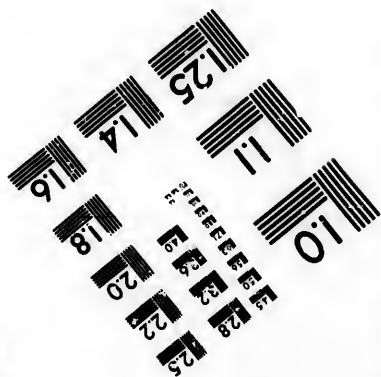
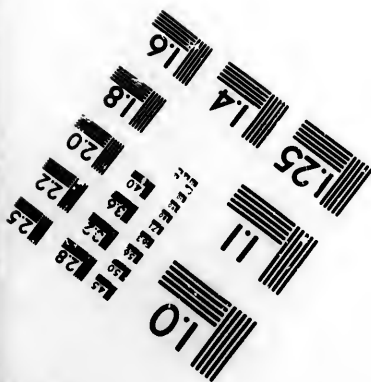
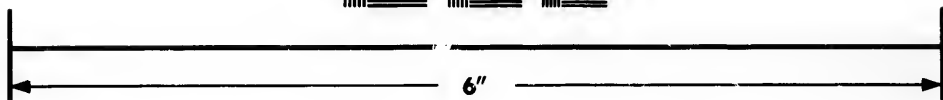
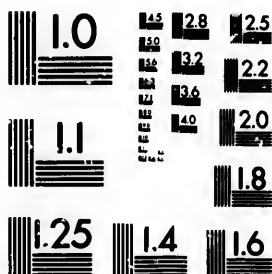


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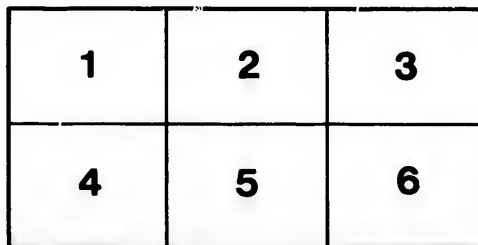
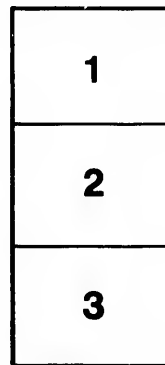
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PREFACE.

THESE few pages are divided into two parts. The first part contains hymns intended to be sung in the assemblies of the children of God on the first day of the week, and on other occasions when two or three are met together in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Antiquary

The second part contains verses intended, not to be sung in the assembly, but to express truth, as well as to convey comfort, instruction or reproof to our hearts, in order that we may walk together in obedience; so that when met together on the first day of the week to break bread according to the scripture, we may enter into simple happy praise to Christ within the veil. If any of God's dear children object to anything advanced in this little book, I entreat them in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to tell me of it if the Lord open the way to do so; in order

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that the truth of God may, through His grace, be manifested according to the scripture, by the power of the Holy Ghost Who dwells in us. No man is responsible for what is really God's truth; and no man is entitled to any credit for it. It belongs to God Who can make the stones speak; and He will maintain it. But we are responsible that what we advance is according to scripture; and a solemn error it is, to bring forward our thoughts, and call them the truth of God, when it is written "if any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God."

I am the only person who can be held accountable to the church of God for what is written in this book.

The hymns from page sixty to the end of part one, are intended to be sung at the Lord's Supper.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

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PART I

HYMN 1. L. M.

AWAKE our strains of holy praise ;
Our stranger-songs of glory raise :
Let hymns of heavenly worship swell
With notes of joy unspeakable.

Our hidden life with Christ in God,
Makes heaven our birth-place and abode ;
And now, as children of the light,
We journey through the clouds of night.

Then sing within our home above,
With joyous voice, that God is love :
'Tis there that our possessions are ;
And there is Christ our Morning Star.

Amid the gathering darkness here,
His precious Name to us how dear !
Lord Jesus, risen from the dead,
Our life, our peace, our living Head.

HYMN 2. C. M.

OUR own, our native melodies !
Our music from afar :
How sweet, within the heavenlies,
The Songs of strangers are !

For it is there that Jesus' Name
 Is honoured and adored,
 Tho' here reproach'd and put to shame;—
 Our Saviour and our Lord.

Forevermore at God's right hand,
 Where Christ for us appears,
 The pleasures of our father-land
 Outlive the rolling years.

