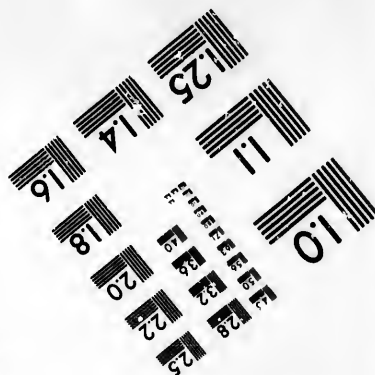
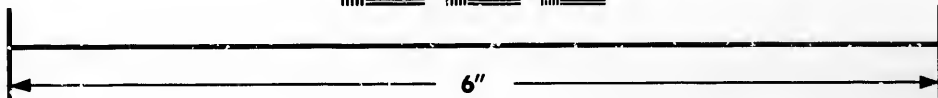
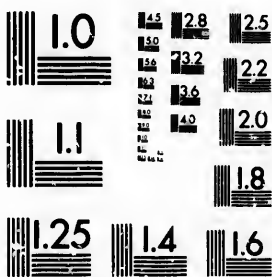


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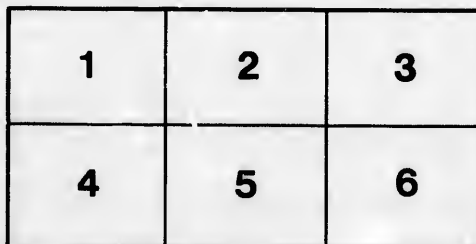
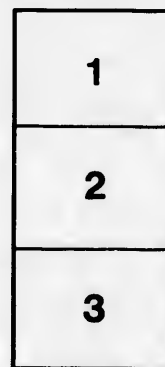
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## PREFACE.

The "Psalmist," used by the Baptist Denomination, is one of the finest collections of Church Psalmody in existence, but, within the last few years, many other excellent hymns of a devotional character, that are not found in that book, have been brought into use in our more social religious meetings. It has been suggested that many persons in our congregations would be glad to have a number of these modern Spiritual Songs collected together in a small book, convenient for use—especially at our prayer meetings.

The "Psalmist" being so large a collection of hymns, the price is, in some cases, a barrier to its being generally purchased, and every member of a family having a book.

It has, therefore, been deemed desirable that a Selection be made from the Psalmist, of the Hymns in most common use; and combined with some of the best of the Spiritual Songs referred to, into one book.

This compilation is an attempt to meet the popular demand and to provide what may aid in rendering more general the singing of the praises of the Most High.

☞ The numbers of the hymns from the Psalmist are given on the right hand of the page.

# HYMNS.

1.

C. M.

(3)

*Delight in the house of God.*

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

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.

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

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

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

2.

C. M.

(8)

*Anticipating Worship.*

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

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

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.

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

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

3.

C. M.

(15)

*Thankful acknowledgment of God's Goodness.*

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

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

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.

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

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.

4.

C. M.

(17)

*Habitual Devotion.*

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

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

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

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

5.

C. M.

(18)

*Longing for the House of God.*

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

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.

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

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.

6.

L. M.

(26)

*The indwelling of God desired.*

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

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
 Make our enlarged souls possess,  
 And learn, the height, and breadth, and length,  
 Of thine eternal love and grace.

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

7.

7s.

(28)

*Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.*

To thy temple we repair ;  
 Lord, we love to worship there ;  
 There, within the veil, we meet  
 Christ upon the mercy-seat.

While thy glorious name is sung,  
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue ;  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend ;  
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

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

From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn ;  
Then, at evening, we may say,  
" We have walked with God to-day."

8.

S. M.

(30)

*Claiming the Promise.*

Jesus, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim ;  
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,  
Assembled in thy name.

Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove ;  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.

We meet, the grace to take  
Which thou hast freely given ;  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.

O, may thy quickening voice  
 The death of sin remove,  
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
 In hope of perfect love.

9.

C. M.

(39)

*The Sabbath a Type of Heaven.*

Com: let us join, with sweet accord,  
 In hymns around the throne ;  
 This is the day our rising Lord  
 Hath made and called his own.

This is the day which God hath blest,  
 The brightest of the seven,—  
 A type of that eternal rest  
 Which saints enjoy in heaven.

10.

7s.

(60)

*A Blessing desired.*

Saviour, bless thy word to all ;  
 Quick and powerful let it prove ;  
 O, may sinners hear thy call ;  
 Let thy people grow in love.

Thine own gracious message bless ;  
 Follow it with power divine ;  
 Give the gospel great success ;  
 Thine the work, the glory thine.

Saviour, bid the world rejoice ;  
 Send, O, send thy truth abroad ;  
 Let the nations hear thy voice,—  
 Hear it, and return to God.





Oft he forgave their sins,  
 Nor would destroy their race ;  
 And oft he made his vengeance known,  
 When they abused his grace.

Exalt the Lord our God,  
 Whose grace is still the same ;  
 Still he's a God of holiness,  
 And jealous for his name.

14.

C. M.

(128)

*Eternity of God.*

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

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

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

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

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

15.

8s. &amp; 7s.

(155)

*God is Love.*

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

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

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

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

16.

L. M.

(172)

*God the Refuge and Portion of his People.*

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

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

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

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

17.

H. M.

(173)

*God our Preserver.*

To heaven I lift mine eyes ;  
 From God is all my aid,—  
 The God who built the skies,—  
 And earth and nature made :

|                  |  |                   |
|------------------|--|-------------------|
| God is the tower |  | His grace is nigh |
| To which I fly,  |  | In every hour.    |

My feet shall never slide,  
 And fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears.

|                     |  |                    |
|---------------------|--|--------------------|
| Those wakeful eyes, |  | Shall Israel keep, |
| Which never sleep,  |  | When dangers rise. |

No burning heats by day,  
 Nor blasts of evening air,  
 Shall take my health away,  
 If God be with me there :

|                    |  |                   |
|--------------------|--|-------------------|
| Thou art my sun,   |  | To guard my head  |
| And thou my shade, |  | By night or noon. |

Hast thou not pledged thy word  
 To save my soul from death ?  
 And I can trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath :

|                   |  |                    |
|-------------------|--|--------------------|
| I'll go and come, |  | Till from on high  |
| Nor fear to die,  |  | Thou call me home. |

18.

S. M.

(184)

*Kindness to our Frailty.*

The pity of the Lord,  
 To those that fear his name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel ;  
 He knowe our feeble frame.

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

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

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

19.

C. M.

(193)

*Security in God.*

Through all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.

The hosts of God encamp around  
 The dwellings of the just ;  
 Deliverance he affords to all  
 Who make his name their trust.

O. make but trial of his love,  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear ;  
 Make you his service your delight,  
 He'll make your wants his care.

20.

S. M.

(195)

*God our Shepherd.*

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

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

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

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

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

21.

L. M.

(230)

*Christ expiring upon the Cross.*

" 'Tis finished ! "—so the Saviour cried,  
 And meekly bowed his head and died,  
 'Tis finished !—yes, the race is run,  
 The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished!—this his dying groan  
 Shall sins of deepest hue atone,  
 And millions be redeemed from death  
 By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

\*Tis finished!—Heaven is reconciled,  
 And all the powers of darkness spoiled;  
 Peace, love, and happiness, again  
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound  
 Be heard through all the nations round;  
 'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,  
 And swell the chorus of the skies.

22.

S. M.

(231)

*Christ suffering for our Sins.*

Like sheep we went astray,  
 And broke the fold of God,  
 Each wandering in a different way,  
 But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour  
 When God our wanderings laid,  
 And did at once his vengeance pour  
 Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace,  
 When Christ sustained the stroke!  
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,  
 A ransom for the flock.

“ I'll give him,” saith the Lord,  
 “ A portion with the strong:  
 He shall possess a large reward,  
 And hold his honors long.”

23.

S. M.

(254)

*Christ our Sacrifice.*

Not all the blood of beasts,  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace  
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away ;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood, than they.

My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of thine,  
 While like a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see  
 The burdens thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on the cursed tree,  
 And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love.

24.

C. M.

(257)

*Indebtedness to Christ.*

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;  
 His head with radiant glories crowned,  
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

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



To heaven, the place of his abode,  
 He brings my weary feet,  
 Shows me the glories of my God,  
 And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive  
 Such proofs of love divine,  
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
 Lord, they should all be thine.

25.

C. M.

(268)

*Christ's Commission.*

Come, happy souls, approach your God,  
 With new, melodious songs ;  
 Come, render to almighty grace  
 The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love  
 That pitied dying men,  
 The Father sent his equal Son  
 To give them life again.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
 And wipe your sorrows dry :  
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name  
 And you shall never die.

See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
 Accept thine offered grace ;  
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
 And give the Father praise.

