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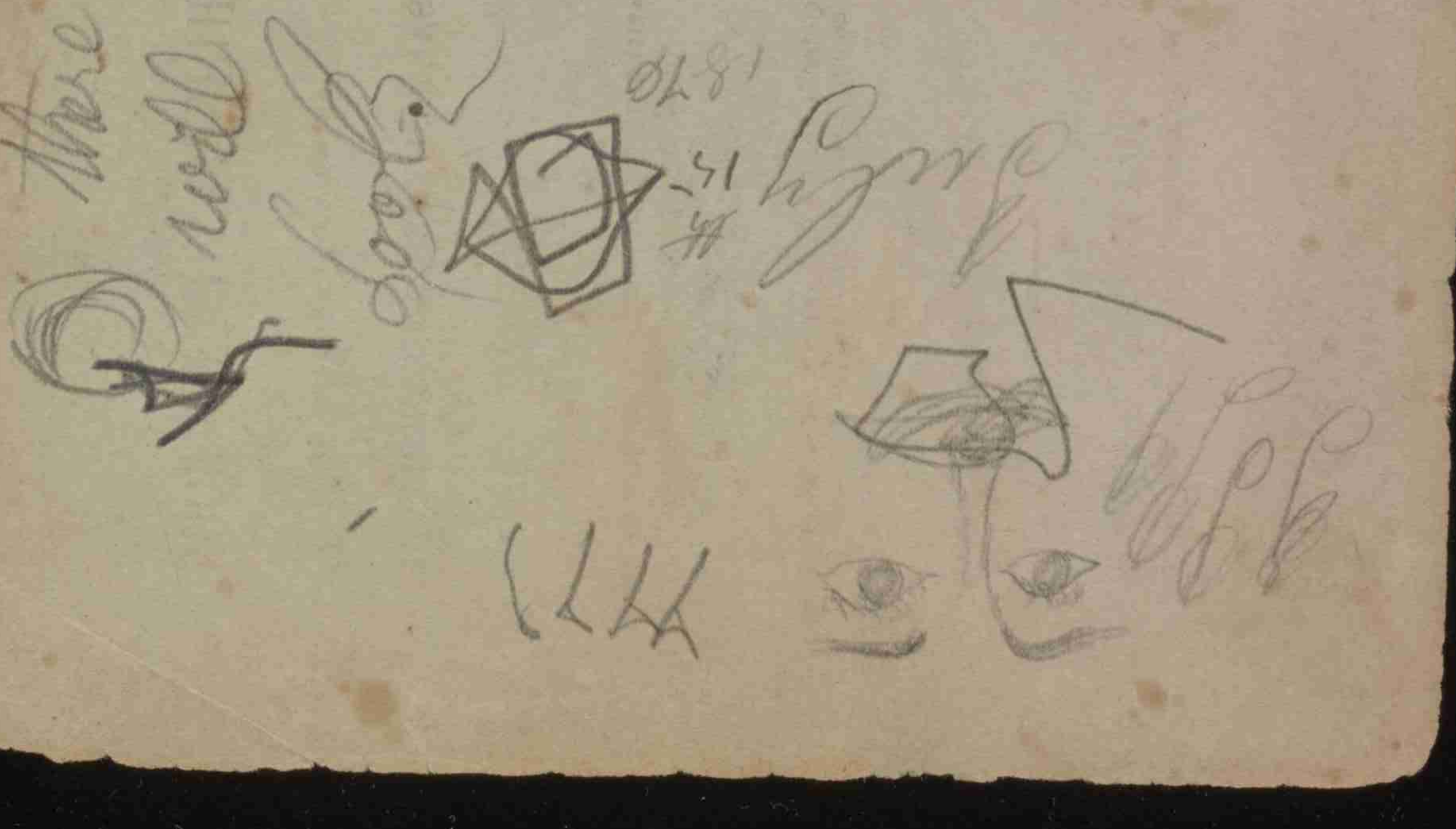

1870 July

THE

CHRISTIAN HYMN BOOK,

BEING A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL

SONGS,

COMPILED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE
OHIO CHRISTIAN BOOK ASSOCIATION.

'Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; for praise is comely to the upright.' —PSALMS XXXIII. 1.

Eleventh Edition.

DAYTON, O.,
W. CHRISTIAN BOOK ASSOCIATION

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Zodiac

Zodiac

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PREFACE.

THE happy influence of sacred music upon the heart, has been admired by the pious of all ages: and such was the estimate which they placed upon this great duty and privilege of the sanctuary, that they have transmitted it to their children, from generation to generation, both by precept and example.

Not only are we exhorted, in the Holy Scriptures, to celebrate the high praises of God, and to lift up our voices "in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation," but God, who requires the service of the heart in all we do, has expressly enjoined it upon us to "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also."

It is, therefore, highly important, that a strict regard be had to the sentiments contained in the language we use in the performance of this sacred duty.

Since sacred music is so conspicuous a part of our exercises in the worship of the true God, it is very desirable to see every congregation in Zion furnished with such psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, as express the sentiments and doctrine contained in the Holy Scriptures, adapted to the various necessities and conditions of men, with such an arrangement as to suit their convenience.

With this object in view, the committee have compiled, and now submit this work which has cost much time and labor.

But it is due to our brethren to present a few reasons for offering a new collection of hymns to the christian public, which we cheerfully do. As far as our acquaintance extends, a large majority of the Christians in the West have decided, that the hymn-books in use among us are deficient, either in arrangement or variety; and, in some instances, in the sentiment contained in the hymns. We have diversity of hymn-books among us, often differing both in the sentiment and in the phraseology of the hymns, to the great inconvenience of the congregations. It is expected, and truly desired, that by collecting the most approved hymns out of them all into one work, the congregations will soon be in possession of a uniformity of hymn-books. The increasing demand, and pressing calls of our brethren in the West for hymn-books, show that such a work is highly necessary. Many of the old collections among us are sold out, and no more of them are to be obtained. Zion has enlarged her borders, multitudes have flocked to the standard of Emmanuel, and united with the saints in singing the praises of God. May our highest expectations be realized; and may this collection of hymns be so attended with the blessing of God, as to encourage true devotion, and cheer all the lovers of God on their pilgrimage-journey, until we shall all meet in heaven to chant the praises of God and of the Lamb forever.

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} Exec. Com.

PSALMS.

PSALM 1. C. M. Watts.

1 BLEST is the man, who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways;
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day, he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust:—
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

PSALM 2. S. M. WATTS

1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:—

3 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

PSALM 3. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

1 WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their rage?
The *Romans* why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their powers engage,
His dear anointed to destroy!

2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say
"This man shall never give us laws;"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls.
He'll smite their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made
On *Zion's* everlasting hill;

"My hand shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall stand your sovereign still.

5 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
"There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
"The utmost bounds of *heathen* lands;
"To thee their suppliant tribes shal bow."

PSALM 4. C. M. WRACHAM.

1 LORD, hear me, when without disguise
My words to thee ascend;
And when my meditations rise,
Oh graciously attend.

2 Before thy throne I'll humbly fall,
And all my troubles bring;
On thee alone for help I'll call,
My righteous God and King.

3 Soon as the morning rays appear,
I'll lift my eyes above;
My voice shall reach thy listening ear,
And supplicate thy love.

4 Within thy house my voice shall rise
Before thy mercy-seat;
There will I fix my steadfast eyes,
And worship at thy feet.

5 In righteousness thy strength display
And my protection be;
Teach me to know that only way,
Which leads to heaven and thee.

PSALM 5. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Jehovah the Avenger of the Oppressed.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—your tribute bring
Proclaim the Lord, th' eternal King:
Crown him, ye saints, with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

Thou, Lord, ere yet the humble mind
Had formed to prayer the wish designed,
Hast heard the secret sigh arise.
While, swift to aid, thy mercy flies.

3 Thy Spirit shall my heart prepare;
Thine ear shall listen to my prayer:
Thou, righteous Judge! thou, Power divine!
On thee the fatherless recline.

4 The Lord shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' oppressed;
Earth's mightiest tyrant feels his power,
Nor sin, nor Satan, grieve them more.

PSALM 6. L. M. Spirit of the Ps.

God's Retributions.

1 WHEN all bespeak a Father's love,
Oh wherefore, fearful as the dove,
Should I in times of peril flee
To any refuge, Lord, but Thee?

2 In vain the wicked bend their bow,
And seek to lay the righteous low;
Thou from thine everlasting throne
With watchful care regard'st thine own.

3 Thy voice shall seal the sinner's fate;
Just vengeance shall his crimes await;
While the bright beams of grace divine
Shall on thy faithful servants shine.

PSALM 7. C. M. Montgomery.

The Lord is Righteous.

1 THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

2 He proves the righteous, marks their path;
In him the weak are strong;

But violence provokes his wrath:
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

3 The righteous Lord will take deligh
Alone in righteousness;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble he will bless.

PSALM 8. C. M. WATTS.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays,
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my afflicted soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before my eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

4 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

PSALM 9. L. M. WATTS.

The Citizen of Zion.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?—
The man who loves religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:—

2 Whose hands are pure—whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies--and prays
For those who curse him to his face,
And does to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 10. C. M. WATTS.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands;—

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong;—

4 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:—
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 11. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in God and his People.

1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where God is truly known.

2 His hand provides my constant food
He fills my daily cup:

Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

3 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And keeps me safe by night.

4 My soul would all its thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

5 Thou shalt the path of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM 12. L. M. ADDISON.

The Heavens declaring the Glory of God.

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

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

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

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

5 What! though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—

What! though no real voice, nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—
6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

PSALM 13. L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and his Word.

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

2 The rolling sun—the charging light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess,
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round all the earth—and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

PSALM 14. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Perfection of the Law and the Testimony.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light.
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise:
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The dayspring to my eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes·
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness
With thee acceptance find.

PSALM 15. S. M. WATTS.

The glory of God in his works and his word.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day—and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

5 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 16. L. M. WATTS.

Prayer and hope in trouble.

1 NOW may the Lord of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears, when Israel prays,—
And sends deliverance from on high.

2 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

3 Save us, O Lord, from slavish fear,—
And let our hopes be firm and strong
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 17. L. M. WATTS.

Sufferings and exaltations of Christ.

1 NOW let my mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of my Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry-
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high,
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 18. S. M. WATTS.

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 into his own right way,
For his most holy name.

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

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

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

PSALM 19. C. M. WATTS.

The Church is our delight and safety

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 20. C. M. Watts.

Prayer and hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
Thy grace would soon provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 21. S. M. Watts

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care

Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt a fest'ring wound;
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Their help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM 22. C. M. WATTS.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame,
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vain and empty dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows, o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope
My fond desires recall;

I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM. 23. L. M. WATTS.

Christ and his church; or the mystical marriage.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne,
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice:
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Savior and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons' num'rous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head,
Let every age his praises spread;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 24. S. M. WATTS.

Dangerous prosperity; or daily devotion encouraged.

1 THOUGH sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;

I, in the worship of my God,
Will spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O thou eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord:
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 25. S. M. WATTS.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

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

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide:

Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

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

PSALM 26. L. M. WATTS.

No trust in the creature; or faith in divine grace and power.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is your all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity:
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard:
"All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

PSALMS 27. C. M. WATTS.

The morning of the Lord's day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;

My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

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

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

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

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

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

PSALM 28. C. M. WATTS.

The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, old age, death, and the resurrection.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PSALM 29. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's kingdom among the gentiles

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd

5 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more,
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.]

PSALM 30. L. M. WATTS.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so,
On slippery rocks, I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancied joys how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 31. L. M. WATTS.

God and his church; or, grace and glory.

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

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

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

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

O God, my King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;
And devils at thy presence flee;
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee

PSALM 32. C. M. WATTS.

Man frail, and God eternal.

1 MY God, my help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
My shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.

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

4 Thy word commands my flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages, in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 My God, my help in ages past,
My hope for years to come,
Be thou my guard while troubles last,
And my eternal home.

PSALM 33. L. M. WATTS.

A psa.m for the Lord's day.

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

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

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

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

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

6 Sin (my worst enemy before,)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below:
And ev'ry power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 34. L. M. Watts.

Delight in the worship of the sabbath.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age. they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
They who attend his gates shall find
God ever faithful—ever kind.

PSALM 35. S. M. Spirit of the Ps.

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

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

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

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

PSALM 36. L. M. WATTS.

1 COME—let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King—rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.

2 Come—let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word:
He is our shepherd—we the sheep
His mercy chose—his pastures keep.

3 Come—let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead:
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Come—seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe—and take the promised rest:
Obey—and be forever blest.

PSALM 37. L. M. WRAGHAM.

1 TO God our voices let us raise,
And loudly chant the joyful strain;
That rock of strength—oh let us praise,
Whence free salvation we obtain.

2 The Lord is great—with glory crowned
O'er all the gods of earth he reigns;
His hand supports the deeps profound,
His power alone the hills sustains.

3 Let all who know his goodness feel,
Come near, and worship at his throne

Before the Lord, their Maker, kneel,
And bow in adoration down

PSALM 38. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's first and second coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own beloved Son;
His power the sinking world sustains.
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 39. C. M. WATTS.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come.
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 40. L. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

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

PSALM 41. L. M. WATTS.

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay—and formed us men

And when, like wandering sheep we strayed
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

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

PSALM 42. S. M. Dwight.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful heart and voice make known
His goodness and his power.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
'Twas he who formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We're guarded by his daily care,
And on his bounty live.

4 Good is the Lord our God·
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promises endure.

PSALM 43. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Human frailty and divine immutability.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow, and tremble, while we praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Beyond an angel's vision bright
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

4 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;

5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

PSALM 44. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 THROUGH endless years, thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

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

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,

Be, like a vesture. laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

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

PSALM 45. C. M. WATTS.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in his eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying prisoners' groan
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise, and trust the Lord

PSALM 46. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

God praised for his works of goodness.

1 OH render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past,
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dust afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

Oh render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall forever last.

PSALM 47. L. M. WATTS.

1 TO God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honor be addressed;
His mercy firm forever stands,
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh may I see the tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice

This is my glory. Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 48. L. M. WATTS.

Providential goodness celebrated.

1 GIVE thanks to God—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts—his name is love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 Oh let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 49. C. M. WRAGHAM.

1 OH praise the Lord—for he is good,
In him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

2 Let all the people of the Lord
His praises spread around;
Let them his grace and love record,
Who have salvation found.

3 Now let the east in him rejoice,
The west its tribute bring,
The north and south lift up their voice
In honor of their King.

4 Oh praise the Lord—for he is good,
In him we rest obtain;
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

PSALM 50. L. M. WRAGHAM.

General praise to God.

1 MY heart is fixed on thee, my God,
Thy sacred truth I'll spread abroad;
My soul shall rest on thee alone,
And make thy loving kindness known.

2 Awake, my glory—wake, my lyre,
To songs of praise my tongue inspire;
With morning's earliest dawn arise,
And swell your music to the skies.

3 With those who in thy grace abound
I'll spread thy fame the earth around,
Till every land, with thankful voice,
Shall in thy holy name rejoice.

PSALM 51. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

1 O GOD, our hearts are fully bent
To magnify thy name;
Our tongues, with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders we will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

3 Thy mercy, in its boundless height,
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM 52. L. M. WATTS.

Christ exalted as a King and Savior.

1 THUS God, the eternal Father, spake
To Christ the Son—"Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
How large a victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 53. C. M. WATTS.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 Jesus, our priest, forever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our king, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;

Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 54. C. M. WATTS.

The perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise;
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM 55. C. M. WATTS.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied ev'ry groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chased my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;

While inward pangs and pains of hell
Perplexed my wakeful head.

1 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save
Thou, ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave;
Thy power is all my trust."

The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

My God has saved my soul from death
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath
And my remaining years.

PSALM 56. L. M. TATE & BRAD

Blessedness of fearing and obeying God.

THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honors crowned.

2 The soul that's filled with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
His conscience bears his courage up,
He sees in darkness beams of hope.

3 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground,
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM 57. L. M. WATTS

1 THRICE happy man! who fears the Lord
Loves his commands—and trusts his word.
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word,
Amid the darkness, light shall rise
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

4 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his hope of heaven be vain.

PSALM 58. C. M. WATTS.

1 HAPPY is he, who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and love,
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 59. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our deliverer.

1 GREAT Source of life! our souls confess,
The various riches of thy grace;

Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of man's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And, while our hours renew their race
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when, by him, our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead
With joy triumphant, may we move
To seats of nobler life above!

PSALM 60. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The rest of the grateful soul.

1 RETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast:
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,
The soul that loves thee only knows.

2 Safe in thy care, I fear no more
The tempest's howl, the billows' roar:
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,
Which violate the saints' retreat.

3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount;
From morning dawn the setting sun
Sees but my work of praise begun.

4 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
In future hopes more richly blessed,

I'll sit and sing, till death shall raise
A note of more proportioned praise.

PSALM 61. C. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PSALM 62. L. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to universal praise.

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

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

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song:
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

PSALM 63. C. M. WATTS.

O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

His mercy reigns through every land—
Proclaim his grace abroad:
Forever firm his truth shall stand—
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 64. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 LET songs of endless praise
From every nation rise;
Let all the lands their tribute raise,
To God, who rules the skies.

2 His mercy and his love
Are boundless as his name,
And all eternity shall prove
His truth remains the same.

PSALM 65. S. M. WATTS.

A hosanna for the Lord's day; or, a new song of salvation by Christ.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse,
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 66. C. M. WATTS.

Instruction from scriptures.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters in the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 67. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine!
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heav'iest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet, how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 68. C. M. WATTS.

Going to church.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear,
My friends devoutly say:
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

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

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

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bless'd.

PSALM. 69. C. M. Watts.

The joy of a remarkable conversion.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains
And sung surprising grace.

3 Great is the work!—my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
Great is the work!—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

PSALM 70. L. M. Watts.

Divine blessing necessary to success.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work, and toil, when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread;—

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest:
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
On God, our sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.

4 Happy the man, to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends'
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
Bestowed by his paternal love!

PSALM 71. C. M. Watts.

Blessedness of obeying and serving God.

1 OH happy man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns thy law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard his head;
Shall on the labors of his hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall his best hopes fulfill,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall send the blessings home.

4 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the morning church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 72. C. M. Watts.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart—
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or, do I act a haughty part?—
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 Whate'er thy all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good—and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

3 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
Oh give me tears for others' wo,
And patience for mine own.

4 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food
I ask not wealth, or fame;
But give me eyes to view thy works
A heart to praise thy name.

5 Oh may my days obscurely pass,
Without remorse or care;
And let me for my parting hour
From day to day prepare.

PSALM 73. L. M. WATTS.

The church the dwelling-place of God

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for the eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever—saith the Lord:
Here shall my power and love be known
And blessings shall attend my word.

PSALM 74. C. M. WATTS.

1 ARISE! O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown
And, shame confound his foes.

PSALM 75 C. M. SWAIN.

1 HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word.

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother s failings hide
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that find
His bosom glow with love.

PSALM 76. S. M. WATTS.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM. 77. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high:

Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 78. C. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to praise God.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King:
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord—and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand
He bids the vapors rise!
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods shall ne'er be named,
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with holy fear;
He makes the churches his abode
And claims your honors there.

PSALM 79. L. M. WATTS.

Divine goodness and compassion celebrated.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth—he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

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

4 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

PSALM 80. C. M. WATTS.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord,
His mercies still endure:
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.

What wonders hath his wisdom done;
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea he framed alone;
How wide is his command!

3 He saw the nations dead in sin:
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

4 He sent to save us from our wo;
His goodness never fails,
From death and hell, and every foe,
And still his grace prevails.

5 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King
His mercies still endure:

Let all the earth his praises sing,
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM 81. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for divine protection.

1 WITH all the powers of heart and tongue,
We'll praise our Maker in our song;
Angels shall hear the notes we raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God we cried, when troubles rose;
He heard us, and subdued our foes;
He did our rising fears control,
And strength diffused through every soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares we stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words our fainting souls revive,
And keep our dying faith alive.

4 We'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
We'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

PSALM 82. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS

Omniscience and omnipresence of God.

1 FATHER of spirits! Nature's God!
My inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every secret action see.

2 Could I on morning's swiftest wings
Pursue my flight through trackless air;
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet me there.

In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night,

One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou my heart, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin;
And fit me for those realms of joy,
Where naught impure shall enter in.

PSALM 83. L. M. Watts.

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

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

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

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

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

PSALM 84. C. M. Watts.

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

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

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

4 Oh! wondrous knowledge—deep and high.
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

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

PSALM 85. C. M. WATTS.

LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should we suppress our vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grace resign.

3 If, winged with beams of morning light
We fly beyond the west:
Thy hand, which must support our flight
Would soon betray our rest.

4 If o'er our sins we think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon—the midnight hour
Are both alike to thee;
Oh may we ne'er provoke that power,
From which we cannot flee.

PSALM 86. C. M. Watts.

God our creator and preserver.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 'tis thy work—I own thy hand,
That built my humble clay.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 And when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

4 These on my heart by night I keep,
How kind, how dear they be!
Oh! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

PSALM 87. C. M. Dr. Thompson.

1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand I see;
Oh may the blessings of each hour
Lead all my thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, I speed
'To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there my journey lead,
Thine arm my path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps
And reaches to the skies;

Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

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

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee my hopes depend;
In every age—in every clime,
My Father and my Friend.

PSALM 88. L. M. WATTS.

Longing for spiritual light and comfort.

MY righteous Judge—my gracious God,
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad;
I cry for succor from thy throne,
Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.

2 For thee I pray—for thee I mourn;
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
Wilt thou forever hide thy love?

3 I lift my hands to thee again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain;
Oh! let me hear thy gracious voice—
Then shall my weary soul rejoice.

4 My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace·
Thence I derive a glimpse of hope.
To bear my sinking spirit up.

5 Teach me, O Lord, thy holy will
And lead me to thy heavenly hill
Oh! let the Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

PSALM 89. C. M. WATTS.

God's condescending goodness to man.

LORD, what is man—poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow—light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 Oh! what is feeble, dying man,
Or all ...s sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?—

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the world above,
While terrors wait his awful frown—
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM 90. L. M. WATTS.

The greatness of God.

MY God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with matchless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let "ev'ry realm with joy" proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and natio..s raise
The long succession of thy praise;

And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unmeasurable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM 91. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join
In works so pleasant, so divine,
Now while my flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 His truth forever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 92. L. M. WATTS.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames:
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound;
His counsels are a deep profound.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his might;
Kind are his ways, his judgments right:
He loves the meek, rewards the just,
And lifts the humble from the dust.

4 His saints are precious in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and owns his image there.

PSALM 93. S. M. Watts.

Praise to God for his perfection.

1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 By all his works above,
His honors be expressed;
But saints who taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

HYMNS.

EXISTENCE AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

HYMN 1. L. M. STEELE.

Existence of God manifested from his works.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise

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

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

HYMN 2. L. M. KIPPIS.

God incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
My laboring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,

Such wondrous height, or depth can find
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine
Through all thy works and conduct shine

4 O! may my soul with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

HYMN 3. L. M. WATTS.

God our Creator.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator, and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known,
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 Oh! may my ardent zeal employ
My loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs.
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, my feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

HYMN 4. C. M. BROWN.

1 GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord! for thy glory, shine the whole:
They all reflect thy light:
For this, in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this, the earth its produce yields,
For this, the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

5 Inspired with praise—my mind, pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all I think, and all I do,
May to thy glory tend.

HYMN 5. C. M. WATTS.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee I praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas
And heaven's high palace ring.

2 Thy hand—how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
My soul with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
My warmer passions move;
Here I behold my Savior's face,
And will adore thy love.

HYMN 6. C. M. H. K. White.

God's power over his works.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

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

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

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

HYMN 7. C. M. Watts.

God searching the heart.

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

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

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;

But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where the heart is not found.

4 Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways
And make our souls sincere;
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 8. L. M. METHODIST COLL.

God self-existent and immutable.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 9. L. M. WILLIAMS' COLL.

Praise to God for creating goodness.

1 CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name
Resound through every shining coast:
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

2 Stupendous globe of flaming day!
Praise him in thy sublime career;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.

3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given
Night's sable horrors to illume,
Praise him who hung you in yon heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play!
Thunders, that from his arm are hurled!
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the almighty God adored:
He made the nations by his power,
And rules them with his sovereign word

6 At once let nature's ample round,
To God the vast thanksgiving raise:
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills immensity of space.

HYMN 10. S. M. STEELE.

God our Creator and benefactor.

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

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

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

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

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form my wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

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

HYMN 11. C. M. STEELE.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good—immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-beloved Son,
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come.
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence—a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise!
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

HYMN 12. C. M. BURDER.

God is love.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you, God is love.

5 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

HYMN 13. L. M. WATTS.

Condescension of God.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God—I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 Lord, may thy pardoning grace be nigh
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Then shall our grateful voice declare,
How free thy tender mercies are.

HYMN 14. C. M. WATTS.

Eternal dominion of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

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

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

4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 15. L. M. STEELE.

THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;

His rule Omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,
Thine awful throne was fixed above,
From everlasting thou art God.

