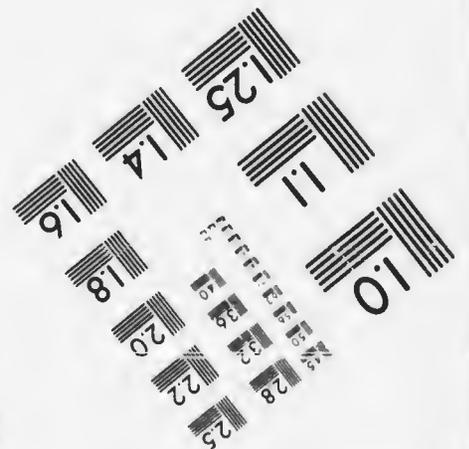
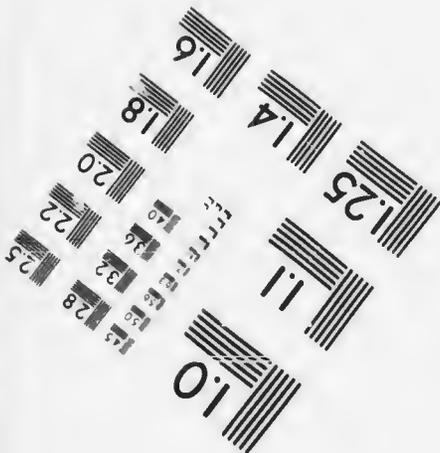
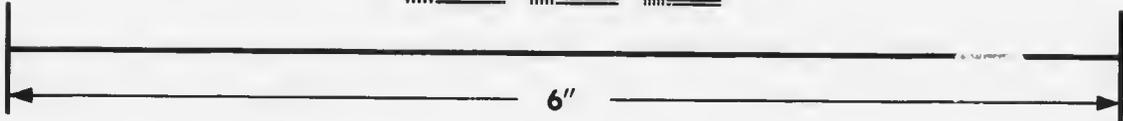
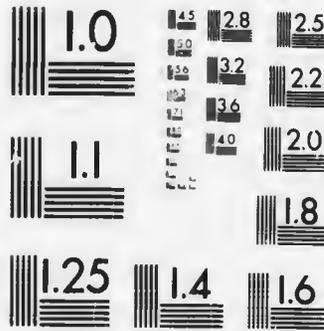


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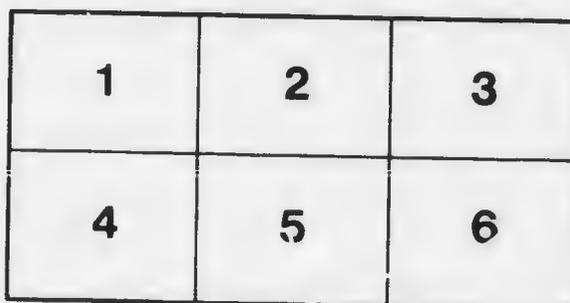
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HYMNAL

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA;

PREPARED BY

A Committee of the General Assembly.

APPROVED AND COMMENDED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY,

TORONTO:
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON.

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W. DRYSDALE & CO.

Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada,
in the year Eighteen Hundred and Eighty, by the Rev. JOHN
JENKINS, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. WILLIAM GREGG, D.D., in
the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

A

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MAY, 1880.

I.—GOD: HIS ATTRIBUTES AND
WORKS.

1

P. M.

*"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy,
holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."*

- 1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2

7s.

"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts."

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of hosts! when heaven and earth
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang, with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King;
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
 Round the Throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3

6, 8.

*"Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible,
 the only wise God, be honour and glory
 for ever and ever."*

- 1 WE give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here
 And better hopes above;

He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

4

I. M.

*"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and
the love of God, and the communion of
the Holy Ghost."*

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death ;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Thrice holy ! Father, Spirit, Son ;
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One ;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

5

8, 7.

*"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and
afterward receive me to glory."*

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

8, 7, 4.

6

"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

- 1 GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One ;
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run !
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain ;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign ;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain !
- 3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring ;
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring !
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal !
Thus the choir of angels sings ;
Honour, riches, power, dominion !
Thus its praise creation brings ;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings !

7

L. M.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints."

- 1 THEE God we praise, Thee Lord confess,
Thee, Father everlasting, bless ;

- The tribes of earth and air and sea
With wondrous voices worship Thee.
- 2 To Thee all angels ceaseless cry,
With all the princes of the sky ;
The cherub and the seraph join,
And thus they hymn the praise divine :
- 3 Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord of Sabaoth, Thee we sing ;
Both heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Father of boundless majesty.
- 4 Thee, the apostles' glorious choir,
Thee, prophets with their tongues of fire,
Thee, white-robed hosts of martyrs bright,
All serve and praise by day and night.
- 5 Thee, through the earth, Thy saints confess,
Thee, Father infinite, they bless,
Thee, true, divine, and only Son,
Thee, Holy Spirit, Three in One.

8

I. M.

*" Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all
ye lands."*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love ;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

9

L. M.

"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

- 1 THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
 O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
 From world to world the joy shall ring,
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King ! who, then, shall dare
 Resist His will, distrust His care,
 Or murmur at His wise decrees,
 Or doubt His royal promises ?
- 3 The Lord is King ! child of the dust,
 The Judge of all the earth is just ;
 Holy and true are all His ways ;
 Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 He reigns ! ye saints, exalt your strains ;
 Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
 And He is at the Father's side,
 The Man of Love, the Crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens, known ;
 He will present them at the Throne ;
 And angel-bands are waiting there,
 His messages of love to bear.

- 6 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie,
This world of ours, and worlds unseen ;
And thin the boundary between.
- 7 One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours :
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

10

11s.

*"Let them praise the name of the Lord ;
for he commanded, and they were
created."*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord of heaven, praise Him in the
height,
Praise Him, all ye angels ; praise Him, stars
and light ;
Praise Him, skies, and waters, which above
the skies,
When His word commanded, 'stablished did
arise.
- 2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and
seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all
trees ;
Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow and hail
and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire.
- 3 Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all
kings,
Praise Him, men and maidens, all created
things ;
For the name of God is excellent alone ;
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne.

11

8, 7.

*"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
praise him in the heights."*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name !

12

11, 10.

*"Praise ye the Lord : O give thanks
unto the Lord, for he is good."*

- 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength
the weak ;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the
lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown ;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blind-
ness,
And call's us sons, and takes us for His own.

- 3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of every blessing,
 Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim ;
 Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
 All things are ours, for we have all in Him.
- 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who gave us,
 With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
 Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save us,
 Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One.

13

10, 11.

*" His name alone is excellent ; his glory
 is above the earth and heaven."*

- 1 O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
 O gratefully sing His power and His love—
 Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
 Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space !
 His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;
 Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

- 6 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

14

8s.

*"Who can utter the mighty acts of the
 Lord ? who can shew forth all his
 praise ?"*

- 1 O God ! of good the unfathomed sea !
 Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
 Who would not love Thee with his might ?
 O Jesus, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength, to Thee unite ?
- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays ;
 Before the insufferable blaze,
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes ;
 Yet free as air Thy bounty streams
 On all Thy works ; Thy mercy's beams
 Diffusive as Thy sun's arise.
- 3 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still,
 Thou sweetly orderest all that is ;
 And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with Thee
 Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.
- 4 Fountain of good ! all blessing flows
 From Thee ; no want Thy fulness knows :
 What but Thyself canst Thou desire ?
 Yet, self-sufficient as Thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart ;
 This, only this, dost Thou require.

8, 6.

15

"If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

- 1 ETERNAL Light ! eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee !
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 Oh ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam ?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode ;
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above :
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love.

16

C. M.

*"The high and lofty One that inhabiteth
eternity."*

- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears!
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

17

6, 8, 3.

*"The Lord is in his holy temple: let all
the earth keep silence before him."*

- 1 God reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him;
God is in His temple,
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,—

- 1 Him our God and Saviour :
Praise His name forever.
- 2 God reveals His presence :
Hear the harps resounding !
See the crowds the Throne surrounding !
"Holy, holy, holy,"
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending :
Bow Thine ear
To us here :
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.
- 3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit :
Like the holy angels,
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will,
Ever still,
Rule Thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.
- 4 Jesus, dwell within me ;
Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me Thy blest sanctuary :
Then, on angel pinions,
Waft me to those regions
Filled with bright seraphic legions.
May this hope
Bear me up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, my Saviour.

18

8, 7, 4.

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing ?
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King !
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our father, in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows :
In His hands He gently bears us ;
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels in the height, adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face :
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of Grace

19

8, 7.

"Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all."

- 1 SING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation ;

- With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills :
To God all praise and glory !
- 2 The Angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan :
To God all praise and glory !
- 3 What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth ;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth ;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo ! all is just, and all is right :
To God all praise and glory !
- 4 O ye who bear Christ's holy name,
Give God all praise and glory !
All ye who own His power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story ;
Cast each false idol from His throne :
The Lord is God, and He alone :
To God all praise and glory !

20

10, 4.

" My help cometh from the Lord. "

- 1 UNTO the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes :
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise ?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth
hath made.

- 2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved :
 Safe shalt thou be.
 No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
 Who keepeth thee.
 Behold, He sleepeth not, He slumbereth ne'er,
 Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.
- 3 Jehovah is Himself thy Keeper true—
 Thy changeless shade,
 Jehovah evermore on thy right hand
 Himself hath made.
 And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
 No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.
- 4 From every evil shall He keep thy soul,
 From every sin :
 Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
 Thy coming in.
 Above thee watching, He whom we adore
 Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

21

7s.

*"The morning stars sang together, and
 all the sons of God shouted for joy"*

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born :
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Come upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

22

7s.

"His mercy endureth for ever."

- 1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 He hath with a piteous eye
Locked upon our misery ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 7 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

23

6, 8, 4.

*" This is my name for ever, and this is
my memorial unto all generations."*

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love !
Jehovah ! Great I AM !
By earth and heaven confest,
I bow, and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

- 3 He by Himself hath sworn ;
 I on His oath depend ;
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace,
 For evermore.
- 4 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest,
 A land of sacred liberty
 And endless rest ;
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crowned.
- 5 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin :
 The Prince of Peace.
 On Zion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains,
 And, glorious with His saints in light,
 For ever reigns.
- 6 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high :
 "Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
 They ever cry.
 Hail ! Abraham's God and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise .

24

C. M.

*"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path
in the great waters, and thy footsteps
are not known."*

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

25

C. M.

"They cry unto the Lord in their trouble."

- 1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, whilst Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

26

L. M.

"Thou hast holden me by my right hand."

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls. and guard our dust.

27

7, 6.

*"Thou art the same, and thy years shall
have no end."*

- 1 O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene ;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie ;
Or grasses in the meadows,
That blossom but to die :

A sleep, a dream, a story
 By strangers quickly told ;
 An unremaing glory
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.
 On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till, clothed in light for ever,
 We see Thee face to face :
 A joy no language measures,
 A fountain brimming o'er,
 An endless flow of pleasures,
 An ocean without shore.

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

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

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

29

7s.

"His kingdom ruleth over all."

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand ;
All events at Thy command.
- 2 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb :
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief,

- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 6 O Thou gracious, wise, and just!
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I something dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.
- 7 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

30

C. M.

*"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
in all generations."*

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

31

6, 7.

*" My tongue also shall talk of thy right
 eousness all the day long."*

- 1 Now thank we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices ;
 Who, from our mother's arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.
- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us,

And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next !

- 3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven ;
 The one eternal God
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

32

S. M.

*"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and
 he shall sustain thee."*

- 1 How gentle God's commands,
 How kind His precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust His constant care.
- 2 While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell ;
 That Hand, which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find
- 4 His goodness stands approved
 Down to the present day :
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,
 And bear a song away.

33

C. M.

*"How great is thy goodness which thou
hast laid up for them that fear thee."*

- 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man:
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face,
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Hath made my cup run o'er;
 And, in a kind and faithful friend,
 Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes these gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 Resume the glorious theme.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

34

8, 4.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

- 1 O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be;
 How shall we shew our love to Thee,
 Who givest all?

- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare
Wher. harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.
- 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hope of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?
- 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all ;
- 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

II.—*JESUS CHRIST.*

35

7s.

*"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will toward men."*

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail the Incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings,
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark ! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

36

7s.

" When they saw the star, they rejoiced."

- 1 As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold ;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led by Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At that cradle rude and bare,
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;

And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls, at last,
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light ;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
 Here for ever may we sing
 Hallelujahs to our King.

37

8, 7.

*"There was with the angel a multitude
 of the heavenly host praising God."*

- 1 HARK ! what mean those heavenly voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy ;
 "Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God on high !
- 2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeemed, and men forgiven :
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth, His praises sing !
 Oh, receive whom God appointed
 For our Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
 Learn His name, and taste His joy,
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 'Glory be to God most high !'"

Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
 Spread the brightness of His glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

38

P. M.

" Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

1 O COME, all ye faithful,
 Joyfully triumphant,
 To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord :
 Lo ! in a manger
 Lies the King of angels ;
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

2 Though true God of true God,
 Light of light eternal,
 Our lowly nature He hath not abhorred :
 Son of the Father,
 Not made, but begotten :
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels !
 Songs of loudest triumph,
 Through heaven's high arches be your praises
 Now to our God be [poured :
 Glory in the highest ;
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

4 Amen ! Lord, we bless Thee,
 Born for our salvation,
 O Jesus ! for ever be Thy name adored :
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing :
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

39

8, 7.