26.

8s. &amp; 7s.

(271)

*Glorying in the Cross.*

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;  
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified ;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

27.

C. M.

(274)

*Sufficiency of the Atonement.*

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain, in his day ;  
 O may I there, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Are saved, to sin no more.

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.

And when this feeble, faltering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save.

28.

C. M.

(277)

*Salvation.*

Salvation ! O, the joyful sound !  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow, and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay ;  
 But we arise, by grace divine,  
 To see a heavenly day.

Salvation ! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

29.

7s.

(282)

*Christ the Rock of Ages.*

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee :  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the double cure,—  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 All for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone ;  
 In my hand no price I bring ;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

30.

7s.

(285)

*A Refuge.*

Jesus, refuge of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high ;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 All in all in thee I find ;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :  
 Just and holy is thy name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 Vile and full of sin I am ;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

31.

L. M.

(288)

*Christ ever present in his Churches.*

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,  
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
 And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,  
 Dost well within the humble mind ;  
 Such ever bring thee where they come,  
 And, going, take thee to their home.

Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew ;  
 Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

32.

C. M.

(297)

*High Priest.*

Now let our cheerful eyes survey  
 Our great High Priest above,  
 And celebrate his constant care  
 And sympathizing love.

Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,  
 Where angels bow around,  
 And high o'er all the hosts of light,  
 With matchless honors crowned,—

The names of all his saints he bears,  
 Deep graven on his heart ;  
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
 That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide,  
 Our everlasting trust,  
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
 Are mouldered down to dust.

So gracious Saviour, on our breasts  
 May thy dear name be worn,—  
 A sacred ornament and guard,  
 To endless ages borne.

33.

C. M.

(298)

*Christ a merciful High Priest.*

With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above :  
His heart is full of tenderness ;  
His bosom glows with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

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

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

34.

H. M.

(301)

*Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.*

Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
Or angels ever bore :

|                     |  |                    |
|---------------------|--|--------------------|
| All are too mean    |  | Too mean to set    |
| To speak his worth, |  | The Saviour forth. |

Great Prophet of our God,  
Our tongues shall bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came,—  
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,  
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Has shed his blood and died ;  
 Our guilty conscience needs  
 No sacrifice beside :  
 His precious blood | And now it pleads  
 Did once atone, | Before the throne.

O thou almighty Lord,  
 Our Conqueror and our King,  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace we sing :  
 Thine is the power ; | In willing bonds  
 O, make us sit | Beneath thy feet.

35.

C. M.

(306)

*Jesus precious to them that believe.*  
 Jesus, I love thy charming name ;  
 'Tis music to my ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heaven might hear.

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

All my capacious powers can wish  
 In thee doth richly meet ;  
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
 And shed its fragrance there,—  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honors of thy name  
 With my last, laboring breath,  
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death.

36.

C M.

(308)

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimmering day.

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

Down from the shining seats above,  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead.

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

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.

37.

S. M.

(313).

*Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

Awake, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
 Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love ;  
 Sing of his rising power ;  
 Sing how he intercedes, above,  
 For us whose sins he bore.



Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ, th' eternal King.

Soon shall we hear him say,  
 " Ye blessed children, come !"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 To our eternal home.

There shall our raptured tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim,  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

38.

C. M.

(338)

*The spiritual Coronation.*

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

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.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

39.

C. M.

(346)

*The Lamb of God worshipped.*

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

“ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,  
 “ To be exalted thus : ”  
 “ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,  
 ‘ For he was slain for us.’

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

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

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

40.

C. M.

(353)

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

Come, Holy Spirit heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers,  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look ! how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys !  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
 To reach eternal joys.

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

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

41. L. M. (380)

*The Spirit entreated not to depart.*

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
 Though I have done thee such despite ;  
 Cast not a sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.  
 Though I have most unfaithful been  
 Of all who e'er thy grace received,—  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,—  
 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honor of my great High Priest ;  
 Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear  
 I shall not see thy people's rest.  
 My weary soul, O God, release ;  
 Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;  
 O, guide me into perfect peace,  
 And bring me to the promised land.

42. 8s. 7s. & 4. (416)

*Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.*

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Come in mercy's gracious hour ;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love and power.  
 He is able,—  
 He is willing—doubt no more.

Let no sense of guilt prevent you,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him :  
     This he gives you ;  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;  
 On the bloody tree behold him ;  
 There he groans, and bleeds, and dies :  
     " It is finished ; "  
 Heaven's atoning sacrifice.

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
 Venture on him—venture wholly ;  
 Let no other trust intrude ;  
     None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

43.

C. M.

(418)

*Yet there is Room.*

Come, sinner, to the gospel feast,  
 O, come without delay ;  
 For there is room in Jesus' breast  
 For all who will obey.

There's room in God's eternal love.  
 To save thy precious soul ;  
 Room in the Spirit's grace above  
 To heal and make thee whole.

There's room within the church redeemed  
 With blood of Christ divine ;  
 Room in the white-robed throng convened,  
 For that dear soul of thine.

There's room in heaven among the choir,  
 And harps and crowns of gold,  
 And glorious palms of victory there,  
 And joys that ne'er were told.

There's room around thy Father's board  
 For thee and thousands more :  
 O come and welcome to the Lord ;  
 Yea, come this very hour.

44. C. M. (422)

*The Gospel Trumpet.*

Let every mortal ear attend,  
 And every heart rejoice ;  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
 With an inviting voice.

Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
 A soul-reviving feast,  
 And bids your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
 And pine away and die,—  
 Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry.

The happy gates of gospel grace  
 Stand open night and day ;  
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
 And drive our wants away.

45. C. M. (423)

*The Saviour's Invitation.*

The Saviour calls ; let every ear  
 Attend the heavenly sound ;  
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;  
 Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow,  
 And life, and health, and bliss, impart.  
 To banish mortal woe.

Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice  
 That gracious voice obey ;  
 'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys ;  
 And can you yet delay ?

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

46.

C. M.

(424)

*All Things ready.*

The King of heaven his table spreads,  
 And dainties crown the board :  
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,  
 Could such delight afford.

Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed  
 In sin's dark mazes, come ;  
 Come from your most obscure retreats,  
 And grace shall find you room.

Millions of souls, in glory now,  
 Were fed and feasted here ;  
 And millions more still on the way,  
 Around the board appear.

Yet are his house and heart so large,  
 That millions more may come ;  
 Nor could the whole assembled world  
 O'er fill the spacious room.

All things are ready ; come away,  
 Nor weak excuses frame :  
 Come taste the dainties of the feast,  
 And bless the Master's name.

47.

C. M.

(433)

*The Invitation and the Resolve.*

Come weary sinner in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve.  
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
 And make this last resolve,

“ I’ll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 Hath like a mountain rose ;  
 I know his courts ; I’ll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.

“ I’ll prostrate lie before his throne,  
 And there my guilt confess ;  
 I’ll tell him I’m a wretch undone,  
 Without his sovereign grace.

“ I’ll to the gracious King approach,  
 Whose sceptre pardon gives ;  
 Perhaps he may command my touch,  
 And then the suppliant lives.

“ Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
 Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
 But, if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.

48.

11s.

(438)

*Delay not.*

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

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

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

Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,  
 Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,  
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Delay not, delay not ; the hour is at hand ;  
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall  
 fade ;  
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall  
 stand ;  
 What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid.

49.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

(449)

*Glad Tidings.*

Sinners, will you scorn the message  
 Sent in mercy from above ?  
 Every sentence, O, how tender  
 Every line is full of love :  
 Listen to it ;  
 Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel  
 News from Zion's King proclaim :  
 " Pardon to each rebel sinner ;  
 Free forgiveness in his name : "  
 How important !  
 " Free forgiveness in his name. "

Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears  
 And, with news of consolation,  
 Chase away the falling tears ;  
 Tender heralds !  
 Chase away the falling tears.



Who hath our report believed?  
 Who received the joyful word?  
 Who embraced the news of pardon  
 Offered to you by the Lord?  
 Can you slight it?  
 Offered to you by the Lord.

O ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay:  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.

50.

C. M.

(469)

*Subdued by the Cross.*

In evil long I took delight,  
 Unawed by shame or fear,  
 Till a new object struck my sight,  
 And stopped my wild career.  
 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies and blood;  
 He fixed his languid eyes on me,  
 As near his cross I stood.  
 O, never, till my latest breath,  
 Shall I forget that look;  
 It seemed to charge me with his death,  
 Though not a word he spoke.  
 My conscience felt and owned the guilt  
 It plunged me in despair;  
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
 And helped to nail him there.  
 A second look he gave, which said,  
 "I freely all forgive;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
 I die that thou mayst live."

(2)

Thus, while his death my sin displays  
 In all its darkest hue,  
 Such is the mystery of grace,  
 It seals my pardon too.