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

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

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

HYMN 10 C. M. JARVIS.

The attributes of God our confidence.

1 GREAT God! thine attributes divine
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might
The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm;
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.

3 O may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

HYMN 17. C. M. Gentlemen's Magazine.

The God of nature invoked.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee my song I raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes
Invites me to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike my view;
And while I gaze, my heart exults,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
My serious hours engage;
Still may my grateful heart consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love I see;
Still may the contemplation lead
My heart, O God! to thee.

HYMN 18. L. M. Beddome.

Hymn of praise to God.

1 ALL glory to the Lord, our God,
Whose wisdom spreads the heavens abroad,
To him creation owes its birth,
His mighty arm sustains the earth.

2 The evening shade, the morning light,
The sun by day, and stars by night,
Unite their voices to proclaim
The awful grandeur of his name.

3 He sees my grief with pitying eyes,
His liberal hand my need supplies;
From him full streams of mercy flow,
To cheer this gloomy vale below.

4 O God of grace and matchless power,
With reverence I thy name adore;
To thee my grateful song I raise,
Though feeble are my notes of praise.

HYMN 19. L. M. WATTS.

God incomprehensible.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 He frowns, and darkness vails the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

4 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall utter all his praise!
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

HYMN 20. C. M. STEELE.

God, the supreme good.

1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wing,
And wanders unconfined

Amid th' unbounded scene of things.
Which entertain the mind:

2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
T'oo mean to make me blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering, specious wile;
For what can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile?

4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great spring of all felicity,
T'o whom my wishes tend!
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favor end?

HYMN 21. C. M. WATTS.

God my only happiness.

1 WHAT empty things are all the skies,
And this interior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys;
There's nothing like my God.

2 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light,
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'T'is morning with my soul.]

4 To thee, I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;

Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

5 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my hea.th,
Or all my friends, to me?

6 Were I possessor of the earth
And call'd the stars my ov .,
Without thy graces and thyse'f,
I were a wretch undone.

7 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 22. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

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

4 Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And after death, in distant worlds
Thy boundless love explore.

5 Thro' all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,

But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 23. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large her bounties are.

2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 He that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too

4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7 O! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace!
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 24. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 RISE, rise my soul, and leave the ground
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,

And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past;
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

5 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flames melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN 25. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

Psalm cxlviii. 2.

1 GOD, the eternal, awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears—

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling place;
But O, ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign king.

4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;

Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN 26. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n,
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm can make it whole.

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

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

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

CHARACTER OF CHRIST

HYMN 27. L. M. DABALL'S COLL.

Nativity of Christ.

1 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Savior's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high,
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

HYMN 28. 11's & 10's. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The star in the east.

1 HAIL the bless'd morn, when the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descends,
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guards, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3 Say, shall we yield him with costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

HYMN 29. 11's. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The birth of the Savior.

1 AS shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
Promisc'ously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to sight,
And thus he accosted the watchers by night
Dismiss all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Savior in Jewry appears.

2 A token I leave you, whereby you may find
This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind;
A manger's his cradle, a stall his abode,
Thus meekly appears your Savior and Lord:
Then, shepherds, be humble, be meek, and lie low,
For Jesus, your Savior, abundantly so.

3 This wonderful story no sooner they hear
Than thousands of angels in glory appear;
They join in the concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God, and good-will towards men:
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

4 Hosanna! the angels in ecstacy cry,
Hosanna! the wondering shepherds reply,
Salvation, redemption, are centred in one,
All glory to God, for the birth of his Son:
Then, shepherds, adieu, we commend you to God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

5 To Bethlehem's city the shepherds repair'd
For full confirmation of what they had heard
They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child:
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear of the Lord.

HYMN 30. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace,
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;

Enter'd the grave, in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains:
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Savior's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 31. C. M. MEALEY.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

5 Hail Prince of Life! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!

Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 32. 8's & 7's. CAYWOOD.

1 HARK!—what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found."
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name—and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him.
Glory be to God most high!

HYMN 33. S. M. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Savior near,
In this triumphant song:

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels, joy—
At our Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine,
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs—
4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men—to angels, joy
At our Redeemer's birth!"

HYMN 34. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Savior—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Savior's born!"

HYMN 35. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;

And, on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

HYMN 36. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 BEHOLD my servant, see him rise,
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend!
My truths and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice;
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax shall he not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

HYMN 37. C. M. EXETER COLL.

The baptism of Jesus.

1 SEE from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend;
And hear the sacred voice of heaven,
That bids us all attend.

2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice divine;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."

3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man
In God his Father's name.

4 The path of heavenly peace he showed
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here
Shall live, no more to die.

5 O may we then who own him Lord,
And his loved name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess!

HYMN 38. L. M. WATTS.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth, and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.

3 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unvails his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 39. C. M. EXETER COLL.

Glory in Christ.

1 IS there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus, to be found?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound?

2 The Son of God, adorned with grace,
Commissioned from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.

3 How noble were the truths he taught,
How pure the life he led!
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head?

4 Ashamed of Jesus! shall we let
Our heavenly pro pects go,
And, madly, at defiance set
The threats of future wo!

5 Forbid it, Lord! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame;
But each with holy courage filled,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

HYMN 40. L. M. WATTS.

The example of Christ.

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

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 41. L. M STEELE.

1 MAKE me, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Savior, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may I trace,
To teach me what I ought to be.

2 Oh, how benevolent, and kind,
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of my mind,
And these the rules by which I live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Were his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 But ah! how blind!—how weak am I,
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, I depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for my guide!

HYMN 42. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Death of Christ on the cross.

1 BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!

How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed—and die for me!

2 "My God," he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend!

3 "'Tis finished!"—now the Savior said—
"Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God—was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 43. L. M. STEELE.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Savior dies,
Hark!—his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands—his feet—his side,
Descends the sacred—crimson tide!

2 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness vailed the mourning day.

3 Can we survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet our hearts so hard remain,
As not to move with love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm each cold, each stupid heart,
Till all our powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN 44. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BEHOLD the love, the grace of God,
Display'd in Jesus' precious blood;
My soul's on fire, it pants to prove
The fullness of redeeming love.

2 Our God is love—O, leap, my soul,
Let warm hosannas gently roll;
Love gave his Son to save our race,
And Jesus died through sov'reign grace.

3 What love has done, sing earth around,
Angels prolong th' eternal sound;
Lo, Jesus bleeding on the tree!
There, there the love of God I see.

4 I look, I gaze—my rebel heart
Feels its own hardness soon depart;
Repenting tears begin to roll,
And love in streams flows thro' my soul.

5 The cross I view—O wondrous love!
My sins expire—my fears remove;
My wicked enmity is slain,
I'm reconcil'd—I'm born again.

HYMN 45. L. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The Son of Man lifted up.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you!
A thousand drops of richest blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men!

But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains:

6 Say—"Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

HYMN 46. L. M. WATTS.

Safe trusting in Christ.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, our Savior, and our Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair—the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!

HYMN 47. 7's. PRATT'S COLL.

Redeeming love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing of mercy's healing stream:
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.

2 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome all to Jesus' rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

3 He subdued th' infernal powers,
His invet'rate foes, and ours:
These he from their empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 48. 8's & 7's. NEWTON.

Christ a friend.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly—free—and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us
Could, or would have shed his blood?—
But this Savior died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

HYMN 49. 8's & 7's. MADDAN'S COLL.

Christ dwelling in his people.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heaven, to earth come down:

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Come! thou mighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return—and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Always praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

HYMN 50. C. M. STEELE.

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 TO my Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while I adoring pay
My humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me!"

4 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 51. C. M. WATTS.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb"—our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 52. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

1 BLEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord—for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No—thou art precious to my heart—
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

HYMN 53. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee do richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 54. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?

Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

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

6 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 55. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Not ashamed of the gospel.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 56. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Christ the living Savior.

1 THE Savior lives, no more to die:
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high:
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save!

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare:
He lives, to bring them safely there!

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears:
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive!

4 His saints he loves—and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives;
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord!

HYMN 57. C. M. STENNETT.

Chief among ten thousand.

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell:
Think on the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his peaceful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heav'nly train.

5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross
And carried all my grief.

6 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He'll bring my weary feet;
Show me the glories of my God,
And make my joys complete.

HYMN 58. L. M. Doddridge.

Corner-stone.

1 LORD, dost thou show a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

2 We own the work of sov'reign love;
Nor death, nor hell, the hope shall move,
Which, fix'd on this foundation, stand,
Laid by thine own almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defied;
Floods of temptation beat in vain:
Well doth this Rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide.

5 While they that scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

HYMN 59. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let my conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and weak simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt my thoughts or tongue to strife
On Jesus let me fix my eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life:

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of my mind,
And his the rules by which I live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Were his employment and delight
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came
The labors of his life were love:
If then I love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.

HYMN 60. L. M. Beddome.

Gift of God.

1 JESUS, my Lord, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,

Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which often I have seen?
Arise, thou Son of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I possess this gift divine,
The world should lie beneath my feet;
Though poor, no more would I repine,
Or look with envy on the great.

5 The precious jewel we would keep,
And lodge it deep within each heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

HYMN 61. L. M. BEDDOME.

Glories of the Savior.

1 JESUS, how lovely is his face!
Innumerable sweets are there;
Not one of all the human race
Is half so good or half so fair.

2 There heaven and earth their charms unite
In full perfection there they shine;
Nor sun nor stars appear so bright,
Nor spread a lustre so divine.

3 Compassion sits upon his brow,
There terror mixed with love appears
His lips with balmy spices flow,
His words are music to our ears.

4 These are thy glories, mighty Lord,
This the dear form thy saints adore;

'Tis this will endless joys afford,
When earthly scenes delight no more.

HYMN 62. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Head of the church.

1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thine own;
Give us among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital head,
We live, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O, may our faith each hour derive
Thy spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body will present
Before the Father's face,
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

HYMN 63. C. M. WATTS.

High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;

He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

HYMN 64. L. M. BEDDOME.

King of saints.

1 LISTEN, ye mortals, whilst we sing,
The glories of our heavenly King;
With transport dwell upon his name,
To distant nations spread his fame.

2 Jesus our Lord, divinely fair,
No seraph can with him compare;
Nor saints below, nor saints above,
Can equal his stupendous love.

3 He loved us first, he loves us still,
Subdued our souls, inclined our will,
Taught us to choose the better part,
And stamped his image on each heart.

4 With steady feet we still would tread
The path in which he deigns to lead;
His life transcribe and make our own,
'Till all his will in us be done.

5 But oh, how oft we step aside,
How apt to stray without a guide!
Fix us, dear Lord, and let us be
Afraid of sin, and true to thee.

HYMN 65. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

The way, truth, and life.

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

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life,
Grant us that way to know—
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 66. C. M. BEDDOME.

Life of his people.

1 OH what a treasure all divine
Is hid in Christ the Lord!
From him what rays of glory shine,
What peace his paths afford.

2 In him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before;
And, now he makes our joys abound,
Who all our sorrows bore.

3 When sore distressed, he to our aid,
On rapid pinions flies;
And, to the wounds which sin has made
A healing balm applies.

4 'Tis from his fullness we receive,
And daily, grace for grace;
That to his glory we may live,
And see him face to face.

HYMN 67. C. M. WATTS.

Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on his head.

HYMN 68. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The coronation of Christ.

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

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

HYMN 69. L. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

I know that my Redeemer lives.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head.

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

3 He lives and grants me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to crush the powers of hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop, and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives, my kind and heavenly friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

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

8 He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN 70. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The name of Christ.

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

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

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

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

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

HYMN 71. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Pearl of great price.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all-divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure, meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.

6 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 72. L. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Him.

1 JOIN, all who love the Savior's name,
And sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In him forever to rejoice.

2 Of him, what wondrous things are told!
In him, what glory I behold!
For him, I gladly all things leave;
To him, my soul forever cleave.

3 In him, my treasure's all contain'd;
By him, my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From him, I all things now receive;
Through him, my soul does daily live.

4 With him, I daily love to walk;
Of him, my soul delights to talk;
On him, I cast my daily care;
Like him, one day shall I appear.

5 Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him, to bring thee on the way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him, O never, never part.

6 Take him, for strength and righteousness.
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him, above all earthly joy,
And him, in ev'ry thing employ.

7 Praise him, in grateful, cheerful songs,
To him, your highest praise belongs,
Bless him, who does your Heaven prepare
And him, you'll praise forever there.

HYMN 73. L. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The loving kindness of the Lord.

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

2 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!

3 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!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

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

HYMN 74. S. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

1 JESUS, the conq'ror reigns,
In glorious strength array'd;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

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

3 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad,
The vict'ry of his cross.

DIVINE INFLUENCE.

HYMN 75. L. M. WATTS.

The Spirit enlightening and renewing.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys the blessings down,
To Jew and Gentile, through the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray
Our shades and darkness turn to day,
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind—
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 76. L. M. WATTS.

The effusion of the Holy Spirit.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to heal, and pow'r to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north:
"Go, and assert your Savior's cause;
"Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdued

While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

HYMN 77. C. M. WATTS.

Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God hath given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 78. C. M. COTTERILL.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Behold th' ascended Lord
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
And thus fulfills his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He raises sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The humble soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Oh come! with holy zeal and love
Each heart and tongue inspire!

HYMN 79. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit's influence compared to water.

1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or I must droop, and fall and die.

2 No traveler through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

3 My longing soul aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to the sea of joy and love!

HYMN 80. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Influences of the Spirit implored.

1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vig'rous when the body dies.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,

But fix in me its constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul its blest abode,
The temple of the living God!

HYMN 81. C. M. Watts.

To quicken.

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

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

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

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
In this poor dying state,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirtit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 82. L. M. Browne.

To guide.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With ligh. and comfort from above;
Be thou my guardian—thou my guide'
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To me the light of truth display,
And make me know and choose thy way
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead me to holiness—the road
Which I must take to dwell with God:
Lead me to Christ—thre living way;
Nor let me from his pastures stray.

4 Lead me to God—my final rest,
To be with him forever blest:
Lead me to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!

HYMN 83. C. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

1 FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

HYMN 84. L. M. F. H. BURDER'S COLL.

To prepare for worship.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God:

Remove each vain, each worldly thought
And lead us to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make us to burn with pure desire.

3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Savior see:
Oh! soothe and cheer each burdened heart
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

HYMN 85. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

HYMN 86. 7's. STOCKER.

To comfort.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

HYMN 87. L. M. STEELE.

Prayer for the return of the Spirit.

1 LORD, in the temple of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
Here have we seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.

2 Return, O Lord—our spirits cry—
Our graces droop—our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

3 Till, filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
Till heaven and earth resound thy praise.

HYMN 88. L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

Divine influence compared to rain.

1 THE dews and rains, in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

2 As in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
So in the secrecy of love
Falls the sweet influence from above.

3 That heavenly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but poured on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

HYMN 89. L. M. STEELE.

Divine influence.

1 GREAT God, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling!—glorious Guest!—
How great the favor!—how divine!

2 When sin prevails—and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great Spring of Comfort, life, and light.

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

5 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell—O God of love
And light and heavenly peace impart
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN 90. L. M. Rippon's Coll

Prayer for all the saving influences of grac•

1 WE'RE in a world of hopes and fears,
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray,
To guide us in the doubtful way;
And o'er us hold thy shield of pow'r,
To guard us in the dang'rous hour.

3 Teach us the flatt'ring path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 Each sacred principle impart;
The faith, that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love, that warms with holy fires.

5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may our constant thoughts pursue—
That may we love and practice too.

Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure our wand'ring souls aside:
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead us to thy heav'nly hill.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 91. C. M. Evangelical Magazine.

Revelation welcomed.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Directs my wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 Oh! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

HYMN 92. L. M. Watts.

Divine authority of the Bible.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! our eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There our Redeemer's face we see,
That died for us upon the tree.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here we can fix our hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

HYMN 93. L. M. Doddridge.

Divine teachings, and their consequences.

1 BRIGHT Source of intellectual rays,
Father of spirits and of grace,
O dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlightened with that heavenly day;
And ask thy Spirit with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

3 So shall our children learn the road
That leads them to their father, God:
And, formed by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children placed at Jesus' feet;
The rising swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou with us forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And let us view our Savior there.

HYMN 94. S. M. Scott.

Searching the Scriptures.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye:
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 O may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,

Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

HYMN 95. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The seed of the Word.

1 LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain:
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

HYMN 96. C. M. WINCHELL'S COLL.

The Bible the light of the world.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts.
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life. shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 97. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

1 NOW let our souls, eternal King!
To thee their grateful tribute bring:
Our knees with humble homage bow;
Our tongues perform each solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below—and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word we trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths we read!
There, we behold the Savior bleed:
His name salutes each listening ear,
Revives each heart, and checks our fear.

4 There, Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives each laboring conscience peace;
Raises our grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, oh let our song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

HYMN 98. C. M. EXETER COLL.

Supplication for a blessing on the word.

1 THY gracious aid, great God, impart,
To give thy word success;

Write all its precepts on my heart,
And deep its truths impress.

1 O speed my progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.

HYMN 99. L. M. Beddome.

Excellency of the gospel.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name,
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes,
A brighter world where we shall rise;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant me grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

HYMN 100. L. M. Watts.

The object of the gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace our souls renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate us too;
The word that saves us does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 101. S. M Ev. Luth. Coll.

Light and redemption by the gospel.

1 MY soul, revere the page
Where light and pardon shine;
And joy to tell the rising age,
What goodness, Lord! is thine.

2 That goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.

3 But joy far more refined
Awaited that blest day,
Whose sun arose upon my mind
To chase its gloom away.

4 How changed my mournful state,
When God revealed his name!
And showed me what the world calls great,
Is but a pleasing dream!

5 O God! to gospel light
My dawn of peace I owe;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless wo.

6 With transport ever new,
I own thy grace, O Lord!
Eternity that grace shall show,
Thy pardoning love record.

HYMN 102. C. M. Birmingham.

Unfruitfulness under gospel privileges.

1 O GOD! thy gracious aid impart
To bend our wills to thine;
Melt our whole souls, and let them flow,
And take the mould divine.

2 The gracious truths which Jesus brought,
Our ears have often heard!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 O deep impress that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives:
And let it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives.

5 Not with a transient glance surveyed,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

6 Teach our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys above;
Devotion then shall fire the breast,
And the whole soul be love.

HYMN 103. L. M. Scott.

Christian privileges and obligations.

1 WHAT countless myriads draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God allots my share of time,
Within his gospel's favored clime!

2 Shall I receive this grace in vain?
Shall I my great vocation stain?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought,
Away, each sensual, earthly thought!

3 My soul! I charge thee to excel
In thinking right and acting well;
Deep let my searching powers engage,
Unbiased, in the sacred page.

4 Heighten the force of good desire,
To deeds of shining worth aspire;
More firm in fortitude, despise
The world's seducing vanities.

5 Strong and more strong my passions rule
Advancing still in virtue's school;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate my Savior's life.

HYMN 104. C. M. WATTS.

The rich provisions of the gospel.

1 GREAT God thy blessings are not few
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love,
The heav'ns would ring while we would sing
Through all the courts above.

HYMN 105. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 WHEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before;
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given:
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens our inactive powers,
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrine is divinely true,
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts, and instructs us too.

5 Ye favor'd lands, who have his word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his amazing grace adore.

HYMN 106. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

LET avarice from shore to shore,
Her fav'rite good pursue;

Thy word, O Lord, we value more,
Then India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy
Are open to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy;
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Savior's lovely face,
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supply'd,
Nought we can ask to make us blest.
Is in this book deny'd.

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

HYMN 107. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;

Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

HYMN 108. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I've fled to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage,
Here I behold my Savior's face,
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
The merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin:
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge which ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;

My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
6 O may thy counsels, mighty God
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 109. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for light and pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword,
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word;

'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he that's poor;
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

HYMN 110. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiv'n:
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet man would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

HYMN 111. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
This shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies—

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

HYMN 112. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BLEST Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine!
Never to deal with others worse
Than we would have them deal with us.

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tend'rest wishes rest;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.

4 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause;

And let our fondest passions shew
How we should treat our neighbor too.

5 How blest would every nation prove.
Thus rul'd by equity and love,
All would be friends, without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

6 Lord Jesus, may we never keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
Nor take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Those savage passions, for a guide.

HYMN 113. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

The word of God the only rule for Christians.

1 THY word, O Lord, directs the saints,
The path that leads to heaven;
Revives the soul that almost faints,
And shows their sins forgiven.

2 It shines on Error's gloomy night,
Removes the mists away,
And sheds the beams of heavenly light
Creates the rising day.

3 *There* shines the richest grace display'd
Descending through thy Son;
It is a firm foundation, laid
To build our faith upon.

4 It is the *standard* which we bear,
The *rule* we would obey;
We find the truth of Jesus there,
"The new and living way."

5 'Tis *there* we find the Christian name
We *there* unite in love;
The Lord our King, we all proclaim,
Who rules the worlds above.

6 With thanks, my soul, this plan embrace,
Where rising glories dwell;
And as ye run the heavenly race,
His praises ever swell.

THE MINISTRY.

HYMN 114. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The ministry of divine appointment.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows,
While with most grateful hearts we share
These pledges of our Savior's care.

2 The Savior, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

HYMN 115. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's commission to his ministers.

1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord.
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive

He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned, who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands—
I can destroy—and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended Lord.

HYMN 116. S. M. WATTS.

Ministers the bearers of glad tidings

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their Lord.

HYMN 117. C. M. Kyle's Coll.

1 LET Zion's watchmen cry aloud,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's thought,
And fill'd a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, who must forever dwell
In happiness or wo.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Account to render there:
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear.

5 May all the watchmen, when they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 118. H. M. Miliard and Badger's Coll.

The gospel preacher

1 WHAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ!
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy

No other post affords a place,
For equal honor and disgrace.

Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel?
Constrain'd to speak in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel:
But who can tell the pleasures felt
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

The Savior's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their efforts forth:
They pray and strive—their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceived,
Then how their inmost souls are grieved

But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joys can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares

DEDICATION.

HYMN 119. L. M. MONTGOMERY

On laying the foundation stone of a chapel

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open, night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place
And, when thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let thy servants sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

HYMN 120. 7's. MONTGOMERY.

On opening a new place of worship.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;

Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread,
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

HYMN 121. L. M. PIERPONT.

1 O BOW thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee each heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls

2 Here let thy holy days be kept,
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts, and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung,
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,

On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

HYMN 122. L. M. WILLIS.

1 THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple—built by God:
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And raised its pillars, one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood—
The sea, the sky—and "all was good;"
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord! 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee:
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

HYMN 123. L. M. COWPER.

1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mecry-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

HYMN 124. C. M. Millard and Badger's Coll.

1 LORD of eternal truth divine,
Of heaven, and earth, and sea;
Descend, and own this house of thine
We dedicate to thee.

2 Here let thy glory, like a cloud,
Descend and fill the place;
And look with mercy on the crowd,
Who wait before thy face.

3 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The God whom we adore,
Yet he descends and dwells with men,
By his Almighty power.

4 Lord, here we meet to preach, and pray,
And hear, and think, and sing:
And consecrate this house to-day,
A temple to our King.

5 Here let thy servants boldly stand,
And here the gospel teach,
And diff'rent orders in the land,
May here collect and preach.

Here let thy saints of ev'ry name,
Forget their party zeal;
The deaf, and dumb, and blind, and lame,
May here salvation feel.

HYMN 125. L. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

1 GREAT Architect of heaven and earth,
To whom all nature owes its birth;
Thou spake, and vast creation stood,
Survey'd the work—pronounced it good

2 Lord, canst thou deign to own and bless
This humble dome, this sacred place?
On let thy Spirit's presence shine
Within these walls, this house of thine.

3 'Twas rear'd in honor of thy name,
Here kindle. Lord, the sacred flame;
O make it burn in ev'ry heart,
And never from this place depart.

4 Here may the gospel's lib'ral truth
Instruct the aged and the youth;
Nor let illib'ral party zeal,
E'er mar the union Christians feel.

5 Let life divine here seize the dead,
Here may the starving poor be fed!
Here may the mourner comfort find,
Here cure the deaf, the dumb, the blind

6 Lord, here the wants of all supply,
And fit our souls to dwell on high;
From service in this humble place,
Raise us to praise thee face to face.

HYMN 126. L. M. W. METHODIST COL.
Dedication hymn.

1 FOUNTAIN of life, enthron'd above,
To thee our grateful songs shall rise;
And may this tribute of our love
Prove an accepted sacrifice.

4 Tho' poor the offering, wilt thou deign
In mercy to accept it, Lord!
Show us that thou canst dwell with men,
And make this temple thine abode.

3 There may our supplications rise,
As holy incense to thy throne;
And grace descend in rich supplies,
To make thy power and mercy known

1 These walls shall to thy praise resound,
Till we arise to dwell with thee:
May future ages catch the sound,
And still prolong the melody.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 127. S. M. BEDDOME.

Hope reviving.

1 AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear;
To God my Father make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;

My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

HYMN 128. S. M. STEELE.