"The Word was made flesh."

- 1 O BLESSED night! O rich delight!
When, joy with wonder blending,
To us from heaven a Son was given,
Angelic hosts attending.
- 2 For when, in thrall from Adam's fall,
The world in death was lying,
In flesh like mine, the Life divine
Rose sun-like o'er the dying.
- 3 O God of Might! Eternal Light!
In swaddling-bands they bound Thee;
Thrust from the hall to lowly stall,
The herd was gathered round Thee.
- 4 That cradled Child lay mute and mild,
That Word whose voice is thunder;
The world's great Light withdrew from sight;
Oh, who can solve the wonder!
- 5 God stoops to dwell in lowly cell,
Nor shame nor want refusing;
He leaves His throne, His foes to own,
For heaven a manger choosing.

40

C. M.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy."

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

41

L. M.

*"Himself took our infirmities, and bare
 our sicknesses."*

- 1 At even, ere the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
 Oh, in what divers pains they met !
 Oh, with what joy they went away !
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near ;
 What if Thy form we cannot see ?
 We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
 For some are sick, and some are sad,
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have left the love they had.
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free ;
 And some have friends who gave them pain,
 Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;

- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin ;
 And they who fain would serve Thee best
 Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall :
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

42

7s.

"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

- 1 ON the shore of Galilee
 Walked a leper silently ;
 Heard the eager people cry :
 "Lo, the Healer passeth by !"
- 2 Came the man of solitude,
 Shunned by all the multitude,
 And with all his heart's accord
 Worshipped low before the Lord.
- 3 "If Thou wilt !" the leper cried ;
 "Be thou clean !" the Lord replied:
 Faith enough to come and crave ;
 Power enough to stand and save.
- 4 Jesus quick put forth His hand,
 Token of a sweet command,
 Overjoyed the leper's soul,
 For the Lord hath touched him whole.

5 Oh, Thou Healer, still the same !
 Speak to me Thy mighty name,
 While for joy I worship Thee,
 Like the man of Galilee.

6 Touch me, Lord, destroy my sin ;
 Touch me, Jesus, make me clean ;
 Sinner I, but Saviour Thou !
 Touch, O Christ, my sullied brow !

43

8s.

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

1 WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
 Which moves with busy haste along,—
 These wondrous gatherings day by day ?
 What means this strange commotion, pray ?
 In accents hushed the throng reply :
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus ? Why should he
 The city move so mightily ?
 A passing stranger, has he skill
 To move the multitude at will ?
 Again the stirring notes reply :
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus ! 'tis He who once below
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe ;
 And burdened ones, where'er He came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame ;
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry :
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes ! From place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace.

He pauseth at our threshold,—nay,
 He enters,—condescends to stay.
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry :
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?”

5 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come :
 Here’s pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
 Ye wanderers from a Father’s face,
 Return, accept His proffered grace.
 Ye tempted ones, there’s refuge nigh :
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

6 But if you still this call refuse,
 And all His wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
 “Too late! too late!” will be the cry :
 “Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.”

44

C. M.

“Jesus . . . a prophet mighty in deed.”

- 1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
 Was strong to heal and save ;
 It triumphed o’er disease and death,
 O’er darkness and the grave ;
 To Thee they went,—the blind, the dumb,
 The palsied and the lame,
 The leper with his tainted life,
 The sick with fevered frame.
- 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
 Gave speech and strength and sight ;
 And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
 Owned Thee the Lord of light.

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
 Almighty as of yore,
 In crowded street, by restless couch,
 As by Gennesaret's shore.

- 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
 Thou Lord of life and death ;
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
 With Thine Almighty breath ;
 To hands that work, and eyes that see,
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
 May praise Thee evermore.

45

C. M.

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life."

- 1 THOU art the Way : to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee ;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart :
 Thou only canst inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
 And those who put their trust in Thee,
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
 Grant us that Way to know,
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow

46

L. M.

*"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee
lowly, and riding upon an ass, and
upon a colt the foal of an ass."*

- 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry :
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then, take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

47

S, 6.

*"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity
of us all."*

- 1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head !
Our load was laid on Thee ;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me.

A victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
Now there's no load for me.

2 The Father lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God,
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flowed ;
Thy bruising healeth me.

3 The Holy One did hide His face—
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee !
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space,—
The darkness due to me.
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

4 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee !
Thou'rt risen ; my bonds are all untied ;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy glory then for me.

48

L. M.

*" God forbid that I should glory, save in
the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,—
Of Him who died upon the cross :
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is love ;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above

- 3 The cross—it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

49

L. M.

*"What things were gain to me, those I
counted loss for Christ."*

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

50

7, 6.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs."

- 1 O LAMB of God, once wounded,
- With grief and pain weighed down
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown !
- 2 How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn
- 3 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine !
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
- 4 Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
- 5 What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, Heavenly Friend.
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
- 6 Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove ;
Oh, let me never, never
Abuse such dying love !
- 7 Be near me, Lord, when dying ;
Show Thou Thyself to me ;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free :

8 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move :
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

51

L. M.

*"He hath covered me with the robe of
 righteousness."*

- 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 Even then, this shall be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 4 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me
 For me, a full atonement made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.
- 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice ;
 Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice ;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

52

8, 7, 4.
"It is finished."

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary,
 See, the rocks are rent asunder,
 Darkness veils the mid-day sky ;
 "It is finished !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished !" Oh, what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished !"
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law ;
 Finished all that God had promised ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 "It is finished !"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme,
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

53

6, 8.

*"Having therefore boldness to enter into
 the holiest by the blood of Jesus."*

- 1 DONE is the work that saves !
 Once and for ever done !
 Finished the righteousness
 That clothes the unrighteous one !

- 1 The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.
- 2 The sacrifice is o'er ;
The veil is rent in twain ;
Sprinkled the mercy-seat
With blood of victim slain ;
Why stand we then without in fear ?
The blood divine invites us near.
- 3 The gate is open wide,
The new and living way
Is clear and free and bright,
With love and peace and day ;
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home.
- 4 Then to the Lamb once slain
Be glory, praise, and power,
Who died and lives again,
Who liveth evermore ;
Who loved and washed us in His blood,
Who made us kings and priests to God !

54

7s.

"The fellowship of his sufferings."

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained !

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished !" hear Him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay,
All is solitude and gloom—
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen, He seeks the skies ;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

55

6, 10.

" He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death."

1 THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on
high.

2 It was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread :
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

3 O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife !

Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;
 Raise Thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour ! which doth lead to
 Thee.

56

C. M.

*" Upon the first day of the week, very early
 in the morning, they came unto the
 sepulchre."*

- 1 BLEST morning ! whose first dawning rays
 Beheld the Son of God
 Arise triumphant from the grave,
 And leave His dark abode.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
 The great Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combined their force
 To hold our Lord in vain ;
 Sudden the Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord !
 We sacred honours pay,
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King !
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
 With glad hosannas ring.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, and is,
 And shall be evermore.

57

7s.

"He is not here, but is risen."

1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
 Sons of men, and angels, say :
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heavens ; and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won .
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids His rise ;
 Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting
 Once He died our souls to save ;
 Where thy victory, O grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head ;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to Thee by both be given;
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the Resurrection Thou!

58

7s.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead"

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
 Christ hath broken every chain;
 Hark! the angels shout for joy,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Hallelujah!

2 He who gave for us His life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
 We too sing for joy, and say,
 Hallelujah!

3 He who bore all pain and loss,
 Comfortless upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us, -and hears our cry:
 Hallelujah!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we too may enter heaven.
 Hallelujah!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 That we all may sing for aye,
 Hallelujah!

59

S. M.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed ;"
Now is His work performed ;
Now is the mighty captive freed,
And Death's strong castle stormed.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"
The Grave has lost his prey ;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"
He lives, to die no more ;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"
Attending angels, hear !
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then tune your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord !

60

7, 8.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."

- 1 JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal me ;
Jesus lives ! by this I know,
Thou, O grave ! canst not enthrall me.
Brighter scenes at death commence,
This shall be my confidence.

Hallelujah !

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 High o'er heaven and earth is given;
 I may go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in heaven.
 God through Christ forgives offence;
 This shall be my confidence.

Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! who now despairs,
 Spurns the word which God hath spoken;
 Grace to all that word declares,
 Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken.
 Christ rejects not penitence;
 This shall be my confidence.

Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives! for me He died:
 Hence will I, to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,
 Praise to Him and glory giving.
 Freely God doth aid dispense;
 This shall be my confidence.

Hallelujah!

5 Jesus lives! my heart knows well,
 Nought from me His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Part me now from Christ for ever.
 God will be a sure defence;
 This shall be my confidence.

Hallelujah!

61

L. M.

"Behold, I am alive for evermore."

1 "I know that my Redeemer lives:"
 What comfort this assurance gives!
 He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
 He lives, my ever-living Head.

- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
 He lives eternally to save,
 He lives all glorious in the sky,
 He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with His love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives ; and while He lives, I'll sing,
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,
 He lives, and loves me to the end.
- 5 He lives ; all glory to His name !
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same ;
 O the sweet joy the assurance gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives !"

62

S. M.

"Thou hast ascended on high."

- 1 THOU art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
- 2 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed ;
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto Thy crown.

- 4 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.
- 5 Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
- 6 O by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high !

63

C. M.

" He is Lord of lords, and King of kings."

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ! ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

64

S. M.

"On his head were many crowns."

- 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His Throne :
 Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own.
- 2 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee ;
 And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.
- 3 Crown Him, the Lord of Love ;
 Behold His hands and side,
 Rich wounds, yet visible above
 In beauty glorified.
- 4 All hail ! Redeemer, hail !
 For Thou hast died for me ;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity.

65

C. M.

*"We see Jesus . . . crowned with
glory and honour."*

- 1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords
And heaven's eternal light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

66

8, 7.

*"I that speak in righteousness, mighty
to save."*

- 1 Who is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stained with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good,
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.
- 3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain:
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain;
Fallen they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 This the Saviour has effected
By His mighty arm alone;
See the throne for Him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne!
'Tis the great reward He gains,
Glorious fruit of all His pains.
- 5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever!
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done.
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.

67

8, 7, 4.

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

- 1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious :
See the Man of Sorrows now!
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim,—
Saints and angels throng around Him,
Own His title, praise His name :
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station :
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

68

10s.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power."

- 1 BLESSING and honour and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore

Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the
throne.

2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war,
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar,
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end,
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing and honour and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign

69

8, 7.

"A name which is above every name."

1 PRINCE of Peace and Lord of Glory,
Humbly at Thy throne we bow;
Saints and angels all adore Thee,
We would join their worship now.
Jesus, who wast scorned, forsaken,
Smitten, wounded, crucified,
We, with love and trust unshaken,
Take Thee as our Hope and Guide.

- 2 Watchful Shepherd, mighty Saviour,
Tender Healer, ever near!
King of kings, by whose free favour
We o'ercome each foe and fear!—
Be our Leader in all duty;
Be our Surety to the end;
Be our Diadem of Beauty,
Our Belovèd and our Friend!
- 3 Son of Man, despised, rejected,
Holy, harmless, undefiled;
By Thy life we are protected,
By Thy death we're reconciled:
Rock of Ages, sure Foundation,
King of Saints and Judge of all;
Only source of our salvation,—
On Thy blessed Name we call!
- 4 Prophet, Priest, and King victorious;
High-Priest, Altar, Sacrifice,
Light of light, and Sun most glorious,
Draw to Thee our sin-dimmed eyes!
We are pilgrims lone and strangers,
And we need Thy constant care
Till we pass earth's toils and dangers
And Thy final triumph share.

70

6, 5.

"Every day will I bless thee."

- 1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

-
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee ;
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee ;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.
- 4 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven.
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven ;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.
- 5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
 When the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgetting,
 Finds its promised goal;
 Where, in joys unheard of,
 Saints with angels sing,
 Never weary raising
 Praises to their King.

71

8, 7.

"A friend of publicans and sinners."

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed their blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed;
 Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
 Friend of sinners was His name;
 Now above all glory raisèd,
 He rejoices in the same:
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Could we bear from one another
 What He daily bears from us?
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
 Loves us though we treat Him thus:
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above ;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

72

8s.

*" I speak of the things which I have
 made touching the King."*

- 1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs
 Its glorious matter to declare !
 Of Him I make my loftier songs,
 I cannot from His praise forbear ,
 My ready tongue makes haste to sing
 The glories of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the heaven-born race,
 Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;
 Replenished are Thy lips with grace,
 And full of love Thy tender heart :
 God ever blest ! we bow the knee,
 And own all fulness dwells in Thee.
- 3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
 And take to Thee Thy power divine ;
 Stir up Thy strength, almighty Lord,
 All power and majesty are Thine :
 Assert Thy worship and renown ;
 O all-redeeming God, come down.
- 4 Come and maintain Thy righteous cause,
 And let Thy glorious toil succeed :
 Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
 Ride on and prosper in Thy deed ;
 Through earth triumphantly ride on,
 And reign in every heart alone.

73

6, 8.

"His name shall be called Wonderful."