51.

C. M.

(472)

*Godly Sorrow at the Cross.*

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

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

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

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.

52.

7s.

(476)

*The penitent Inquirer.*

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

I have long withstood his grace ;  
 Long provoked him to his face ;  
 Would not hear his gracious calls ;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

Jesus, answer from above :  
 Is not all thy nature love ?  
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?  
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.

Now incline me to repent ;  
 Let me now my fall lament ;  
 Deeply my revolt deplore ;  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

53.

S. M.

(520)

*Salvation by Grace.*

Grace ! 'tis a charming sound—  
 Harmonious to the ear ;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man ;  
 And all the steps that grace display  
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road ;  
 And new supplies, each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

54.

C. M.

(552)

*Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

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

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

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

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

55.

L. M.

(554)

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

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

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

Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;  
 And, O, may this my glory be,—  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

56.

L. M.

(556)

*Living to Christ.*

My glorious Lord, I own thy right  
 To every service I can pay,  
 And call it my supreme delight  
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

What is my being but for thee—  
 Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
 'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.

I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
 Or to increase my worldly good ;  
 Nor future days nor powers employ  
 To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live—  
 To him who for my ransom died ;  
 Nor could all worldly honor give  
 Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,  
 When youthful vigor is no more,  
 And my last hour of life confess  
 His saving love, his glorious power.

57.

C. M.

(566)

*Praise and Hope.*

O Lord, if in the book of life  
 My worthless name should stand,  
 In fairest characters, inscribed  
 By thine unerring hand,—

My soul thou wilt by grace prepare  
 For crowns above the skies,  
 And on my way, from heavenly stores,  
 Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,  
 Will grateful anthems raise :  
 But life's too short, my powers too weak,  
 To utter half thy praise.

Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,  
 Not one should silent be ;  
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,  
 I'd give them all to thee.

58.

7s.

(577)

*Self-Distrust.*

'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 ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,  
 Sin is mixed with all I do ;  
 You that love the Lord indeed,  
 Tell me, is it thus with you ?

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 ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case ;  
 Thou who art thy people's sun,  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more ;  
 If I love at all, I pray ;  
 If I have not loved before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

59.

8s. &amp; 7s.

(610)

*Mercies gratefully acknowledged.*

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

By thy hand sustained, defended,  
Safe through life, thus far, I've come ;  
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart ; O, take and seal it ;  
Seal it from thy courts above.

60.

C. M.

(632)

*Prayer.*

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

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

61.

L. M.

(636)

*The Mercy-Seat.*

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

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—  
A place of all on earth most sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

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

62.

C. M.

(637)

*Secret Prayer at Twilight.*

I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.



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

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

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

63.

C. M.

(643)

*A Throne of Grace.*

A throne of grace ! then let us go  
 And offer up our prayer ;  
 A gracious God will mercy show  
 To all that worship there.

A throne of grace ! O, at that throne  
 Our knees have often bent,  
 And God has showered his blessings down  
 As often as we went.

A throne of grace we yet shall need  
 Long as we draw our breath,  
 A Saviour, too, to intercede,  
 Till we are changed by death.

The throne of glory then shall glow  
 With beams from Jesus' face,  
 And we no longer want shall know,  
 Nor need a throne of grace.

64.

C. M.

(663)

*Purity of Heart.*

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!

O for a heart submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne,  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone!

O for an humble, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean,  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him that dwells within!

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

65.

C. M.

(667)

*"Lord, remember me."*

O thou from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my soul to thee;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 O Lord, remember me.

When, with an aching, burdened heart,  
 I seek relief of thee,  
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;  
 O Lord, remember me.

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
 O Lord, remember me.

When, in the solemn hour of death,  
 I wait thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,—  
 O Lord, remember me.

And when before thy throne I stand,  
 And lift my soul to thee,  
 Then, with the saints at thy right hand,  
 O Lord, remember me.

66.

C. M.

(681)

*God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades, if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 He is my soul's bright morning star,  
 And he my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows his love is mine,  
 And whispers, I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word,  
 And run with joy the shining way,  
 To meet my gracious Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I break through every foe :  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Shall bear me conqueror through.

67.

C. M.

(691)

*Walking with God.*

O for a closer walk with God !  
 A calm and heavenly frame !  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word ?

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

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

So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

68.

L. M.

(704)

*Following the Example of Christ.*

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.

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

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

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.

69.

L. M.

(706)

*The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.*

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.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When his salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Ambition, envy, lust, and pride ;  
 While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

70.

S. M.

(715)

*The watchful Servant.*

Ye servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait ;  
 With joy obey his heavenly word  
 And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame ;  
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
 For awful is his name.

Watch !—'tis your Lord's command ;  
 And while we speak, he's near ;  
 Mark every signal of his hand,  
 And ready all appear.

O, happy servant he,  
 In such a posture found !  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honor crowned.

71.

C. M.

(716)

*Watch and pray.*

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
 Through life's brief, fleeting hour,  
 And gives the Spirit's quickening ray  
 To those who seek his power.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
 Maintain a warrior's strife ;  
 Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day ;  
 Obedience is our life.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray ;  
 For soon the hour will come  
 That calls us from the earth away,  
 To our eternal home.

Ⓞ Saviour we would watch and pray,  
 And hear thy sacred voice,  
 And walk, as thou hast marked the way,  
 To heaven's eternal joys.

72.

S. M.

(717)

*Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.*

My soul, be on thy guard ;  
 Ten thousand foes arise ;  
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.

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

Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armour down ;  
 Thy arduous work will not be done  
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

73.

C. M.

(721)

*The Christian Soldier.*

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 ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God ?

Thy saints in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer, though they die ;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

74.

C. M.

(722)

*The whole Armor.*

O speed thee, Christian, on thy way,  
 And to thy armor cling ;  
 With girded loins the call obey  
 That grace and mercy bring.

There is a battle to be fought.  
 An upward race to run,  
 A crown of glory to be sought,  
 A victory to be won.

The shield of faith repels the dart  
 That Satan's hand may throw ;  
 His arrow cannot reach thy heart,  
 If Christ control the bow.

The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
 Thee on thy anxious road ;  
 'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,  
 And guide thee to thy God.

O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs  
 Are heard before the throne ;  
 The race must come before the prize,  
 The cross before the crown.

75.

C. M.

(726)

*The Christian Race.*

Awake, my soul ; stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on ;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.



A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey ;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high ;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine uplifted eye ;—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
 Shall blend in common dust

76.

C. M.

(727)

*Following departed Worthies.*

Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,  
 And bathed their couch with tears ;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came ;  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
 His zeal inspired their breast ;  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
 Possessed the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For his own pattern given ;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Shows the same path to heaven.

77.

C. M.

(736)

*The Hope, the Star, the Voice.*

There is a hope, a blessed hope,  
 More precious and more bright  
 Than all the joyless mockery  
 The world esteems delight.

There is a star, a lovely star,  
 That lights the darkest gloom,  
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
 The prospects of the tomb.

There is a voice, a cheering voice,  
 That lifts the soul above,  
 Dispels the painful, anxious doubt.  
 And whispers, "God is love."

That voice, aloud from Calvary's height  
 Proclaims the soul forgiven;  
 That star is revelation's light;  
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

78.

S. M.

(737)

*Active Piety.*

Laborers of Christ, arise,  
 And gird you for the toil;  
 The dew of promise from the skies  
 Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,  
 Where mourning hearts deplore;  
 And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
 Dispense your hallowed lore.

Urge, with a tender zeal,  
 The erring child along  
 Where peaceful congregations kneel,  
 And pious teachers throng.

Be faith, which looks above,  
 With prayer, your constant guest,  
 And wrap the Saviour's changeless love  
 A mantle round your breast.

So shall you share the wealth  
 That earth may ne'er despoil,  
 And the blest gospel's saving health  
 Repay your arduous toil.

79.

S. M.

(740)

*Active Effort to do Good.*

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

And duly shall appear,  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
 Shall foster and mature the grain  
 For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God, shall come,  
 The angel reapers shall descend  
 And heaven cry, " Harvest home."

80.

C. M.

(758)

*Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.*

Long have we heard the joyful sound  
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
 And still how weak our faith is found,  
 And knowledge of thy word !

How cold and feeble is our love !  
 How negligent our fear !  
 How low our hope of joys above !  
 How few affections there !

Great God, thy sovereign power impart,  
 To give thy word success ;  
 Write thy salvation in each heart,  
 And make us learn thy grace.

Show our forgetful feet the way  
 That leads to joys on high,  
 Where knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die.

81.

C. M.

(765)

*Importance of Religion.*

Religion is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below ;  
 May we its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know.

Religion should our thoughts engage  
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the solemn tomb.

O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,  
 Be our Redeemer's throne ;  
 And be our stubborn wills subdued,  
 His government to own.

Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
 Be joined with godly fear,  
 And all our conversation prove  
 Our hearts to be sincere.

Let lively hope our souls inspire ;  
 Let warm affections rise ;  
 And may we wait with strong desire  
 To mount above the skies.

82.

S. M.

(767)

*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

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

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

Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

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

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

83.

C. M.

(773)

*Early Religion.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upwards drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
 And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou who givest life and breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.

84.

C. M.

(775)

*Early Instruction.*

How happy is the child who hears  
 Instruction's warning voice,  
 And who celestial Wisdom makes  
 His early, only choice !

For she has treasures greater far  
 Than east or west unfold,  
 And her rewards more precious are  
 Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence  
 In pleasure's path to tread ;  
 A crown of glory she bestows  
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,  
 So her rewards increase ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

85.

S. M.

(788)

*Attachment to the Church.*

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

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

For her my tears shall fall ;  
 For her my prayers ascend ;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

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

Sure as thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

86.

C. M.

(791)

*One Church.*

Come let us join our friends above,  
 Who have obtained the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love  
 To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing  
 With those to glory gone ;  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him ;  
 One church above, beneath ;  
 Though now divided by the stream—  
 The narrow stream—of death.

One army of the living God,  
 To his command we bow ;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home  
 Some happy spirits fly ;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon expect to die.

O Saviour, be our constant Guide ;  
 Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
 And land us safe in heaven.

87.

C. M.

(793)

*The saints above and below.*

Happy the souls to Jesus joined,  
 And saved by grace alone :  
 Walking in all his ways, they find  
 Their heaven on earth begun.

The church triumphant in thy love,  
 Their mighty joys we know :  
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
 And we in hymns below.

Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
 And bow before thy throne ;  
 We in the kingdom of thy grace :  
 The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads ;  
 From thence our spirits rise ;  
 And he that in thy statutes treads  
 Shall meet thee in the skies.



88.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

(795)

*God the Defence of Zion.*

Zion stands with hills surrounded—  
 Zion, kept by power divine ;  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine ;  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favored lot is thine !

Every human tie may perish ;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in his sight :  
 God is with thee—  
 God, thine everlasting light.

89.

S. M.

(797)

*Safety of the Church.*

Great is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,  
 A refuge in distress :  
 How bright has his salvation shone,  
 Through all her palaces !  
 When kings against her joined,  
 And saw the Lord was there,  
 In wild confusion of the mind,  
 They fled with hasty fear.

Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the fold  
 Where his own sheep have been.

In every new distress  
 We'll to his house repair ;  
 We'll call to mind his wond'rous grace,  
 And seek deliverance there.

90.

C. M.

(812)

*Hinder me not.*

In all my Lord's appointed ways  
 My journey I'll pursue ;  
 "Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,  
 For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
 I'll follow where he goes ;  
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.

Through duties, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command ;  
 "Hinder me not ;" for I am bound  
 To my Immanuel's land.

And, when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,—  
 "Hinder me not ;" come, welcome, death ;  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

91.

S. M.

(818)

*The Baptism of Christ.*

Down to the sacred wave  
 The Lord of life was led ;  
 And he who came our souls to save  
 In Jordan bowed his head.

He taught the solemn way ;  
 He fixed the holy rite ;  
 He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
 And keep the path of light.

Blest Saviour, we will tread  
 In thy appointed way ;  
 Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,  
 And smile on us to-day.

92.

L. M.

(228)

*On receiving new Members.*

Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,  
 A hearty welcome here receive ;  
 May we together now partake  
 The joys which only he can give.

May He by whose kind care we meet  
 Send his good Spirit from above,  
 Make our communications sweet,  
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
 When Christians see each other thus ;  
 We only wish to speak of him  
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

We'll talk of all he did, and said,  
 And suffered for us here below,  
 The path he marked for us to tread,  
 And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,  
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
 And long to see the glorious day,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.

## 93. L. M. (834)

*Consecration in View of the Cross.*

When I survey the wond'rous cross,  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were all the realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small ;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 94. C. M. (840)

*Christ's Compassion.*

How condescending and how kind  
 Was God's eternal Son !  
 Our misery reached his heavenly mind,  
 And pity brought him down.

This was compassion like a God,  
 That, when the Saviour knew  
 The price of pardon was his blood,  
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
 While we his death record,  
 And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

95.

L. M.

(849)

*Enjoyment in the Service.*

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;  
 Let my religious hours alone ;  
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

O, warm my heart with holy fire,  
 And kindle there a pure desire ;  
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.

Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !  
 How sweet thy entertainments are !  
 No'er did the angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,  
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

96.

7s.

(893)

*Report of the Watchman.*

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveller ! o'er you mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night ;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Traveller ! ages are its own ;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;  
 Hie thee in thy quiet home.  
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo ! the Son of God is come.

97.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

(902)

*Zion encouraged.*

On the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
 Zion, long in hostile lands :  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
 Cease thy mourning ;  
 Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
 He himself appears thy Friend ;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end ;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;  
 All thy warfare now be past ;  
 God thy Saviour will defend thee ;  
 Victory is thine at last ;  
     All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

98.

7s. &amp; 6s.

(912)

*Success of the Gospel.*

The morning light is breaking ;  
 The darkness disappears ;  
 The sons of earth are waking  
     To penitential tears :  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
     Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
     Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
     In many a gentle shower,  
 And brighter scenes before us  
     Are opening every hour :  
 Each cry to heaven going,  
     Abundant answer brings,  
 And heavenly gales are blowing  
     With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending  
     Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
     In gratitude above ;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
     The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—  
     A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way ;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy riches stay :  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home ;  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

99.

7s. &amp; 6s.

(917)

*Condition of the Heathen.*

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.

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 strewn :  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stole.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to man benighted  
 The light of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! O, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.



Who hath our report believed ?  
 Who received the joyful word ?  
 Who embraced the news of pardon  
 Offered to you by the Lord ?  
 Can you slight it ?  
 Offered to you by the Lord.

O ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay :  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.

50.

C. M.

(469)

*Subdued by the Cross.*

In evil long I took delight,  
 Unawed by shame or fear,  
 Till a new object struck my sight,  
 And stopped my wild career.  
 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies and blood ;  
 He fixed his languid eyes on me,  
 As near his cross I stood.  
 O, never, till my latest breath,  
 Shall I forget that look ;  
 It seemed to charge me with his death,  
 Though not a word he spoke.  
 My conscience felt and owned the guilt  
 It plunged me in despair ;  
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
 And helped to nail him there.  
 A second look he gave, which said,  
 " I freely all forgive ;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
 I die that thou mayst live."

(2)

Thus, while his death my sin displays  
 In all its darkest hue,  
 Such is the mystery of grace,  
 It seals my pardon too.

51.

C. M.

(472)

*Godly Sorrow at the Cross.*

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

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

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

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.

52.

7s.

(476)

*The penitent Inquirer.*

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

I have long withstood his grace ;  
 Long provoked him to his face ;  
 Would not hear his gracious calls ;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

Jesus, answer from above :  
 Is not all thy nature love ?  
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?  
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.

Now incline me to repent ;  
 Let me now my fall lament ;  
 Deeply my revolt deplore ;  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

53.

S. M.

(520)

*Salvation by Grace.*

Grace ! 'tis a charming sound—  
 Harmonious to the ear ;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man ;  
 And all the steps that grace display  
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road ;  
 And new supplies, each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

54.

C. M.

(552)

*Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

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

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

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

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

55.

L. M.

(554)

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

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

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

Ashamed of Jesus !—yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;  
 And, O, may this my glory be,—  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

56.

L. M.

(556)

*Living to Christ.*

My glorious Lord, I own thy right  
 To every service I can pay,  
 And call it my supreme delight  
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

What is my being but for thee—  
 Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
 'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.

I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
 Or to increase my worldly good ;  
 Nor future days nor powers employ  
 To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live—  
 To him who for my ransom died ;  
 Nor could all worldly honor give  
 Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,  
 When youthful vigor is no more,  
 And my last hour of life confess  
 His saving love, his glorious power.

57.

C. M.

(566)

*Praise and Hope.*

O Lord, if in the book of life  
 My worthless name should stand,  
 In fairest characters, inscribed  
 By thine unerring hand,—

My soul thou wilt by grace prepare  
 For crowns above the skies,  
 And on my way, from heavenly stores,  
 Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,  
 Will grateful anthems raise :  
 But life's too short, my powers too weak,  
 To utter half thy praise.

Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,  
 Not one should silent be ;  
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,  
 I'd give them all to thee.

58.

7s.

(577)

*Self-Distrust.*

'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 ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,  
 Sin is mixed with all I do ;  
 You that love the Lord indeed,  
 Tell me, is it thus with you ?

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 ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case ;  
 Thou who art thy people's sun,  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray ;  
 If I have not loved before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

59.