Absence from God.

1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See low before thy throne
We wretched wanderers mourn;
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?

3 Absent from thee, our light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night
How desolate our way!

4 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

5 Thy presence can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this our solace here below,
And our eternal joy!

HYMN 129. S. M. JARVIS.

Peace to the returning penitent.

1 FATHER!—how sweet thy voice,
That speaks of life and peace;
That bids the penitent revive,
And all his anguish cease.

2 No balm on earth beside
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss,
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
That mercy, LORD! reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence can restore
Peace to the anxious breast:
And aid us in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

HYMN 130. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Preparation of the heart.

1 LORD, teach me how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
I may, I must draw near.

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall I go?

3 God of all grace, I come to thee,
With broken, contrite heart;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward part:—

4 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live:

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, my fainting soul to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done,
Thus strengthened with all might,
I, by thy Spirit and thy Son
Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMN 131. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation only in God.

1 HOW long shall dreams of creature-bliss,
Our flattering hopes employ;
And mock our fond, deluded eyes,
With visionary joy?

2 Why, from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought?
While our eternal Rock 's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot.

3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our hearts on thee.

HYMN 132. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

Mercy of God to the penitent

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost my cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms my anxious doubts,
And dissipates my fears.

4 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,

And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

5 My heart adores thy mercy, Lord,
And loves the friendly ray
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN 133. C. M. WATTS.

Coldness and inconstancy lamented.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN 134. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
As sure as heaven's established course
And plenteous as the showers

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
As false as morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
To thy bright courts above.

HYMN 135. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Returning to Christ.

1 YE sons of earth, arise!
Ye creatures of a day!
Redeem the time—be bold—be wise
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel-grace,
With us rejoice to see;
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Blest Savior—Lord of all!
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
Oh, bid us turn and live!

4 Our former years misspent,
Now let us deeply mourn;
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return!

HYMN 136. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Have wasted his estate

He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

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

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

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

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,'
(The father gave command,)
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

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

HYMN 137. L. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
They had almost conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul

HYMN 138. L. M. KYLE'S COLL

The beatitudes.—MATTH. v. 2—12.

1 BLEST are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in Heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great

4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame, for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 139. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I found the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O God of love, return,
Restore my soul to rest;
For thee, O Lord, for thee I mourn;
O ease my troubled breast.

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So heavenly light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 140. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight,
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead for mercy through thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O! may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength, and righteousnes

HYMN 141. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 Savior, Prince enthron'd above.
Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' redeeming love,
The humble, contrite heart—
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown.
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now be mov'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Savior, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;

Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye.
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

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

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

HYMN 142. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer,
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

5 Be thou my shield, and hiding place
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

6 O wondrous love! to bleed and die
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive."
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 143. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, thy far exte..ded fame,
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind;
Their sorrows cheer'd, their wants reliev'd,
Heal'd the diseas'd and cur'd the blind.

3 And art thou not the Savior still,
In ev'ry place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 All my disease, my ev'ry sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect me in holiness.

5 That token of thy utmost good,
Now, Savior, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

HYMN 144. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Lydia

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

I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Surely he will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Surely he will admit my plea,
Surely will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

HYMN 145. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AH! wretched souls that strive in vain,
Slaves to the world and slaves to sin,
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction gain.

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Confiding daily in his word.

3 O, be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My constant, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN 146. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor:
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Now waits at mercy's door,
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but, thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food.
My soul can satisfy;
O do not frown and bid me go,
But give me now thy love to know.

3 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who like me.
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store
And try to send a thousand more.

4 Thy thoughts, thou only wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,

Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

HYMN 147. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe!
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind;
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 148. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 SHEW pity, Lord. O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;

Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath.
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 149. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And groan'd, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd.

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!

I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me;
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

HYMN 150. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AH! whither shall I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come—
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I will not part?
Which will not let my Savior take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yet let me now consent to know,
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display,

Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

6 I do believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done.

HYMN 151. 7s. Kyle's Coll.

Sins confessed and mourned.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain:
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own,
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

HYMN 152. C. M. Kyle's Coll.

Compassion and intercession for sinners.

1 ALMIGHTY God, with pitying eye,
The sons of men survey;

Behold how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way.

2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb;
Each passing hour may place them where
Repentance cannot come.

3 Bring back, O Lord, their wand'ring steps
Misled by airy dreams;
And let the light of truth dispel
Their visionary schemes.

4 Rouse, and direct them by thy word,
Their dang'rous state to see,
That they may seek, and find the path
That leads to heav'n and thee.

HYMN 153. L. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

The stony heart.

1 OH! for a glance of heav'nly day
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

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

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

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

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need,
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN 154. L. M. Wesley.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my Lord,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give me pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping spirit cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My Lord, my Savior, come away!

HYMN 155. L. M. Winebrenner's
Coll.

1 WITH aching heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries,

What shall I do, or whither flee,
T" escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh,
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years,
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and anxious cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

HYMN 156. C. M. WINEBRENNER'S COLL.

1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God
I yield myself to thee

While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, Lord
I pray, remember me.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES OF GOD.

HYMN 157. 11's. ANONYMOUS.

Precious promises.

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

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth

At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

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

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

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

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs in my bosom they still shall be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean d for repose,
I will not, I will nor desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

HYMN 158. P. M. Anonymous.

The impartial song.

1 THE great God of love has shown us the way,
And taught us the impartial song
The Spirit is come, and the work is begun,
And we all are united in one.

2 Now sin begins to die, grace gains the victory,
And pride falls a prey to the ground;
We lift up our heads as we rise from the dead,
And the glory of God shines around.

3 Salvation we see for all is most free;
The members of Christ are all one;
We'll march uniform, and with courage press on
In the battle our Savior's begun.

4 United in one, the race we will run,
Press forward by faith without fear;
Such glory pursue, as the world never knew,
Never will till the gospel they hear.

5 Now let us be true, our journey pursue,
Toward heaven, our glorious home;
Press on by the word that Christ left on record,
Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

HYMN 159. L. M. Kyle's Coll.

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

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;

Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

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

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

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

HYMN 160. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st no fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry,
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."

3 His stores are open all and free,
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good

4 Your very hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all;

This truth he publish'd all abroad,
That men might learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need
Altho' they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heav'nly Father will you feed;
He knows that all these things you need.

7 Without reserve give Christ your heart,
Let him his righteousness impart:
Then all things else he'll freely give,
With him you all things shall receive.

8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
Who seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be
In time and in eternity.

HYMN 161. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home;
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm t' unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city far and high,
Built by eternal hands;

And faith assures us, tho' we die,
This heav'nly building stands.

HYMN 162. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him, who earth's foundation laid,
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Each of them pow'rful as that sound,
Which bade the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

4 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts which our Maker gives.

5 O! for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T" embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

6 Then should the earth's old pillars shake.
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks, when billows roar.

7 Our everlasting hopes arise,
Above the ruinable skies;
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own court his power sustains.

All honor and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

HYMN 660. 12's. EASTERN COL
Hermit.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but
not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness enc
the tomb;
For the Savior has pass'd through its
before thee,
The lamp of his love is thy guide
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of
thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, sin
has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave
sion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in d
long;
But the sunshine of heaven
on thy waking,
The song which thou
seraphim's song.

&c.

4 Thou art gone to the
wrong to deplore
When God was thy ra
thy guide;

4

HYMN 163. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of my eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;
His hand did write the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please;
But speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfills his great decrees.

6 His ev'ry word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,
And heaven was stretch'd abroad;
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God." he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.

8 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words would raise my song,
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure

I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

HYMN 164. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BY various maxims. forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts proved in vain.

2 But since the Savior I have known,
My rules are all reduced to one,
To keep my Lord by faith in view;
This strength supplies, and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suffering life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from this pattern courage take,
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens all my powers within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Savior's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own:
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's crown;
If prest with grief and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand,

Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

HYMN 165. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 You in his wisdom, power and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

HYMN 166. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

In me ye shall have peace.

1 YE saints, attend the Savior's voice,
Spoke in his word of grace;
He says, and in it O rejoice!
In me ye shall have peace.

2 Tho' storms and tempests round you roar,
And foes and fears increase;
He says, and what could he say more?
In me ye shall have peace.

3 What though afflictions still abound
Nor do temptations cease;
He says, and O how sweet the sound!
In me ye shall have peace.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow bleed,
And sighs and tears increase;
He says, and O 'tis true indeed!
In me ye shall have peace.

5 Though you shall pass through death's cold flood,
To gain your wished release;
He says, and sure he'll make it good:
In me ye shall have peace.

HYMN 167. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THE Lord's my shepherd, how can want
Distress my peaceful breast?
His wisdom, goodness, love and power,
Command my soul to rest.

2 His word of grace, like pastures green,
Affords me sweet repose;
And thro' his works of providence
The living water flows.

3 My soul, restor'd to Paradise,
Beholds thy glory shine;
And reads the path of righteousness,
With ardor all divine.

4 The forms of death, tho' dreadful once
No more my soul affright,
But like a fleeting shadow fly
Before the morning light.

5 Thy presence, Lord, is with me still,
'Thro' ev'ry changing scene;
Thy friendly rod my flesh subdues,
While on thy staff I lean.

6 My table thou dost furnish well,
With life's substantial bread;
And in the presence of my foes,
My soul is richly fed.

7 Goodness and mercy, I am sure,
Shall fill my happy days;
And in God's house for evermore,
I'll sing and shout his praise.

HYMN 168. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 'THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost,
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing the way, but faith makes us bold.

For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain,
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
In [illegible], our strong tow'r, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing nor doubting, with Christ on our side.
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN 169. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear.

By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will per
form;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,
The word he hath spoken shall surely pre-
vail.

3 His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
thro'.

4 Delighting to save, he watch'd o'er my
path,
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his
name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to
shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress:
Temptation or pain? he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his
word,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their
Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can con-
ceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might
live;
His way was much rougher, and darker
than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food:
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O! how pleasant the conqueror's song!

HYMN 170. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel thro' a desert wide.
Where many round me blindly stray;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And keeps me in the narrow way.

3 Tho' snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

7 I pity all the worldings' talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;

Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.

HYMN 171. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 CHILDREN of God, renounce your fears,
Lo! Jesus for your help appears;
And loudly speaks, as he draws nigh,
"Be not afraid, for it is I."

2 When in the awful tempest tost,
You feel your strength and courage lost,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near, be not afraid.

3 When mournful tidings from afar,
Or nations raise tumultuous war,
And wide their devastation spread,
Yet he is near, be not afraid.

4 The famine, pestilence, and sword,
Are all obedient to his word;
He, riding on the stormy sky,
Says, "Fear ye not, for it is I."

5 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Savior's love is still the same;
In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.

6 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames consume the guilty world,
E'en then your judge will smiling cry,
"Be not afraid, for it is I."

SUPPLICATION.

HYMN 172. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

HYMN 173. L. M. BIRMINGHAM COLL.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care:
Forgive the sins which we forsake:

In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine forever-more.

HYMN 174. C. M. POPE.

The universal prayer.

1 FATHER of all! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
From every clime let praise ascend,
And every age adore.

2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined,
To know but this—that thou art good,
And I myself am blind.

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do:
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent:
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5 Teach me to feel another's wo.
To hide the faults I see:
The mercy I to others show,
I shall receive from thee.

6 To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies
One chorus let all beings raise
All nature's incense rise

HYMN 175. C. M. CAPPE'S COLL.

Prayer for divine aid and guidance.

1 ETERNAL Source of light and thought!
Supremely good and wise!
To thee I bring my grateful vows,
To thee lift up mine eyes.

2 Thy quickening energy is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air, and skies
Its impress, Lord! is found.

3 My dark and erring mind illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Kindle in this cold heart thy love,
And tune my tongue to praise.

4 O grant to me thy needful aid,
To do and bear thy will;
Thy grace can make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

5 O safely guide me by that grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures which forever flow
From the right hand of God!

HYMN 176. C. M. SALISBURY COLL.

Spiritual blessings implored.

1 FOUNTAIN of blessing! God of love
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be
Our sacrifice receive,
Made and preserved, and saved by thee
To thee ourselves we give.

3 O may we travel all the length
Of the celestial road;

Till by thy wisdom and thy strength,
We see our Father God!

HYMN 177. L. M. Doddridge.

Encouragement to prayer.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
Oh may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.

3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power—his love the same.

4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard, where he shall lead.

HYMN 178. L. M Steele.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories vail thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet:
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 Oh! may our souls thy grace adore;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope—our trust invite;
Again attend our humble prayer;—
Let mercy still be thy delight.

HYMN 179. L. M. Moravian Coll.

Prayer for protection and guidance.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light—be thou my way;
No foes, nor danger will I fear,
While thou, my Savior, God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Great God, thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head—and cheer my heart.

4 Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
Where toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm—and all is peace.

HYMN 180. C. M. Exeter Coll.

1 LORD, through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide!
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let others, swelled with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boasts;
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

3 To thee, O my unerring Guide!
I would myself resign

In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will to thine.

HYMN 181. C. M. MERRICK.

1 AUTHOR of good—to thee I turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Oh let thy love within me dwell,
Thy fear my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer love expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 Not what I wish—but what I want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good I ask not, Father, grant—
The ill I ask—deny.

HYMN 182. C. M. MONTGOMERY

For general mercies.

1 FATHER of all our mercies,—thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary souls repose
Our wounded spirits heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm in thee is found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

5 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of each heart,
In thee may we have peace.

HYMN 183. C. M. Salisbury Coll.

Divine aid implored.

1 THINE influence, mighty God! is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air, and skies,
Thy energy is found.

2 Thy sacred influence, Lord! we need,
To form our hearts anew;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show!

3 Father of light! thine aid impart,
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

5 Cheer'd by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death;
And, with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

HYMN 184. L. M. Dryden.

Divine light and guidance implored.

THOU Source of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were raised from night
Come, visit every pious mind:
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy;

From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

2 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

HYMN 185. L. M. EXETER COLL.

Steadfastness and watchfulness implored.

1 GREAT God! our Father and our Friend,
On whom we cast our constant care,
On whom for all things we depend!
To thee we raise our humble prayer.

2 Endue us with a holy fear;
The frailty of our hearts reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may we always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee the constant mind,
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

4 O that our watchful souls may fly
The first perceived approach of sin;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

5 Search, gracious God! each inmost heart;
From guilt and error set us free;
Thy light and truth and peace impart,
And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 186. L. M. HENRY MOORE

Wisdom and virtue sought from God.

1 SUPREME and universal light!
Fountain of reason! judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Assist me, Lord! to act, to be
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing Spirit came.

3 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may my steadfast bosom bear
The stamp of heaven, an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

4 May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
And with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

5 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more I wish, no more I want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

HYMN 187. C. M. J. HUMPHREYS.

Lord, remember me.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
Good Lord, remember me.

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

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

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

HYMN 188. L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

For the continued help of God.

1 BE with us, Lord, where'er we go;
Teach us what thou wouldst have us do;
Suggest whate'er we think or say;
Direct us in thy narrow way.

2 Prevent us, lest we harbor pride,
Lest we in our own strength confide;
Show us our weakness, let us see
We have our power, our all from thee.

3 Enrich us alway with thy love;
Our kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon each breast,
And let thy Spirit on us rest.

4 Assist and teach us how to pray;
Incline our natures to obey;
What thou abhorrest let us flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

5 O may we never do our will,
But thine and only thine fulfill;
Let all our time, and all our ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

HYMN 189. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's prayer for wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;

We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth,
In wisdom's pleasant ways?

HYMN 190. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Filial submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father God?"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father,"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 191. L. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Choosing the better part.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Savior divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 192. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Troubled, but making God a refuge.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 193. C. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Watchfulness and prayer.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;

And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 194. P. M. MILLARD AND BADGER'S COLL.

Prayer for a revival.

1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again;
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green,
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons, we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms, stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;

Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare;
Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 195. L. M. Eastern Coll.

On the great duty of prayer.

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

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

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

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,

Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me!

HYMN 196. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

1 TO thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes;
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.

2 In thee, for ev'ry needful grace,
My soul would still confide;
Keep me, O Lord, in ev'ry place,
Secure on ev'ry side.

3 Be thou, my Guardian, ever near,
Thy presence I entreat:
Keep me, O keep me in thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.

4 The paths I tread are strew'd with snares
In mercy take my part:
Let not applauses charm my ears,
Nor censures vex my heart.

5 Lest I should once disgrace the cause,
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.

6 I'd seek the honor of thy name,
And leave my own to die;
Help me to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

HYMN 197. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Secret prayer.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night,

In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My dut'ous homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire,
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 198. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Deliver us from evil.

1 TEACH us, O Lord, aright to plead
For mercies from above:
O come and bless our souls indeed,
With light, and joy, and love.

2 The gospel's promised land is wide,
We fain would enter in;
But we are press'd on ev'ry side,
With unbelief and sin

3 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,
Let us possess the whole;
That Satan may no longer boast,
He can thy work control.

4 Oh, may thy hand be with us still,
Our guide and guardian be;

To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,
Till death shall set us free.

3 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest;
That Israel's God, who heareth prayer,
Will grant us our request.

HYMN 199. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The true improvement of life.

1 AND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain, these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honors of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys:
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savor of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine,
To bliss supremely great.

HYMN 200. S. M. Eastern Coll.

Prayer for a blessing.

1 WITH hearts and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given:

3 So let thy present voice
Accomplish thy design;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.

4 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns
Hinder the fruits of peace.

5 Then, though we weeping sow,
And tears our hours employ;
We know we shall return again,
And bring our sheaves with joy.

HYMN 201. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Desiring to love Christ more.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come, with blissful ray,
Break, radiant, through the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN 202. L. M. Barrett's Coll.

1 HONOR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears;
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face,
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings, himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

HYMN 203. S. M. NEWTON.

Importunity in prayer prevalent with God.

1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of every saint;
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear!
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen, when they cry?
Yes, though he may a while forbear
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r;

He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

HYMN 204. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Behold, he prayeth.

1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

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

3 Pray'r is the simplest form of specch
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with pray'r.

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

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod,
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

HYMN 205. P. M. ROBINSON.

Christ our guide.

1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;

We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open, Lord, thy crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through,
Strong deliv'rer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side,
Songs of praises,
We will ever give to thee.

HYMN 206. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive!
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

2 Tho' late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine;
Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,
Only thy love to know;

To seek and taste no other bliss
No other good below;
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

HYMN 207. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thy all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire;
And make the fountains flow!

5 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
When enter'd into rest;
I only live my God t' admire,
My God forever blest.

6 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Sh..'l then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN 208. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see

Poor souls, that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide
In pain, and weariness, and want;
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And great redeeming shepherd art;
Collect thy flock and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 In every messenger reveal
The grace he speaks divinely free;
That each may by the spirit tell,
"He died for all, who died for me."

5 A double portion from above,
Of thy all quick'ning spirit impart,
Shed forth thine universal love,
In ev'ry faithful pastor's heart.

6 Thy only glory let them seek,
O let their hearts with love o'erflow;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below

HYMN 209. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, who knows full well,
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?

He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, tho' he seems awhile to bear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move—
They will not be denied.

6 Then let us earnest cry;
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

HYMN 210. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim,
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes

4 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We've met to pray with one accord,
O come and fill our hearts with grace,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,

Oh! rend the heavens: come quickly down,
Make thousand thousand hearts thine own

HYMN 211. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.
The glorious crown of righteousness,
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall
And wear it as my due.

2 The promised land from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.
He visits now this house of clay,
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come.

3 With me I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart,
A constant paradise.
My heart thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!
Fulfill, fulfill my large desires,
Large as infinity,
Give, give me all my soul requires
All, all that is in thee.

HYMN 212. 7's. STONE AND JOHNSON'S COLL.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 213. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Praise the mount—O fix me on it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,

And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 214. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way.
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth.

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway,
Else the next cloud that vails my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN 215. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

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

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

5 Thy grace sufficient is for me,
In ev'ry time of need;
Then, Lord, I'll boldly fight for thee,
And in thy strength succeed.

HYMN 216. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AS Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now;
Wrestle, and to my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let him go.

2 Like Jacob, I am weak and faint,
And overwhelm'd with wo;
Lord, hear and pity my complaint
For I'll not let thee go.

3 I come encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show;

Except thou bless me, dearest Lord
I will not let thee go.

4 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Tho' I have been thy foe;
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me
I will not let thee go.

5 I come to open all my wounds,
My sorrow and my wo;
Except thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.

6 I come to tell thee all my fears,
And conflicts here below;
Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
I will not let thee go.

7 I come thy promises to plead,
Where love and mercy flow;
Except thou bless my soul indeed,
I will not let thee go.

8 I come to give thee this vile heart,
Which sin has mangled so;
Except salvation thou impart,
I will not let thee go.

9 Thus will I wrestle while I live
A pilgrim here below;
And when in glory I arrive,
I will not let thee go.

HYMN 217. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry,
Give me Jesus, or I die.

2 Wealth and honor, I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;

These can never satisfy ;
Give me Jesus, or I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only save my soul from guilt,
Suppliant, at thy feet I lie,
Give me Jesus, or I die.

4 Weak, unholy, and unclean,
I am much defil'd with sin,
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Jesus, or I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust ;
With my earnest suit comply,
Give me Jesus, or I die.

Thou hast promis'd to forgive
All who in thy Son believe ;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
Give me Jesus, or I die.

HYMN 218. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows,
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom,
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne,

And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Thro' my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

HYMN 219. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;

Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

HYMN 220. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

Kyle
213

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified.

HYMN 221. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold, thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O shed abroad thy royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

HYMN 222. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art;
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

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

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

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

6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

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

HYMN 223. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And thy poor servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

HYMN 224. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 MY hope, my all, my Savior thou,
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow:
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Lord, within my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way
Protect me thro' my life's short day,
In all my acts, may wisdom guide,
And keep me ever near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me:
As I have need, my helper be;

And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r:
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN 225. P. M. KYLE'S COLL

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.

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

4 Let us for each other care,
Each, the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give.
Show how true believer's live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above;

On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

HYMN 226. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come let us all rejoice;
While we our Savior's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But, O dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove;
His graces to diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Savior, here we meet,
Unless thy face we see;
Thy presence makes life's journey sweet,
Dear Lord, we cleave to thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;
But if thy presence be withdrawn,
A palace is a hell.

5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And cleanse our hearts from guile:

6 That at the close each one may say—
"We've not met here in vain,
For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 227. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

Lyn
217

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

HYMN 228. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 GIVE me the hope of a blest life,
Beyond this scene of toil and strife,
And I'll resign earth's gaudy toys
To those who seek no higher joys.

2 Yes, I would give up all to know,
That when I cease to dwell below,
I'll with my Savior meet above,
In peace and everlasting love.

3 O happy day! O joys complete!
And all my friends I hope to meet,
Around the glorious throne of God,
No more to tread life's thorny road.

4 No more to part from kindred dear,
Or shed the sympathetic tear,
But join with the angelic throng,
To sing an everlasting song.

HYMN 229. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

For the aged.

1 ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high,
Whom angel-hosts adore,
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool

Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practice every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's mortal must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

5 Oh! no; then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

HYMN 230. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide—
O receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help in thee I find;
Cover my defenceless head,
Cheer the sorrows of my mind.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin:

Let the healing streams abound,
Let me feel them flow within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 231. S. M. KYLE'S COLL

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O let me never leave thy side,
Nor from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee; O never Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

HYMN 232. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free:
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

Kyle's

2 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

3 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

4 Thy holy nature, Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 233. P. M. T. RAFLES.

The hour of prayer.

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

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

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

4 Blest hour! for then where He resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The House of God—the Gate of Heaven.

5 Hail! peaceful hour, supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care!
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

6 And when my hours of prayer are past,
Oh! may I leave these sabbath days,
To find eternity at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

EXPERIMENTAL.

HYMN 234. C. M. STEELE.

The Savior.

1 THE Savior! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusions flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior and my all.

HYMN 235. L. M. CENNICK.

Seeking pardon.

1 LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Oppress'd with fears, to thee I call;

Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

5 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face, thy Spirit give!
O! let me see thy face and live.

6 I'll seek thy face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs;
And if not heard, I'll, waiting, sit
And perish at my Savior's feet.

7 But canst thou, Lord, behold my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive.
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

HYMN 236. S. M. WATTS.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my earthly cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore,
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within the churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and praise the Lord.

HYMN 237. C. M. HOSKINS.

Ye must be born again.

1 SINNERS! this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Savior, hath declar'd
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 That which is born of flesh, is flesh;
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

4 Spirit of Life! thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, with ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

5 Dear Savior we will now begin,
To trust and love thy word;
And by forsaking ev'ry sin,
Prove we are born of God.

HYMN 238. L. M. WINEBRENNER'S COLL.

Born not of blood—but of God.

ASSIST my soul, my heav'nly king,
Thine everlasting love to sing;
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one, through grace, that's born of God.

2 No, it was not the will of man,
My soul's new heavenly birth began;
Nor will, nor pow'r of flesh and blood
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.

3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heav'nly love alone confess'd;

This be my song through all the road.
That born I am, and born of God.