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name ;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 O Thou Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing :
Thine is the power : behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

L. M.

74

*"He that cometh to me shall never hunger,
and he that believeth on me shall never
thirst."*

- 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call :
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good
 To them that find Thee, all in all !
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;
 We drink of Thee, the fountain-head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
 Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !
 Make all our moments calm and bright ;
 Chase the dark night of sin away ;
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

75

C. M.

*"The love of Christ which passeth know-
 ledge."*

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall how kind Thou art,
 How good to those who seek !

- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

76

78.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus."

- 1 JESUS! name of wondrous love,
 Name all other names above!
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth,
 For the promise that it gave—
 "Jesus shall His people save."
- 3 Jesus! name of mercy mild,
 Given to the Holy Child,
 When the cup of human woe
 First He tasted here below.
- 4 Jesus! only name that's given
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 5 Jesus! name of wondrous love,
 Human name of God above;
 Pleading only this, we flee,
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

77

C. M.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

78

C. M.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

79

8, 11.

*"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of
the Lord: Hosanna in the highest."*

- 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosannah to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 2 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer

Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

3 But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast.
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

+ So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

80

8, 7.

*"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted
him."*

1 HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By Thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid ;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side.
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 There Thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

81

6, 4.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

- 1 GLORY to God on high !
 Let earth to heaven reply ;
 Praise ye His name :
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 And praise Him evermore ;
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load ;
 Praise ye His name :
 Tell what His arm hath done,
 What spoils from death He won ;
 Sing His great name alone ;
 Worthy the Lamb !

3 While they around the throne
 Join cheerfully in one,
 Praising His name,
 We who have felt His blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound His high praise abroad ;
 Worthy the Lamb !

4 Join, all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless ;
 Praise ye His name :
 In Him we will rejoice,
 Making a gladsome noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb !

82

S. M.

*"They sing the song of Moses, the servant
 of God, and the song of the Lamb."*

- 1 **AWAKE**, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,
 Sing of His rising power ;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 Ye blessed children, come ;

Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

83

7s.

*"When he ascended up on high, he led
captivity captive."*

- 1 GLORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath His head :
Jesus is the name we sing,
Jesus, risen from the dead,
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave,
Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high ;
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing :
"Open now, ye heavenly gates !
'Tis the King of Glory waits."
- 3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned
God of holiness and grace.
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
"Glory, glory to our King !"
- 4 Jesus, on Thy people shine ;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss and swell their songs ;
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore.

84

6, 8.

"He must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet."

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

85

8, 7.

"Waiting for the consolation of Israel."

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver ;
Born a child and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

86

L. M.

"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints."

- 1 THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake.
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ; but not the same
As once in lowly form He came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

- 3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of humankind.
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene, the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain,
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come !

87

8, 7, 4.

" Behold, he cometh with clouds."

- 1 Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train ;
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away :
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment, come away !

- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!
- 5 Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
 O come quickly!
 Everlasting God. come down.

88

8, 7, 4.

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

- 1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
 From her groans and travail cease;
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase:
 Christ is coming!
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,
 When Thou comest back to reign:
 Christ is coming!
 Let each heart repeat the strain.
- 3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
 But in heavenly vestures shining,
 Soon they shall Thy glory see:
 Christ is coming!
 Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessed hope before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung ;
 Let the mighty advent-chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue :
 Christ is coming !
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

89

P. M.

*"At midnight there was a cry made,
 Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go
 ye out to meet him."*

1 WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
 The watchmen on the heights are crying ;
 Awake, Jerusalem, at last !
 Midnight hears the welcome voices,
 And at the thrilling cry rejoices,
 Come forth, ye virgins, night is past ;
 The bridegroom comes, awake,
 Your lamps with gladness take ;
 Hallelujah !
 And for His marriage feast prepare,
 For you must go to meet Him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
 And all her heart with joy is springing.
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;
 For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
 The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
 Her Star is risen, her Light is come !
 Ah, come, Thou blessed One,
 God's own beloved Son ;
 Hallelujah !
 We follow till the halls we see
 Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
 With harp and cymbal's clearest tone ;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
 Of angels round Thy dazzling throne ;
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
 Hath yet attained to hear,
 What there is ours ;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

III.—*THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

90

S. M.

"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the darkness from our minds
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete ;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wandering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then we shall know and praise and love
 The Father, Son and Thee.

91

L. M.

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above :
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and love Thy way ;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
 Which we must take to dwell with God ;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 To be with Him for ever blest ;
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
 Fulness of joy for ever there.

92

C. M.

"Thy Spirit is good : lead me into the land of uprightness."

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

- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great !
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

93

7s.

" The earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart ;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

94

S. M.

*"Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost,
not many days hence."*

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power :
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.
Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide :
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified !

95

L. M.

*"Ye have an unction from the Holy One,
and ye know all things."*

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

96

C. M.

*"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he
will guide you into all truth."*

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God through Himself we then shall know
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

97

7s.

"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost"

- 1 COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy.
- 2 Father of the poor, draw near ;
Giver of all gifts, be here :
Come, the soul's true radiancy.
- 3 Come, of Comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,
Come in toil refreshingly.
- 4 Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.
- 5 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.
- 6 Where Thou art not, man hath nought :
Every holy deed and thought ;
Comes from Thy Divinity.
- 7 What is soiled, make Thou pure ;
What is wounded, work its cure ;
What is parchèd, fructify ;
- 8 What is rigid, gently bend ;
What is frozen, warmly tend ;
Straighthen what goes erringly.
- 9 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold Mystery.

10 Here Thy grace and virtue send ;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

98

88.

*"The Spirit of God moved upon the face
of the waters."*

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind ;
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free, -
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.



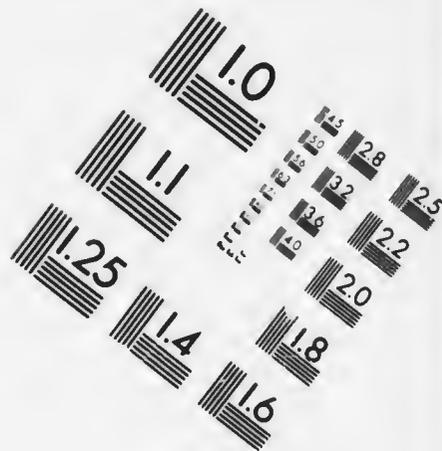
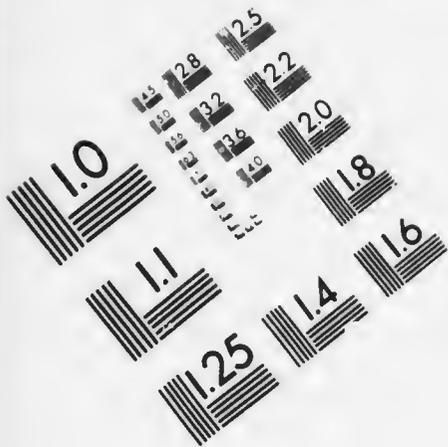
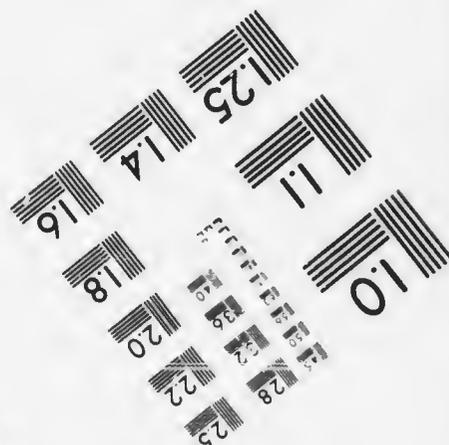
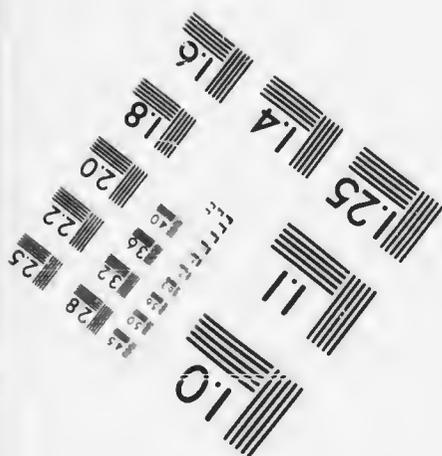
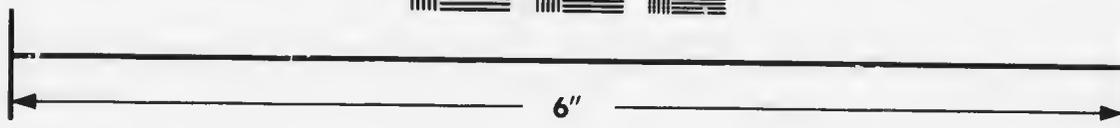
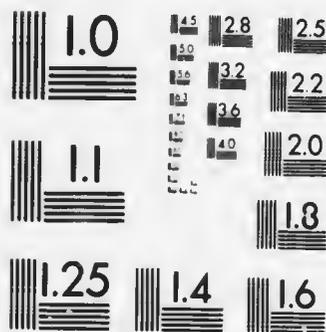


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99

L. M.

"I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh."

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet :
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

100

8, 7.

"The kingdom of God is . . . righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

- 1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;
Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

Loving Spirit, God of peace,
 Great distributor of grace,
 Rest upon this congregation ;
 Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower descend ;
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send.
 O Thou glory, shining down
 From the Father and the Son,
 Grant us Thy illumination ;
 Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations
 God can give, or we implore ;
 Having Thy sweet consolations
 We need wish for nothing more.
 Come with unction and with power,
 On our souls Thy graces shower ;
 Author of the new creation,
 Make our hearts Thy habitation.

101

C. M.

*"There are diversities of gifts, but the
 same Spirit."*

1 SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayers,
 And make this house Thy home ;
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers ;
 O come, great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the Light : to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe ;
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.

- 3 Come as the Fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame,
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the Dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the Dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.
- 6 Come as the Wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.
- 7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

102

8, 6, 4.

*"The Comforter . . . whom I will send
unto you."*

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.
- 6 O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

103

L. M.

*"The Spirit of God moved upon the face
of the waters."*

- 1 SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.
- 2 Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty Wind,
The brooding of the gentle Dove :
- 3 Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine ;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine :

4 Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light ;
 But still with softest breathings stir
 Our wayward souls—and lead us right,
 O Holy Ghost, the Comforter !

104

C. M.

*"We have received the Spirit of adoption:
 whereby we cry, Abba, Father."*

1 WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some tokens of Thy grace.
 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal them heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?

2 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear Thy witness with my heart
 That I am born of God.
 Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

105

C. M.

*"All scripture is given by inspiration of
 God."*

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

106

7, 6.

" Holding forth the word of life."

- 1 O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky ;
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored ;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkening world ;
 It is the chart and compass,
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old :
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

107

C. M.

*"Thy statutes have been my songs in the
 house of my pilgrimage."*

1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be Thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation rise
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

108

C. M.

*"All scripture is given by inspiration
 of God."*

- 1 How precious is the Book Divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears :
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

109

C. M.

"The seed is the word of God."

- 1 ALMIGHTY God : Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

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

- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

IV.—CHRISTIAN LIFE.

110

7, 6.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

- 1 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.

- 2 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.

- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the 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.

111

8s.

"I will heal their backsliding."

- 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
 For Him, not without hope, I mourn :
 I have an Advocate above,
 A Friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin ;
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,
 Open Thine arms, and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

- 3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore ;
 Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

- 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
 That trembles at the approach of sin ;
 A godly fear of sin impart,
 Implant, and root it deep within,
 That I may dread Thy gracious power,
 And never dare offend Thee more.

112

L. M.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

- 1 BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands ;
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes !
- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongue their joy can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.
- 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return ;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 5 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign,
To reign, and with no partial sway ;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 6 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace
O may Thy gentle reign increase :
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind.

113

C. M.

"Learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast !"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live !"
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light ;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star, my sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

114

7s.

"He beheld the city, and wept over it."

- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
 Ere it pass for aye away,
 On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.
- 7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round the throne.

115

S. M.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."

- 1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow you may be too late ;
'Tis madness to delay.

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come ;
And every promise of His word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls
To seek a Father's love !
Then shall attendant angels bear
The joyful news above.

116

L. M.

*" There is joy in the presence of the angels
of God over one sinner that repenteth."*

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born !
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of His agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

117

8, 6, 4.

" Return unto the Lord thy God."

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee ;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery ;
Return, return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, " Come,"
 O now for refuge flee :
 Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay ;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day :
 Return, return.

118

8, 7, 4.

*" Him that cometh unto me, I will in no
 wise cast out "*

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity joined with power.
 He is able ;
 He is willing ; doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 4 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;

All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him :
 This He gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Lo! the 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.

119

8, 7, 4.

"A bruised reed shall he not break."

- 1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down ;
 By the broken law convicted,
 Through the cross behold the crown !
 Look to Jesus !
 Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it ;
 Love will make obedience sweet ;
 Christ will give you strength to bear it,
 While His wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where His ransomed captives meet.
- 3 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him,
 Blessèd the ears that hear His voice ;
 Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,
 And in Him alone rejoice :
 His commandments
 Then become their happy choice.
- 4 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly opened eyes,

Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies ;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

120

11, 10.

"I will not leave you comfortless."

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above ;
Come to the feast of love ; come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

121

6, 4, 7.

"Without me ye can do nothing."

- 1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee ;
Every hour I need Thee ;
O bless me now, my Saviour !
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
 Stay Thou near by !
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.