8s. &amp; 7s.

(610)

*Mercies gratefully acknowledged.*

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

By thy hand sustained, defended,  
Safe through life, thus far, I've come ;  
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart ; O, take and seal it ;  
Seal it from thy courts above.

60.

C. M.

(632)

*Prayer.*

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

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

61.

L. M.

(636)

*The Mercy-Seat.*

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

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads—  
A place of all on earth most sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

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

62.

C. M.

(637)

*Secret Prayer at Twilight.*

I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.



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

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

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

63.

C. M.

(643)

*A Throne of Grace.*

A throne of grace ! then let us go  
 And offer up our prayer ;  
 A gracious God will mercy show  
 To all that worship there.

A throne of grace ! O, at that throne  
 Our knees have often bent,  
 And God has showered his blessings down  
 As often as we went.

A throne of grace we yet shall need  
 Long as we draw our breath,  
 A Saviour, too, to intercede,  
 Till we are changed by death.

The throne of glory then shall glow  
 With beams from Jesus' face,  
 And we no longer want shall know,  
 Nor need a throne of grace.

64.

C. M.

(663)

*Purity of Heart.*

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 !

O for a heart submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne,  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone !

O for an humble, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean,  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him that dwells within !

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

65.

C. M.

(667)

*" Lord, remember me."*

O thou from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my soul to thee ;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 O Lord, remember me.

When, with an aching, burdened heart,  
 I seek relief of thee,  
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;  
 O Lord, remember me.

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see ;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;  
 O Lord, remember me.

When, in the solemn hour of death,  
 I wait thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,—  
 O Lord, remember me.

And when before thy throne I stand,  
 And lift my soul to thee,  
 Then, with the saints at thy right hand,  
 O Lord, remember me.

66.

C. M.

(681)

*God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades, if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 He is my soul's bright morning star,  
 And he my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows his love is mine,  
 And whispers, I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word,  
 And run with joy the shining way,  
 To meet my gracious Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I break through every foe :  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Shall bear me conqueror through.

67.

C. M.

(691)

*Walking with God.*

O for a closer walk with God !  
 A calm and heavenly frame !  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word ?

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

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

So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

68.

L. M.

(704)

*Following the Example of Christ.*

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.

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

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

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.

69.

L. M.

(706)

*The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.*

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.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When his salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Ambition, envy, lust, and pride ;  
 While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

70.

S. M.

(715)

*The watchful Servant.*

Ye servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait ;  
 With joy obey his heavenly word  
 And watch before his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame ;  
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
 For awful is his name.

Watch !--'tis your Lord's command ;  
 And while we speak, he's near ;  
 Mark every signal of his hand,  
 And ready all appear.

O, happy servant he,  
 In such a posture found !  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honor crowned.

11.

C. M.

(716)

*Watch and pray.*

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
 Through life's brief, fleeting hour,  
 And gives the Spirit's quickening ray  
 To those who seek his power.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
 Maintain a warrior's strife ;  
 Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day ;  
 Obedience is our life.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray ;  
 For soon the hour will come  
 That calls us from the earth away,  
 To our eternal home.

O Saviour we would watch and pray,  
 And hear thy sacred voice,  
 And walk, as thou hast marked the way,  
 To heaven's eternal joys.

72.

S. M.

(717)

*Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.*

My soul, be on thy guard ;  
 Ten thousand foes arise ;  
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.

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

Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armour down ;  
 Thy arduous work will not be done  
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

73.

C. M.

(721)

*The Christian Soldier.*

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 ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God ?

Thy saints in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer, though they die ;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

74.

C. M.

(722)

*The whole Armor.*

O speed thee, Christian, on thy way,  
 And to thy armor cling ;  
 With girded loins the call obey  
 That grace and mercy bring.

There is a battle to be fought.  
 An upward race to run,  
 A crown of glory to be sought,  
 A victory to be won.

The shield of faith repels the dart  
 That Satan's hand may throw ;  
 His arrow cannot reach thy heart,  
 If Christ control the bow.

The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
 Thee on thy anxious road ;  
 'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,  
 And guide thee to thy God.

O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs  
 Are heard before the throne ;  
 The race must come before the prize,  
 The cross before the crown.

75.

C. M.

(726)

*The Christian Race.*

Awake, my soul ; stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on ;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.



A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey ;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high ;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine uplifted eye ;—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
 Shall blend in common dust

76.

C. M.

(727)

*Following departed Worthies.*

Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,  
 And bathed their couch with tears ;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came ;  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
 His zeal inspired their breast ;  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
 Possessed the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For his own pattern given ;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Shows the same path to heaven.

77.

C. M.

(736)

*The Hope, the Star, the Voice.*

There is a hope, a blessed hope,  
 More precious and more bright  
 Than all the joyless mockery  
 The world esteems delight.

There is a star, a lovely star,  
 That lights the darkest gloom,  
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
 The prospects of the tomb.

There is a voice, a cheering voice,  
 That lifts the soul above,  
 Dispels the painful, anxious doubt.  
 And whispers, "God is love."

That voice, aloud from Calvary's height  
 Proclaims the soul forgiven ;  
 That star is revelation's light ;  
 That hope, the hope of heaven.

78.

S. M.

(737)

*Active Piety.*

Laborers of Christ, arise,  
 And gird you for the toil ;  
 The dew of promise from the skies  
 Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,  
 Where mourning hearts deplore ;  
 And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
 Dispense your hallowed lore.

Urge, with a tender zeal,  
 The erring child along  
 Where peaceful congregations kneel,  
 And pious teachers throng.

Be faith, which looks above,  
 With prayer, your constant guest,  
 And wrap the Saviour's changeless love  
 A mantle round your breast.

So shall you share the wealth  
 That earth may ne'er despoil,  
 And the blest gospel's saving health.  
 Repay your arduous toil.

79.

S. M.

(740)

*Active Effort to do Good.*

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

And duly shall appear,  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

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

Thence, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God, shall come,  
 The angel reapers shall descend  
 And heaven cry, " Harvest home."

80.

C. M.

(758)

*Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.*

Long have we heard the joyful sound  
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
 And still how weak our faith is found,  
 And knowledge of thy word !

How cold and feeble is our love !  
 How negligent our fear !  
 How low our hope of joys above !  
 How few affections there !

Great God, thy sovereign power impart,  
 To give thy word success ;  
 Write thy salvation in each heart,  
 And make us learn thy grace.

Show our forgetful feet the way  
 That leads to joys on high,  
 Where knowledge grows without decay,  
 And love shall never die.

81.

C. M.

(765)

*Importance of Religion.*

Religion is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below ;  
 May we its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know.

Religion should our thoughts engage  
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the solemn tomb.

O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,  
 Be our Redeemer's throne ;  
 And be our stubborn wills subdued,  
 His government to own.

Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
 Be joined with godly fear,  
 And all our conversation prove  
 Our hearts to be sincere.

Let lively hope our souls inspire ;  
 Let warm affections rise ;  
 And may we wait with strong desire  
 To mount above the skies.

82.

S. M.

(767)

*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

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

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

Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

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

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

83.

C. M.

(773)

*Early Religion.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upwards drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
 And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou who givest life and breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.

84.

C. M.

(775)

*Early Instruction.*

How happy is the child who hears  
 Instruction's warning voice,  
 And who celestial Wisdom makes  
 His early, only choice !

For she has treasures greater far  
 Than east or west unfold,  
 And her rewards more precious are  
 Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence  
 In pleasure's path to tread ;  
 A crown of glory she bestows  
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,  
 So her rewards increase ;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

85.

S. M.

(788)

*Attachment to the Church.*

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

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

For her my tears shall fall ;  
 For her my prayers ascend ;  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

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

Sure as thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

86.

C. M.

(791)

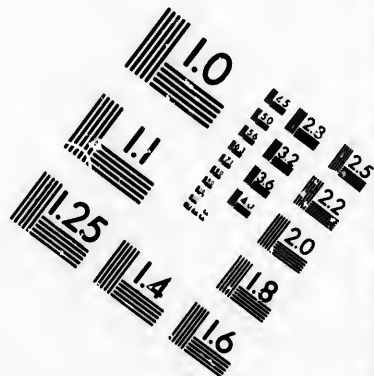
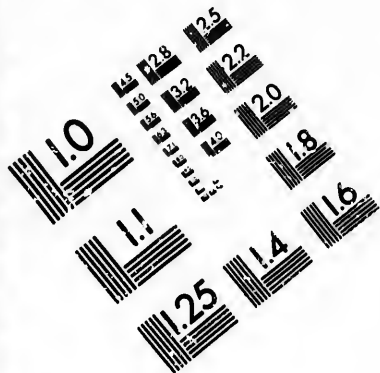
*One Church.*

Come let us join our friends above,  
 Who have obtained the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love  
 To joy celestial rise.