O may this love my soul constrain
To make returns of love again,
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.

And when th' appointed hour shall come,
And thou wilt call me to my home,
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And sing and say, I'm born of God.

HYMN 239. P. M. NEWTON.

1 HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole?
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
The worst of all diseases,
Is light compar'd with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 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 every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell, to those around me,
His wondrous pow'r to save.

4 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 240. L. M. MEDLEY.

He hath done all things well.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
'To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise:
With all his saints I'll join to tell—
"My Jesus hath done all things well,"

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But O his love, what tongue can tell!
"My Jesus hath done all things well!"

3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free
Has been his love to sinful me!
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell!
"My Jesus hath done all thing swell."

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause;
'To save me, tho' I did rebel:
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

5 And since my soul hath known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove.
Mercies which do all praise excell—
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
"My Jesus hath done all things well."

HYMN 241. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

The way.

1 JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I was not freed from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD

HYMN 242. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

HYMN 243. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace
And made his glory known,
The fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vall,
To know that God is mine,

Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believer, mourn your lot,
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 244. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

3 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

4 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

5 Hail great Immanuel, Lord divine!
In thee, thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one.
That eyes have seen or angels known.

HYMN 245. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face!
And lights our passions to a flame,
Lord, how we love thy charming name.

2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel his glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joy,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employ,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees,
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

HYMN 246. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;

Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please—
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

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

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marchiug thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 247. S. M. Kyle's Coll.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord,

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirit flies,
With restless warm desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie,
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

HYMN 248. 8's & 7's. ANONYMOUS.

Expostulation.

1 NOW the Savior stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate this Savior?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife!
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life

3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee,
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

4 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Savior welcome in;
Now receive, and O adore him!
Take a full discharge from sin.

5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

HYMN 249. P. M. RELIGIOUS SONGSTER.

Decision of the Penitent.

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

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

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

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

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me;
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Soul then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine,

'Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN 250. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 I LOVE my blessed Savior,
I feel I'm in his favor,
Ard I am his forever,
If I but faithful prove;
And now I'm bound for Canaan,
I feel my sins forgiv'n,
And soon shall get to heaven,
To sing of his love.

2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me,
From Jesus my friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour,
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impell'd by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to their Lord, there
To praise him above.

4 My thirsty soul is panting,
My body almost fainting,
While praise and pray'r are venting
From my feeble tongue.
How ardent my desire,
Lord Jesus, raise me higher,
To join the holy choir,
In that immortal song.

5 Farewell. I'm bound for glory,
How pleasing is the story!
Those shining worlds before me,
Invite me to be gone.
Had I an angel's pinions,
I'd range the bright dominions,
And join the shining millions,
Who're shouting round the throne

6 The pleasing smile of Jesus,
The rapturous sound increases,
And tunes the heavenly voices,
Throughout the ethereal plains.
My flesh and spirit failing,
My soul in transports hailing,
Bright seraphs in their dwelling,
I sing immortal strains.

HYMN 251. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In every path that's trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,

Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind, the strokes appear,
Thro' fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy hand of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

HYMN 252. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 O HOW happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart it believ'd.

What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heav'n in Jesus' dear name.

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Savior to know,
The angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height,
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood
Of my Savior possess'd,
I was perfectly blessed,
Being fill'd with the fullness of God.

HYMN 253. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THE wondrous love of Jesus,
From doubts and fears he frees us,

With pitying eyes he sees us,
While toiling here below;
Thro' tribulation driven,
We make our way to heaven,
By consolation given,
Rejoicing on we go.

2 Companions now distressed,
By Satan sore oppressed,
Cheer up, you'll be delivered,
Your Captain is at hand:
In ev'ry trying hour,
He'll save you by his power,
And bring you safe to heaven,
To Canaan's happy land.

3 O! yonder is the glory!
It is but just before you,
And there we'll tell the story
Of Christ's redeeming love,
And there we shall forever
Drink of the flowing river
Forever and forever
Surround the throne above.

HYMN 254. C. M. Eastern Coll.

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

1 COME, O my doubting soul, attend
Unto thy Savior's call!
Come, tell thy great Almighty Friend,
Why is thy faith so small?

2 Why all these unbelieving fears?
Jehovah's arm is strong;
O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
And turn them to a song.

3 Is God thy shield, thy great reward
Thy portion and thy all?

Is Christ thy Captain, and thy Lord,
And shall thy hope be small?

4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
And thus abuse his care?
Why wilt thou grieve the heavenly Dove,
And yield to every snare?

5 In Jesus every grace is found,
Why wilt thou not believe?
He hath a balm for every wound,
Why wilt thou not receive?

6 His arm can conquer every foe,
His grace can sanctify:
My heart replies, Lord, be it so,
Let my corruptions die.

7 Sin is the cause of every fear,
O keep me from its power!
Slay the accursed monster here,
That I may doubt no more.

HYMN 255. C. M. Eastern Ccli.

Looking to the cross.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopp'd my wild career.

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

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

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;

I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

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

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

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 256. P. M. EASTERN COLL.

1 WHEN my Shepherd, my Savior is near
How quickly my sorrows depart;
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart.
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain;
If my Shepherd his power control,
I think I no more shall complain.

2 But alas what a change do I find,
When my Shepherd withdraws from my
sight,
My foes all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night.
Then Satan his efforts renews
To vex and ensnare me again—

All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

3 By the changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know—
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe.
'Tis he that supports me through all;
When I faint he revives me again;
He attends to my prayer when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Why then should I murmur or grieve,
Since my Shepherd is always the same,
And has promised he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name?
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain,
And at length he will surely appear,
Though he leaves me awhile to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace!
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease.
For ere long he will bid me remove
From this region of sorrow and pain
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

HYMN 257. P. M. EASTERN COLL.

Light and love by the Spirit.

1 O BLESSED Lord *Jesus!* I know thou art mine!
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best;
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm bless'd!

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was
blind;
Then taught me the way of salvation to find:
For when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy Spirit relieved me, and bid me "not
fear."

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals forever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on flame;
I'm raised into rapture while praising his
name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we not part,
O glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart!

5 If ever I loved, I love thee, my Lord,
I love all thy people, thy ways, and thy
word;
With tender emotions I love sinners too,
For Jesus has died to redeem us from wo.

6 In Jesus confirm'd, I'll praise his dear name,
Regardless of censure, of praise, or of blame:
When happy in Jesus, I cannot forbear,
Tho' sinners despise me, his love to declare

HYMN 258. P. M. EASTERN COLL.

My soul's experience.

1 I'LL sing a song which doth belong
To all the people round me;
I'll spread the fame of Jesus' name,
And tell how Jesus found me.
'Twas in distress and wickedness,
These words he spake unto me:
"O sinner come, in me there's room;"
O how these words ran through me!

2 I was like Paul, who was call'd Saul,
In bitter persecution:
I did disdain being born again,
I call'd it a delusion.
I fought the saints without restraint,
Too proud to cry for mercy;
Conviction strong did come along;
O how these things did pierce me!

3 I did not know which way to go,
My sins were like a mountain;
And fill'd with wo, the tears did flow,
My head was like a fountain.
I thought I'd been so long in sin,
I could not be forgiven;
Then Jesus came, O bless his name!
And fill'd my soul with heaven.

4 I raised my voice, and did rejoice,
Sang glory, glory, glory;
Then I did learn Jesus was mine;
O what a pleasing story!
I love the Lord, I love his word,
I love all those around me;
Then, brethren dear, don't it appear,
That Jesus Christ has found me?

HYMN 259. 7's & 6's. EASTERN COLN

The young convert.

1 WHEN souls are first converted,
They mount on wings above;
The world thinks they're distracted,
Because they're fill'd with love.
They fly from ev'ry evil,
They trust in God alone,
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Beset them on each hand;
Bestrew their path with evil,
To bar them from that land.
But Jesus still invites them,
Saying: "Follow, follow me,
And I will fight your battles,
And gain your liberty."

3 "O why are you dismayed?"
'Tis thus the Savior cries;
While some are getting ready,
And just a going to rise;
To rise above triumphant,
In the bright world of joy,
Where all things are rejoicing,
There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
When all my sorrows end;
When we arrive at heaven,
No more to part with friends.
I'll try to live a Christian,
While here on earth I stay;
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
I'll watch and try to pray.

5 Then with the shining millions,
Immortal we shall rise,
And soar aloft to Jesus,
And reign above the skies.
Then sweet immortal anthems
Our golden harps employ,
And solace in the ocean
Of everlasting joy.

HYMN 260. 8's & 7's. EASTERN COLL

Mourning souls.

1 POOR mourning souls, in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation,

Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation;
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
And they as nought in God's account,
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah! wo is me that I was born,
Or ever had beginning;
I would have had untimely birth,
Or had no future being;
Or else had died when I was young,
I might have been forgiven,
I might, like babes with harmless tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble;
Day after day I seek for peace,
But find my sorrows double;
Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented;
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

4 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude my day of grace is o'er?
Lord, hear my lamentation.
For I am weary of my life,
Of pains and bitter crying;
My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 But who is he that looketh forth,
Mild as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun?
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.
Jesus can clothe my naked soul;
Jesus for me hath died,

And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

HYMN 261. L. M. Eastern Coll.

The Christian's solace.

1 THERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes:
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.

3 Come life, come death, come then what will.
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
For Jesus, &c.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Captain and thy King;
With pleasing smiles, he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and here's thy crown."
O Jesus, &c.

5 "Prove faithful then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head, a crown of glory gain."
O Jesus, &c.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.
O Jesus, &c.

HYMN 262. C. P. M. Eastern Coll.

Regeneration.

1 WAKED by the gospel's powerful sound
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Exposed to dreadful wo!
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 I to the law then ran for help,
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found;
While sin my burden'd soul did pain,
The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.

3 I heard some tell, how Christ did give
His life, to let the sinner live,
But him I could not see;
I read my Bible, it was plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.

4 But as my soul, with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see;
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
I trust I then was born again
In gospel-liberty.

5 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints, could glow with greater love
Than what my soul enjoy'd;
My soul did mount on eagle's wing,
And glory, glory, I did sing
To Jesus, my dear Lord.

6 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
How Jesus saved my soul from hell,
To sing redeeming love;

Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with Christ above.

HYMN 263. 11's & 12's. EASTERN COLL.

Invitation.

1 COME, brethren and sisters, that love my
dear Lord,
I pray give attention, and hear to my word:
What a wonder of mercy! behold now I see
What a tender, kind Savior has done for
poor me.

2 I was led by the devil, till, lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torments I soon should be
cast,
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith, I saw Jesus hang bleeding for
me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died;
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied,
The guilt was removed, then my soul did
rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witness, and
voice.

4 On my low bended knees, before God I did
fall,
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all;
The heart of this rebel was broken in twain
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven and peace
upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
Your sins are forgiven, my Savior did say,
O witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-
day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing, at length I have found;
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms,
Let me die now like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

HYMN 264. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Christian charity.

1 BLESS'D is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels for his neighbor's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never rais'd in vain.

2 With gen'rous zeal he flies to help
The stranger in distress;
And mourns the wrongs which from his aid
Admit not of redress.

2 He lends a kind supporting arm
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows
And yields unhoped relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

5 To him compassion shall be shown;
And blessings from above

Shall come on all, who thus fulfill
The perfect law of love.

HYMN 265. C. M. VERMONT COLL.

Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours.

1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious heav'n
On true believers pours;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

2 Our Jesus! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious show'rs,
When ruin'd sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him ours.

3 Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental powers,
But all the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus! thou art ours.

4 Let those who know our Jesus not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We, glorying in our better lot,
Rejoice that he is ours.

5 When hope, with elevated flight,
Toward heaven in rapture towers,
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing,
We know that Christ is ours.

6 Time, which this world with all its joys
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is ours.

HYMN 266. L. M. GIBBONS.

Imitation of Christ's beneficence.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,

But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race!

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

3 *That* man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives
Who 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 his Savior trod
The path to glory and to God.

HYMN 267. L. M. Scott.

Against persecution and intolerance.

1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It drags the willing mind along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

HYMN 268. L. M. JARVIS.

Integrity, fortitude, and joy.

1 THE man, whose firm and equal mind
To solid glory is inclin'd,
Determin'd will his path pursue,
And keep the godlike prize in view.

2 His calm, undaunted, manly breast,
Of virtue, honor, truth possess'd,
Will stem the torrent of the age,
And fearless tread this mortal stage.

3 Amidst th' assailing ills of life,
Pride, passion, malice, envy, strife,
He'll act his part without disguise,
Intrepid, generous, just and wise.

4 In conscious rectitude secure,
This man, unshaken, shall endure
Of human woes the num'rous train,
Oppression, bondage, sickness, pain.

5 And when, at last, th' eternal Power
Shall fix th' irrevocable hour;
That solemn hour which none can fly,
Since 'tis decreed that all must die:

6 Conscious of sov'reign mercy near,
Its voice shall banish ev'ry fear;
While faith and hope in joys to come,
Waft him to realms beyond the tomb.

HYMN 269. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Solicitude to finish our course with joy.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise,
For this rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.

2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;

That crown, which in one hour repays
The labor of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd, their terrors we'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.

4 Welcome those bands, which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight;
Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ, our better life.

HYMN 270. L. M. Zion Songster.

1 IN God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice:
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

2 Sweet words! oh let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

3 Are you in darkness and distress?
Does Satan roar and break your peace?
Fear not, but still this truth review,
'I, even I, will comfort you."

4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
And pungent sorrow, day by day?
Look to his word, 'twill bear you through
I, even I, will comfort you."

If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear;
Let this sweet word your faith renew,
'I, even I, will comfort you."

6 Thus, while you sojourn here below,
As pilgrims in this world of wo;
Make this your song, your journey through,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

HYMN 271. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part,
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's art he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast;
With grief he sees his neighbor's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous heav'n bestows,
He takes with thankful heart;
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party, his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd;
The good he loves, of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair,
Of truth and heavenly love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the heav'nly dove.

7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious, well to rule
The empire of his soul.

8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sov'reign good,
Can claim his highest love.

HYMN 272. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near
The Savior's gracious promise hear,
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And tho' the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shall see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss;
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 273. L. M. WATTS.

Holiness.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;

So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 274. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem,
Their zeal and faith declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long and patiently,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endures the wrong.

4 She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on these below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbor's good;

So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought us with his blood.

HYMN 275. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Savior, and my God.

3 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrow, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

4 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employ'd in carnal joys.

5 Lord, at thy threshhold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

6 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

HYMN 276. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look:
As travelers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

5 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste or pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

HYMN 277. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

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

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way of Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

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

HYMN 278. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THOU lovely portion of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend;
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One taste of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On thee my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee, 'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

HYMN 279. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Fill'd up with innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

HYMN 280. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,

But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.

3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the vail;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power
And joys that never fail.

4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

5 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine,

6 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 281. C. M. KYLE'S COLL

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But e're one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs

Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

6 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Savior's breast.

HYMN 282. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 283. C. M. GARDNER'S COL.

1 O LORD, I do delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee, in ev'ry trouble, flee
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
And I with this am satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near?
A fountain which will ever run
With water sweet and clear.

4 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the vail,
To credit what my Savior saith,
Whose word can never fail.

5 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich can I be poor,
His own beloved bride?

6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.

HYMN 284. 7's. ZION SONGSTER.

The Christian's inquiry.

1 TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorr'd;
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6 Lord, decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it is begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more;
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

HYMN 285. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run,

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the kind assistance fly;

The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,
And be her consellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and soothe
The much afflicted on their way.

5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn,
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

HYMN 286. C. M. STEELE.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Oh let the hope, that I am thine,
My life and death attend—
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

HYMN 287. C. M. NEWTON.

Confidence in God.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise,
His love is still the same.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

6 Let us enjoy and highly prize
The tokens of thy love,
Till thou bid us immortal rise
To worship thee above.

HYMN 288. S. M. COWPER.

Dependence on God.

1 TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

HYMN 289. L. M. Beddome.

Equity and candor.

1 HEAR what the holy prophets teach,
The scorner's seat with care decline
Keep silence still, or let your speech
Be seasoned well with grace divine.

2 Reproachful words put far away,
Seek to conceal your neighbor s blame;
Dare not his secret faults betray,
Or his infirmities proclaim.

3 Give no offence to Greek or Jew,
But follow peace with all mankind:
Let love through all your actions flow,
Ingenuous, free, and unconfined.

4 Fly faction, strife, and fierce debate;
From wrath and bitterness abstain;
The measure you to others mete,
Others will mete to you again.

HYMN 290. C. M. Watts.

Faith without works is dead.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power;
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

HYMN 291. C. M. Fawcett.

Godliness.

1 HOW vast the blessings, how divine,
From Godliness which flow!
Not men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value show.

2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians, while on earth;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.

3 God, for himself, hath set apart
The godly, whom he loves;
They have a place within his heart,
Their conduct he approves.

4 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
Christ will on such bestow;
In them the seeds of bliss are sown,
And fruits of glory grow.

HYMN 292. L. M. Beddome.

Growing in grace.

1 FATHER of spirits, grant that we
May more and more resemble thee;
Daily from strength to strength proceed,
Christians in name and so in deed.

2 In our whole lives may we express,
The truth and energy of grace;
A lively faith, an humble fear,
And be in truth what we appear.

3 By our exact obedience show,
What we to thy rich mercy owe;
And thus a bright example give,
To teach the world how they should live.

4 Not tire nor stop, but still press on,
To finish well the course begun;
And then receive the great reward,
For such, and only such, prepared.

HYMN 293. 7's. MADAN'S COLL.

A prayer for humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
We shall, as our Master, be
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Like unto a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides:
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix our souls on thee;
Ev'ry evil let us flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above—
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

HYMN 294. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Love to God

1 HAPPY the heart where grace doth
Where love inspires the breast,

Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

8 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

9 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In sweet obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 295. C. M. NEWTON.

True and false zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self, in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms
Its party to increase.

4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here.
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

5 O God, the idol self dethrone
And from my heart remove

And let no zeal by me be shown,
But that which springs from love.

HYMN 296. L. M. WATTS.

Zeal tempered by charity.

1 GREAT God! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in the soul!
When sunk too low, or raised too high
Teach me those passions to control.

2 Temper the fervor of my frame;
Be charity my constant spring;
And O let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the off'rings which I bring!

3 Let love with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will;
While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite
And wisdom regulates my zeal;

4 That wisdom which to meekness turns
Wisdom descending from above;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

THE CHURCH.

HYMN 297. L. M. WATTS.

The church the dwelling-place of God.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise,
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

5 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.

HYMN 298. 8's & 7's. DRUMMOND.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

HYMN 299. 12's. ANONYMOUS.

The church in her purity.

1 THE time soon is coming by the prophets foretold,
When Zion in purity the world will behold,
For Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
Denomination selfishness will vanish away.

2 'Twill then be discover'd who for Jesus will be,
And who are in Babylon the saints then will see;
The line of division then, will fully be known,
Between the pure Kingdom, and defiled Babylon.

3 What beauty the church will then put on in the light,
All govern'd by Jesus Christ, who always leads right;
No spot on her countenance in that glorious day,
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.

4 Led on by the Comforter, what sweets will be found,
What peace, and what harmony, and love will abound;
Losing time, things for Jesus, will be counted all joy,
And helping each other a delightful employ.

5 The watchmen lift up their voices then, all as one;
East, west, north and southward, to and fro they will run;
In the Spirit's pure testimony preach up the cross,
And Mystery Babylon must suffer the loss.

6 For truth cuts its way, and love will melt down its foes,
The pure word of God will conquer all who oppose;
The church stands in purity, in peace, and in love,
In sight of her enemies she rises above.

Now let all who wish to see Millenium
begin,
Come out and be separate from sinners, and
sin.
For soon as the churches are redeem'd from
all sin,
The time call'd Millenium will surely begin.

HYMN 300. L. M. WRAGHAM.

1 THE Lord in Zion ever reigns,
And o'er her holds his guardian hand;
Her worship and her laws maintains,
Which, like himself, unmoved shall stand

2 Oh come, behold what he has done,
Whom we delight to call our Lord;
The vict'ries which his arm has won;
And faithfully his deeds record.

3 He maketh war on earth to cease;
He breaks the bow—he cuts the dart,
The chariot burns—and sheds his peace,
O'er every nation—every heart.

4 Be still—and hear the Lord proclaim—
"I will above the heathen rise;
"O'er all the earth exalt my name,
"And spread my triumphs through the
skies."

HYMN 301. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

The Christian Zion.

1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat
The glory of all lands;

Yet fairer, and in strength complete
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age,
This glorious church compose;
Built on a rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
For God is her defence;
How weak, how powerless each arm,
Against Omnipotence.

HYMN 302. S. M. WATTS.

God's presence, the safety and glory of the ch. ch

1 GREAT is the Lord, our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
How fair his heavenly grace!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our father's told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flock has been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wondrous grace
And seek deliverance there.

HYMN 303. S. M. WATTS.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs—the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

HYMN 304. C. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

The church described; or the stability and glory of Zion.

1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad,
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon when in the skies,
Serene her throne she guides,

And o'er the twinkling stars supreme,
In full orb'd glory rides.

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendent wings:

4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!

5 This is the church by heaven array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

HYMN 305. S. M. Foster's Coll.

A prospect of Christ's church.

1 BEHOLD a lovely vine,
Here in the desert ground;
The blossoms shoot and promise fruit,
And tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches rise,
And shade the neighb'ring land;
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,
With clusters in her hand.

3 This city can't be hid,
It's built upon a hill;
The dazz'ling light, it shines so bright,
It doth the vallies fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
And stars, with sparkling light,
Ye Christians hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream,

Ye birds that fly secure on high
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace:
The blessed dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

HYMN 306. P. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

The Christian church.

1 ALTHOUGH despis'd by men,
A little feeble band,
Protection we obtain
From the Redeemer's hand.
Though oft our foes would us devour,
We stand upheld by Jesus' power.

2 While on him we depend,
And truly fear his name,
He'll prove a faithful friend,
And ne'er put us to shame;
He'll guard us safe through all the way,
To the fair climes of endless day.

3 Our shepherd leads us on,
While we obey his voice;
He guides us to his throne,
And in him we'll rejoice:
Though straight the way, we need not fear.
If to the end we persevere.

4 Christ is our Leader call'd,
The Christian name we bear;
This name we will extol,
While in his grace we share.
All party names we will disdain,
The glorious name of Christ maintain.

5 His doctrine too we'll prize,
This, as our rule observe,

It is our only guide,
  Therefore we must not swerve:
This doctrine will arise on high,
When all the works of men shall die.

6 Ourselves we must deny,
  And daily take our cross;
From ev'ry evil fly,
  Or we shall suffer loss.
Till vict'ry we completely win,
We will maintain the war with sin.

7 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
  And earthly comforts die,
May thy rich grace prevail,
  And bear our souls on high.
There, while our glowing love shall flame,
Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name

BAPTISM.

HYMN 307. P. M. FELLOWES.

Christ baptized in Jordan.

1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
  Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
  Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! the Savior lies
  In deeps, conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
  A fit example thus for you;

The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like, the Holy Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the power divine,
Around the Savior's temples shine.

4 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear the powerful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

HYMN 308. P. M. VERMONT COLL.

1 SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

3 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd;
O, then arise, and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

4 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Savior calling, come,
O children, be baptiz'd.

5 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water-side.

HYMN 309. 8's & 7's. FAWCETT.

Baptismal hymns.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him, your only Savior;
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your sovereign Guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice;
Jesus says, Let each believer,
Be baptized in my name:
He himself in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:

View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

HYMN 310. C. M. SALISBURY COLL.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"To do thy will, O Lord!"
At Jordan's flood, behold! he seals
The sure prophetic word.

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfill
All righteousness," he said;
He spake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.

3 Hark! a glad voice; the Father speaks,
From Heaven's exalted height;
"This is my Son, my well-belov'd,
My joy, my chief delight."

4 Jesus, the Savior, well-belov'd,
His name we will profess,
Like him, desirous to fulfill
Each law of righteousness.

5 No more we'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
O! may such bonds forever draw
Our souls to things above.

HYMN 311. L. M. STENNETT.

THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save;
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath the wave.

2 With thee into thy wat'ry tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend,

'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie interred by such a friend!

3 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again;
So on thy resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain

4 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy powerful voice shall hear,
Shall rise and triumph at thy side.

HYMN 312. C. M. BEDDOME.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t' express;
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

HYMN 313. L. M. BEDDOME.

1 YE humble worshipers of God,
Redeemed and saved by Jesus' blood,
His sacred steps with care explore,
And choose the path he trod before.

2 Inspired with zeal he meekly came,
To Jordan's highly honored stream,
And there a bright example gave,
Immersed beneath the flowing wave.

3 The swelling billows round him rise,
Fit emblem of his agonies;
His death and resurrection too,
Are here exhibited to view.

4 He sanctified this mystic rite,
That we in it might take delight;
Come, then, as once your Savior came,
And be baptized beneath the stream.

5 Behold the place where Jesus lay,
Believe in him, and him obey;
He will sufficient grace afford,
Come now and own your sovereign Lord.

