man has no enjoyment
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height of plea-
sure,
By pain and sickness, thrown upon this down
bed,--
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain
Of raging disorder.

4 The best attentions of my friends most hu-
mane,
And the profound skill of a kind physician,
All skill, are baffled, while distressing an-
guish
Tortures my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are
fruitless;
Changing my place cannot abate my fever:
Here, like a reptile, on a bed of embers,
Turning, I languish.

6 Hopes of recovering my fond heart indulg'd
'Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was desp'-
rate,
Death fast approaching.

7 Wonders on wonders to my view now open;
Life is receding, to the grave I'm hastening!
Am I prepar'd?--this dread moment must I
Meet my Creator!

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without consid'ring
Man is mortal, depending on a moment,
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

9 Oft have I listen'd while death-bells were tolling,
Seen the graves open, and spectators mourning.
Yet, for myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life I expected.

10 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've neglected,
In my gay moments thoughts of death I've banish'd,—
When grown gray-headed I have oft resolved
For death to prepare.

11 Tortur'd in body, not one limb escapes it:
No sweet composure to direct one pray'r;
All is disorder, yet my fate eternal
Now is depending.

12 Oh, ghastly Death! pray stop one single moment
While I give warning to my gay companions!
No time is granted for expostulation!
Shun my example!

HYMN 115. 7s. & 6s.

Who will serve Christ?

1 Christ is set on Zion's hill,

He receiveth sinners still;
Who will serve this blessed King?
Come enlist, and with me sing:—
I His soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

2 Zion's King my captain is:
Conquest I shall never miss;
Present pay I now receive;
Future happiness He'll give:
I His soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

3 What a captain I have got!
Is not mine a happy lot?
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord:
I His soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

4 Brother soldier! still fight on
'Till the battle thou hast won;
The Great Captain we did choose
Never did a battle lose:
We His soldiers sure shall be
Happy in eternity.

5 "Come, ye sinners, come enlist!"
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ;
Whosoever will may come;
Jesus Christ refuseth none:
You His soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

6 Jesus is my captain's name,
Now as yesterday the same;

In His name I notice give,
All who come He will receive:
You his soldiers then will be,
Happy in eternity.

7 Be persuaded, take his pay;
All your sins he'll wash away;
Now in Jesus' name believe;
Future happiness he'll give:
Yes, in Heav'n you sure shall be,
Praising God eternally!

Choruses.

1 Now let me die like old Simeon,
Let me die like old Simeon,
Let me die like old Simeon,
With Christ in my arms!

2 To see the saints in glory,
And the angels stand rejoicing,
And the angels stand rejoicing,
To welcome trav'lers home!

3 And the christians in that day
They will rise and fly away,
Glad to hear the trumpet sound in that morning,
Crying, "O Lord! O how I love my Saviour in the morning!"
For I always did believe,
And I always shall believe
That they'll wear the long white robes in that morning:
For I always did believe.
And I always shall believe
That they'll wear the long white robes in that morning!

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