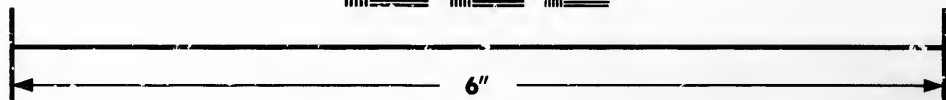
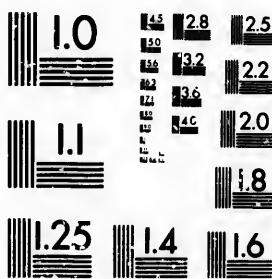
Let saints below in concert sing  
 With those to glory gone ;  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In heaven and earth are one.







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01

One family, we dwell in him ;  
 One church above, beneath ;  
 Though now divided by the stream--  
 The narrow stream--of death.

One army of the living God,  
 To his command we bow ;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home  
 Some happy spirits fly ;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon expect to die.

O Saviour, be our constant Guide ;  
 Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
 And land us safe in heaven.

87.

C. M.

(793)

*The saints above and below.*

Happy the souls to Jesus joined,  
 And saved by grace alone :  
 Walking in all his ways, they find  
 Their heaven on earth begun.

The church triumphant in thy love,  
 Their mighty joys we know :  
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
 And we in hymns below.

Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
 And bow before thy throne ;  
 We in the kingdom of thy grace :  
 The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads ;  
 From thence our spirits rise ;  
 And he that in thy statutes treads  
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

88.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

(795)

*God the Defence of Zion.*

Zion stands with hills surrounded—  
 Zion, kept by power divine ;  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine ;  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favored lot is thine !

Every human tie may perish ;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in his sight :  
 God is with thee—  
 God, thine everlasting light.

89.

S. M.

(797)

*Safety of the Church.*

Great is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,  
 A refuge in distress :  
 How bright has his salvation shone,  
 Through all her palaces !  
 When kings against her joined,  
 And saw the Lord was there,  
 In wild confusion of the mind,  
 They fled with hasty fear.

Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the fold  
 Where his own sheep have been.

In every new distress  
 We'll to his house repair ;  
 We'll call to mind his wond'rous grace,  
 And seek deliverance there.

90.

C. M.

(812)

*Hinder me not.*

In all my Lord's appointed ways  
 My journey I'll pursue ;  
 "Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,  
 For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
 I'll follow where he goes ;  
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.

Through duties, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command ;  
 "Hinder me not ;" for I am bound  
 To my Immanuel's land.

And, when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,—  
 "Hinder me not ;" come, welcome, death ;  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

91.

S. M.

(818)

*The Baptism of Christ.*

Down to the sacred wave  
 The Lord of life was led ;  
 And he who came our souls to save  
 In Jordan bowed his head.

He taught the solemn way ;  
 He fixed the holy rite ;  
 He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
 And keep the path of light.

Blest Saviour, we will tread  
 In thy appointed way ;  
 Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,  
 And smile on us to-day.

92.

L. M.

(828)

*On receiving new Members.*

Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,  
 A hearty welcome here receive ;  
 May we together now partake  
 The joys which only he can give.

May He by whose kind care we meet  
 Send his good Spirit from above,  
 Make our communications sweet,  
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
 When Christians see each other thus ;  
 We only wish to speak of him  
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

We'll talk of all he did, and said,  
 And suffered for us here below,  
 The path he marked for us to tread,  
 And what he's doing for us now.

Thus, as the moments pass away,  
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
 And long to see the glorious day,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.

93.

L. M.

(834)

*Consecration in View of the Cross.*

When I survey the wond'rous cross,  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were all the realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small ;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

94.

C. M.

(840)

*Christ's Compassion.*

How condescending and how kind  
 Was God's eternal Son !  
 Our misery reached his heavenly mind,  
 And pity brought him down.

This was compassion like a God,  
 That, when the Saviour knew  
 The price of pardon was his blood,  
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
 While we his death record,  
 And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

95.

L. M.

(849)

*Enjoyment in the Service.*

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;  
 Let my religious hours alone ;  
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

O, warm my heart with holy fire,  
 And kindle there a pure desire ;  
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.

Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !  
 How sweet thy entertainments are !  
 Ne'er did the angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,  
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

96.

7s.

(893)

*Report of the Watchman.*

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveller ! o'er you mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman ! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night ;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.



Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Traveller ! ages are its own ;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;  
 Hie thee in thy quiet home.  
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo ! the Son of God is come.

97.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

(902)

*Zion encouraged.*

On the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
 Zion, long in hostile lands :  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
 Cease thy mourning ;  
 Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
 He himself appears thy Friend ;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end ;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;  
 All thy warfare now be past ;  
 God thy Saviour will defend thee ;  
 Victory is thine at last ;  
     All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

98.

7s. &amp; 6s.

(912)

*Success of the Gospel.*

The morning light is breaking ;  
 The darkness disappears ;  
 The sons of earth are waking  
     To penitential tears :  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
     Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
     Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
     In many a gentle shower,  
 And brighter scenes before us  
     Are opening every hour :  
 Each cry to heaven going,  
     Abundant answer brings,  
 And heavenly gales are blowing  
     With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending  
     Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
     In gratitude above ;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
     The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—  
     A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way ;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy riches stay :  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home ;  
 Stay not till all the holy  
 Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

99.

7s. &amp; 6s.

(917)

*Condition of the Heathen.*

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.

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 strewn :  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stole.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to man benighted  
 The light of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! O, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

I was a wayward child,  
 I did not love my home ;  
 I did not love my Father's voice,  
 I lov'd afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
 The Father sought His child ;—  
 They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,  
 O'er desert, waste, and wild.

Jesus my Shepherd is,—  
 'Twas He that loved my soul,  
 'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,  
 'Twas He that made me whole.

148.

P. M.

*Rest for the weary.*

In the Christian's home in glory,  
 There remains a land of rest ;  
 There my Saviour's gone before me,  
 To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary, (*thrice*)  
 There is rest for you.  
 On the other side of Jordan,  
 In the sweet fields of Eden,  
 Where the tree of life is blooming,  
 There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion  
 Which eternally shall stand,  
 For my stay shall not be transient  
 In that holy, happy land.

CHO.—There is rest, etc.

(4)

Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
 And his sting shall be withdrawn ;  
 Shout for gladness, Oh ye ransomed,  
 Hail with joy the rising morn.  
 CHO.—There is rest, etc.

149.

P. M.

*The Christian Pilgrimage.*

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger—  
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;  
 Do not detain me, for I am going  
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing :  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

There the sunbeams are ever shining,  
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;  
 Within a country unknown and dreary,  
 I have been wandering forlorn and weary :  
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

Of the country to which I'm going,  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light,  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 There is no sin there, nor any dying :  
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

150.

7s. &amp; 6s.

*My need of Jesus.*

I need thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am full of sin :  
 My soul is dark and guilty,  
 My heart is dead within :  
 I need the cleansing fountain,  
 Where I can always flee,  
 The blood of Christ most precious,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

I need thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am very poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store ;  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

I need thee precious Jesus,  
I need a Friend like thee—  
A friend to soothe and sympathize,  
A friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus,  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every want,  
And all my sorrows share.

I need thee precious Jesus,  
For I am very blind :  
A weak and foolish wanderer,  
With a dark and evil mind :  
I need the light of Jesus  
To tread the thorny road,  
To guide me safe to glory,  
Where I shall see my God.

I need thee, precious Jesus,  
I need thee day by day,  
To fill me with thy fulness,  
To lead me on my way :  
I need thy Holy Spirit,  
To teach me what I am,  
To show me more of Jesus,  
To point me to the Lamb.

I need thee, precious Jesus,  
 And hope to see thee soon,  
 Encircled with a rainbow,  
 And seated on thy throne ;  
 There with thy blood-bought children,  
 My joy shall ever be  
 To sing thy praises, Jesus ;  
 To gaze, my Lord on thee.

151.

C. M.

*The state of the disembodied.*

In vain our fancy strives to paint  
 The moment after death,  
 The glories that surround the saint,  
 When yielding up his breath.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
 To trace her heavenward flight ;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil  
 Which hides the world of light.

This much—and this is all—we know,  
 They are supremely blest ;  
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
 And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold his name they praise,  
 His presence always view ;  
 And, if we here their footsteps trace,  
 There we shall praise Him too.

152.

L. M.

*Just as I am.*

**J**UST AS I AM—without one plea,  
 But that his blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come !

*Just as I am*—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

*Just as I am*—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt—  
“Fightings within, and fears without,”  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

*Just as I am*—poor, wretched, blind—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee find:  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

*Just as I am*—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve.  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

*Just as I am*—thy love I own,  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

153.