HYMN 314. P. M. VERMONT COLL.

1 NEVER does truth more shine,
With beams of heavenly light,
Than when the scriptures join
To prove it plain and right:
Than when each text doth each explain,
And all unite to speak the same.

2 Thus Peter, who obeyed
What Jesus said, was wise;
And preached as he was led,
Repent, and be baptized.
Thus Philip did t' the eunuch say,
If you believe in Christ, you may.

3 Paul preached the word of grace,
Whole households did believe,
And were baptized to Christ,
Whose gospel they'd received.
Thus Christians were of ancient date,
As sacred history does relate.

4 We see 'tis no new thing,
To teach and then baptize;
So Christian's first began,
Christ's ordinance to prize
This makes us cheerfully obey,
And go as they have led the way.

HYMN 315. C. M. NEWTON.

After baptism.

1 PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 316. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Practical improvement of baptism.

1 ATTEND, ye children of our God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Savior's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

HYMN 317. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, my Lord, his track I see,
A fit example left for me,
In Jordan's stream beneath the wave,
An emblem of his future grave.

2 On the third day our Lord doth rise,
To Satan's army's great surprise;
He wipes his followers' tears away,
And Jesus thus to them doth say:

3 "Go preach and call to every land,
Behold, behold the bleeding Lamb,
He that believes and is baptiz'd,
Shall reign with me above the skies."

4 Lord, we obey, and buried are,
Thy resurrection, hope to share,
And die to sin, and live to thee,
Through time and in eternity.

5 Here stand the converts who are join'd
To Jesus Christ, the living vine;
They walk the way the Savior trod,
And hope to reach his blest abode.

6 O Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Baptize with love, and strength, and pow'r,
And help thy children to obey,
And walk in Christ, the living way.

HYMN 318. P. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

Baptism.

1 O YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,
Highly favor'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding thus his word.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ your Lord.

2 See his wat'ry tomb before you,
Hear him echo—"Follow me;"
For beneath the streams of Jordan,
Christ your great Redeemer lay,
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ to-day.

3 Yes -beneath those honor'd waters,
Great Immanuel was baptiz'd:
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleas'd,
Let us follow, let us follow,
Let us follow Christ our Lord.

4 Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid grave:
Now look up—expect his presence,
Which he promis'd you to have—
While you follow, while you follow,
Jesus to his liquid grave.

Jesus, come; thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel;

Cause, O cause the heavens to open,
And thy wondrous love reveal;
And we'll follow, and we'll follow,
And we'll follow thee our all.

HYMN 319. L. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

The candidates—they were baptized, both men and women.

1 GREAT God! we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey,
Let saints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O ever-blessed Son,
Great things for us thy grace hath done;
Constrain'd by thy redeeming love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be deny'd;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Savior, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy presence let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

6 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

THE LORD'S SUPPER

HYMN 320. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive, and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blest the wine,
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn,
When, for black crimes of largest size,
He gave himself a sacrifice.

5 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

6 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 321. L. M. HUGHES' COLL.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Savior from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood,
We on the rich provision feed,
And drink the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

6 Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

HYMN 322. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Room at the gospel feast.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come,
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 323. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THE Lord, how glorious is his face,
How kind his smiles appear;
And oh! what melting words he says
To every humble ear.

2 "For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

3 When hell and all its spiteful powers
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

4 But while I bled, and groan'd, and died
I ruin'd Satan's throne;
High on the cross I hung, and 'spied
The monster tumbling down.

5 Now you may triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh and blood,
And live eternal ages blest,
For 'tis immortal food.

6 Victorious Lord! what can we pay
For favors so divine?
We here devote our hearts away,
To be forever thine.

We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 324. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 COME, let me love; or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair One bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move;
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek, and wish a mortal's love.

3 I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
And bore my sins, and broke my chains.

4 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus the Lord extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies!

5 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord, melt this flinty heart to tears,
This heart must yield to death or love

HYMN 325. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 ALAS! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Jesus die!

Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

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

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

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

HYMN 326. C. M. Zion Songster.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, bathing in that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day
And there may I, as well as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd sons of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

HYMN 327. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 I SING my Savior's wondrous death,
He conquer'd when he fell:
"'Tis finished," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done!
Hence shall his glorious throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted, at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven or hell, his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 328. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

Spiritual nourishment from Christ.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life! oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

HYMN 329. L. M. KYLE'S COLL

Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 AT thy command, O gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 What tho' the world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause?
We come to boast our Savior's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
"He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives, above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come."

HYMN 330. C. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

To be sung at the Lord's supper.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

3 "Eat, O my friends," the Savior cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."

4 With humble faith, and bleeding heart,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your praising pow'rs;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.

6 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee!
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

HYMN 331. C. M. EASTERN COLL

Divine love making a feast and calling in the guests.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While every heart, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tougue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room.
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

HYMN 332. L. M. Eastern Coll.

Preparation.

1 THE broken bread, the blessed cup,
On which we now are call'd to sup,
Without thy help and grace divine,
Will prove no more than bread and wine

2 But come, great Master of the feast,
Dispense thy grace to every guest;
Direct our views to Calvary,
And help us to remember thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be bless'd,
That on thy bosom we may rest;
And at thy supper each may learn,
Thy broken body to discern.

4 O that our souls may now be fed
With Christ himself, the living bread,
That we the cov'nant may renew,
And to our vows be render'd true!

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL

HYMN 333. 8's, 8's & 6's. Anonymous

The spread of the gospel.

1 COME, brethren, let us join and sing,
The growing honors of our King,
Who spilt his precious blood;

His life a ransom gave for all,
That he might save our souls from thrall,
And bring us home to God.

2 He rides victorious through the land,
His saints rejoice, his heralds stand,
And they aloud do call;
Sinners, repent, to Jesus fly,
While he in mercy passes by,
And offers grace to all.

3 The wilderness doth sweetly ring,
With prayers and praises to the King,
Who sits on Zion's hill;
The towns and cities hear the voice,
The sinners mourn, the saints rejoice,
With praise our hearts are fill'd.

4 Ride on, all-conquering King, ride on;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Let heaven and earth agree
To sound aloud thy worthy fame,
Till all our souls shall be on flame,
To rise and reign with thee.

HYMN 334. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Reign of Christ.

1 HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone;
And all the nations of the world
Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb
Raise the dear cross on high;
And from a clear refulgent light
Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly
To sound the Savior forth;
And faith, and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.

5 When war shall cease, and wrath subside
A peace immortal flow;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 335. C. M. EASTERN COLL

The rich provision of the gospel.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow;
It's not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room,
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love,
The heav'ns would ring while we should sing,
Through all the courts above.

HYMN 336. 7's & 6's. BISHOP HEBER.

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

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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name

HYMN 337. C. M. GIBBONS.

Prevalence of Christianity promised.

1 GREAT God, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,

That through the nations of the earth,
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask—and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."

3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored:
Let earth, with all its millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

HYMN 338. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Prayer for the conversion of the world.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
What scenes of wo and crime abound!

3 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Savior know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

HYMN 339. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy pow'r
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Oh bid the morning-star arise,
Oh point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds, and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light.

HYMN 340. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Restoration of Israel.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

HYMN 341. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

False religions supplanted by Christianity.

1 ARISE! arise!—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun,
Which marks at hand a rising sun!

2 "Behold the way!" ye heralds, cry:
Spare not—but lift your voices high:
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
'Glad tidings," to the captive soul.

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell,
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn!—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

HYMN 342. 8's, 7's & 4's. REED'S COLL.

Victories of Christ.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Savior,
Make the word of truth thy car:
Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
All success attend thy war;
Gracious victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure thy blessed conquests—
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin—that worst of tyrants—
Rescued from it galling chain;
Jews and Gentiles,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

HYMN 343. L. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host,
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

HYMN 344. 7's. PRATT'S COLL.

1 "GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 Oh how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light:
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo! thy light from heaven is come.

These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

HYMN 345. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Missionary meeting.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King! we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled—
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart!

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

HYMN 346. 8's & 7's. FRANCIS.

1 WITH our substance we will honor
Our Redeemer and our Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds our manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Savior know
Be our all to him devoted;
To our Lord our all we owe.

4 Praise the Savior, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

HYMN 347. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Departure of missionaries.

1 YE Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

HYMN 348. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way!

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage—go.

3 Go, spread the Savior's fame;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose:

The cause is God's, and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.

HYMN 349. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Prayer for the spread of the gospel

1 GREAT God of grace, arise and shine,
With beams of heavenly light;
From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.

2 No more may senseless idols share
The honors due to thee:
May every nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see.

3 No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod;
No longer shed the blood of saints,
And plead a zeal for God.

4 With its own pure and native light,
Lord, may thy gospel shine;
May error fly like noxious mists
Before this light divine.

5 Whilst heaven-born truth her charms re-
May love each breast inspire; [veal
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To quench this sacred fire.

HYMN 350. S. M. GARDNER'S COLL.

1 HOW free the fountain flows,
Of endless life and joy;
That spring which no confinement knows,
Whose waters never cloy.

2 How sweet the accents sound,
From the Redeemer's tongue:
"Assemble, all ye nations round,
In one obedient throng."

3 The Spirit bears the call
To all the distant lands;
The church, the bride, reflects it back,
While Jesus waiting stands.

4 "Ho! ev'ry thirsty soul,
Approach the sacred spring;
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer,
Renew the draft and sing.

5 "Let all that will, approach,
The water freely take;
Free from the world, behold, it flows,
You all may now partake."

6 With thankful hearts, we come
To take the offer'd grace:
And call on all that hear, to join
The trial and the praise.

HYMN 351. P. M. GARDNER'S COLL.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Thro' all the earth proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

4 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 352. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

The Royal proclamation.

1 HEAR the Royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publish'd unto ev'ry creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

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

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds boldly crying,
"Rebel sinners! royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Savior,"

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Ye who wrought your own undoing;
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified;
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven;
Life eternal through him's given.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Turn, O turn unto the Savior—
Turn, or you are lost forever.

6 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,

Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises!

7 Shout! ye tongues of every nation,
Christ has died for your salvation;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the prince of your salvation.

HYMN 353. L. M. HUGHES' COLL.

1 LORD, let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves that have born the heavy chain
Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And bless the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heav'n,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants, no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt but love, immensely great,
Their joy still rises with their debt.

6 O happy souls, that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show the jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

HYMN 354. C. M. Hughes' Coll.

Prayer for missionaries.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are, by creation, thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unvailing what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 When shall the untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

5 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to the lamb,
The vulture to the dove.

6 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays;
And build, on sin's demolish'd thrones,
The temples of thy praise.

THE SABBATH.

HYMN 355. S. M. WATTS.

1 THE work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day proclaims it all divine—
This day did Jesus rise.

2 We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chas'd such painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.

3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of God we view.

4 O, come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
The Son, O God! declared with power,
And worship at thy throne.

5 That we possess thy word,
Which all this grace displays,
Accept, thou Father of our Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 356. S. M. WATTS.

The Lord's day welcome!

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to each reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

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

3 One day amid the place,
Where our dear Lord is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 Our willing souls would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till call'd to rise and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 357. H. M. HAYWARD.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
We hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights, and mortal toys,
We soar to reach immortal joys.

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

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be improved in vain.

HYMN 358. L. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

1 OUR opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
Our thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus our early vows we pay.

2 We yield our hearts to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;

Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in each breast.

3 Oh bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let us feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought—through all the day

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

HYMN 359. L. M. STENNETT.

The rest of the Lord's day.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done.
Another sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul—enjoy your rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Oh that my thoughts and thanks may rise.
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast!
The dearest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares—the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works I view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise, I think on mercies past,
With hope, I future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties, let the day—
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 360. L. M. DOBELL.

Preparation for the Lord's day.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear my thoughts from earth away:
Now, let my noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon me shine;
And let my waiting soul be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when my Sabbaths here are o'er,
And I arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, I shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

HYMN 361. C. M. BEDDOME.

Lord's day morning.

1 ON this illustrious joyful morn,
Our Savior left the grave;
Was then declared the Son of God,
With mighty power to save.

2 Come, humble souls, and see the place
Where once the Savior lay;
New-string your harps, attune your songs,
And hail the solemn day.

3 In lofty accents praise his name,
Who thus in triumph rose;
Who broke the iron bands of death,
And trampled on his foes.

4 Sing loud hosannas to your King,
The Lamb that once was slain:
For you the royal victim died,
For you he rose again.

HYMN 362. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The sacrifice of the heart.

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

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

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

HYMN 363. C. M. Browne.

Lord's day evening.

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

2 Accept my faint attempts to love,
My frailties, Lord, forgive;
I would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while I live.

3 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope,
And fit me to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end.

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

HYMN 364. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal sabbath.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise

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

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

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

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

HYMN 365. C. M. KELLY.

1 AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing! -
Their voices fill the sky—
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys, oh may we feel;

Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ, th' beloved Word.

5 Hail, mighty Sav'or, thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

HYMN 366. L. M. HUGHES' COLL.

1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love
But there's a nobler rest above—
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With holy zeal and strong desire.

2 No more fatigues, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place:
No groans, to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

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

HYMN 367. L. M. HUGHES' COLL.

1 THE sabbath's gone, the day is past,
Which, O my soul, may prove the last,
How were the sacred hours improv'd?
Was God obey'd? was Jesus lov'd?

2 How did I hear, and sing, and pray?
Have I improv'd the Lord's own day?
O that like John, in Patmos' isle,
I might enjoy the Spirit's smile.

3 Forever let me cease from sin,
And now a holier life begin;
Deny myself each sinful sweet,
And always lie ot Jesus' feet.

4 O that my mem'ry may be stor'd
With the rich treasures of God's word,
And may my heart still strive to please,
And serve the Lord throughout my days

5 O that I may the grace partake,
Of Christ, who did the sabbath make,
And may I meet with all my friends
In heav'n, where sabbath never ends.

HYMN 368. L. M. HUGHES' COLL.

1 AWAKE, my heart, my soul, arise!
This is the day believers prize;
Improve this sabbath then with care,
Another may not be thy share.

2 O solemn thought! Lord, give me pow'r
Wisely to fill up ev'ry hour;
O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above.

3 Jesus, assist nor let me fail
To worship thee within the vail;
To glorify thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Go with me to thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray,
Like dew, command thy word to fall,
Refreshing, quick'ning, saving all.

5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the dear pastures of thy love;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Savior's breast.

6 Give to thy church a large increase,
Send her prosperity and peace;
May all the saints in Zion say
O happy, happy, happy day.

HYMN 369. C. M. J. THOMAS.

1 O THAT my soul could find the place
Where she could constant rest,
And see the smiles of Jesus' face,
And in his arms be blest.

2 This trifling earth, with all her toys,
Could not entice my love;
I would renounce her carnal joys,
Nor more her fashions prove.

3 I would be dead to all on earth,
And live to Christ alone;
Would joy in things of heav'nly worth,
Nor other honors own.

4 Transport my soul from things of time
Nor let me stay so long;
O let me mount on wings sublime,
And join th' immortal throng.

5 This earth is but a tiresome home
Nor would I longer stay,
O Jesus, fly and quickly come
And bear my soul away.

HYMN 370. C. M. WATTS.

Celebration of Christ's resurrection.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 371. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE Ps.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let sons of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

2 The stone the builders set at naught,
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er his church
Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing,
With songs of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

LOVE AND UNION.

HYMN 372. S. M. Fawcett.

Love to the brethren.

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

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent pray'rs:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 373. L. M. Doddridge.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardor strong these breasts inflame.
To all that own a Savior's name.

2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure,
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure;
Let every heart, and every hand,
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celestial Dove! descend, and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

HYMN 374. L. M. Brown.

Love to all mankind.

1 O GOD, our Father, and our King,
Of all we have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

2 May we from every act abstain,
That gives another's bosom pain:
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'er we meet a wounded heart.

3 And though our neighbor's hate we prove,
Still let us vanquish hate with love;
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

4 Let love through all our conduct shine
An image fair, though faint, of thine!
Thus let us his disciples prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.

HYMN 375. L. M. Scott.

Meekness.

1 LO! what confusion rends the mind,
When by its own fierce tempests tost,
When reason is to rage resigned,
And in the whirl of passion lost:

2 Happy the meek! whose gentle breast
Clear as the summer's evening ray
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

3 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
Secure beneath th' Almighty wing,
And, foe to none, of none afraid.

4 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild!
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

HYMN 376. S. M. ANONYMOUS

The blessings of meekness.

1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will

HYMN 377. S. M. Beddome.

Christian unity

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

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy and ill-will,
Be banished far away;
Those should in holy friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasere always flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 378. S. M. Vermont Coll.

1 LET strife forever cease,
And envy quit the field;
Come, join and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain;
Let every member, every hour
Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 When bitter words arise,
Then Satan has his ends;
We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amidst his chosen friends.

4 Then why should we contend
For meat, and drink, and dress,

And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh?

5 No more we'll feed the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise;
But search with care to find the beam
That lurks within our eyes.

6 Unto the world we'll prove
That we disciples are;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

HYMN 379. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each, how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and mortal wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together shall they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy— because of love.

HYMN 380. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace!
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness,
When brethren all in one agree:
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same,
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove:
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head

4 In him, when brethren join
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless;
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

HYMN 381. C. M. ANONYMOUS

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up,
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet.

HYMN 382. 8 s. ANONYMOUS.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love!
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove;
It could not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost,
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it has cost.

2 My friends are indeed to me dear,
Our hearts are united in love,
Where Christ is we soon shall appear
In yonder blest mansion above;
O! why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

3 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,

No longer confined to our clay,
O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love,
O! then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing Alelluia, amen—
Amen, even so, let it be

HYMN 383. 7's. ANONYMOUS.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace:
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

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

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

HYMN 384. L. M. STONE AND JOHNSON'S COLL.

1 COME, my christian friends and brethren
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ, our leader, gives command.

Lay aside your party spirit,
Wound your christian friends no more,
All, the name of Christ inherit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free;
Nor contend with one another,
But in Christ united be:
Here's the Word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove,
Christ the centre of our union,
And the band is christian love.

3 Here my hand, my heart, my spirit
Now in fellowship I give;
Now we'll love and peace inherit—
Show the world how christians live:
We are one in Christ our Savior,
Here is neither bond nor free,
Christ is all in all forever,
In his name we all agree.

4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
Praise, give thanks, and shout and sing;
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our heavenly King;
Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord;
Lord, confirm our christian union,
By thy Spirit and thy Word.

5 Now the world will be constrained
To believe in Christ our King;
Thousands, millions be converted,
Round the earth his praises ring:
Blessed day! O joyful hour!
Praise the Lord—his name we bless;
Send thy kingdom, Lord, with pow'r,
Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN 385. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up with thee?
I thirst, I faint, I pant to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger is love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see—
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

HYMN 386. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is King,
To him your humble tribute bring,

Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

2 O may the saints, of every name,
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Savior's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 I long to see the christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory thro' the churches shine,
And gentiles crowding to the sign,
To give to Jesus glory.

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And mourners hear the Bridegroom's voice
While praise their happy tongues employs
And all obtain immortal joys,
To give to Jesus glory.

5 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
Come, will you go to heaven with me,
That glorious land of liberty,
And shout in bliss eternally,
And give to Jesus glory?

6 My soul grows happy while I sing:
I feel that I am on the wing,
I'll shout salvation to my King,
Till I to heav'n my trophies bring,
And give to Jesus glory.

7 Those beauteous fields of living green,
Thro' faith my joyful eyes have seen;
Tho' Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus glory.

8 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to glory we will go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And give to Jesus glory.

9 Then we shall weep and part no more,
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er,
Such shouts were never heard before,
And there we'll give him glory.

10 Then tears shall all be wiped away,
And christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

HYMN 387. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 NOW, by the bowels of my Lord,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamor, and wrath, and war, begone!
Envy and spite, forever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife,
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
'Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
In Jesus Christ, his only son.

HYMN 388. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 RISE, christians, rise, who love the Lord,
Whose souls are quicken'd by his Word:
Arise and shine, your light is come,
God is our Father, heaven our home.

2 Christ is our head; he'll ne'er forsake
His members, who his life partake;
The life he gives must clearly shine,
That all may own it is divine.

3 Let it appear by all we do,
That God has form'd our souls anew:
That others may from ruin fly,
And join our God to glorify.

4 He calls us one, his spouse, his bride,
O let no enemy divide;
Let love unite, let heav'nly flames
Consume, destroy all party names.

5 O! christians, join your hearts to pray
Tho' hell oppose, let faith obey;
That love, sweet fruit of gospel light,
May chase the gloomy shades of night.

6 Lord Jesus, thee our king we own,
Gather thy children into one;
The works of darkness all destroy,
And fill the world with light and joy.

HYMN 389. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir d to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,

Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

HYMN 390. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LOVE is the bond of union,
And where it dwells 'tis heav'n,
In Christ we are forgiven
And freely justified:
We see our joys increasing
To see the work reviving,
And dying sinners living
Through Jesus crucified.

2 All you that love the Savior,
As brethren dwell together—
Let love, and peace, and union,
Your hearts together tie;
For if this tie be broken
Hard speeches is the token,
We feel the want of union,
And grace in us will die.

3 Dear Savior, smile upon us,
Take not thy Spirit from us,
Return once more and bless us,
With joy, and peace, and love:
Increase the sacred fire,
And warm each cold desire.
O come, dear Jesus, nigher,
And fill our hearts with love.

4 Where brethren dwell together,
United in the Savior,
No weapon form'd can prosper,
When wielded by our foes:
For Christ will go before us,
And fight our battles for us,
And bring us off victorious,
Though earth and hell oppose.

5 I feel my heart enlarged,
Dear brethren, be engaged,
Tho' hell should be enraged,
To Jesus humbly cry:
The gracious Lord will hear you,
In mercy will draw near you,
And streams of grace will cheer you,
And all contention die.

6 Why should the saints go mourning,
Sweet spring is now returning,
The glorious gospel's sounding
Salvation through the land;
The rose and lily blooming,
And better seasons coming,
All you that love sweet uni
Here are my heart and hand.

7 The glorious day is dawning,
The shadows are withdrawing,
The glorious sun is rising
With healing in his wings;
My sorrows he has healed,
And I am glad to feel it,
And while to you I tell it,
My heart exults and sings.

HYMN 391. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 HOW pleasant is the sight, to see
The saints on earth in Christ agree!

And sit around the Savior's board,
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss,
Here we behold the Savior's grace,
Here we behold his precious blood,
Here we behold the love of God.

3 Hear our requests, while we implore,
That love may spread from shore to shore
Till all the saints like us combine
To praise the Lamb in songs divine

4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

5 Let party names, those seeds of hell,
No more in christian bosoms dwell;
But love and union by his blood,
Prove them the chosen heirs of God.

HYMN 392. C. M. EASTERN COLL

The loveliness of brethren dwelling in unity

1 WHEN christians all in friendship meet.
And in their word agree;
They feel the love of Jesus sweet,
In bonds of unity.

2 They then forget their party zeal,
And all divisions cease;
The law of God they would fulfill,
And ever dwell in peace.

3 Like lambs or doves, they peaceful rest,
And no contentions there;
And all of Jesus' mind possest,
His lovely image bear.

4 O could we see them joined in one,
How would our rapture rise:

We would proclaim, the work is done,
And dry our weeping eyes.

5 O Lord, send down thy heavenly love
Give every soul the flame;
And all professions quickly move
To union in thy name.

HYMN 393. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

An exhortation to proclaim christian union.

1 YE saints of God, of every name,
Unite your songs, the Lord proclaim—
Extol him high—take him for King,
And make the trump of union ring.

2 Let human rules be all forgot,
And take the Word which changes not·
Submit to God—salvation sing,
And let the trump of union ring.

3 Lay down your strife and party zeal,
The law of love let all fulfill;
To Jesus now your honors bring,
And let the trump of union ring.

4 Forsake your pride—the Lord adore
And boast your party name no more
Let humble love and peace abound,
And make the trump of union sound.

5 God's church is free, his church is one,
Give up your strife, the work's begun
Aloud proclaim, the truth is found,
And let the trump of union sound.

6 We call thee, Lord, thou art the way,
Thou art our light, our brilliant day,
We feel the life, with joy profound
We will the trump of union sound

HYMN 394. 8's & 7's. ANONYMOUS.

Union.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to mourn and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy:
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean
And O! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union!

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say,
About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to my King,
Who brought my soul to union.

O come, backsliders, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,

And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.

6 I soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and wo,
And then to glory I shall go,
I then shall see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

HYMN 395. C. M. I. N. WALTER.

1 LET me arise, my God, and go,
And meet my friends to-day;
With christians in thy temple bow,
And join with them to pray.

2 I love fair Zion's peaceful gates,
Her walls are walls of peace;
Within her temple Jesus waits,
To give her saints release.

3 He has compassion on his saints,
That in his house repair,
He hears their songs, and their complaints
And shews his mercy there.

4 I will appear before thy throne,
To seek thy heavenly grace;
O make thy mercies fully known,
The beauties of thy face.

5 Among the saints, dear Jesus reign,
Subdue their angry foes:
And banish every sin and pain,
And all their rising woes.

PARTING HYMNS.