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

4 I need Thee every hour ;
 Teach me Thy will,
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfil.

122

S. M.

*" Not by works of righteousness which we
 have done."*

1 Not what these hands have done
 Can save my guilty soul ;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne
 Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
 Can give me peace with God ;
 Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
 Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
 Can ease this weight of sin ;
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
 Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
 Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 And set my spirit free.

- 5 I bless the Christ of God ;
I rest on love divine ;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.
- 6 I praise the God of grace ;
I trust His truth and might ;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

123

7s.

"Justified freely by his grace."

- 1 Not in anything we do,
Thought that's pure, or word that's true,
Saviour, would we put our trust :
Frail as vapour, vile as dust ;
All that flatters we disown :
Righteousness is Thine alone.
- 2 Though we underwent for Thee
Perils of the land and sea,
Though we cast our lives away,
Dying for Thee day by day,
Boast we never of our own,
Grace and strength are Thine alone.
- 3 Native cumberers of the ground,
All our fruit from Thee is found ;
Grafted in Thine olive, Lord,
New-begotten by Thy word,
All we have is Thine alone :
Life and power are not our own.
- 4 And when Thy returning voice
Calls Thy faithful to rejoice,
When the countless throng to Thee
Cast their crowns of victory,
We will sing before the Throne,
"Thine the glory, not our own !"

124

S. M.

"The precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish."

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love.

125

C. M.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."

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

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lispng, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me ;
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

126

8, 6.

*"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh
away the sin of the world."*

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

127

7, 6.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine ;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's Holy Child ;
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng ;
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

128

7s.

"That Rock was Christ."

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed .

Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly :
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne ;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

129

7s.

*"A man shall be as an hiding-place from
 the wind, and a covert from the tem-
 pest."*

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !

- 3 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
- 4 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
- 6 Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
False and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 7 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
- 8 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

130

6, 4.

" Be not afraid, only believe."

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray ;

Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

131

6, 4.

*"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and
just to forgive."*

1 No ; not despairingly
Come I to Thee !
No ; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee !
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Lord, I confess to Thee
 Sadly my sin ;
 All I am, tell I Thee ;
 All I have been !
 Purge Thou my sin away,
 Wash Thou my soul this day,
 Lord, make me clean !

3 Faithful and just art Thou,
 Forgiving all ;
 Loving and kind art Thou
 When poor ones call ;
 Lord, let the cleansing blood,
 Blood of the Lamb of God,
 Pass o'er my soul !

4 Then all is peace and light
 This soul within ;
 Thus shall I walk with Thee,
 Loved though unseen ;
 Leaning on Thee, my God,
 Guided along the road,
 Nothing between !

132

C. M.

*"Who will have all men to be saved, and
 to come unto the knowledge of the
 truth."*

1 God loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall ;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love !
 The love of God to me ;
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below
Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

133

10s.

*"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy
on me."*

- 1 JESUS, Thou Son of David, hear my cry !
For I am blind, and full of misery.
Mercy is Thine ; have mercy, Lord, on me !
Touch Thou mine eyes, O give me now to see !
- 2 Sin is my blindness, Lord, sin my disease ;
Sin veils my heart, sin robs my soul of peace ;
Sin keeps me back from loving sight of Thee ;
Have mercy, Lord, from sin, O set me free !
- 3 I do not see Thee, Jesus ! but they say
That Thou art passing by—art in the way :

'Tis true! the sound of Thy blest footsteps
near,
And accents of Thy voice, O Lord, I hear.

4 O loving voice! it calls out, "Come to me!"
It asks, "What wouldst thou I should do to
thee?"

Jesus, Thou Son of David, shed Thy light
O'er my dark soul, and say, "Receive thy
sight!"

5 What Thou hast done for others, I believe,
Lord, Thou wilt do for me! I shall receive
My sight!—shall see Thee, Jesus, face to face,
In all Thy might of majesty and grace.

6 My cry is heard! Thy mighty, loving hand
Has touched my inner eye; at Thy command
The dark'ning scales have fallen from my heart,
And now I see Thee, Jesus, as Thou art

134

8, 7.

"Looking unto Jesus."

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

2 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.

Oh! that near the cross abiding,
 We may to the Saviour cleave,
 Naught with Him our hearts dividing,
 All for Him content to leave.

135

C. M.

*"Let us therefore come boldly unto the
 throne of grace."*

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer :
 There humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh :
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest ;
 By war without and fears within,
 I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place ;
 That, sheltered near Thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners such as I
 Might plead Thy gracious name !

136

7s.

*"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name,
that will I do"*

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer,
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

137

L. M.

*"I will commune with thee from above the
mercy-seat."*

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

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
The blood-besprinkled mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend :
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat.

138

8s.

"Tell me, I pray thee, thy name."

- 1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

- 3 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
 To know it now, resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
 Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 5 The Sun of righteousness on me
 Hath risen with healing in His wings;
 Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
 My soul its life and succour brings;
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

139

P. M.

"I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

- 1 I WILL not let Thee go, Thou Help in time of
 need!
 Heap ill on ill, I trust Thee still,
 E'en when it seems that Thou wouldst slay
 indeed!
 Do as Thou wilt with me;
 I yet will cling to Thee;
 Hide Thou Thy face, yet, Help in time of need,
 I will not let Thee go!
- 2 I will not let Thee go; should I forsake my
 bliss?
 No, Lord, Thou'rt mine, and I am Thine;

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss,
 Though dark and sad the night
 Joy cometh with Thy light,
 O Thou, my Sun ; should I forsake my bliss ?
 I will not let Thee go !

3 I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my
 Lord !
 Not death can tear me from His care,
 Who for my sake His soul in death outpoured.
 Thou diedst in love to me ;
 I say, in love to Thee,
 E'en when my heart shall break, my Life, my
 Lord,
 I will not let Thee go !

140

8, 7.

"There shall be showers of blessing."

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering, full and free—
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some drops descend on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour ;
 Let me live and cling to Thee ;
 For I'm longing for Thy favour ;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
 Thou canst make the blind to see :
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit !
 Speak the word of power to me.

- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free ;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless—
 Magnify them all in me.

141

S. M.

*"Revive thy work in the midst of the
 years."*

- 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !
 Thy mighty arm make bare ;
 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.
 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Disturb this sleep of death,
 Quicken the smouldering embers, now,
 By Thine almighty breath !
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Create soul-thirst for Thee,
 And hungering for the bread of life
 O may our spirits be.
 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Exalt the Saviour's name ;
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Give power unto Thy word ;
 Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
 In living faith be heard.
 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Give pentecostal showers :
 The glory shall be all Thy own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours !

142

C. M.

"Lord, help me."

- 1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need;
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

143

L. M.

*"The Lord is my light, and my sal-
vation."*

- 1 ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath and heaven above.
- 2 Jesus! the weary wanderer's Rest!
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone:

And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions peace ;
Say to my trembling heart, Be still ;
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

144

8, 7.

*"There is a friend that sticketh closer
than a brother."*

- 1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear !
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer !
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer !
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee ;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

145

C. M.

*"When he had sent the multitudes away,
he went up into a mountain, apart, to
pray."*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God!
- 4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour, Thou art mine.

146

C. M.

*"Remember thou me, for thy goodness'
sake, O Lord."*

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee ;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day ;
For good remember me.
- 4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 6 The hour is near ; consigned to death,
I own the just decree ;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me."

147

8, 4.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."

- 1 THERE is a holy sacrifice,
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,—
The contrite heart.
- 2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,—
The contrite heart.
- 3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
The contrite heart.

- 4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And cheer, and bless, and purify
The contrite heart.
- 5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee ;
Such as Thou art, I fain would be ;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

148

8, 7.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."

- 1 FROM depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation ;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication :
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
Oh ! who could stand before Thee ?
- 2 To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth ;
Our works, alas ! are all in vain,
In much the best life faileth :
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.
- 3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit ;
On Him my soul shall rest, His word
Upholds my fainting spirit.
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support ;
I wait for it with patience.

4 What though I wait the livelong night,
 And till the dawn appeareth ?
 My heart still trusteth in His might,
 It doubteth not, nor feareth :
 So let the Israelite in heart,
 Born of the Spirit, do his part,
 And wait till God appeareth.

5 Although our sin is great indeed,
 God's mercies far exceed it ;
 His hand can give the help we need,
 However much we need it :
 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Who Israel doth guard and keep,
 And shall from sin redeem him.

149

7s.

"Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bend the adoring knee ;
 When repentant to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
 Oh ! by all the pains and woe
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany !

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress,
 In the savage wilderness ;
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power ;
 Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn litany !

- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode ;
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
 From Thy seat above the sky,
 Hear our solemn litany !
- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany !
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God ;
 Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany !

150

7s.

"Leaning upon her beloved."

- 1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
 I am clinging close to Thee ;
 Let Thy precious blood applied
 Keep me ever near Thy side.
 Every day, every hour,
 Let me feel Thy cleansing power :
 May Thy tender love to me
 Bind me closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below
 Lead me gently, as I go ;
 Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
 I can never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
 Till this fleeting life is o'er ;
 Till my soul is lost in love,
 In a brighter world above.

151

7, 5, 8.

*"Then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-
 place, and forgive."*

- 1 WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy name shall call ;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
 When the prodigal looks back
 To his Father's love ;
 When the proud man from his pride
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace :
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
- 3 When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end ;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend ;

When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair ;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

6 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
When Thy waiting, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,

Sendeth up her silent sigh,
 Come, Lord Jesus, come!
 Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

152

8, 7, 4.

"He will be our guide even unto death."

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore!
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my strength and shield!
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee!

153

L. M.

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, . . . of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed."

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon;

'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I so feebly love His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 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!

154

8, 7.

"Lo, we have left all, and followed thee."

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
- 2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
- 4 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
- 6 Think what Spirit dwells within thee !
What a Father's smile is thine !
What a Saviour died to win thee !
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?
- 7 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
- 8 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

155

S. M.

*"The sufferings of this present time are not
worthy to be compared with the glory
which shall be revealed in us."*

- 1 OH ! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here :
- 5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.
- 6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

156

L. M.

" My beloved is mine, and I am his."

- 1 O 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.
- 2 '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.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast ?
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall often hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

157

11, 10.

"Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

- 1 WE are the Lord's ; His all-sufficient merit,
Sealed on the cross, to us this grace accords ;
We are the Lord's, and all things shall inherit ;
Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.
- 2 We are the Lord's ; then let us gladly tender
Our souls to Him, in deeds, not empty words ;
Let heart, and tongue, and life, combine to
render
No doubtful witness that we are the Lord's.
- 3 We are the Lord's ; no darkness brooding o'er us
Can make us tremble, while this star affords
A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the Lord's.
- 4 We are the Lord's ; no evil can befall us
In the dread hour of life's fast loosening
cords ;
No pangs of death shall even then appall us ;
Death we shall vanquish, for we are the
Lord's.

158

8, 7.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 With celestial fervour glowing,
Let me sing like these above ;
While my heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Dwells on God's unchanging love.

- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 5 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 6 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.

159

8s.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

- 1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
Oh ! bend my wayward heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there :
Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live ;
Myself to Thee entirely give.
- 2 O Lord, how gracious is Thy way,
All fear before Thy presence flies,
Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away
Where'er Thy healing beams arise :
Lord Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire apart from Thee.

- 3 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My spring of life when parched with drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.
- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thine arm my strength;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 And Thou from heaven shall come at length,
 Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
 For ever satisfied with Thee.

160

6, 4.

"Whom, having not seen, ye love."

- 1 MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
 More love to Thee!
 Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea:
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee.
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest,
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be:
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee.
- 3 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,

This still its prayer shall be :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee.

161

8, 7.

"God commendeth his love toward us

- 1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver !
 Let us all Thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave :
- 4 Thee would we be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 5 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee.
- 6 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

162

7, 6.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

- 1 O LAMB of God ! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side ;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me !
What lusts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure ;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure :
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe ;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face :
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace :
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

163

7, 5.

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."

- 1 JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by Thee.

- 2 In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.
- 3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,
By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.
- 4 Father, draw us to Thy Son,
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free,
- 5 We in robes of glory drest,
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee.

164

C. M.

*"Let this mind be in you which was also
in Christ Jesus."*

- 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

165

C. M.

*"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one
of the least of these my brethren, ye
have done it unto me."*

- 1 FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love,
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.
- 3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.
- 4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

166

L. M.

"The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, it shall not go out."

- 1 O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me ;
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

167

C. M.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

- 1 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.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And poured forth cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 They gained the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

168

S. M.

*"Whether we live, therefore, or die, we
 are the Lord's."*

- 1 JESUS, I live to Thee,
 The loveliest and best ;
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
 Whenever death shall come ;
 To die in Thee is life to me
 In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
 I know not which is best ;
 To live in Thee is bliss to me,
 To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
 I ask but to be Thine ;
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 Makes heaven for ever mine.

169

7s.

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

- 1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.
- 2 Let Thy love my heart inflame ;
Keep Thy fear before my sight ;
Be Thy praise my highest aim ;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.
- 3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give ;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live !"
- 4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound ;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky :
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

170

8, 5, 3.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me ; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress ?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide ?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns !"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past !"
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away !"
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
"Angels, martyrs, saints and prophets,
Answer, Yes !"

171

L. M.

*"Man goeth forth unto his work, and to
his labour, until the evening."*

- 1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

172

8, 7.