10s.

*Joyfully.*

Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.  
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says, Come,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.



Hosts of belov'd ones have passed on before ;  
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
 Singing to cheer us, while passing along,  
 " Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."  
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;  
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

Death with his arrow may soon lay us low ;  
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow.  
 Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,  
 Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.  
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn ;  
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,  
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roan,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

154.

I. M.

*Cleaving to Christ.*

Jesus, my Lord, my chief delight,  
 For thee I long, to thee I pray.  
 Amid the shadows of the night,  
 Amid the business of the day.

When shall I see thy smiling face,  
 That face which often I have seen ;  
 Arise thou Sun of righteousness,  
 Scatter the clouds that intervene.

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

Could I but say this gift is mine,  
 The world should lie beneath my feet ;  
 Though poor, no more would I repine,  
 Or look with envy on the great.

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

155.

L. M.

*Redeeming the time.*

**L**ife is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t'insure the great reward ;  
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
 The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has given  
 T' escape from hell and fly to heaven ;  
 The day of grace, and mortals may  
 Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,  
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
 Their memory and their sense is gone,  
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

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.

There are no acts of pardon passed  
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;  
 But darkness, death, and long despair  
 Reign in eternal silence there.

156.

L. M.

*Heavenly anticipations.*

**M**y heavenly home is bright and fair ;  
 Nor pain, nor death can enter there ;  
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;  
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
 I'm going home to die no more.

My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky :  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.  
 I'm going home, etc,

Let others seek a home below,  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;  
 Be mine the happier lot to own  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
 All nature sink and cease to be :  
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

157.

C. M.

*The Church triumphant.*

Myriads of spirits round the throne,  
 In humble posture stand ;  
 On every head a starry crown,  
 A palm in every hand.

Envy and strife are banished thence,  
 And angry passions cease ;  
 They neither give nor take offence,  
 But all is love and peace.

From different quarters of the globe  
 These happy spirits came ;  
 In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,  
 And triumphed in his name.

One glorious body now they make ;  
 More glorious far their Head ;  
 Their souls to rapturous joys awake,  
 Their sorrows all are fled.

Without a jarring note, they join  
 In ceaseless songs of praise ;  
 And, to the sacred Three in one,  
 Loud hallelujahs raise.

158.

6s &amp; 4s.

*Nearness to God.*

**N**earer my God to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee,  
 Even though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me.  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God to Thee, nearer to Thee

Though like a wanderer,  
 My sun gone down ;  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone :  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Here let my way appear  
 Steps up to heaven ;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given,  
 Angels to beckon me,  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

And when on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky ;  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,—  
 Still all my song shall be  
 Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.

159.

P. M.

*“ Now is our salvation nearer than when we  
believed.”*

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne ;  
Nearer the crystal sea :

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross ;  
Nearer gaining the crown.

Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith ;  
Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death ;

Feel Thee near when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink ;  
For it may be, I'm nearer home—  
Nearer now than I think.

160.

L M.

*Happy Day.*

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God ;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

## CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day !  
 Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,  
 And at thy footstool humbly pray  
 That thou wouldst take our sins away :  
 Happy day, happy day,  
 When Christ shall wash our sins away.

Oh happy bond that seals my vows  
 To him who merits all my love !  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to his sacred shrine I move.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day !

'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine :  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day !

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear ;  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day !

161.

10's & 4's.

*Homeward Bound.*

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,  
 We're homeward bound ;  
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide  
 We're homeward bound ;  
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,  
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,  
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed.  
 We're homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
 We're homeward bound ;  
 Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
 We're homeward bound.  
 Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel ;  
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale :  
 Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,  
 We're homeward bound.

We'll tell the world as we journey along,  
 We're homeward bound ;  
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng,  
 We're homeward bound.  
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,  
 Join in our number, Oh come and be blest,  
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest,  
 We're homeward bound.

Into the harbor of heaven we glide,  
 We're home at last ;  
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
 We're home at last.  
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er ;  
 We stand secure on the glorified shore :  
 Glory to God we will shout evermore,  
 We're home at last !

162.

C. M.

*The God of Bethel.*

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed ;  
 Who through this weary pilgrimage  
 Hast all our fathers led.

Our fervent prayers we now present  
 Before thy throne of grace :  
 God of our fathers ! be the God  
 Of their succeeding race.

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

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

Now, with the humble voice of prayer,  
 Thy mercy we implore ;  
 Then, with the grateful voice of praise,  
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

163.

8s. 7s. &amp; 4s.

*Saviour, lead us.*

Saviour, like a Shepherd, lead us,  
 Much we need thy tenderest care ;  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use Thy folds prepare :

Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us : Thine we are.

Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be ;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :

Blessed Jesus,  
 Let us early turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favour,  
 Early let us do Thy will :

Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,  
 With Thyself our bosoms fill :

Blessed Saviour,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.



164.

*Beautiful River.*

Shall we gather at the river,  
 Where bright angel feet have trod ;  
 With its crystal tide forever  
 Flowing by the throne of God ?

CHORUS.

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

On the margin of the river,  
 Washing up its silver spray,  
 We will walk and worship ever,  
 All the happy, golden day.  
 Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc..

Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down,  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.  
 Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc..

Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
 With the melody of peace.  
 Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc..

165.

D. L. M.

*The Hour of Prayer.*

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
 That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me at my Father's throne  
 Make all my wants and wishes known :

In seasons of distress and grief  
 My soul has often found relief,  
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
 May I thy consolations share,  
 Till from mount Pisgah's holy height  
 I view my home, and take my flight :  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize,  
 And shout, while passing through the air,  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

166.

7s. &amp; 6s.

*The old, old story.*

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

CHORUS.

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

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

CHO.—Tell me, etc.

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

CHO.—Tell me, etc.

Tell me the same old story,  
 When you have cause to fear—  
 That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear.  
 Yes, and when that world's glory  
 Is dawning on my soul,  
 Tell me the old, old story,  
 " Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CHO.—Tell me, etc.

167.

P. M.

*The Sweetest Name.*

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

## CHORUS.

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

His human name they did proclaim,  
 When Abram's son they serled him ;  
 The name that still, by God's good will,  
 DELIVERER revealed him.

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

So now upon his Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns  
 The Prince and Saviour JESUS.

168.

7s.

*Angels hovering round.*

There are angels hov'ring round, :||  
 To carry the tidings home.  
 To the new Jerusalem,  
 Poor sinners are coming home.  
 And Jesus bids them come,  
 There's glory all around.

169.

C. M.

*Coming Home.*

The day has come, the joyful day,  
 At length the day has come  
 When saints and angels joy display,  
 O'er sinners coming home ;

They're coming home, they're coming home,  
Behold them coming home,  
And saints and angels joy display,  
O'er sinners coming home.

How beautiful on mountains' top,  
The herald's feet appear ;  
While tidings, blessed tidings drop,  
The broken heart to cheer,  
They're coming, etc.

The saints of God fresh courage take,  
Are strong in conquering prayer ;  
The hosts of hell with terror shake,  
While God displays his power,  
They're coming, etc.

Pleased with the news, the saints below,  
In songs their tongues employ,  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is filled with joy,  
They're coming, etc.

170.

C. M.

*The Christian encouraged under trials.*

Ten thousand followers of the Lamb,  
Who once this desert trod,  
And suffered for their Saviour's name,  
Are resting with their God.

Hard hours of grief they waded through,  
While fighting here below ;  
But now they've bid a long adieu  
To all these scenes of woe.

Safely they've reached the peaceful shore  
Where love immortal reigns,  
Where storms of sorrow are no more,  
And they forget their pains.

Then, O my soul ! I must pursue  
 My Jesus and my love,  
 Till I shall meet in glory too,  
 With all the saints above.

Soon I shall sing the Victor's song:  
 In mansions of delight,  
 And join the vast angelic throng  
 Far from the shades of night.

171.

C. M.

*Christ our Priest—Melchizedek.*

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !  
 We love to hear of thee ;  
 No music's like thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.

O may we ever hear thy voice  
 In mercy to us speak ;  
 And in our priest we will rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchizedek.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay ;  
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all the ransomed throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song.

172.

L. M.

*The baptism of Christ.*

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 its wave.

“ Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
All righteousness,” he meekly said:  
Why should we then to do his will  
E'er be ashamed, or be afraid?

With thee into the watery tomb,  
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend ;  
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room  
To find a grave with such a friend.

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.

Thus, when thou shalt again appear,  
The gates of death shall open wide ;  
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,  
And rise and triumph at thy side.

173.

H. M.

*The Blessed Jesus.*

Who once became a child,  
And led a life of grief—  
Was humble, meek, and mild,  
And toiled for our relief?

*The Blessed Jesus*—he came down  
From heaven, to raise us to a crown.