HYMN 396. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 PILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, nor distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy, we'll join and sing
The wonders of our Lord and King,
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine
To quench that love which is divine;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4 Now join'd in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part and fly to spread his fame,
That other souls may leave their wo,
And join with us in glory too.

5 A few more rolling days and years,
Shall bring a period to our tears;
We soon shall reach that blissful shore,
Where parting shall be known no more

6 There shall our souls adore the hand
That led us through this desert land;
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

HYMN 397. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above:

4 Where sin and sorrow, from each heart,
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought, that we shall part,
Once intercept our joy.

HYMN 398. 11's. ANONYMOUS.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our sev'ral engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, loving christians, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind heaven should smile;
And while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you will soon be discharg'd,
The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarged;
With singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed
for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
And though you must walk through this
dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you
to peace.

5 The world, flesh, and Satan, and hell all
unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than
they,
Let this animate you to march on the way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad bro-
ken heart,
O haste to know Jesus, and choose the good
part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you do I
mourn,
To think on your danger, and you uncon-
cern'd;
I've heard of a judgment where all must
appear,
O there you'll stand trembling with tor-
menting fear.

8 Your frolics and pastimes in which you de
light,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful
fright,
You'll think on these sermons which you've
heard in vain,
When hope's gone forever of hearing again

9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all
around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump
shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

HYMN 399. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union move;
Your friendship's like a drawing band;
Yet we mus' take the parting hand,
Your comp'ny sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

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

3 Then since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.
How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

4 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you no more on earth I see;
An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

O glorious day, O blessed hope!
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

HYMN 400. 8's, 7's & 4's. ANONYMOUS.

1 FATHER, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above,
Let us all go home with praising,
And rejoicing in thy love;
Farewell, brethren,
Soon we all shall meet above.

2 Savior, pardon all our folly,
Since we've in thy presence been,
Make us humble, make us holy,
Make us free from every sin;
Farewell, brethren,
Soon we all shall meet again.

3 Let thy presence, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
Let the blessing of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one:
Farewell, brethren,
Soon we all shall meet at home.

4 Then we'll sing and shout forever,
Then will parting be no more;
Then, O then we'll rest together,
On that fair and happy shore:
Farewell, brethren,
Soon we'll meet, and part no more.

HYMN 401. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 FAREWELL, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no sidence with you;

I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

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

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

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,
You've counted all things else but loss;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given
Fight on, &c.

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

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

HYMN 402. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 JESUS, the Lord, the glory take,
The glory of thy grace,
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In songs of thankful praise.

2 Through thee, we have together met
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind,
Our aim continues one;
And heart to heart in Jesus join'd,
We'll hand in hand go on.

4 Keep us, and ev'ry seeking soul,
Still in thy pleasant ways,
Till all attain the heavenly goal,
And sing thy endless praise.

5 Around thy throne we'll meet again,
When all our race is o'er;
When death and grief, and sin and pain,
And parting, are no more.

6 Him, eye to eye, we there shall see,
Our face, like his, shall shine,
O, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

7 O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
Palms in our hands in triumph bear,
And crowns upon our heads!

8 In such society as this,
My weary soul shall rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

HYMN 403. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 COME now, my dear brethren, I'll bid you farewell,
By grace I'm resolved in heaven to dwell,
I am going to travel the wilderness through,
Therefore, my dear brethren, I'll bid you adieu.

2 To think of our parting doth cause me to
grieve,
So well I do love you, yet you I must leave;
My Jesus commands me, and I must obey,
Therefore, my dear brethren, don't grieve
after me.

3 May heaven protect you, be Jesus your
guide,
In the ways of your Savior may you still
abide;
Tho' we be at a distance, and you I ne'er
see,
On the banks of deliv'rance acquainted we'll
be.

4 There all things are plenty, the leaves grow-
ing green,
The parting of christians no more will be
seen:
No sorrow nor sighing shall enter that place,
But there we shall join in a song of free
grace.

5 Farewell to all sorrow, temptation and pain,
I am going where Jesus forever doth reign;
I am going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore,
With saints and bright angels to dwell ever-
more.

6 But when we meet Jesus in the mansions
above,
Where millions of angels are fill'd with his
love;
O then we shall see these dear christians
appear;
How glad we shall be to meet each other
there.

HYMN 404. P. M. ZION SONGSTER.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, belov'd
of the Lord,
The footsteps of Jesus you'll find in his
word:
Then follow your Savior wherever he goes
Stand fast and unshaken whatever oppose.

2 On parting, dear brethren, I give you my
hand,
In token of friendship, that uniting band:
Although for a while these vile bodies must
part,
Cemented in love, we are still join'd in heart

3 The time is approaching when Christ shall
appear
In glory, and then all his saints shall meet
there:
No fear then of parting, no grief, no com-
plaint,
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a
saint.

4 But praise and thanksgiving shall be their
employ;
Their souls always feasting, yet never shall
cloy:
New scenes still unfolding, new joys shall
afford;
All glory, and honor, and praise to the Lord

HYMN 405. P. M. ZION SONGSTER.

1 FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the jubilee;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud
From land to land, from sea to sea:

And as I p
I'll trust

HYMNS.

2 Fa ine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

14

1 WE all love one another,
We all love one another,
Let all be kind,
And keep in mind,
The rule to love each other.

2 Let each one love the other,
Let each one love the other,
We will not fight,
But do what's right,
And always love each other.

15 8, 7.

1 HOW much better I'm attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like me.

2 Soft and easy is my cradle,
Coarse and hard my Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

3 Lo! he slumbers in the manger,
Where the horned oxen fed,

And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell! in bonds and union dear,
Like cords you twine about my heart
I humbly beg your fervent prayer,
Till we do meet no more to part:
Till we do meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Though all so kind, so dear to me;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee:
To sound the joys, and bear the news,
To gentile nations and the Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live:
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight, my feet shall run,
And God shall keep me as I go:
My God shall keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell! I look above—
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call;
My joy, my hope, my only love.
My safeguard hence, my heavenly all:
My theme to preach, my song to sing;
My hope in death, my heavenly King.

HYMN 406. 7's. Eastern Coll.

Said to have been composed by three Indians who were graduates at Dartmouth College, at a favorite bower, on parting.

1 WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;
Long may this lov'd bower remain,
Here may we three meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again

HYMN 407. 7's. Eastern Coll

Meeting of the three friends.

1 PARTED many a toil-spent year,
Pledg'd in youth to mem'ry dear,
Still, to friendship's magnet true,
We our social bonds renew,

Bound by love's unsevered chain,
Here on earth we mee. again.

2 But our *bower*, sunk by decay,
Wasting time has swept away;
And the *youthful evergreen*,
Lopp'd by death, no more is seen;
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,
Where in age we meet again.

3 Many a friend we used to greet,
Here on earth no more we meet;
Oft the fun'ral knell has rung,
Many a heart has sorrow stung,
Since we parted on this plain,
Fearful ne'er to meet again.

4 Worn by toil, and sunk with years,
Soon we'll quit this vale of tears,
And these hoary locks be laid,
Low "in cold oblivion's shade;"
But where saints and angels reign,
We all hope to meet again.

HYMN 408. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The evangelists' farewell.

1 KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say farewell?
How, when our swelling sails expand,
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties, we know;
But love, more strong than death, unites
To him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when our ev'ry passion's moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts;
The cause of Jesus, most beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

HYMN 409. 8's & 7's. EASTERN JOHN.

Same subject.

1 NOW my time is come for going,
Now my heart begins to swell,
While the silent tear is falling,
Scarce can say, my friends, farewell.
Yet, farewell to each believer,
Where my God commands I'll fly;
We must part, but not forever,
We shall meet above the sky.

2 While I range through distant regions,
Far from friends I hold most dear;
While o'er souls exposed to ruin,
Oft I shed the anxious tear;
Still my mind with warm affection,
Fondly will revert to you:
Time nor distance cannot sever
Me from those I bid adieu.

3 Say you will your feeblest servant,
On your faithful spirits bear;
When your faith and love are fervent
Will you mention me in prayer?
Surely, on my mind I'll bear *you*,
Though we may far off remove;
Yet my spirit shall be with you,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Now my soul, in hope exulting,
Looks beyond death's chilly waves,
Where the saints with whom I've part[illegible]
I shall meet beyond the grave:

There to meet, o'er Jordan's billows,
Safe within the promised land:
I to God, in love commend you,
And must give the *parting hand*.

HYMN 410. 8's & 7's. EASTERN COIL.

The missionary's farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, must I say farewell?
Must I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and sabbath-bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell!
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave thee
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Savior,
To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten, let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds the canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I leave thee, glad I leave thee
Native land, farewell, farewell.

MORNING HYMNS.

HYMN 411. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

HYMN 412. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way.
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me
All worthless as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
My feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, happy load.

6 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 413. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound

Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled,
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread
And yet my moments run.

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

HYMN 414. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us rou 4
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
That rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away

5 God is our sun, whose daily light,
Our joy and safety brings;

Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 415. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shine.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

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

HYMN 416. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love,
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night
Great guardian of my sleeping hours,
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 417. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
His angels watch'd me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.

2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I'll pay;
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.

3 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
My death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN 418. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to reach thy ear;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me, all this day
Near thee in perfect peace;

Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments sweetly run,
I'll sing my hours away;
Till evening shades and setting suns,
Conclude in endless day.

HYMN 419. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day,
Unfold thy drowsy eyes;
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep;
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 I for this hour must give account,
Before God's awful throne;
Let not this hour neglected pass,
As thousands more have done.

4 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows,
To prosecute thy ways.

HYMN 420. 7's. KYLES COLL.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;

Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

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

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 421. L. M. Bp. Kenn.

Morning.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and with the sun,
Our daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay our morning sacrifice.

2 Our precious time misspent, redeem,
Each present day, our last esteem;
Improve our talents with due care;
For the great day ourselves prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God, our ways
And all our secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, we our vows to thee renew;
Scatter our sins like morning dew;
Guard our first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself our spirits fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All we design, or do, or say;

That all our powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

HYMN 422. L. M. Hawkesworth.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
We safely passed the silent night:
Again we see the breaking shade,
We drink again the morning light.

2 O guide us through the various maze
Our doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around each head

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

4 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave our eyes
Thy light shall give eternal day;
And we immortal then shall rise.

HYMN 423. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

1 LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

4 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

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

HYMN 424. C. M. GENTLEMEN'S MAG.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill,
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

HYMN 425. C. M. STEELE.

1 GOD of our lives, our morning song
To thee we cheerful raise;

Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

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

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep we closed our eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 Oh let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger—every snare,
Our heedless steps defend.

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

HYMN 426. C. M. J. THOMAS.

1 MY rising soul, the light survey,
And bow before the Lord,
Now worship him who makes the day,
O let him be ador'd.

2 He careful watch'd my sleeping frame,
Amid the shades of night;
Preserv'd me from the foes of shame,
And brought me to the light.

3 My gracious God, receive my song,
And hear me when I pray;
My thanks and praise to thee belong,
And them to thee I pay.

4 Disperse thy grace through all my heart,
And lead me by thy hand:

Nor let me from thy law depart,
Nor stray from thy command.

5 O keep me humble all this day,
To walk with thee in fear,
And may I run the living way,
And always persevere.

6 If I am tempted, succor me,
And leave me not alone,
And after death, O may I be
Admitted near thy throne.

HYMN 427. C. M WATTS.

Communion with God.

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

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

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

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

5 The men, who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

EVENING HYMNS.

HYMN 428. C. M. Anonymous.

1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let our grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne!

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
The cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
At length to realms of endless light
Enraptured let me soar.

HYMN 429. S. M. Village Hymns.

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

2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
In mercy guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

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

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

HYMN 430. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 THE sun is set, the day is clos'd,
The night is calm, the world's compos'd,
And cares are laid aside;
So fly my days without control
Like rolling spheres around the pole,
Or swift as meteors glide.

2 My life at best is but a span,
Few are the days allow'd to man,
To number here in pain:
Each moment clips the little space,
Contracts the span, cuts short the race,
And winds the mortal chain.

3 Soon will the wheel to pieces break,
The fountain dry, the fabric shake,
And night its curtain spread;
My sun must set, my night will come,
My feeble form, in yonder tomb,
Must mingle with the dead.

4 Well, if my days must end so soon,
My morning sun go down at noon,
The present I'll improve;
I'll watch the moments as they fly,
Improve them all as they pass by,
And serve the God I love.

HYMN 431. L. M. STEELE.

GREAT God, to thee our evening song,
With humble gratitude we raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune each tongue,
And fill our hearts with lively praise.

2 Our days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve us from surrounding harm:
Can danger reach us while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arm?

4 Let this blest hope our eyelids close;
With sleep refresh our humble frame;
Safe in thy care may we repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 432. L. M. WATTS.

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

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night.
Great guardian of our sleeping hours,
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy powers.

3 We yield our powers to thy command;
To thee we consecrate our days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 433. S. M. STENNETT.

1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on my early days,

Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.

3 Each object I beheld
Gave pleasure to mine eyes,
And nature all my senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon my mind,
And chas'd my sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sov'reign, and how free!
My soul, that had been dead in sin,
Was made alive to thee.

HYMN 434. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

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

2 Forgive me, Lord, thro' thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

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

4 O let my soul in thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;

Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

HYMN 435. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THY daily mercies, O my God
My waking thoughts employ
And while I meditate on thee,
My heart is filled with joy.

2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
Soft slumbers to my eyes;
Thy goodness is again renew'd.
When in the morn I rise.

3 Throughout the business of the day
Thine arm doth me uphold;
Amidst the terrors of the night,
Thy presence makes me bold.

4 Whether in sickness, or in health,
Thy grace doth me sustain;
Let me, O Lord, thy favor have,
And I shall ne'er complain.

5 Although the world by storms be tost,
And crumbled into dust;
Yet still in thee, my only hope,
I will securely trust.

HYMN 436. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;
Let me begin this sabbath day,
Before I end this night.

2 Let the past mercies of the week,
Excite a grateful flame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

3 Jesus' how pleasing is the sound,
How worthy of thy love;
Why is my heart so lifeless found,
Why placed no more above?

4 Forgive my dullness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my pow'rs!
Prepare me to attend thy word,
T" improve the sacred hours.

5 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heav'n ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

HYMN 437. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New times, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 433. L. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,

And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

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

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

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

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

DEATH.

HYMN 439. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Triumph over death.

GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My Lord, my Savior, comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 440. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame:
What dying worms are we!

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 441. C. M. Eastern Coll.

A thought of death and glory.

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 O! could we die with those who die
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 442. C. M. Eastern Coll.

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tomb, a doleful sound!
Mine ears, attend the cry!
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 443. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Our bodies frail, and God our preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear!
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 444. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death,
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath!

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

4 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

HYMN 445. L. M. Eastern Coll.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings and haste,

Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 446. C. M. STEELE.

Admonition to prepare for death.

1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming—dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

HYMN 447. C. M. STEELE.

1 WHEN youth and age are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.

2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
Let this dread truth, "We too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save:
Give us, through Christ, the victory,
To triumph o'er the grave!

HYMN 448. L. M. Browne.

1 WE cannot shun the stroke of death—
Lord, help us to surmount the fear;
That when we must resign our breath,
Serene our summons we may hear.

2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart—
In us let every sin be slain;
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse each heart,
From wilful sins our hands restrain.

3 May we, our God, with holy zeal,
Closely the ends of life pursue,
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfill,
And honor thee in all we do!

4 Let all our bliss and treasure lie,
Where in thy light we light shall see;
The soul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possessed of thee.

HYMN 449. L. M. Doddridge.

Our lives in the hands of God.

1 SOV'REIGN of life! before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!

One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night;
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide each solitary head.

3 The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents, familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if our Father's faithful hand
Conduct us thro' this gloomy land,
Our souls with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

HYMN 450. P. M. POPE.

The dying christian to his soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark!—they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:'
What is this absorbs me quite.—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirits—draws my breath!—
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on mine eyes!—mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly:
"O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!"

HYMN 451. C. M. Watts.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed:
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord!
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 452. L. M. Fawcett.

1 THOU, God of mercy! wilt indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought,
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide!
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God! to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend!

And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 453. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

1 AS fades the landscape from the sight,
When evening shades obscure the light,
So fades, alas! the joys of earth,
And wither ere they scarce have birth.

2 As fades the lovely blooming flow'r,
Frail smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

3 As fades our friendship's early joy,
The seeming gold is half alloy;
That tie that binds the human heart,
The closer drawn will sooner part.

4 Thus fade our sweetest comforts here,
Our dearest friends soon disappear;
When the loud call from God is giv'n,
They sleep in death to wake in heaven.

5 But there are joys that never fade,
Where these privations ne'er invade;
Where virtue its rewards shall prove,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 454. C. M. Doddridge.

Death and burial of Christ.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
To heaven's desired abode?

Why should we wish the hours more slow
Which keep us from our God?

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the Savior's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

HYMN 455. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

The house appointed for all living.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where life's vain tumult's past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease—
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

HYMN 456. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Uncertainty of life.

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

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued—
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To *Jesus* may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

HYMN 457. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Death of a minister.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
That view a Savior nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Are numbered with the dead?

5 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust—
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us—and his voice
Still animates the heart.

5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

HYMN 458. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail, this fleeting breath,
Preserves me from the jaws of death:
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 How could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away:
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art forever doom'd to dwell."

5 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from sin I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be—
"Perhaps it next may toll for me.'

HYMN 459. S. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Savior, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 460. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Death and heaven.

: AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;

soon shall quit this mourful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the glorified saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my deliverer come:
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus done for me?
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a host of brethren bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear!

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find my friends again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 461. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

1 SOON I shall hear the solemn call,
(Prepared or not) to yield my breath,
And this poor mortal frame must fall
A helpless prey to cruel death.

2 Then look, my soul, look forward now,
And anchor safe beyond the flood;
Bow to the Savior's footstool, bow,
And get a life secure in God.

3 Before these fleeting hours are gone,
I'll bid this mortal world adieu;
And to the Lord I'll now resign
My life, my breath, and spirit too.

4 Then welcome death, with all its force,
No more I'll fear the gaping grave:
Jesus, my Lord, my last resource,
Will reach his arm my soul to save.

5 He will not hide his smiling face,
Nor leave me in that trying hour;
I'll trust my soul upon his grace,
And, cheerful, leave this mortal shore.

HYMN 462. S. M. WINEBRENNER'S COLL

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be?

3 I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Savior dwell:
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else—depart to hell.

4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

5 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself to me reveal,
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will.

HYMN 463. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 464. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Assurance of heaven; or a saint prepared to die.

1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home,
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feebled soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

HYMN 465. L. M. WATTS.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A pathetic and mournful song at a funeral

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man:
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;

An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

[Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.]

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fits us to die, and dwell with thee.

HYMN 466. C. M. Eastern Coll.

At the funeral of a young person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb,
It bids us seize the present hour—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey:
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;

This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN 467. C. M. A. Stevens' Coll.

On the death of a minister.

1 FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here
Among the silent dead.

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaimed so long
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.

4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear:
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb;
Oh, may we ready stand;
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

HYMN 468. L. M. A. Stevens' Coll.

On the death of a minister.

1 FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inhabitant of bliss
To heav'n directs his wondrous way.

2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,
Ye winds, that wafted oft his sighs

Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs,
When sorrow's shadows vailed his eyes;

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—
For ever he and anguish part.

4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;
Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm—
Soon must it rise, no more to die!

5 The Lord he lov'd and preach'd below
For whom he suffer'd loss and pain
Will on his head a crown bestow,
And prove his loss an endless gain.

RESURRECTION.

HYMN 469. 7's. EASTERN COLL.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Savior! angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now, to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres,
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captured hell,
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

HYMN 470. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Hope of the resurrection.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised the Son
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die,

3 What though our God's appointments be
That we should turn to dust;
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 471. C. D. M. Eastern Coll.

1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear?
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear.
Th' expected day is come;
Behold the heaven, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of jubilee,
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear;
Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,
To meet the bridegroom now he's come,
Which hails the jubilee year.

3 My soul is striving to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road;
Adieu! adieu! all mortal things,
O! that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, gracious moments, fly, O fly!
I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,
Angelic joys to prove;
Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 472. 7's. Kyle's Coll.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens—and earth, reply.

2 Vain the stone, the rock, the seal!
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise—
Christ hath opened paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King,
"Where O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died, our souls to save,
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven.
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection, thou.

HYMN 473. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THE Savior ris'n to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day, a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By the creating word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Naught can forbid his rise;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

5 Let us his righteousness proclaim;
We celebrate his death:
And rising—till he come again,
Who saves our souls from wrath.

HYMN 474. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 BEHOLD the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave!
His rising removes all our fears,
And shows that he's mighty to save.

2 How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood, how divine!
How perfect is his sacrifice,
Who rose, tho' he suffer'd for sin!

3 The man that was crowned with thorns,
The man that on Calvary died,
The man that bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

4 Now blessed forever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head;
Heav'n sings to the Lamb that was slain.

5 Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith we partake in his rest:
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be bless'd.

6 We wait for his coming again,
To raise us in glory like him;
This glory his saints shall obtain,
His foes shall be clothed with shame.

HYMN 475. C. M. FOSTER'S COLL.

Comfort to those who seek a risen Jesus.

1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord.
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with pleasure down to see,
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought
Such wonders love can do:

Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Savior lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death,
The Conqu'ror could retain.

4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like this shall every saint,
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 476. L. M. MERRICK.

1 FATHER of all! our souls defend,
On thee our steadfast hopes depend;
Thee let us bless, the faithful guide,
Whose counsels o'er our life preside.

2 Though to the grave we must descend,
(For thus has heaven's high will ordain'd)
Yet hope e'en there, our constant guest,
Shall smooth the pillow of our rest.

3 Though death awhile reign o'er our frame
Thou from the grave our life will claim,
And to our eyes, in full survey,
The op'ning paths of life display.

4 Those paths that to thy presence bear,
For plenitude of bliss is there;
And pleasure's streams, unmix'd with woe
At thy right hand forever flow.

HYMN 477. C. M. EDINBURGH COLL.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow
And boughs that blossoms yield,

2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring
And flourish green again.

4 So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length
And mingle with the blest!

6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
We'll wait heaven's high decree;
Till the appointed period come
When God shall set us free.

HYMN 478. 8's, 7's & 4's. OLIVER.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away."

4 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known.
Oh come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

HYMN 479. 7's. KELLY.

1 HARK!—that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes!—and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark!—the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad, through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in view!
Heaven and earth before him fly:
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Savior's love!
Ever blessing, ever blest.

JUDGMENT.

HYMN 480. C. M. WATTS.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Beloved of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that dismal word,
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

5 Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

6 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

HYMN 481. 8's, 7's & 4's. UNION COLL.

The judgment welcomed by the righteous.

1 LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead.

'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before him--
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies!

HYMN 482. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Reward and punishment.

1 OH where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole!

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death"!

3 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

HYMN 483. S. M. Eastern Coll.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.

1 AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And, through the num'rous, guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

HYMN 484. C. M. Eastern Coll.

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,

For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?

2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live?
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow:
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN 485. 8's & 6's. EASTERN COLL.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge shall come
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In that expected day:

Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found.
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loud, through all the crowd, I'll sing
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of boundless grace.

HYMN 486. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The marriage of the Lamb.

1 THE splendid scene presents to sight,
And faith declares it near:
When, to receive his heart's delight,
The Savior will appear.

2 On a white throne, with glory crown'd,
His majesty descends;
Behold the nations gath'ring round,
From earth's remotest ends.

2 Before his grand, imperial throne,
At his impartial bar,
The num'rous worlds are seen and known
Assembled from afar.

4 The book of life is in his hand,
Its sacred lids unfold
The pages where the righteous stand,
In characters of gold.

5 Behold his smiling countenance,
Hark! hear his charming voice,
"Come, share in my inheritance,
Thou fairest of my choice."

6 He's come to welcome home his bride
To everlasting rest;
Adorn'd with glory by his side,
She's pass'd the solemn test.

HYMN 487. P. M. WINEBRENNER'S COL

1 SEE th' Eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on the throne!
Now poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again.
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my slighted Savior
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments!
When I felt his Spirit move.

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever.
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

HYMN 488. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh:
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, the Lord shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.

6 Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess,
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

HEAVEN.

HYMN 489. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The pilgrimage of life.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;

We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor wast one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our fee
His temples pierced before.

5 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense
Our heav'n is here begun.

HYMN 490. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Heaven and earth.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 Ah! there may we our treasures place
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne:

Ere long we, eye to eye, shall see,
And know as we are known.

HYMN 491. L. M. STEELE.

Eternity anticipated.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall we waste our ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw our inch of time away?

2 Be this our chief, our only care—
Our high pursuit—our ardent prayer—
An interest in the Savior's blood,
Our pardon sealed, and peace with God.

3 But should our brightest hopes be vain;
The rising doubts how sharp their pain.
Our fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm our title to thy love.

4 Search, Lord—oh search the inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set us free,
And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 492. C. M. WATTS.