" God loveth a cheerful giver."

- 1 LORD, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver,
Who with open heart and hand,
Blesses freely, as a river
That refreshes all the land ;
Grant us then the grace of giving
With a spirit large and free,
That our life and all our living
We may consecrate to Thee !
- 2 We are Thine, Thy mercy sought us,
Found us in death's dreadful way,
To the fold in safety brought us,
Never more from Thee to stray.
Thine own life Thou freely gavest
As an offering on the cross
For each sinner whom Thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.
- 3 Blest by Thee with gifts and graces
May we heed Thy Church's call ;

Gladly in all times and places
 Give to Thee who givest all.
 Thou hast bought us, and no longer
 Can we claim to be our own ;
 Ever free, and ever stronger,
 We shall serve Thee, Lord, alone.

4 Saviour, Thou hast freely given
 All the blessings we enjoy,
 Earthly store and bread of heaven,
 Love and peace without alloy ;
 Humbly now we bow before Thee,
 And our all to Thee resign,
 For the Kingdom, Power, and Glory,
 Are, O Lord, for ever Thine.

173

C. M.

" My soul followeth hard after thee."

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

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

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

174

6, 4.

"My soul thirsteth for God."

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

2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The 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 !

3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou send'st to me,
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if 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 !

175

C. M.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation."

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that always feels Thy blood
 So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine !

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

176

S. M.

*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they
 shall see God."*

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God,
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord who left the heavens,
 Our life and peace to bring ;
 To dwell in lowliness with men,
 Their pattern and their King ;—
- 3 He to the lowly soul
 Doth still Himself impart,
 And for His dwelling, and His throne,
 Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
 May ours this blessing be ;
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for Thee.

177

S. 6.

*"The love of Christ, which passeth know-
 ledge."*

- 1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !

- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;
 His riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
 Oh that it now were shed abroad .
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part !
- 4 Oh that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

178

C. M.

*"God is the strength of my heart, and my
 portion for ever."*

- 1 My heart is resting, O my God,
 I will give thanks and sing ;
 My heart is at the secret source
 Of every precious thing.
 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
 No hand but Thine shall fill ;
 For the waters of the earth have failed,
 And I am thirsty still.
- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise ;
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,
 And close at hand it lies.

And a new song is in my mouth
 To long-loved music set ;
 Glory to Thee for all the grace
 I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
 For want and weakness known ;
 And the fear that sends me to Thyself
 For what is most my own.
 I have a heritage of joy
 That yet I must not see ;
 But the hand that bled to make it mine
 Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,
 My heart is in Thy care ;
 I hear the voice of joy and health
 Resounding everywhere.
 "Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
 Ten thousand voices say,
 And the music of their glad Amen
 Will never die away.

179

8s.

"The unsearchable riches of Christ."

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek its peace in Thee ;
 Yet while I seek but find Thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to Thee-ward tend !

- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
" I am Thy Saviour, God and All !"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To know Thy love, be all my choice.

180

S. M.

" When I awake, I am still with thee."

- 1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee :
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee my God in prayer :
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart :
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find .

- 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close :
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee. -

181

8, 4.

"Thy will be done."

- 1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."
- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not ;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."
- 3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what is Thine ;
"Thy will be done."
- 4 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh ?
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay :
My Father, still I'd strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 If but my fainting heart be blessed
 With Thy free Spirit for its guest ;
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
 “Thy will be done.”

7 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 “Thy will be done.”

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 “Thy will be done.”

182

10s.

“Abide with us: for it is towards evening.”

- 1 ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea :
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !
- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

183

8, 7, 4.

*"It is good that a man should both hope
and quietly wait for the salvation
of the Lord."*

- 1 WHATE'ER my God ordains is right :
Holy His will abideth ;
I will be still, whate'er He doth,
And follow where He guideth.
He is my God ;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right :
 He never will deceive me ;
 He leads me by the proper path ;
 I know He will not leave me,
 And take, content,
 What He hath sent :
 His hand can turn my grief away,
 And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right :
 Though now this cup in drinking
 May bitter seem to my faint heart,
 I take it, all unshrinking :
 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day :
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow shall depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right :
 Here shall my stand be taken ;
 Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
 Yet am I not forsaken :
 My Father's care
 Is round me there :
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to Him I leave it all.

184

6s.

"Not my will, but thine, be done."

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be !
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best,
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

- 2 I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might :
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine ; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
- 3 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

185

S. M.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely ;
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on His work Thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;

To Him commend thy cause ; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father ! Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 And whatso'er Thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings ;
What Thy unerring wisdom choose
Thy power to being brings.

7 When Thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand ?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?

186

S. M.

" Wait on the Lord, be of good courage."

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not ?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the Throne,
And ruleth all things well !

4 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose, and to command ;

So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand !

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

6 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

187

8, 6.

"My soul is even as a weaned child."

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied ;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be ;
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.
- 7 There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.
- 8 In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

188

S. M.

"My times are in thy hand."

- 1 My times are in Thy hand ;
My God, I wish them there :
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear ?
A father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
I always trust in Thee ;
Till I possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

189

L. M.

"I am continually with thee."

- 1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love :
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

- 3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
 My country is in every clime ;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But with our God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

190

C. M.

*"Whether we live, therefore, or die, we
 are the Lord's."*

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
 That I may long obey ;
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy bless'd face to see ;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?
- 4 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

191

6s.

*"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth
him good."*

- 1 My Saviour, as Thou wilt :
 O may Thy will be mine !
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow, or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt :
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon ;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt :
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 4 My Saviour, as Thou wilt :
 All shall be well for me ;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done . .

192

5, 6.

*"He saith unto them, Why are ye so
fearful, O ye of little faith?"*

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide ;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink :
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.
- 4 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh ! how pleasant
The conqueror's song !

193

5, 6.

*"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life."*

- 1 **THOUGH** troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
"The Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
"The Lord will provide."
- 3 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For, though we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
"The Lord will provide."
- 4 No strength of our own,
Nor goodness we claim ,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power ;
"The Lord will provide."

194

7s.

"The simplicity that is in Christ."

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
Fears to stir a step alone :
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

195

8, 6.

*"In whom, though now ye see him not
yet believing, ye rejoice."*

- 1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend' unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to Thee !
- 4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."
- 5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee !
- 6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ?

196

L. M.

*"I am poor and needy: yet the Lord
thinketh upon me."*

- 1 God of my life, to Thee I call ;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

197

10s.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

- 1 BE still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;
 Bear patiently thy cross of grief and pain;
 Leave to thy God to order and provide;
 In every change He faithful will remain.
 Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly Friend
 Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.
- 2 Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake
 To guide the future as He has the past.
 Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
 All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
 Be still, my soul; the waves and winds shall
 know
 His voice who ruled them while He dwelt
 below.
- 3 Be still, my soul; when dearest friends depart,
 And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
 Then thou shalt better know His love, His
 heart,
 Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy
 fears.
 Be still, my soul; thy Jesus can repay
 From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul ; the hour is hastening on
 When we shall be for ever with the Lord ;
 When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
 Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
 Be still, my soul ; when change and tears are
 past,
 All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

198

L. M.

*"He calleth his own sheep by name, and
 leadeth them out."*

- 1 HE leadeth me ! O blessed thought !
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught !
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
- He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
 By His own hand He leadeth me ;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine,
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since Thou through Jordan ledest me.

199

C. M.

"Be thankful unto him, and bless his name."

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 Lord, teach me to adore Thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.
- 3 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
- 5 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.

200

10, 4.

*"O send out thy light, and thy truth:
let them lead me."*

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on ;
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on :
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

201

C. M.

"I will bless the Lord at all times."

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succour trust.
- 3 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 4 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

- 5 For God preserves the souls of those
 Who on His truth depend,
 To them and their posterity
 His blessing shall descend.

202

7s.

*"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth
 with you as with sons; for what
 son is he whom the father chasteneth
 not?"*

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring me to His feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
 No correction by the way,
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a castaway?
- 5 Aliens may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

203

L. M.

*"I will mention the loving-kindnesses
of the Lord."*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise !
He justly claims a song from me ;—
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the Fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;—
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;—
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;—
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale ;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

204

8s.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain :
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me :
 While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
 I look into my Saviour's breast :
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove
 Loved with an everlasting love.

205

8, 7, 4.

"I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish."

- 1 SOVEREIGN grace ! o'er sin abounding,
 Ransomed souls the tidings swell ;

- 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding—
 Who its breadth or length can tell?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell!
- 2 What from Christ the soul can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands?
 Once in Him, in Him for ever,
 Thus the eternal covenant stands;
 None shall pluck thee
 From the Strength of Israel's hands.
- 3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its race began,
 To His name eternal praises!
 O what wonders love hath done!
 One with Jesus,
 By eternal union one.
- 4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
 Love so great, so rich, so free;
 Say, while lost in holy wonder,—
 Why, O Lord, such love to me?
 Hallelujah!
 Grace shall reign eternally.

206

8, 7.

*"The Lord Jehovah is my strength and
 my song; he also is become my sal-
 vation."*

- 1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
 In His secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed!
- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare:

- Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 3 Thee, though winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.
- 4 He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 5 Since, with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He shall shield thee from above.

207

8, 7.

*"These . . . confessed that they were
strangers and pilgrims on the earth."*

- 1 RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on, His strength protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
- 2 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark the way ;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 3 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew ;
Garments fresh, and feet unwearied,
Tell how God will bear thee through :

- 4 Till to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
 Love divine thy foot shall bring,
 There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
 Zion's songs in rest to sing.

208

7, 6.

"And, having done all, to stand.

- 1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army he shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In 'his His glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armour,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there!
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;

This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song ;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be :
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

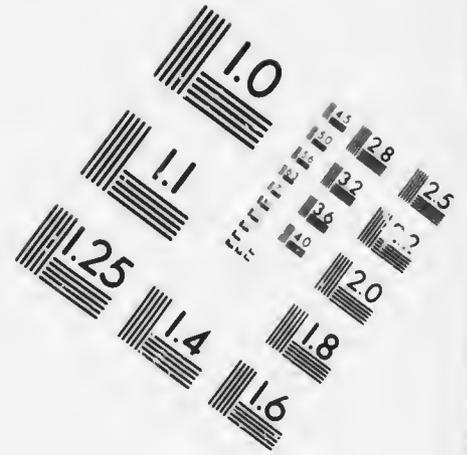
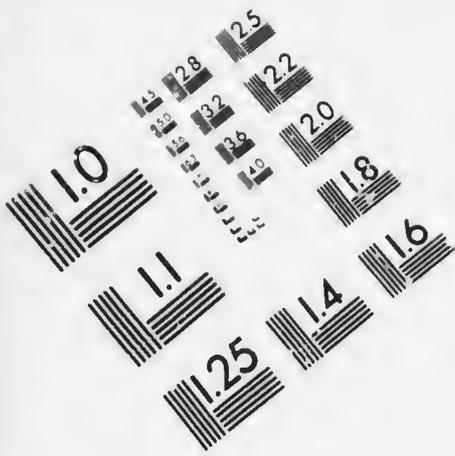
209

S. M.

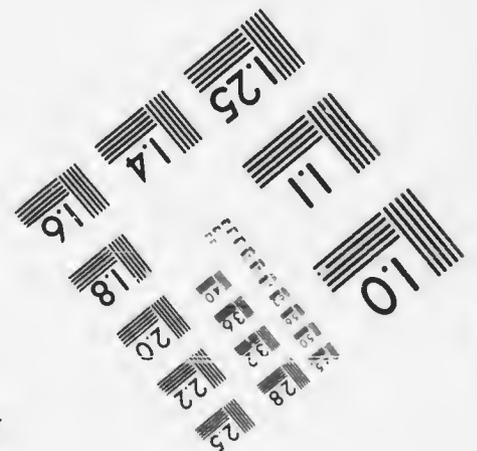
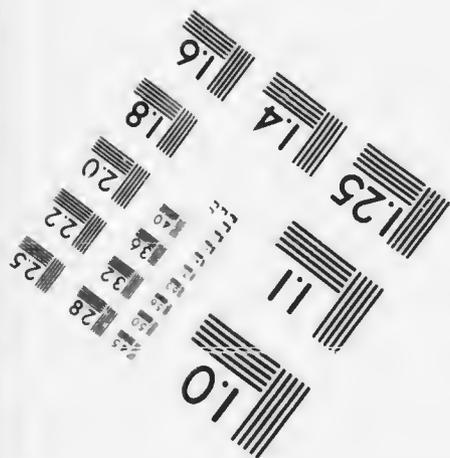
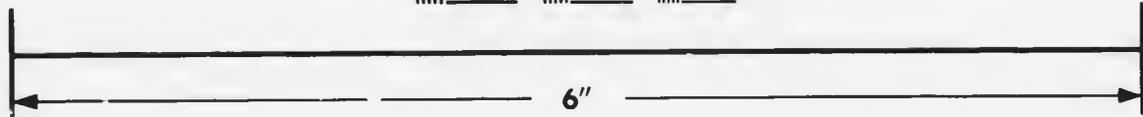
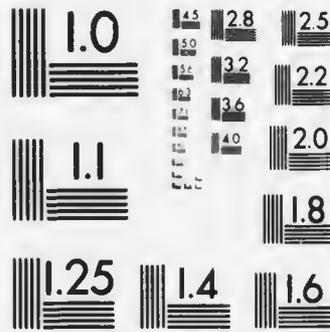
" Put on the whole armour of God."