Who constantly obeyed,  
And loved his parents well—  
From duty never strayed,  
Nor did an untruth tell?

*The Blessed Jesus* ; in his life  
Was neither pride, deceit, nor strife.

Who suffered, bled, and died,  
 To save our souls from hell—  
 For us was crucified,  
 That we in Heaven might dwell?  
*The Blessed Jesus* shed his blood  
 To reconcile our souls to God.

Whom then should I obey,  
 And love with all my heart?  
 For whom should I this day  
 With all my follies part?  
*The Blessed Jesus*; may his grace  
 Guide me in all his lovely ways!

O may I ever shun  
 The paths of sin and woe,  
 And when my life is done,  
 To Christ's embraces go!  
*The Blessed Jesus* then will be  
 My joy to all eternity. REV. C. TUPPER.

174.

C. M.

*The everlasting Sabbath.*

When, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
 Behold thee all serene;  
 Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,  
 Without a veil between?

Assist me, while I wander here,  
 Amidst a world of cares;  
 Incline my heart to pray with love,  
 And then accept my prayers.

Release my soul from every chain—  
 No more sin's captive led;  
 And pardon a repenting child,  
 For whom the Saviour bled.



Spare me, my God, O spare the soul  
That gives itself to thee ;  
Take all that I possess below,  
But give thyself to me.

Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
To be my guide and friend,  
To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
To Sabbaths without end.

175.

L. M.

*A continuing city.*

“ We’ve no abiding city here :”  
This may distress the worldly mind ;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

“ We’ve no abiding city here :”  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.

“ We’ve no abiding city here :”  
We seek a city out of sight ;  
Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.

Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil are blest !  
Had I the pinions of the dove,  
I’d fly to thee, and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !  
The time my God appoints is best :  
While here, to do his will be mine ;  
And his to fix my time of rest.

176.

P. M.

*None but Jesus.*

Weeping will not save me—  
 Though my face were bathed in tears,  
 That could not allay my fears,  
 Could not wash the sins of years ;  
 Weeping will not save me.

CHORUS.

Jesus wept and died for me ;  
 Jesus suffered on the tree ;  
 Jesus waits to make me free ;  
 He alone can save me !

Working will not save me—  
 Purest deeds that I can do,  
 Holiest thoughts and feelings too,  
 Cannot form my soul anew ;  
 Working will not save me.

CHO.—Jesus wept, etc.

Waiting will not save me—  
 Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,  
 In my ears though Mercy cry,  
 If I wait I soon must die ;  
 Waiting will not save me.

CHO.—Jesus wept, etc.

Faith in Christ *will* save me—  
 Let me trust thy loving Son,  
 Trust the work that he has done,  
 To his arms, Lord, help me run ;  
 Faith in Christ *will* save me.

CHO.—Jesus wept, etc.

177.

14s.

*Home, sweet Home.*

While through this barren wilderness, so wearily  
 we roam,  
 'Tis sweet to cast a look above, and think we're  
 going home.  
 I know that there the trials of our pilgrimage  
 shall cease,  
 And all the waves of earthly woe be hushed to  
 Heavenly peace.  
 Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!  
 Oh! for that land of rest above, our own Eternal  
 Home.

These trees are not the trees that grow in beauty  
 by the side  
 Of that bright flood, whose living stream through  
 sinless regions glide—  
 We see not here the immortal fruit, the fadeless  
 flowers that bloom  
 On hills of light, through vales of peace, at our  
 bright Eden Home.  
 Home, Home, etc.

The tones we hear are not the tones of beauty  
 and of love,  
 That breathe from thousand harps the sound of  
 endless joys above—  
 While here we tread with haste along, with  
 trembling and with fear,  
 For Oh! this world is not our home, we've no  
 continuing here.  
 Home, Home, etc.

Oh! for the death of those who die like sunset  
 in the west,  
 And sink secure in Jesus' love, to calm un-  
 troubled rest—  
 They stand before their Father's face, all tears  
 and trembling o'er,  
 Redeemed and washed, they dwell at home, and  
 shall go out no more.  
 Home, Home, etc.

178.

7s. &amp; 6s.

*Christian Work.*

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

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

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

Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more ;  
 Work while the night is dark'ning,  
 When man's work is o'er.

179.

8s. &amp; 3s.

*On the way to heaven.*

We're trav'ling home to heaven above ;

Will you go ?

To sing the Saviour's dying love ;

Will you go ?

Millions have reached that blest abode,

Anointed kings and priests to God ;

And millions more are on the road ;

Will you go ?

We're going to walk the plains of light ?

Will you go ?

Far, far from curse, and death, and night,

Will you go ?

The crown of life we then shall wear,

The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,

And all the joys of heaven we'll share ;

Will you go ?

The way to heaven is strait and plain ;

Will you go ?

Repent, believe, be born again ;

Will you go ?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,

" Take up your cross and follow me,

And thou shalt my salvation see."

Will you go ?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,

" I will go ;"

Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,

" Make me go,"

And all his old companions tell,

" I will not go with you to hell,

I long with Jesus Christ to dwell ;

Let me go."

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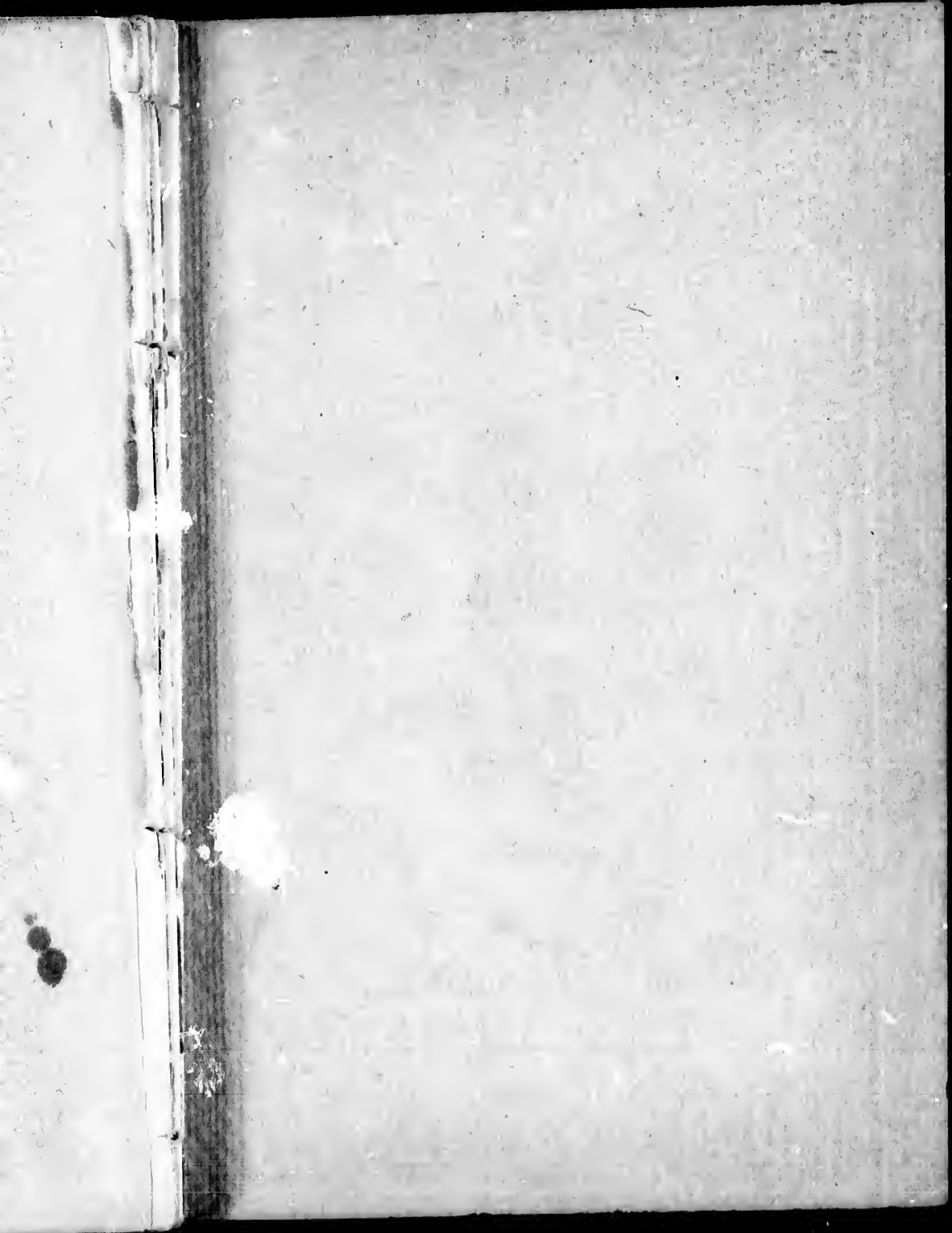
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