Holiness of heaven.

1 NOR eye hath seen—nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;

No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 493. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Preparation for heaven.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew:
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

HYMN 494. C. M. STEELE.

Glories of heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!

For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

HYMN 495. C. M. WESLEY'S COLL.

The heavenly rest.

1 LORD, we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
Where thou art loved alone.

2 Eternal Spirit, make us know
That we shall enter in;
Blest Savior, now thy power bestow,
And wash us from each sin.

3 Oh take this hardness from the heart,
This unbelief remove;
To us the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

4 Come, our Redeemer, come away,
Into our souls descend;
No longer from thy creatures stay,
Our author and our end.

HYMN 496. P. M. UNION COLL.

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

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;

When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 497. C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

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

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,

And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood,
Sould fright us from the shore.

HYMN 498. C. M. WATTS.

Martyrs glorified.

1 THESE glorious minds!—how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unvailed glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
See all their wants supplied.

HYMN 499. C. M. WATTS.

The hope of heaven our support under trials.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 500. C. M. EASTERN COL

The heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been!
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down thine [illegible]
And cause me to ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

5 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song, Free Grace.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 501. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

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

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 502. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God, the everlasting light of good men.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of our divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where we shall reign with God.

3 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

4 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into our eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in our songs unite;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

HYMN 503. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The saints in glory.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

HYMN 504. 8's & 7's. EASTERN COLL.

1 THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true as heaven.

2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way.
There's nothing bright as heaven.

3 And false the light in glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And genius' bud, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb:
There's nothing rich as 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 as 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 as heaven.

6 From those who walk in wisdom's way,
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 505. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Heaven on earth.

1 THIS world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's *illusion* given;"
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;

Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray;
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He, that the christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

HYMN 506. 12's & 11's. Eastern Coll.

The Eden of love.

1 HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the bless'd;
Encircled in light, and with glory en shrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Emmanuel be given

All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the
Eden of love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters
of glory,
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you
above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the
story,
"Salvation from sorrow thro' Jesus's
love:"
Though 'prison'd in earth, yet by antici-
pation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from
probation:
My heart's own in Heaven, the Eden of
love.

HYMN 507. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes,
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.

2 All hail, ye fair celestial shores!
Ye lands of endless day!
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my grief away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now,
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage, short the space
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place,
How near the mansions be.

3 Immortal wonders, boundless things,
In those bright worlds appear;
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

6 By faith I feel my spirit rise,
My heart begins t' ascend;
I'll stretch and soar above the skies,
Where raptures never end.

HYMN 508. C. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul,
Shall death itself outbrave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine,
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Savior and my God.

HYMN 509. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name;
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell,
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King.

3 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst a bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd;
O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above;
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?

4 No sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there.
This soul, and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays

5 Soon, soon shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,

For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day.
The crown that my Savior bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

HYMN 510. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 FAREWELL, vain world, I'm going home,
My Savior smiles and bids me come,
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

2 I'm glad, (though I was born to die;)
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 And when to that bright world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky,
O then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in pray'r;
Our mourning time will then be o'er,
And we shall live to die no more.

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.

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.

7 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;

My theme, through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 511. C. M. Kyle's Coll.

1 O! FOR the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

HYMN 512. C. M. Eastern Coll.

The everlasting song.

1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the bless'd man, my Savior, sits
That sun, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Compass the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus the Lord, their harps employ,
Jesus my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hands, my ears, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

7 There ye that love my Savior sit;
There I would fain have place
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 513. P. M. EASTERN COLL.

There remaineth a rest to the children of God.

1 SWEET were the cheering words that broke
From our Redeemer, when he spoke
Of mansions for the bless'd:
His saints again his face shall see,
And where he is they too shall be,
In realms of endless rest.

2 Yes, there's a rest for saints on high,
A rest prepared for those who die,
Reclining on his breast—
The weary pilgrim homeward turns,
While in his bosom anxious burns
The hope of future rest.

3 How light the ills of time appear,
How short the state of suff'ring here,
If but in Jesus bless'd;
The way-worn trav'ler, undismay'd,
Espies beyond death's gloomy shade,
A heaven of endless rest.

4 O 'tis but just a step between
This mortal state and that unseen
Abode of myriads blessed;
And oft my soul is in a strait,
More anxious to depart than wait
To find the promised rest.

5 Hail, precious moments, as ye fly!
In swift succession hasten nigh
Release to the oppress'd:
Come, welcome death, and friendly grave
Gladly I'd pass the chilling wave,
And enter endless rest.

HYMN 514. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Joys of heaven.

1 WHAT scenes of glory strike my sense,
While earth recedes from sight!
While on faith's pinions, far from hence,
I take the wondrous flight!

2 How mean are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys divine!
I envy not the sinner's mirth,
For what is his to mine?

3 No mortal eye hath yet perceived,
Nor mortal ear hath heard,
Nor heart hath yet the bliss conceived,
God hath for saints prepared.

4 Millions of years may roll away,
Still joys are ever new;
'Twill be but one eternal day,
And that a Sabbath too.

5 To call such lasting pleasures mine,
And gain that bless'd abode,
I all the joys of sin resign,
And glory in my God.

HYMN 515. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 ON Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host, redeem'd by blood,
They hymn'd their king in strains divine
I heard the song, and strove to join.

2 Here all, who suffer'd sword and flame
For truth, or lovely Jesus' name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

4 O sweet employ, to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace.
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity.

6 O! what a sweet exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there.

DISMISSION.

HYMN 516. 8's & 7's. ANONYMOUS.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

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

HYMN 517. L. M. Hart.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 518. P. M. Kyle's Coll.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace·
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Traveling thro' this wilderness.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay:
Make us ready
To reign with thee in endless day.

HYMN 519. L. M. COMPILER.

1 GOOD Lord, dismiss us in thy fear,
And with thy blessing let us part;
O may we all thy counsel hear—
Inscribe it, Lord, in every heart.

2 May the memorials of thy grace,
Incline our hearts to watch and pray;
May we unite to seek thy face,
And dwell in everlasting day.

HYMN 520. C. M. COMPILER.

1 LORD, give us grace, to well improve
The blessings of this day;
And let our feet obedient move
In virtue's peaceful way.

2 O may thy love inspire our hearts
With union sweet and kind,
That, tho' asunder here we part
We may thy blessings find.

MISCELLANEOUS

HYMN 521. 6's & 8's.

God wise and merciful in chastisemen..

1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And O! how rich the blessings are,
That blossom from this rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,

That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor his commands.

5 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

HYMN 522. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's care a remedy for ours.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come cast your burdens on the Lord
And trust his constant care."

2 While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
We'll drop our burdens at his feet,
And bear a song away.

HYMN 523. C. M. STEELE.

Praise for the blessings of providence.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies may I still record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or call on thee by pray'r.

3 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still richer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

4 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where Jesus' glories shine.

5 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And death shall close my eyes,
Complete the triumphs of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

6 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 524. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God the christian's refuge.

1 WHEN storms hang o'er the christian's head,
He flies unto his God;
And under his refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode

2 When foes without, and fears within,
Seek to disturb his peace,
To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.

3 When winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll,
God is the help, and refuge too,
Of his distressed soul.

4 But when tremendous terrors seize,
Where will the sinner fly?
He feels a thousand agonies,
And no deliverer nigh!

HYMN 525. L. M. BROWNE.

Dependence of all creatures on providence.

1 O LORD of earth, and seas, and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
All that is good thou wilt impart,
And all impending ill avert.

2 Supplied from thine unbounded store,
How much we owe,—yet need we more
Still on that care our hopes depend,
Which will to every want extend.

3 What though alarms our peace invade?
Our refuge is beneath thy shade;
Our trust in thine almighty love
Bids every groundless fear remove.

4 Nor to the human race alone,
Is thy paternal goodness shone;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Partake the universal care.

5 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all.

HYMN 526. C. M. STEELE

The vicissitudes of providence.

1 THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
Are variously conveyed;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.

2 While changing aspect all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?

3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

4 Then, christian! send thy fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care;
Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

HYMN 527. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

The way of sin not the way to heaven

1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

HYMN 528. L. M. VERMONT COLL

The strong persuasion of grace.

1 O SINNERS, fly to Jesus arms,
Enjoy his everlasting charms!
He calls you to a heav'nly feast,
O come, poor starving souls, and taste.

2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with the heavenly Jesus rest?
He'll save you from all sin and pain,
And you shall in full glory reign.

3 Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
Make now the choice, and halt no more,
For Christ is waiting at your door.

4 He waits, he woos, he's loath to leave
And will you not his word believe?
Why will you let this Jesus go,
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Once more I'll ask you in his name,
(I know his love is still the same,)
Will you be sav'd from dreadful woe?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

HYMN 529. C. M. WATTS.

The gospel trumpet.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

3 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

4 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day; –
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 530. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's invitation to sinners.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest, who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 531. C. M. Steele.

1 THE Savior calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

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

HYMN 532. L. M. Steele.

Invitation to the heavy-laden.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
Oh come! accept the promised rest:
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows.
To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes
Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

HYMN 533. C. M. Fawcett.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 But he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts:
He pardons like a God!
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

HYMN 534. 12's. Thornby.

Free grace.

THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:"
For Adam's lost race God has opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
Christ's blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has brought us a pardon, [Jordan.
We'll praise him again, when we pass over

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2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Savior repair,
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—oh precious salvation!

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

HYMN 535. C. M. LUTHERAN COLL.

OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love—unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring!

4 Whoever will—oh gracious word!—
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls—and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

HYMN 536. C. M. COLLYER.

God's gracious call to sinners.

1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return!
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his feet—and grateful learn,
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return!
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn!
'Tis love invites thee near.

HYMN 537. C. M. JARVIS.

Praise the peculiar duty of man.

1 LORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name.
And all resound thy praise.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Whose motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy glory still.

3 And while these radiant globes of light
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll,

4 Oh! shall not we of human race,
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?

5 Yes, this shall be our best employ
Through life's uncertain days.
Till in the realms of boundless joy,
We join in loftier praise.

HYMN 538. S. M. WATTS.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon each heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 539. C. M. CENNICK.

1 BLEST is the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart!

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And still his praise we show.

3 Oh may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire—nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Richly we share the Savior's grace,
We're one in mind and heart;
Not joy, nor grief—not time, nor place
Nor life, nor death can part.

HYMN 540. S. M. HAWKER'S COLL.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Oh bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

HYMN 541. C. M. FAWCETT.

Perseverance.

1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

2 O never let me turn aside,
Nor leave the path divine:
Let faith, and love, and zeal abide;
Let patience ne'er decline.

3 Supported by a lively hope,
May I the storms endure;
Let sov'reign mercy hold me up,
And I shall walk secure.

4 Should all the pow'rs of darkness strive,
My peace to discompose;

Upheld by thee, my soul shall live
Triumphant o'er my foes.

5 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all these toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

HYMN 542. C. M. J. NEWTON.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defense;
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 543. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Purity.

1 O GOD! to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove our hearts; they pant for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set them free.

2 Wash out their stains, refine the dross,
Bind our affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; cleanse all within
From the polluting power of sin.

3 While through the darksome wild we stray,
Our strength proportion to our day;
Let joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high nor sink too low.

4 Our restless passions, Lord! restrain,
And in our souls unrivalled reign;
Then, with whatever loads oppressed,
Centred in thee our souls shall rest.

HYMN 544. C. M. STEELE.

Penitence and hope.

1 DEAR Savior! when my thoughts recal
The wonders of thy grace;
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall
And hide my blushing face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd—betray'd
From Jesus to depart.

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest;
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he for his own mercy's sake,
My wand'ring soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores,

5 Oh, while we breathe to thee, my Lord
The penitential sigh;
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

HYMN 545. C. M. STEELE.

Penitence.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See low before thy throne of grace,
We wretched wand'rers mourn;
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—Return?

3 And shall our guilty fears prevail
To drive us from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on ev'ry sinful heart
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

HYMN 546. C. M. JARVIS.

Peace to the returning penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth liko this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to each anxious breast:
Conduct us in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

HYMN 547. C. M. BEDDOME.

Resignation.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt a rose to pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixt with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my ALL IN ALL.

HYMN 548. C. M. GREENE.

1 IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Yes, gracious God, take what thou please
To thee we all resign.

2 It is the Lord, who gives us all
Our wealth, our friends, our ease;

And, of his bounties, may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, should we distrust,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still!

4 It is the Lord, who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom assistance we obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord, whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

HYMN 549. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing in God.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides:
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sigh.

3 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong! your valor trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Rejoice, ye saints, in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known
That you have own'd his sov'reign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find
One Jehovah all combin'd:

On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

HYMN 550. L. M. Doddridge.

For the opening or closing the year.

1 GREAT God! I sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still I stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still am I guarded by my God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful heart the past I own;
The future, all to me unknown,
I to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, lay before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art my joy, and thou my rest;
Thy goodness all my hopes shall raise,
Adored through all my changing days.

5 Though death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
My helper, God, in whom I trust,
In better worlds my soul shall boast.

HYMN 551. P. M. Wesley's Coll.

For a new year.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

5 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word—
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 552. 7's. FAWCETT.

1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee!

3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

4 Show them what their ways have been
Show them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.

5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

6 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

HYMN 553. S. M. BEDDOME.

Purposes on beginning a new year.

1 MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day!

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

HYMN 554. L. M. STENNETT.

1 HOW soft the words our Savior speaks
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown:
His ear is open to their cries;
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety, in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure:

Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the pow'rs of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Though press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end,
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

HYMN 555. C. M. WATTS.

Advantages of early religion.

1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath:
Thus, we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

HYMN 556. C. M. Doddridge.

Young persons encouraged to seek Christ.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near.
And turn from every mortal charm
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

3 What object, Lord, our souls should move
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command our love,
Like what in Christ we see?

4 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here we fix our lasting choice,
And here true bliss we find.

HYMN 557. C. M. Salisbury Coll.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth

1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than pure religious youth.

HYMN 558. C. M. COWPER.

Prayer for youth.

1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of saving love!
Your youth is stained with num'rous crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made;
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the sacred tear is shed;
Oh, shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Savior's quickening grace;
Too young you cannot taste his love,
Or seek his smiling face.

HYMN 559. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Pleasure of instructing the young.

1 BLEST work! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race

From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth!

4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
And bless this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

HYMN 560. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O! may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race

From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 561. 7's. ANONYMOUS.

The unconverted thief.

1 JESUS CHRIST has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile blasphemous tongue
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With a Savior in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the Scribes and priests abhorr'd.

5 Lord, he prayed, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be;
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in paradise.

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief!

If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

HYMN 562. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Asking the way to Zion.

1 ZION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Savior there has his abode,
And sinners see his face.

2 Firm against every adverse shock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living rock,
And wall'd around with love.

3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow
The soul to satisfy.

4 Come, set your faces Zion-ward,
The sacred road inquire;
And, let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.

5 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer then delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

6 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,
Thy promise now fulfill;
And young and old, by grace, prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.

HYMN 563. 7's. ANONYMOUS.

Weeping Mary

MARY to her Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn

Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she lov'd was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceiv'd,
Came his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she griev'd.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;—
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-toss'd:
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

HYMN 564. 7's. ANONYMOUS.

Hope maketh not ashamed.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:

Jointly let us rise and sing,
Christ—our Prophet, Priest, and King:
While we walk with him in light,
God doth still our hearts unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Sweetly each with each combin'd,
In the bands of duty join'd.
Feel the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feel that Christ hath died;
Ev'ry vile affection kill;
Root out ev'ry seed of ill.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love, the proof that Christ we know:
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image love, impart,
Stamp it on our face and heart;
Only love to us be giv'n;
Lord, we ask no other heav'n.

HYMN 565. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The worth of truth.

1 THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul hath got,
Who buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearl and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin,
O may it ever in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds, and truth makes free
And sets the soul at liberty

From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed,
Freedom from guilt, freedom from wo,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O, happy they, who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth;
For none but they whom truth makes free
Can e'er enjoy true liberty.

6 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold.

HYMN 566. 8's & 7's. ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly manna.

1 BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the holy One, come down.

CHORUS.

Brethren pray, and holy manna
Will come streaming all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners
Slumb'ring on the brink of wo?
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to see them go?
There are fathers, there are mothers,
And their brethren sinking down.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider
Who was once near heaven's door
Alas! he has betray'd his Savior,
And is worse than e'er before:

But the Savior proffers pardon
If he will repent and turn.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us,
Moses' sister helped him,
Will you seek the trembling mourner
That is lab'ring hard with sin?
Tell him all about the Savior,
Tell him that he will be found

5 Let us love our Lord supremely
Let us love each other too;
Let us strengthen one another
Till our Lord makes all things new:
And when we get home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down,
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

HYMN 567. 5's & 6's. ANONYMOUS.

The birth of Christ.

1 FROM the regions of love,
Lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news,
How the babe was attended:
Go, shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy,
See your Christ in the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Through whom we've obtain'd pardon
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation;

When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer,
While heaven rejoices.

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

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

HYMN 568. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ all in all.

1 YE diff'rent sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show us where the christians live!

2 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst know
For sure thou hast a church below.

3 Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

4 For this the pleading spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones.
Love, greatest of thy gifts, impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

5 Join ev'ry soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity:
Now, Lord, thy glorious fullness give,
And all in all forever live.

HYMN 569. 7's. ANONYMOUS.

"Lovest thou me?"

1 HARK, my soul—it is the Lord
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN 570. 8's & 7's. ANONYMOUS.

The good Shepherd.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Savior,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of peace:
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Many follow men's inventions,
And submit to human laws;
Hence division and contentions
Sully the Redeemer's cause:
Hence we suffer persecution,
While the foolish virgins sleep:
All is uproar and confusion,
Come, good Shepherd, lead thy sheep

3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
Some of Cephas, few agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee:
Then we'll rush through what incumbers,
Ev'ry hind'rance overleap:
Fearing not their force or numbers.
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us
Persecution we'll not fear;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near:
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 571. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The prodigal son.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And taught him to repent.

2 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

3 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 "Now let the fatten'd calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is fround."

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

HYMN 572. 8's & 7's. ANONYMOUS.

Perseverance.

1 GLORY to God, that we have found
The pearl of our salvation!
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground
Up to our heavenly station:
And we're resolved to follow on,
And never to forsake him,
But always keep the narrow way,
Till we do overtake him.

2 "Fear not," says he, "ye little flock,
Ye're of immortal glory;
For ye are built upon the Rock,
And th' kingdom lies before you:
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss,
And tell the pleasing story,
I'm with my little flock always,
I'll bring them home to glory."

HYMN 573. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 WHAT pleasure, Lord! thy house attends,
When the whole heart to heaven ascends;
One day thus spent with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 While we can have the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
We would not absent from thee live
For all a tempting world can give.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guides our way;
Our future hopes, our present joys,
All from his boundless goodness rise.

4 To men of pure and pious hearts,
All real good their God imparts:
With grace he crowns them here below,
And endless glory will bestow.

5 Author of good! whose sovereign sway
All worlds, all beings must obey;
How happy must thy children be,
Whose spirits firmly trust in thee!

HYMN 574. C. M. MILLARD & BADGER

The gospel feast.

1 ON Zion's bright and flowery mount,
God will a feast prepare;

And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
May in the banquet share

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows,
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See! to the wretched, and the vile,
A free acceptance given;
And sinners, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven.

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now,
To ease and health restor'd,
With sweeten'd appetite, partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne
We join the feast of heaven.

6 There joys, immeasurably high,
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 575. C. M. J. HAYS.

Experience.

1 WHEN I look back to former years,
Thy mercies, Lord, I see;
In all the paths of youthful life,
How great thy love to me.

2 'Twas then thy word with care I search'd
And learn'd thy will divine—
That all who would thy law obey
Should in bright glory shine.

3 How Jesus died, my soul to save
From sin and endless woe
To cleanse my soul from sin and guilt
Blood from his side did flow.

4 With penitence I sought the Lord,
His pardon begg'd in tears;
He sent his Spirit to my heart,
Which quell'd my gloomy fears.

5 My tender spirit then was fill'd
With peace, and joy, and love;
By faith I view'd the heavenly bliss
The saints enjoy above.

6 While on the past I meditate,
And present mercies near,
May promises of future aid
Save me from doubts and fear.

7 And when I cease from labor here,
And from this earth remove,
O bring me in thy presence, Lord,
To reign with thee above.

HYMN 476. L. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold! the loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart;
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God

4 A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy, or endless wo:
In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

5 Come, then, dear sinners, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companion by the hand,
And all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless, and save them all.

And when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collect his jewels home;
On Zion's mount, you all shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

HYMN 577. P. M. KYLE'S COLL.

1 THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
Thro' Eden once flowing in streams from above,
Refresh'd every moment the first happy pair,
'Till sin stopp'd the torrent, and brought in despair

2 O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, but cannot obtain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.

3 Glad tidings, glad tidings! no more we complain,
Our Jesus has open'd this fountain again;

Now mingled with mercy, enrich'd with free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing on all the lost race.

4 How happy the prophet, how pleasant his road,
When led down the stream by the angel of God!
Tho' shallow at first, yet he found it at last
A river so boundless it could not be pass'd.

5 Come sinner, poor sinner, 'tis boundless and free,
You're welcome, take freely, 'twas open'd for thee;
The spirit invites you, the bride calls you too,
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

6 Come all ye dead sinners, here life you will find,
Come all ye poor beggars, ye halt, and ye blind;
This water has virtue to heal all complaints,
Come drink, ye diseas'd, and rejoice with the saints.

7 Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not partake;"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take:
Say not "too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.

8 Come, christians, let's venture along down the stream,
The shallows are pleasant, but O, let us swim;
Let's bathe in the ocean of infinite love,
And wash, and be pure as the angels above.

9 Too long have we dreaded to launch the
great deep,
And lov'd near the threshold of Zion to
keep;
But Jesus now calls us: arise, let us go,
O glory transporting—'tis heaven below.

HYMN 578. C. M. WATTS.

The song of Simeon; or death made desirable.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Savior here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child.

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold, thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the Light, prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break
How sweet my minutes roll?
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 579. C. M. WATTS.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 580. L. M. WATTS.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.

1 WHEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
What beauties in my Savior dwell;
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown:
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Aminadab
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.]

HYMN 581. L. M. WATTS.

Life, the day of grace and hope.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return.

2 [Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 582. C. M. WATTS.

Death and immediate glory.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 583. S. M. Watts.

Moses and Christ; or sins against the law and gospel.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace, and truth, and love
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done,
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 584. C. M. Watts.

Christ's compassion for the weak and tempted.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 585. L. M. I. N. WALTER.

Supplication.

1 CLEANSE me, O Lord, from every sin,
And quell my foes that lurk within;
Drive off those clouds that make me stray,
And lead me in the heavenly way.

2 Thy Spirit strives, my flesh is weak,
My Savior I with sorrow seek;
Temptations, like great rivers, roll
Their billows round my fainting soul.

3 I climb, I sink, I rise and fall—
To thee, my Lord, for help I call:
O smoothe my passage, let me rise,
And find my treasure in the skies.

4 May thy good Spirit guide my path,
And lead me from the snares of death;
And may this world be nought to me,
But all my bliss be found in thee.

5 Thy name is sweet, thy name I'll praise,
And in thy service spend my days;
And after death, in songs untold,
Shall praise thy name on harps of gold.

HYMN 586. C. M. WATTS.

Saints in the hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth the gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall ere remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must forever rest.

HYMN 587. C. M. WATTS.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

WHY should the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 588. C. M. WATTS.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love.
Nor seek your friendship more,
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your power.

3 There's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God
And fit to cheer the mind.

HYMN 589. C. M. WATTS.

Love to the creature is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below.
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds.
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense

Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 590. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's commission.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to Almighty Grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The father sent his only Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod:
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And love bedew'd the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Savior's name,
And you shall never die.

See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
And bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN 591. S. M. WATTS.

The same.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love,
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race,
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 592. L. M. WATTS.

Few saved; or the almost christian, the hypocrite and apostate.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command,
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 593. C. M. WATTS.

Christian virtues; or the difficulty of conversion.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd;
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased
Lest they destroy our souls.]

4 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 594. 8's. EASTERN COLL.

The last lines of Cowper.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O! bear me, ye cherubims, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Savior, whom absent, I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power.

3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee:
Oh, strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 Oh, now let that era begin,
When array'd in thy glory, I shine;
And never again pierce with sin,
The bosom on which I recline.

HYMN 595. 8's. EASTERN COLL.

Babylonish captivity.

1 WHEN we our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
Our harps that, when with joy we strung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung
On willow-trees, that wither'd there.

2 Then they that led us captive, said,
Come, sing us one of Zion's songs;
And of our griefs derision made,
Nor Jacob's God avenged our wrongs.
How can we sing on Babel's shore,
Where songs profane offend the ear.

Where strangers idol gods adore
And hateful images appear?

4 If I forget Jerusalem,
Although she now in ruin lies,
Let every object cease to charm,
Then cleave my tongue, and close my eyes;
O could I see the house of God,
Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains,
Once more my brethren's bless'd abode,
There would I dwell while life remains.