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son :
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day ;
- 5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.





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210

7s.

"Fight the good fight of faith."

- 1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life !
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not ! much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians ; will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the painful field ?
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 6 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

211

S. M.

*"O taste and see that the Lord is good,
blessed is the man that trusteth in
him."*

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee !
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

212

8, 7.

"I will hear what God the Lord will speak."

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :
 "O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
- 2 "Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 3 "There, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear no voice of war again.
- 4 "God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
 God, your everlasting Light."

213

6, 5.

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."

- 1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.
 Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 And with hearts united
 Take our heavenward way.

Brightly gleams our banner
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wanderers onward
 To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing
 See Thy children meet ;
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray,
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way.
 Brightly gleams, &c.

3 All our days direct us
 In the way we go,
 Lead us on victorious
 Over every foe :
 Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower,
 Pardon, Lord, and save us
 In the last dread hour.
 Brightly gleams, &c.

214

7s.

" Lovest thou me ? "

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

2 " I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love Thee more!

215

11s.

*"This is the name whereby he shall be
called, The Lord Our Righteous-
ness."*

- 1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on
the tree
"Jehovah Tsidkenu;" 'twas nothing to me.
- 2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to
the tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu;" 'twas nothing to me.

- 3 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see—
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.
- 4 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.
- 5 Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For if from life's fever my God set me free,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death-song shall be.
- 6 Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield!

216

P. M.

"Be of good cheer; it is I."

- 1 O THOU that on the billow
 Couldest sleep
While tempests round Thy pillow
 Fierce did sweep—
Grant us Thy holy peace,
While the tumults rage around us,
And the perils still increase,
 Our hearts to keep.
- 2 O Thou that in the night storm
 Drewest nigh,
Appearing as a bright form
 From on high—

Still 'mid our gloom appear ;
 Guide us gently to our haven ;
 Give our fainting spirits cheer,
 Say, "Lo, 'tis I !"

- 3 O Thou that stood'st at morning
 On the shore,
 To bless the bark returning,
 And the store—
 Bid us such welcome blest,
 When, beyond those troubled waters,
 From our night-long toil we rest
 For evermore.

217

8s.

*"In that he himself hath suffered, being
 tempted, he is able to succour them
 that are tempted."*

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who not in vain
 Experienced every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismayed my spirit dies ;
 Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And oh ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

218

C. M.

*" We have fled for refuge to lay
hold upon the hope set before us."*

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine :
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul will cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

219

8, 7.

"As seeing him who is invisible."

- 1 ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.
- 2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;
He to-day and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.
- 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown :
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

220

S. M.

"Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near ;

Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

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

221

7, 3.

*" Watch and pray, that ye enter not into
temptation."*

- 1 CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
" Watch and pray."
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
" Watch and pray."
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
" Watch and pray."
- 4 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down ;
" Watch and pray."

222

7, 6.

*" The Lord is my light, and my salva-
tion."*

- 1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help. is near.

- 2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand :
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand ?
- 3 Place on the Lord reliance :
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
- 4 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase ;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
The Lord will give thee peace.

223

11s.

*" The Lord your God, which goeth before
you, he shall fight for you."*

- 1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as
to war,

Looking unto Jesus who is gone before.

- 2 At the name of Jesus, Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise :
Brothers, lift your voices ; loud your anthems
raise.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

- 3 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have
trod.

We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise
and wane ;
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain :
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church
prevail :
We have Christ's own promise, that can never
fail.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

- 5 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng ;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-
song ;
Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the
King,
This through countless ages men and angels
sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

224

7s.

*"The ransomed of the Lord shall return
and come to Zion with songs."*

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing :
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight :
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below,
Only Thou our leader be
And we still will follow Thee.

225

S. M.

*"Let the children of Zion be joyful in
their King."*

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

226

7, 6.

*"Weeping may endure for a night, but
 joy cometh in the morning."*

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing in His wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Even let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may ;
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through ,
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe His people too .

Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He who feeds the ravens,
 Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
 Yet, God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

227

8, 7, 6.

"God is our refuge and strength."

1 A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty shield and weapon ;
 By His right arm He surely will
 Free from all ills that happen.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe ;
 Strong mail of craft and power
 He weareth in this hour ;
 On earth is not his fellow.

2 Stood we alone in our own might,
 Our striving would be losing ;
 For us the one true Man doth fight,
 The Man of God's own choosing.
 Who is this chosen One ?
 'Tis Jesus Christ, the Son,
 The Lord of hosts, 'tis He
 Who wins the victory
 In every field of battle.

- 3 And were the world with devils filled,
 And watching to devour us,
 Our souls to fear we need not yield,
 They cannot overpower us ;
 Their dreaded Prince no more
 Can harm us as of yore ;
 His rage we can endure ;
 For lo ! his doom is sure,
 A word shall overthrow him.
- 4 Still must they leave God's word its might,
 For which no thanks they merit ;
 Still is He with us in the fight,
 With His good gifts and Spirit.
 Even should they, in the strife,
 Take kindred, goods, and life,
 We freely let them go,
 They profit not the foe ;
 With us remains the kingdom.

228

7, 6.

*" Endeavouring to keep the unity of the
 Spirit in the bond of peace."*

- 1 OUR blessed bond of union,
 Thou art, O Christ, our Lord !
 The rule of our communion
 Is Thine own faithful word.
 Thou art our Elder Brother,
 Who, to redeem us, died :
 To Thee, and to none other,
 Our souls we do confide.
- 2 Thy peace in us abounding,
 Thy presence ever sure,
 Thy light our path surrounding,
 Thy strength to us secure.

Beneath Thy banner glorious,
 Clad in Thine armour true,
 We shall march on victorious,
 And all our foes subdue.

3 Saviour, most true and gracious,
 Thy Spirit now impart,
 And let Thy love most precious
 Possess and fill each heart.
 We grasp Thy promise given,
 We set before our eyes
 One faith, one hope, one heaven,
 One battle, and one prize.

229

8s.

*"The Lord is my rock and my fortress
 and my deliverer, my God, my strength
 in whom I will trust."*

- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
 Or tremble at the tempter's power?
 Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
 Why must I either flee or yield,
 Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
 Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
 Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
 My soul a famine need not dread,
 For Jesus is my living bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
 Or how my wants shall be supplied;
 But Jesus knows, and will provide.

- 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine ;
But on my side is power divine ;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

230

S. M.

"By grace ye are saved."

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

V.—THE CHURCH.

231

8, 7.

*"Glorious things are spoken of thee
O city of God."*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,—
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age ?
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name :

- 6 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

232

S. M.

*"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my
 right hand forget her cunning."*

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The Church, our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God !
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour, and our King !
 Thy hand from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

233

7, 6.

"Other foundation can no man lay."

- 1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word :
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride ;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee

234

8, 7.

*"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation
 a stone, a tried stone, a precious
 corner-stone, a sure foundation."*

- 1 CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
 Christ the head and corner-stone,
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one,
 Holy Zion's help for ever,
 And her confidence alone.
- 2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day ;
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
 Hear Thy servants, as they pray ;
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls alway.
- 3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee to gain,
 What they gain from Thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.
- 4 Praise and honour to the Father,
 Praise and honour to the Son,
 Praise and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever Three, and ever One,
 One in might, and One in glory,
 While eternal ages run.

235

6, 4.

*"Jesus Christ himself being the chie,
corner-stone."*

- 1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build ;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled :
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.
- 2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower
On all who pray,
Each holy day,
Thy blessing pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away !

236

L. M.

"The sabbath a delight."

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul ; enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

237

7s.

"Ye shall keep my sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary."

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God hath brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame ;

From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise ;
Let us feel Thy presence near ;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new ;
Let Thy victories abound,
Unrepenting souls subdue :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

238

6, 8.

*"This is the day which the Lord hath
made; we will rejoice and be glad
in it."*

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay :
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail ! triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings ;

And earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

- 4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
 Ascend Thy conquering car,
 While justice, power, and love
 Maintain the glorious war :
 This day let sinners own Thy sway,
 And rebels cast their arms away.

239

S. M.

" I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

- 1 This is the day of light :
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest :
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace :
 Thy peace our spirits fill :
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer :
 Let earth to heaven draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
 Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days :
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death !

240

7s.

*"I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign
between me and them."*

- 1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams !
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams :
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.
- 2 Great Creator ! who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest ;
By the souls that own Thy sway,
Hallowed be its hours and blest :
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone !
- 3 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom ;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to Thee.
- 4 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high ;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
All Thine influence shed abroad ;
Lead me to the truth of God.

241

7, 6.

*"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause
the weary to rest."*

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !

- On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal Throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land ;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.
- 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.

To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

242

L. M.

*"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to
 the people of God."*

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath ! hear us pray,
 In this Thy house, on this Thy day ;
 And own as grateful sacrifice
 The songs which from Thy people rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our labouring souls aspire
 With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
 No guilt the conscience to oppress ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues :
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God !

243

L. M.

*"It is a good thing to give thanks unto
 the Lord"*

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

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And' bless His works, and bless His word :
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Then shall I share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see and hear and know
 All I desired or wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

244

L. M.

*"Lord, I have loved the habitation of
 thy house, and the place where thine
 honour dwelleth."*

- 1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
 The Christian to the house of prayer ;
 I love to stand within its walls,
 For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
 Where two or three for worship meet ;
 For thither Christ Himself resorts,
 And makes the little band complete.
- 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
 To join in holy praise and love,
 And imitate the blessed throng
 That mingle hearts and songs above.

- 4 Within these walls may peace abound ;
 May all our hearts in one agree !
 Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
 May peace and concord ever be !

245

7s.

*"For a day in thy courts is better than
a thousand."*

- 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love ;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O, my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 For Thy fulness, God of grace !
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thy altars, O Most High !
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast !
 Like the wandering dove, that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe !
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies ;
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
 Guide me through a world of sin :

Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
 Give me at Thy side a place :
 Sun and shield alike Thou art ;
 Guide and guard my erring heart.
 Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me :

246

6, 4.

*"How amiable are thy tabernacles,
 Lord God of hosts !"*

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy earthly temples, are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires,
 To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

247

8s.

"Surely the Lord is in this place."

- 1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And silent bow before His face;
 Who know His power, His grace who prove,
 Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo! God is here! Him day and night
 The united choirs of angels sing;
 To Him enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
 To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
 O take, O seal them for Thine own!
 Thou art the God! Thou art the Lord!
 Be Thou by all Thy works adored.
- 4 Being of beings! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

248

L. M.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

249

L. M.

"There the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

- 1 **COMMAND** Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 **Command** Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
May we Thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow Me."
- 3 **Command** Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 One true eternal God confessed !
 Whom Thou hast joined may none divide,
 None dare to curse whom Thou hast blessed.
- 5 With Thee and these for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
 Rest in Thy love and reign in light.

250

L. M.

*" They watch for your souls as they that
 must give account."*

- 1 LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
 And Thine ordainèd servants bless ;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple, when they stand
 To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
 Let all Thy Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
 Firmness with meekness from above,
 To bear Thy people in their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love :
- 4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night their guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, form the saint,
 To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.
- 5 So when their work is finished here,
 They may in hope their charge resign ;
 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
 They may with crowns of glory shine !

251

S. M.

*"How beautiful upon the mountains are
the feet of him that bringeth good
tidings."*

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

252

S. M.

"Keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 But glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

7s.

253

"Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury."

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we humbly pray,
Take our gifts on this Thy day :
Gladly, gratefully we give,
Of Thy grace do Thou receive :
With our store we worship Thee,
As we seek Thy favour free.

- 2 In the hollow of Thy hand
Is the wealth of sea and land ;
All Thou grantest us to own
Appertains to Thee alone ;
Claim, then claim, our earthly store
And ourselves for evermore !
- 3 In our wealth and poverty
With glad hearts we bow to Thee ;
Thine we are in life, in death ;
Thine from birth to latest breath ;
Ransomed children, we shall be
Thine to all eternity.
- 4 Though our gifts be poor and small,
Thou dost welcome one and all ;
Widow's mite or water cup,
To our Lord when offered up,
Is as precious in Thine eyes
As the costliest sacrifice.
- 5 Jesus, we our vows will pay
In Thy house on this Thy day :
And Thy service be our joy,
And Thy work our hands employ
Till we hear the sweet " Well done "
From Thy glorious Judgment Throne.

254

L. M.

" Of such is the kingdom of heaven. "

- 1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came
The mighty God was still His name ;
And angels worshipped, as He lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

- 2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine;
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.
- 4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord!
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.
- 5 O Thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung;
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

255

C. M.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd"

- 1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name!
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine
Thine let our offspring be

256

C. M.

"This do in remembrance of me"

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And gaze on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee :—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

257

L. M.

"He brought me to the banqueting house."

- 1 MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor when we leave our Father's board
The pleasure or the profit end.

7s.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"

258

- 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
- 2 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

- 3 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
- 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide ;
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release ;
Cold and wavering faith increase ;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace !
- 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

259

10s.

*"Before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath
been evidently set forth, crucified
among you."*

- 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here faith can touch and handle things
unseen ;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load ;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might
alone.

- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing
 blood ;
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my
 God.
- 5 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
 The feast, though not the love, is past and
 gone ;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
 Nearer than ever ; still my Shield and Sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
 love.

260

C. M.

*" My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood
is drink indeed."*

- 1 O JESUS Christ, the Holy One,
 I long to be with Thee :
 O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
 Come and abide with me.
- 2 Now while the symbols of Thy love
 Before Thy saints are set,
 And Thou, descending from above,
 Their yearning hearts hast met :
- 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
 This lonely heart of mine ;
 And feed me in this solemn hour
 With Thine own bread and wine.
- 4 My "meat indeed," my "drink indeed,"
 Art Thou. my gracious Lord ;

Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word,

- 5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied
In those Thou dost impart.

261

7s.

"Ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

- 1 "TILL He come"—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords :
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast ?
Hush, be every murmur dumb ;
It is only "Till He come."
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press :
Would we have one sorrow less ?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till He come."
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread :
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board ;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come."

262

L. M.

"All nations shall call him blessed."

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

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

- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessing on His name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

263

8, 7.

*"Blessed be his glorious name for ever ;
and let the whole earth be filled with
his glory, Amen, and amen."*

- 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway ;
He will make His kingdom glorious,
He shall reign in endless day.

Nations now from God estrangèd,
 Then shall see a glorious light ;
 Night to day shall then be changèd,
 Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

- 2 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
 Mourning seek the Lord their God,
 Look on Him whom once they piercèd,
 Own and kiss the chastening rod.
 Mighty King, Thy arm revealing,
 Now Thy glorious cause maintain,
 Bring the nations help and healing,
 Make them subject to Thy reign.

264

7, 6.

*"O that the salvation of Israel were
 come out of Zion!"*

- 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead the outcasts home !
- 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane ?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart ;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
 Their lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

265

L. M.

*"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm
of the Lord."*

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone :"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3¹ Let Zion's time of favour come :
O bring the tribes of Israel home !
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name ;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

11, 10.

266

*"He which converteth the sinner from
the error of his way shall save a
soul from death, and shall hide a
multitude of sins."*

- 1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is
 waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive :
 Plead with them earnestly, plead with them
 gently ;
 He will forgive if they only believe.
 Rescue the perishing, &c.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the
 tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore :
 Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kind-
 ness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once
 more.
 Rescue the perishing, &c.
- 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it ;
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will pro-
 vide :
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them ;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
 Rescue the perishing, &c.

267

P. M.

"He is become my salvation."

- 1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
 Glory, honour, praise, and power
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;

But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, &c.

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

268

7, 6.

" In his days shall the righteous flourish."

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring, in His path, to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing ;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion,
 Or dove's light wing, can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is Love.

269

7, 6.

"Come over . . . and help us"

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

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim.
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

270

6, 4.

*"God said, Let there be light : and there
 was light."*

- 1 THOU, whose Almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the gospel-day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light !

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 O now to all mankind
 Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light !

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might :
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the earth far and wide,
 Let there be light !

271

8, 7, 4.

*"The people which sat in darkness saw
 a great light."*

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed Jubilee,
 Let the glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,

And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

272

C. M.

" Let all the people praise thee "

- 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
 Star of the coming day,
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams
 Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessèd Lord ! bid every shore
 And answering island sing
 The praises of Thy royal name,
 And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth responsive now
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
 In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,
 With one awakening smile,
 And bid the serpent's trail no more
 Thy beauteous realms defile.

- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine :
 Be Thine the crown of glory now
 The palm of victory Thine.

273

7s.

*" Alleluia ; for the Lord God omnipotent
 reigneth."*

- 1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign :
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies ;
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed His sword : He speaks, 'tis done ;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away :
 Then the end ; beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall :
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

274

7s.

"That the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."

- 1 SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.
- 2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world and keeps it still,
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove,
By His holy sacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.
- 4 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.
- 5 Word of Life! most pure and strong,
Lo! for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
- 6 Up, the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.
- 7 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee;
Let the nations far and near
See Thy light and learn Thy fear.

275

6, 8.

"The acceptable year of the Lord."

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound :
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption through His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

VI.—*DEATH, RESURRECTION,
HEAVEN.*

276

S. M.
"A little while."

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come ;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time ;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, &c.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, &c.
- 4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, &c.

- 5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again ;
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, &c.

277

6, 8.

"So shall we ever be with the Lord."

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone :
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

278

L. M.

*"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant
depart in peace."*

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before Thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

- 5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand ;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

- 6 The hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease ;
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

279

L. M.

*"Them also which sleep in Jesus will
God bring with him."*

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomèd sting!

- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

- 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

280

7s.

"When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both."

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

- 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

- 4 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love how much I owe.

281

7, 6.

"Thy land, O Immanuel."

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes :

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love ;
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above.
 There to an ocean fulness
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment,
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love.
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

4 O I am my Belovèd's,
 And my Belovèd's mine,
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His "house of wine."
 I stand upon His merit ;
 I know no other stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

282

S. M.

*"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me
 shall never die."*

1 It is not death to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life !
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

283

S. M.

*"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to
the people of God."*

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

284

S. M.

"And the dead were judged."

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down,
- 4 Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace !
- 5 O may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !

285

8, 7.

"I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they arise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated !
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

286

C. M.

*"Let me go over and see the good land
that is beyond Jordan."*

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

287

P. M.

"The inheritance of the saints in light."

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there ?

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there ?

- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there ?

- 4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there ?

- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

288

C. M.

*"Of whom the whole family in heaven
and earth is named."*

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

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone,
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

2 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 His host hath crossed the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

3 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release
 And full felicity :
 Even now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before,
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear His trumpet sound.
 O that we now might grasp our Guide !
 O that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven.

289

P. M.

*"We are journeying unto the place, of
 which the Lord said, I will give it
 you."*

1 FROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,

We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah !—&c.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah !—&c.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah !—&c.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah !—&c.

290

6s.

*"God shall wipe away all tears from
their eyes."*

1 THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;

Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well ;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell ;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father one,
 And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands and feet and side ;
 To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

291

7, 6.

"By reason of the glory that excelleth."

1 OH, fair the gleams of glory,
 And bright the scenes of mirth,
 That lighten human story
 And cheer this weary earth ;

But richer far our treasure
 With whom the Spirit dwells,
 Ours, ours in heavenly measure
 The glory that excels.

2 The lamplight faintly gleameth
 Where shines the noonday ray ;
 From Jesus' face there beameth
 Light of a sevenfold day ;
 And earth's pale lights, all faded,
 The Light from heaven dispels ;
 But shines for aye unshaded
 The glory that excels.

3 No broken cisterns need they
 Who drink from living rills ;
 No other music heed they
 Whom God's own music thrills.
 Earth's precious things are tasteless,
 Its boisterous mirth repels,
 Where flows in measure wasteless
 The glory that excels.

4 Since on our life descended
 Those beams of light and love,
 Our steps have heavenward tended,
 Our eyes have looked above,
 Till through the clouds concealing
 The home where glory dwells,
 Our Jesus comes revealing
 The glory that excels.

292

S. M.

" And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

1 FOREVER with the Lord !
 Amen ! so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise or ~~was~~ faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

5 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the
tomb,
"Forever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep
 That death-awakening sound ;
 The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
 And answer from the ground.

- 6 Then, upward as they fly,
 That resurrection-word
 Shall be their shout of victory,
 "Forever with the Lord!"
 That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more, "Forever with the Lord!"
 Amen! so let it be!

293

C. M.

"The holy city, New Jerusalem."

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me :
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view
 And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;

And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

294

7, 6.

*" But now they desire a better country,
that is an heavenly."*

- 1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late ;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
- 2 Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee.
- 3 Then, nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

295

7, 6.

"There shall be no more curse."

1 BRIEF life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !

2 There grief is turned to pleasure,
 Such pleasure, as below
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know.
 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.

3 And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Sion in her anguish
 With Babylon must cope ;
 But He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

- 4 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day :
 Yes ; God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.
- 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

296

7, 6.

"For he looked for a city which hath foundations."

- 1 For thee, O dear, dear country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion !
 O Paradise of joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy :
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays :

- 3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.
 The cross is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise :
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment,
 To pilgrims far away :
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower :
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
- 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

297

7, 6.

"The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest :
 I know not, O, I know not,
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare !

- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion.
All jubilant with song
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

VII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

298

L. M.

" My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord."

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
 Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

299

L. M.

*"His compassions fail not; they are
 new every morning."*

- 1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise !
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove :
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

300

7s.

*"The dayspring from on high hath
visited us."*

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night !
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day !

301

L. M.

"Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

302

L. M.

"Abide with us."

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear !
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

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

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

303

8, 4

"The Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me."

- 1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night ;
 May Thine angel-guards defend us !
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us !
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night !
- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
 And, when we die,
 May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie !
 When the last dread trump shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us ;
 But to reign in glory take us
 With Thee on high.

304

8, 7.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing :
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee :
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

305

8, 6.

"He is thy life and the length of thy days."

- 1 ANOTHER year hath fled ; renew,
 Lord, with our days Thy love !
 Our days are evil here and few ;
 We look to live above :
 We will not grieve, though day by day
 We pass from earthly joys away ;
 Our joy abides in Thee.
- 2 Yet, when our sins we call to mind,
 We cannot fail to grieve ;
 But Thou art pitiful and kind,
 And wilt our prayer receive :
 O Jesus, evermore the same,
 Our hope we rest upon Thy name ;
 Our hope abides in Thee.
- 3 For all the future, Lord, prepare
 Our souls with strength divine ;
 Help us to cast on Thee our care,
 And on Thy servants shine :
 Life without Thee is dark and drear ;
 Death is not death if Thou art near ;
 Our life abides in Thee.

306

7s.

"Great is thy faithfulness."

- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.
- 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.
- 3 Dark the future: let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
- 4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 6 Keep us faithful; keep us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own:
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

307

7s.

*"So teach us to number our days, that we
may apply our hearts un'o wisdom."*

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year ;
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise :
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless Thy word to young and old ,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above !

308

8, 7.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

- 1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise ;—

Praise for light so brightly shining
 On our steps from heaven above ;
 Praise for mercies daily twining
 Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender
 On the cross for sinners shown,
 We would praise Thee, and surrender
 All our hearts to be Thine own.
 With so blest a Friend provided,
 We upon our way would go,
 Sure of being safely guided,
 Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
 When Thy gracious face we see ;
 Every burden will be lighter,
 When we know it comes from Thee.
 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
 Give us strength to serve and wait,
 Till Thy glory breaks before us,
 Through the city's open gate.

309

L. M.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at Thy command
 Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light, and evening shade !
- 5 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

310

8s.

"Thou preparest them corn."

- 1 LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain,
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.
- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings ;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee,
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
 As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
 But not alone our bodies feed,
 Supply our fainting spirits' need :
 O Bread of life, from day to day,
 Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay

311

7s.

" Let both grow together until harvest."

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home :
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin :
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !

- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

- 3 For the Lord, our God, shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home ;
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away :
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast ;
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

- 4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !
 All are safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There, for ever purified,
 In God's garner to abide :
 Come, ten thousand angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home !

312

C. M.

*" While the earth remaineth seed-time
 and harvest . . . shall not cease."*

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich Thy bounties are !
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine :
 The plants in beauty grew ;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain ;
 A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
 Thou dost on man bestow ;
 Let him not then forget to own
 From whom his blessings flow.

6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine ;
 To Thee our songs we'll raise,
 And all created nature join
 In sweet, harmonious praise.

313

P. M.

"Thou blessest the springing thereof."

- 1 WE plough the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's Almighty hand :
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.
- 2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.
- 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food ;

No gifts have we to offer,
 For all Thy love imparts,
 But that which Thou desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all His love.

314

8s.

*" These see the works of the Lord, and
 his wonders in the deep.*

- 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
 And hushed their raging at Thy word,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 And bid its angry tumult cease,
 And give for wild confusion, peace ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

315

I. M.

*"Will ye not tremble at my presence,
which have placed the sand for the
bound of the sea?"*

- 1 O God, who metest in Thine hand
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree ;
- 2 What time the floods lift up their voice,
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar ;
- 3 When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil ;
- 4 Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will ;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, "Peace, be still."
- 5 So with Thy mercies ever new
Thy servants set from peril free,
And bring them, Pilot wise and true,
Unto the port where they would be.