5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
And strive to gain the heavenly land,
Where all the saints their honors bring,
And crown with joy Jerusalem.
There glory, glory, we shall sing,
When all our gloomy doubts are o'er,
And join to praise our conqu'ring King
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

HYMN 596. 7's. EASTERN COLL

Desire for holiness

1 DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and patience show,
John's divine communion feel;
Moses' meekness—Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul;
Win the prize and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess—
Lydia's tender-heartedness:
Peter's ardent spirit feel:
James' faith, by works, reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission let me show,
David's true devotion know;

Samuel's call, O may I hear!
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new-born soul inspire!

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer:
Gideon's valiant steadfast care;
Joseph s purity impart;
Isaac's meditative heart;
Abraham's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue
The example Jesus drew;
In my life and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below,
Day by day, through grace restor'd,
Imitate my perfect Lord.

HYMN 597. 9's & 8's. EASTERN COIL.

Happy converts.

YE happy children, who follow Jesus
Into the house of prayer and praise,
Whose hearts are join'd in love and union,
Resolved this way to spend your days:
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
And flesh, and such as know not God,
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We've ofttimes found on Canaan's road.

While we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We've felt some streams come from above
Our hearts have burnt with holy fire,
While he's pour'd forth his heavenly love
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for what's to come,
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell, brethren we're going home

3 But as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure
And ne'er enjoy God's smiling face.
Now here's my hand and my best wishes,
In token of my christian love,
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

HYMN 598. 11's. EASTERN COLL.

The saint's sweet home.

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

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And their precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, my home.

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.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties t' shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;

But in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

HYMN 599. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The christian soldier.

1 HARK! listen to the trumpeteers,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
Behold their officers:
Their garments white, their armor bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier for to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty:
We want no cowards in our band,
Who will their colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 To see their armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
The great all-conqu'ring King,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 Lift up your hearts, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes both earth and sky.
In fery chariots we shall ride,
And leave the world on fire,
And all surround the glorious throne
And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 600. L. M. Eastern Colk.

Invitation 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,
Till I obey'd my Savior's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now, with trembling sense, I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet;
For death and judgment wait for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone
By fleeting time, or conqu'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, that widely stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where darkness reigns, and vapors roll
In solemn silence 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 In judgment soon your doom you'll wait,
With awful trembling there you'll stand,

The angels gather all the saints,
And place them safe at Christ's right hand;
The burning lake will be disclosed,
Satan be bound and cast therein,
With all who slight God's counsel here,
And cleave to worldly lusts and sin.

6 O! careless 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 now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 601. 7's & 6's. EASTERN COLL.

The convert's song.

1 THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading far and wide,
And sinners they are coming
Into the gospel tide;
The standard of King Jesus
In glorious triumph raise,
And sinners they are coming
With joy and sweet surprise.

2 The suff'rings of our Savior
Upon mount Calvary,
Are sounding sweet to sinners—
Come, this will set you free;
And while this glorious message
Is circulating round.
Some souls, exposed to ruin,
Redeeming grace have found.

3 And of this happy number
I hope that I am one,
And Jesus he will finish
The work he has begun!

He'll cut it short in righteousness,
And I forever be
A monument of mercy
To all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist,
A soldier unto Jesus,
Our Captain, King, and Priest:
I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favor,
A robe of righteousness.

5 'Tis down unto the water
That we young converts go,
To serve our Lord and Master
In righteous acts below;
We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
In likeness of our Savior,
As he lay in his grave.

6 Come, all my elder brethren,
Who're soldiers of the cross,
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things dross;
Come, pray for us young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

HYMN 602. 5's & 6's. EASTERN COLL

The happy saints.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.

2 A city I've found,
Where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determined
On this happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Savior,
And bless the glad day.

4 No mortal doth know
What Christ can bestow;
What light, strength, and comfort
Go after him, go.

5 Lo, onward I move
To a city above,
Where knowing how wondrous
My journey will prove.

6 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Mid outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within.

7 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus doth love me,
I cannot tell why.

8 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind.

HYMN 603. C. M. EASTERN COIL.

The goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meet,
And fills their mouth with good.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN 604. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
alvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 605. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The jubilee.

1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear,
This is the jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round from sea to sea;
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the jubilee.

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace;
This is the jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the jubilee.

5 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Savior free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the jubilee.

HYMN 606. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The true penitent.

1 HARK! hear the sound on earth is found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love that's from above,
And pardon brought so near.

2 God's ministers, like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land;
The voice is, hear, repent, and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth;
The saints in prayer, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grants a shower of saving power,
On every aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.

6 Come, lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord;
And use your tongues, while you are young,
In praising Christ the Lord.

HYMN 607. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

Freedom of the human will.

1 KNOW then, that every soul is free
To choose his life, and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth has given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

3 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

Those that despise grow harder still,
Those that adhere he turns their will;
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear, in glory dwell.

5 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear, and we shall know
We've plung'd ourselves in hopeless woe.

HYMN 608. S. M. Eastern Coll.

Salvation by grace from first to last

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet.
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 609. L. M. Eastern Coll.

These things I command you, that ye love one another.

1 AM I indeed born from above?
Do I partake of Jesus' love?
Then let me all my duty know,
And love, by my obedience, show.

2 Fain would I love his person more,
And God, in all his works adore;
O may his love my heart inflame,
With love to all who love his name.

3 Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me;
Dear as the purchase of his blood,
Dear as the favorites of God.

4 Jesus to us his love doth show,
And bids us love each other too;
But O, how little love sincere,
Is found in great professors here.

5 What anger, pride, and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should dwell,
O why should Satan thus devour
Religion's glory and its power!

6 Come, heavenly Spirit, from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love;
That we may say to all mankind,
See how those love whom Christ has join'd

HYMN 610. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Our only comfort.

1 SUBSTANTIAL comfort will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail.
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !

5 These are the joys that satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
That make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them who know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 611. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The world crucified.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
What are its charms to me ?
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures, no more divide my choice,
I bid you all depart !
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will,
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

HYMN 612. 11's. EASTERN COLL.

The supper.

1 A FOUNTAIN in Jesus, which runs al ways free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as we;
Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the wool,
No lack in the fountain, it always is full.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive.
A living for ever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden refused the call,
For they were not ready, nor willing at all,
To be stripp'd of their honor, and part with their store,
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
My house shall be fill'd, the Father doth say:
From highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come, and be welcome, the supper is mine.

5 He decks us with jewels and rings of each kind,
A garment not woven but richly refined;

Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
The praise of the Father in glory to sing.

HYMN 613. C. M. Eastern Coll.

An invitation to the gospel feast.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bount'ous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 The God to whom we're reconciled,
Invites your soul to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore:
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 614. P. M EASTERN COLL.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with power;
He is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty, glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh:
Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and torn by sin and thrall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 View him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo, your Savior prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd! it is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo, the Son of God, ascended,
Pleads the virtue of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,

While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 615. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Christ inviting sinners to his grace.

1 AMAZING sight! the Savior stands
And knocks at ev'ry door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
For to supply the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring poor souls to rest;
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever bless'd.

3 "Will you despise such bleeding love
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make a wretched choice.
And bar yourselves from heaven?

5 "Will you go down to endless night,
And be forever slain?
Or dwell in everlasting light,
Where I in glory reign?

6 "Come now, dear soul, before I go,
While I am passing by,
Say, will you bow to me or no?
Say, will you live, or die?"

HYMN 616. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;

Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consents to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace!

7 This is the time, no more delay!
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him that died for all!

HYMN 617. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

The name of Christ most sweet.

1 THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth do always meet,
Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting-place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets a sinner's need
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark! don't you hear the heavenly call,
It soundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say, "'Tis not for me."

4 "Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts," he cries,
"Here's wine and milk, in large supplies
Come now to me, and drink your fill,
'Tis free for whomsoever will.

5 "Come, now receive, I ask no pay,
But freely give it all away—
To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive."

HYMN 5. L. M. EASTERN COLL.

Grace proclaimed.

COME, tremblin, ones, forget your fear.
For your eternal friend is near;
O bow your souls before his face,
And share in his redeeming grace.

2 Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
And yet behold, he calls again;
Once more in love he's come to try;
Say, sinners, will you live, or die?

3 Though long you may have him abused,
And all his calls of love refused,
Yet even now he will forgive;
O sinners, hear his voice and live.

4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call you more?
Then think, O souls, how can you bear
To sink in death and long despair?

5 O sinners, hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain;
Leave all, and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heavenly charms.

HYMN 619. S. M. Eastern Coll.

Are there few that shall be saved!

1 DESTRUCTION'S dang'rous road,
What multitudes pursue!
Whilst that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living gate;
But they who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
"So many surely can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end."

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were saved in Noah's ark,
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN 620. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The soldier of the cross.

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

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God?

3 Shall I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see a triumph from afar,
And faith presents it nigh.

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

HYMN 621. 7's. EASTERN COLL.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;

Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

2 In the world, a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet—
None betray us unto sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

HYMN 622. L. M. Eastern Coll.

The good old way.

1 LIFT up your heads, Emmanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

For I have sweet hope of glory in my soul
I have sweet hope of glory in my soul;
I feel, I feel, I feel, I'm on my journey home

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

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,

Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way

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

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

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember, life is at an end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then, far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who're gone before.
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By walking in the good old way.

HYMN 623. 8's. EASTERN COLL.

None on earth do I desire beside thee.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Fair prospects, sweet songs, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him.
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 624. C. P. M. EASTERN COLL.

The Lord is in his garden.

1 THE Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine!
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become!
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste, and see the pardon free
For all mankind, as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior, pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive!
None are too late who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him relieve.

5 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

6 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

7 There we will reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come,

8 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

9 There on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, our suff'rings o'er,
In sweet, redeeming love;
We'll shout and praise our conqu'ring King
Who died himself, that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 625. 11's. EASTERN COLL.

Love to Christ.

1 O JESUS, my Savior, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood;
Thou art my Redeemer, who brought me to God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my love;
I love thee, my Savior, my Lord, from above;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

3 All human expressions are empty and vain,
They cannot unriddle this heavenly flame;
I'm sure, if the tongue of an angel were mine,
I could not this myst'ry completely define.

4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account,
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear

5 O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am bless'd
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!

Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire my heart and my tongue.

6 O wh ike my Savior? he's Salem's bright King!
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill!

HYMN 626. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

The danger and vanity of the world.

1 VAIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys;
I would not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer hold your toys.

2 Too long I held you in my arms,
And courted every snare;
But now I see your flatt'ring charms
Will end in dark despair.

3 You flatter with a vain applause,
And promise future joy;
When all your treasures are but dross,
Your bliss an empty toy.

4 Careless I trod your giddy maze,
And thought that all was well;
But now I see those carnal ways
Lead to the gates of hell.

5 Bless'd be the Lord who taught my soul,
How near the gulf I stood!
And now while mortal moments roll,
I'll seek substantial good.

HYMN 627. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Farewell to all but Christ.

1 FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glory I despise;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatteries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy;
You highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea,
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste:
There's treasures that endure;
There's pleasures that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 628. 11's. Eastern Coll.

My heart's experience.

1 O HOW I have long'd for the coming of God,
And sought him by praying and searching his word,
By watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.

2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise, he answer'd my pray'r;
And glory was open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come weeping and praying to God;
The noise of their weeping is heard very loud,
And many have found pardon through Jesus' blood.

4 There's more, my dear Savior, who fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd with a burden enormously great;
O raise them, my Savior, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah in heaven above.

5 We'll sing and we'll shout, and we'll shout and we'll sing,
O God, make the nations with praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for thy chariots, they seem to draw near,
O come, my dear Savior, with glory appear
We long to be singing and praising above
With angels, o'erwhelmed with Jesus' love

HYMN 629. C. M. Eastern Coll

Longing for conformity to God.

1 O COULD I find an humble place,
But near the lowly Lamb!
How would my soul extol his grace,
And sing his precious name!

2 Lord, bring my heart so near to thee
While through this world I rove,
That I may every moment be
Transported with thy love.

3 O let me walk with thee, my God,
And find thee always nigh;
Give me to eat immortal food,
And I shall never die.

4 I want that grace that may be felt
That will my soul inflame;
I want this harden'd heart to melt
At the Redeemer's name.

5 I want all self to be subdued,
And pride no more to reign,
I want, O God, my soul renew'd,
And never sin again.

6 I want my will to be resign'd
To the Redeemer's ways,
And every power of soul inclined,
My God to love and praise.

7 I want my soul bound up in God,
And feel his nature mine;
To feast upon immortal food,
And drink of joys divine.

8 This, this, O blessed God, alone,
Is what I do implore;
O let me and thyself be one,
And I shall want no more.

HYMN 630. C. M. COWPER.

Light shining out of darkness.

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

2 Deep in th' unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his righteous will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are fill'd with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 631. C. M. EASTERN COLL.

Desiring to love Christ more.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come, with blissful ray,
Break, radiant, through the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN 632. C. M. Eastern Coll.

Self-denial; or taking up the cross.

1 ASHAMED of Christ! my soul disdains
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 At his command we must take up
Our cross without delay:
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 633. C. P. M. EASTERN COLL.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
Which lifts my heart to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

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

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There are my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
But Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heav'nly rest:
Then let the pilgrim's journey end,
And O, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

HYMN 634. P. M. Eastern Coli.

The jewels of the Lord.

1 YE jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown d,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And at an humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.

3 When I beheld your order
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll,
And gems immortal glowing
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Savior's image
Impress'd on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 "You shall be mine," says Jesus
"In that auspicious day

When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay.'
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and sin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
W'll bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands;
Lo, you're redeem'd for ever
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels dress'd,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God the kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill,
And sweet, immortal anthems,
The vocal regions fill;
In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of Ages,
Amid the promised land.

9 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound:
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,

With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 635. L. M. Eastern Coli

Separation.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon you'll walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to her,
To call the nations, great and small.

Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet loud doth now proclaim,
The world must hear and know their doom
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home;
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ, the Judge, their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.

6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride:
Ye harps of heaven, come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

7 In grandeur, see the royal lines,
Whose glittering robes the sun outshines;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor round the throne.

8 They stand in wonder, and look on,
And join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN 636. C. M. Eastern Coll.

God hath commanded all men every where to repent.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the piercing eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatched abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons goes through all the world;
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Savior now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days;
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 637. C. M. Eastern Coll.

True liberty given by Christ.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported fall beneath his feet,
Who makes the pris'ners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain;
Smiling, he deals those pardons round,
Which free from dreadful pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of a slave,
And Abba Father cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace,
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

HYMN 638. C. M. Eastern Coll.

New Year's Day.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is pass'd;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul! with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn;

What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a scene of life begins
Set out afresh for heaven,
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN 339. 7's. EASTERN COLL.

Presumption and despair.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms;
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes—
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."

4 He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "You must die,
And 'tis too late to pray:
In vain for mercy now you cry,
For you have lost your day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit;

And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

HYMN 640. C. M. Eastern Col.

When met for worship.

1 JESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power to ev'ry soul,
O, thou immortal Dove;
Make ev'ry wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That ev'ry soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God is mine.

4 What do we here without thy grace,
O blessed Lamb of God!
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.

5 Here's some that pant, O God, to see
Thy face and taste thy love;
O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.

6 Jesus, inspire each heart and tongue,
To learn thy precious name;
Redeeming love shall be our song,
And we thy love proclaim.

HYMN 641. 7's, 6's & 7's. Eastern Coll.

Name of Christ, the sweetest sound.

1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,

All the ecstatic joys that spring
Around the bright elys.um.
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:
Angels' trumps resound his fame.
Lutes of lucid gold, proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the same.

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 One broad rainbow round the throne,
Pours celestial splendor,
All within the brilliant zone,
To empyreal grandeur:
Heaven's pure arch reflects the blaze,
Seraphs sing, admire, and gaze;
Glowing cherubs join the lays,
Martyrs shout responding praise.

5 Hark, the thrilling symphony
Seems, methinks, to seize us,
Join we to the holy lay,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,

Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus now unsung.

HYMN 642. 8 s & 6's. EASTER CALL.

Christ's crucifixion.

1 THE Son of man they did betray,
He was condemned and led away!
Think, O my soul, on that dread day
Look on mount Calvary:
Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng—
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon a shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood
From ev'ry wound, a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain:
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock,
And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold, in agonies he dies!
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
See his tormenting pains!
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refused to view the sight;
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd in dread affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
Mocking, they say, Come save the land,
Come try thyself to free:

A soldier pierced him when he died,
Then healing streams flow'd from his side,
And thus my Lord was crucified,
And then salvation did provide,
Sinners, for you and me.

5 Behold, he mounts the throne of state.
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While angels, bowing at his feet,
In loud hosannas, tell
How he endured exquisite pains,
And led the monster, death, in chains,
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquer'd death and hell.

HYMN 643. 7's. EASTERN COLL.

Rejoicing in hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As you journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 644. 7's & 6's. EASTERN COLL.

Longing for heaven.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er:
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

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

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,

Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on your heav'nly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

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

HYMN 645. 8's. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's sufferings and victory.

1 A STORY, most lovely, I'll tell,
Concerning the Lord from the skies,
He suffer'd, 'tis known very well,
For sinners, that sinners might rise:
He left his exalted abode
When man, by trangression, was lost,
He suffered and died on the cross,
Consented to lie in the dust.

2 O was it for crimes I had done,
The Savior was hail'd with a kiss
By Judas, the traitor of old?
Was ever such mercy like this!
The rebels, all joined in a band,
Confined him and led him away;
A cord they wrapp'd round his sweet hands
O sinners, look at him I pray.

3 They laden'd the Lamb with a cross,
He bore it up Calvary's hill;

Come, mourners, a moment and view,
All nature looks solemn and still;
They drove the sharp nails through his hands,
And blood, it stream'd out of his feet;
O brethren, how passive he stands,
To look at the sight it is great.

4 He cried, "My Father, my God,
You've left me in sorrow and pain;"
The cross was all covered with blood,
The vail was also rent in twain:
He groaned his last, and he died.
The sun, it refused to shine;
With the spear they pierced his side
This lovely Redeemer is mine.

He fought the hard battle and won;
His kingdom is now offer'd free;
O brethren, look forward and run;
This kingdom I hope I shall see:
When he in the clouds shall appear,
With angels all at his command,
And thousands of christians are there,
All singing with harps in their hand.

6 How lovely and pleasant the view:
Beholding such scenes of delight,
Our duty to Jesus we owe;
O Jesus, I long for the sight:
I long to mount up to the sky,
In paradise make my abode;
And sing of salvation on high,
And dwell with the angels and God.

HYMN 646. 11's. EASTERN COLL.

Song, by a young lady.

1 MY soul's full of glory, it fires my tongue,
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a
song;

I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And call them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks the're assembling to hear what I sing,
Well pleased to hear mortals all praising their King!
O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame,
I sing, in sweet raptures, of Jesus's name.

3 Sweet Spirit, attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I'm convey'd home,
Though worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day.

The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to blood,
The world all on fire with the vengeance of God;
While lightnings are flashing, and thunders do roar,
Undaunted, I'll triumph on fair Canaan's shore.

5 The smiles of bright glory appear on my soul,
I sink in bright visions, I view the bright goal;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go;
This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below.

6 Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home;

Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Savior, the spirit shall steer.

7 When the seals are all open'd, the trumpet shall sound,
And awake God's dear children that sleep under ground;
Their souls and their bodies shall all join in one,
And each from their Savior receive a bright crown.

HYMN 647. 7's & 6's. EASTERN COPY.

The christian sailor.

1 THE people called christians,
Have many things they tell
About the land of Canaan,
Where saints and angels dwell;
But sin, a dreadful ocean,
Encloses them around,
And its tide still divides them
From Canaan's happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient
To find a passage through,
And, with united vigor,
Have tried what they could do;
But vessels built by human skill
Have never sailed far,
Till we found them aground
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting gospel
Has launch'd to the deep at last;
Behold her sails extended
Around her towering mast:
Around her deck, in order,
Her joyful converts stand,

The armies will gather anon ;
The pure testimony and vile persecution
Will come to close battle ere long.
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the
Lamb,
And walk in the spirit as Jesus has done ;
In pure testimony you will overcome.

HYMN 649. 8's & 7's. EASTERN CORL.

Fall of Babylon.

1 HAIL the day so long expected !
Hail the year of full release ;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And her watchmen publish peace.
Through the Shiloh's wide dominion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar,
Babylon is falling, is falling, is falling,
Babylon is falling to rise no more.

2 All her merchants stand with wonder,
"What is this that comes to pass,"
Murm'ring like the distant thunder,
Crying, "O, alas ! alas !"
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor,
Babylon is falling, &c.

Sing aloud, ye heavenly choir,
Shout, ye followers of the Lamb,
See the city all on fire,
How it sinks beneath the flame !
Now's the day of compensation
On the mystic, drunk with gore :
Babylon is falling, &c.

4 Blow the trumpet in mount Zion,
Christ will come the second time,
Ruling with a rod of iron,
All who now as foes combine.

Babel's garments we've rejected,
And the wedge of golden ore;
Babylon is falling, &c.

HYMN 650. S. M. EASTERN COLL.

Penitence.

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, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 651. 11's. EASTERN COLL.

The bower of prayer..

1 TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven 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 Savior in prayer.

3 The early, shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to pray'r.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative, were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Savior, oft deign'd me to meet,
And bless, with his presence, my humble retreat,
Oft filled me with raptures and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Savior resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

Although I shall never revisit the shade,
Yet oft shall I think of the vows I have made,
And while at a distance, my mind will repair
To the place where my Savior first answer'd my prayer.

HYMN 652. L. M. Eastern Coll.

The harvest.

1 THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares;

And soon the reaping time will come
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 To love my sins, a saint appear.
To grow in wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow;
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

3 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is ev'ry man a wheat or tare?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare;
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

4 Then all who truly righteous be,
Their father's kingdom soon shall see·
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell—O! doleful sound!
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

HYMN 653. P. M. Eastern Coll.

The pilgrim's consolation

1 A FEW more days of grief and woe,
A few more suff'ring scenes below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow
And give to Jesus glory.

2 Come, who will march to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where joy nor friendship never dies,
But always reign in Paradise,
And give to Jesus glory.

3 Come, parents, children. bond and free,
Say, will you go to heaven with me

That glorious land of rest to see,
Where we shall dwell eternally,
And give to Jesus glory?

4 My soul grows happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing,
We'll shout salvation to our King,
And each to heaven our trophies bring,
And give to Jesus glory.

5 The beauteous fields of living green,
Through faith, the telescope, are seen,
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And give to Jesus glory.

6 The rose and lily there shall stand,
In holy bloom at God's right hand,
O how I long for Canaan's land,
To join that holy, happy band,
And give to Jesus glory.

7 Our tears shall all be wiped away,
And christians no more go astray,
But with our Savior there to stay,
And dwell with him in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

HYMN 654. 9's & 8's. EASTERN COLL.

The valley of repose.

1 LOW down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly.
Where loud storms of envy and folly,
May roll on their billows in vain,
The low soul in humble subjection,
Shall here find unshaken protection,
The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,

No dark wiles of evil invention,
Can find out this region of peace;
O there, there, the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river,
Which flows peace for ever and ever,
Where love and joy will ever increase.

HYMN 655. 11's. Eastern Coll.

I would not live always.

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

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

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

4 Who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul.

HYNN 656. 11's. Eastern Coll.

The young man's experience.

1 COME all ye young people of ev'ry nation,
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell
How I was first call'd to seek for salvation
In Jesus, my Lord, who redeem'd me from
hell.
I was not past sixteen when first I was call'd
To think of my soul and the state I was in,
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus,
Between him and me was a mountain of sin.

2 The Devil perceiving that I was awaken'd,
He strove to persuade me that I was too
young,
He said I'd get weary before my days ended,
And wish I had never so early begun:
Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus was
partial,
While he was a setting the poor sinner free,
That I was forgotten, a cast-out, like Esau,
That there was no mercy at all for poor me.

3 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confined
To princes or persons of noble degree:
His love it is boundless, to all it's extended,
He died for poor sinners while nail'd to the
tree.

Thus while I lay groaning in deep lamentation,
My soul overwhelm'd with sorrow and pain;
He drew nigh in mercy, look'd on me with pity,
He pardon'd my sins and his grace I obtain'd.

4 So now I've found favor in Jesus, my Savior,
And all his commands I'm bound to obey;
I'll follow my Savior, in whom I've found favor,
Till he shall see cause for to call me away;
So farewell, young people, since I can't persuade you
To leave off your follies and go with a friend;
I'll follow my Savior, in whom I've found favor,
My days in his service I'm bound for to spend.

HYMN 657. 7's & 9's. EASTERN COLL.

The recruiting orders.

1 HARK! brethren, don't you hear the sound
The martial trumpets now are blowing,
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing,
Bounty offer'd, joy and peace,
To ev'ry soldier this is given,
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright, prepared in heaven.

2 Those who long in sin have laid,
And mourned the hand of dire oppression
Christ will come unto their aid,
And them endow with large possessions;
Those that sick, or blind, or lame,
Their maladies are also healed.

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