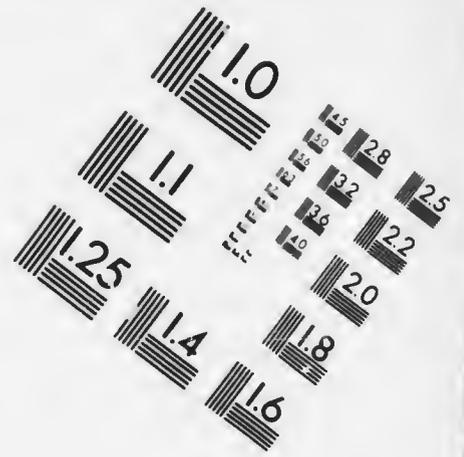
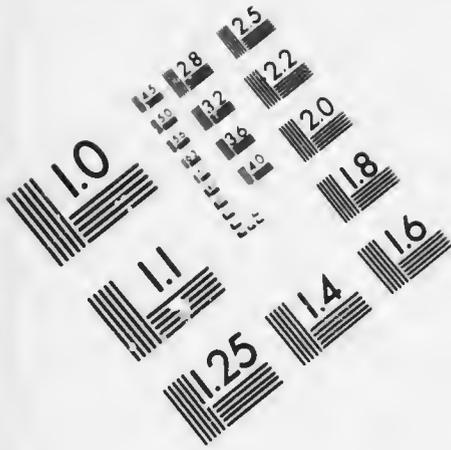
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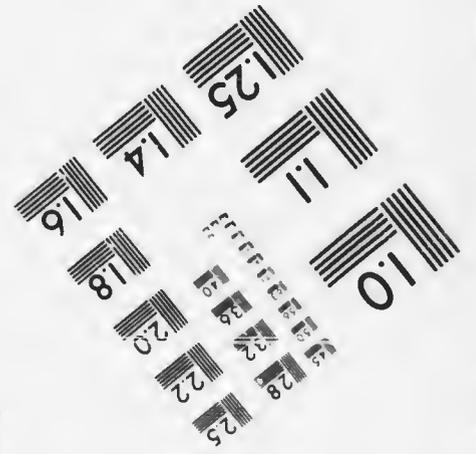
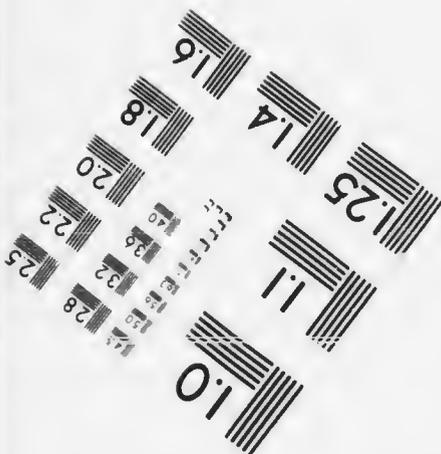
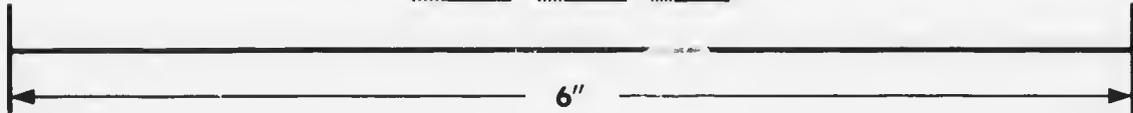
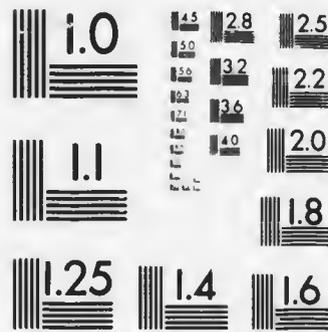
*"Every good gift, and every perfect
gift is from above."*

- 1 THOU, Lord, art our life and the length of our
days :
Our voices to Thee in thanksgiving we raise ;
Our shield and our buckler, our refuge and
tower,
We trust in Thy faithfulness, mercy, and power.





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- 2 We thank Thee, we praise Thee, for sunshine
and rain,
For calm and for tempest, for pleasure and pain;
Thy love and Thy wisdom our tongues shall
employ,
In light and in darkness, in sorrow and joy.
- 3 The summer and autumn, the winter and spring,
To Thee shall their tribute of gratitude bring;
The sea and its fulness, the earth and the air,
All tell of Thy goodness, Thy glory declare.
- 4 We thank Thee, we praise Thee, for beauty
and youth,
For justice and freedom, for honour and truth;
For the wealth of the ocean, the forest and field,
And all the rewards that our industries yield.
- 5 We thank Thee, we praise Thee, for plenty
and peace,
For Thy full-flowing bounty that never doth
cease,
For the Church and the Sabbath, the Home
and the School;
For a land in which mercy and righteousness
rule.
- 6 We thank Thee, and praise Thee, our Father
above,
For all the dear tokens of kindness and love
Thou sendest to greet us, as day follows day,
To lighten our burdens and gladden our way.
- 7 We thank Thee for life with its blessings so free,
And for the glad hope which we have, Lord,
in Thee,
That Thou wilt receive us in peace to Thy rest,
To serve Thee on high with the saved and the
blest.

317

7, 6.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

- 1 FROM ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey Thy sovereign word.
Our prairies and our mountains,
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,
To Thee shall tribute yield.
- 2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal ;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand ;
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.
- 3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day ;
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.
- 4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go ;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show ;
Till fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy Word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

318

C. M.

"Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach."

1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
 While at Thy feet we fall,
 And humbly, with united cry,
 To Thee for mercy call;
 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
 O turn us not away
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
 And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
 And ours no less we own,
 Yet wondrously from age to age
 Thy goodness hath been shown;
 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
 Beset our country round,
 To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
 And help in Thee we found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
 Beneath Thy chast'ning hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land;
 With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we lift our prayer,
 "Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 Then let Thy mercy spare."

319

C. M.

"The place of my fathers' sepulchres."

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land,
 The land we love the most.

- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
 And here our kindred dwell ;
 Our children, too ;—how should we love
 Another land so well ?
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless ;
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee ;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
 Our everlasting Friend.

320

L. M.

*"He maketh wars to cease unto the ends
 of the earth."*

- 1 O God of love, O King of peace !
 Make wars throughout the world to cease ;
 The wrath of sinful man restrain,
 Give peace, O God, give peace again !
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
 The wonders that our fathers told ;
 Remember not our sin's dark stain,
 Give peace, O God, give peace again !
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord ?
 Where rest but on Thy faithful word ?
 None ever called on Thee in vain,
 Give peace, O God, give peace again !

- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

321

8, 7.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

- 1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee ;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how solemn we should be !
- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone ;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
- 3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
- 4 Let our sins be all forgiven ;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong ;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

322

6s.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

- 1 COME, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah ! Amen !
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah ! Amen !
Let all with heart and voice
Before His throne rejoice ;
Praise is His gracious choice :
Hallelujah ! Amen !

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name ;
 And now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb :
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory !

324

C. M.

*"Remember now thy Creator in the days
 of thy youth."*

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet
 Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passions rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within Thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine,---
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone---
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death.
 To keep us still Thine own !

325

C. M.

*"The Lord shall be thy confidence, and
shall keep thy foot from being taken."*

1 THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep ;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide ;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace ;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

326

8, 7.

*"He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
and carry them in his bosom."*

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me ;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me ;
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

327

7, 6.

*"There is a friend that sticketh closer
than a brother."*

- 1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die :
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to His Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free ;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier, there.
- 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by,—
A crown of brightest glory,
Which God shall then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

328

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

- 1 ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her infant
 In a manger for His bed ;
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall ;
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy
- 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood
 He would honour and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly mother
 In whose gentle arms He lay ;
 Christian children all should be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew,
 He was little, weak, and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above ;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him ; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high ;
 When like stars His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

P. M.

329

*" Unto you is born this day, in the city of
 David, a Saviour which is Christ the
 Lord."*

- 1 THERE came a little Child to earth
 Long ago ;
 And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,
 High and low.
- 2 Out in the night, so calm and still,
 Their song was heard ;
 For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's
 hill
 Was Christ the Lord.
- 3 Far away in a goodly land,
 Fair and bright,
 Children with crowns of glory stand,
 Robed in white.
- 4 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
 A child was born ;
 And, that they might His crown of glory share,
 Wore a crown of thorn ;
- 5 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
 Came forth to die,
 That the children of earth might in glory reign
 With Him on high.

- 6 And for evermore, in their robes so fair
 And undefiled,
 Those ransomed children His praise declare,
 Who was once a child.

330

C. M.

"Hosanna in the highest."

- 1 HOSANNA! raise the joyful hymn
 To David's Son and Lord;
 With cherubim and seraphim
 Exalt the Incarnate Word.
 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
 No lofty strains can raise;
 But Thou wilt not despise the young,
 Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
 How vast Thy gifts, how free!
 Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast;
 Thy name our only plea.
 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
 Our offerings to Thy throne;
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
 But hearts to be Thine own.
- 3 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
 Approved a lisping throng;
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear
 Our poor but grateful song.
 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
 Thy temple we behold,
 Hosannas through eternity
 We'll sing to harps of gold.

331

8, 4.

*"There is a friend that sticketh closer
than a brother."*

- 1 ONE is kind above all others—
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us:
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves!
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
O how He loves!
Think, O think, how much we owe Him—
O how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us—
O how He loves!
- 3 Through His name we are forgiven—
O how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven—
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us!
Safe to glory He will guide us—
O how He loves!

332

7, 6.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."

- 1 HOSANNA! loud hosanna
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang;
To Jesus who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,

The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,
'Midst an exultant crowd,
Waving the victor palm-branch,
And shouting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
"Hosanna in the highest,
Glory to God on high!"

3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
O may we ever praise Him,
With heart, and life, and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

333

P. M.

"Jesus called a little child unto him."

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs, to His
fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

- 1 I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,—
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and
fall
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

334

6, 5.

*"The Lord is high, yet hath he respect
to the lowly."*

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.
- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,

Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray ;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day ;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour Lord, we come."

335

7s.

*"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly
in heart."*

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity ;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fair I would to Thee be brought ;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not ;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee ;
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

336

P. M.

"At thy right hand are pleasures for ever more."

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day :
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King !
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay ?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free ;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die :
On then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

337

P. M.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

- 1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
Like, &c.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like, &c.

338

7, 6.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."

- 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain ;
Here we meet to part again ;
In heaven we part no more.
O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful ;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
O that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful ;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.

O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.

4 O how happy we shall be,
 For our Saviour we shall see
 Exalted on His throne.
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.

5 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.
 O that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more.

339

8, 7.
 "Follow me."

1 CHILDHOOD's years are passing o'er us,
 Youthful days will soon be done ;
 Cares and sorrows lie before us,
 Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 O may He, who, meek and lowly,
 Trod Himself this vale of woe,
 Make us His, and make us holy,
 Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark ! it is the Saviour calling,
 "Little children, follow Me ;"
 Jesus, keep our feet from falling ;
 Teach us all to follow Thee.

- 4 Soon we part—it may be never,
 Never here to meet again ;
 O to meet in heaven for ever !
 O the crown of life to gain !

340

8, 7, 4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through life's wilderness !
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found !

341

8s.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light !
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light !

- 3 Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light !
- 4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light !
- 5 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light !
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad !
 Thou art our Jesus and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light !

342

7s.

- 1 Now may He who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May He teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in His sight,

Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

343

8, 7.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

344

8, 7.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase :
Fill each breast with consolation ;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise :
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.
Hallelujah !

345

L. M.

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

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

346

I. M.

DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord ;
 Help us to feed upon Thy word ;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let Thy truth within us live.
 Though we are guilty Thou art good,
 Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood ;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

347

7s.

PART in peace ! Christ's life was peace,
 Let us live our life in Him ;
 Part in peace ! Christ's death was peace,
 Let us die our death in Him :
 Part in peace ! Christ promise gave
 Of a life beyond the grave,
 Where all mortal partings cease ;
 Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

348

WE praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge Thee
 to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee : the Father
 everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud : the heavens, and
 all the powers therein.

To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually
 do cry,

Holy, holy, holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty : of
Thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles : praise
Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets : praise
Thee.

The noble army of martyrs : praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world :
doth acknowledge Thee ;

The Father : of an infinite majesty ;

Thine honourable, true : and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost . the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man :
Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of
death : Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven
to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God : in the
glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come : to be our
Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants :
whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious
blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints :
in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless Thine
heritage.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify Thee ;

And we worship Thy name : ever world with-
out end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

349

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory,

O LORD God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O LORD, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

THAT takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

THOU that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

THOU that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

THOU that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

FOR Thou only art holy ; Thou only art the Lord ;

THOU only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father.

Amen.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

BLESSÈD, blessèd be Jehovah,
Israel's God, to all eternity :
Let all the people say, Amen.
Amen. Praise to the Lord give ye.

2

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son : and to
the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be ; world without end. Amen.

3

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee !

8s.

4

Now blessèd be the Lord our God,
the God of Israel,
For He alone doth wondrous works,
in glory that excel.

C. M.

And blessed be His glorious name
to all eternity :
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

5

8, 7, 4.

Now to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live :
Be the kingdom
And dominion,
And the glory, evermore.

6

L. M.

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

7

C. M.

SALVATION and immortal praise
To our victorious King !
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

8

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

9

C. M.

To Him that loved the souls of men,
 And washed us in His blood,
 To royal honours raised our head,
 And made us priests to God ;—

To Him let every tongue be praise,
 And every heart be love !
 All grateful honours paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above !

10

HOLY, holy, holy : Lord God of Hosts !
 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy
 glory ;
 Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

11

LORD, bless us still !
 O bless us still !
 Lord, hear our prayers !
 O hear our prayers !
 Accept our praise !
 Accept our praise !
 Hallelujah !
 Praised be Thy holy name. Amen.

12

HALLELUJAH! for the Lord God omnipotent
reigneth.

The kingdoms of this world are become the king-
doms of our Lord and of His Christ ;

And He shall reign for ever and ever ;

King of Kings and Lord of Lords : Hallelujah !

13

6, 4.

Now to the King of Heaven

Your cheerful voices raise ;

To Him be glory given,

Power, majesty, and praise ;

Wide as He reigns,

His name be sung

By every tongue,

In endless strains.

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