Then sing our native melodies
 Within the veil above ;
 And joy in all the tenderness
 Of God's eternal love.

And though outside the camp below
 These melodies are found ;
 'Tis there that love with melting glow,
 And living joys abound.

For there the victory of love
 Was wrought upon the cross :
 There Jesus rose, Who dwells above—
 The fount of all our joys.

HYMN 3. C. M.

STERN law, with holy justice told
 The consequence of sin ;
 But grace and justice now unfold
 Where life and peace begin.

The law could only utter wrath
 To those who disobeyed :

The gospel tells Thy glory forth,
Our God, in Christ displayed.

The cross declares Thy victory;
The cross has given us peace:
Lord Jesus, risen now with Thee,
Our life can never cease.

The law no longer stops the way:
'Twas nailed to Jesus' cross:
His triumph now is openly
Eternal life to us.

Through Jesus risen from the dead,
We joy, oh God, in Thee:
Thy justice, now no more our dread,
Is our security.

HYMN 4. C. M.

'Tis grace that makes the promise sure
To all the heavenly seed:
Unmixed with works, it must endure;
For God has thus decreed.

Triumphant grace through righteousness,
Once hidden mystery,
Has sealed our endless happiness,
Jesus our Lord, in Thee.

Could more be asked? yet Thou hast
deigned,
Our God, to add Thine oath:

Then who shall dare, where grace has
To harbour any doubt? [reigned,

One note of praise, one peal of joy!

'Tis grace that calls it forth :

Eternal glory shall employ
The song begun on earth.

Hymn 5. S. M.

ETERNAL unity !

Oh be Thy Name adored !

Thyself in me, and I in Thee,
Jesus my life, my Lord.

How wondrous is the grace
That bids our hearts reply,
To tell, within the holy place,
This glad reality,

That seated now above,
The joy of heaven we share ;
And celebrate the wondrous love
That makes us welcome there.

Oh praise the Lamb Who bled—
Our Saviour Who has died ;
For He is risen from the dead,
And we are justified.

Tongue cannot tell our bliss,
Through Jesus sanctified :
Soon shall we see Him as He is—
With Him be glorified.

HYMN 6. 7's.

OFF repeated sacrifice
 Never gave the conscience peace:
 Sins through each revolving year,
 Kept the trembling heart in fear.

Jesus Lord, how can we raise
 Songs that worthily shall praise
 Thy one holy sacrifice,
 Once forever to suffice?

Thus the Father's holy will
 Once forever to fulfil;
 Once for all our sins to bear:
 Oh the love that centred there!

By this offering sanctified,
 Now Thy washed, Thy ransomed bride,
 Bound by love, is forced to raise
 Through the Spirit, songs of praise.

Oh the glories of the cross!
 Oh Thy wondrous love to us!
 Saviour, mighty to redeem,
 Ne'er shall we exhaust this theme.

HYMN 7 C. M.

ETERNAL rest in Christ on high—
 The sabbath of His love!
 Fearless, ye sprinkled saints draw nigh
 Within the veil above.

In Thee, our blessed Lord, in Thee
 Thy word has given us peace :
 Thyself our peace we soon shall see,
 In glory ne'er to cease.

Till then, a royal priesthood now
 Amid the night we stand :
 Our one High Priest in heaven Thou,
 For us at God's right hand.

Thou Morning Star, amid the night
 That reigns around us here !
 Thyself our life, Thyself our light,
 To show Thy coming near.

Hymn 8. S. M.

No hidden mystery
 Gave angels their abode
 In heaven's untainted purity,
 Around the throne of God.

There justice bid them dwell,
 Unsullied by a stain,
 And God's eternal glory tell,
 Where love and justice reign.

But now through us is shown
 The secret of the blood ;
 How justice fits the guilty one,
 And brings him nigh to God.

Oh precious mystery !
 We take our place above ;

And triumph in the victory
Of God's eternal love.

Angelic hosts desire
These glorious things to view ;
And shall the ransomed not enquire
What joys for us are true ?

HYMN 9. 7's.

HERBS of God, we're strangers here :
Jesus, oh Thy love how dear !
In the holiest above,
We can sing Thy tender love.

Saints of old their love could tell
In the house of God to dwell :
We ourselves the dwelling-place,
Sing of righteousness and grace.

Christ the one Foundation-Stone :
Built on Him, the church is one,
Called to cry in longing love,
Come, Lord Jesus, from above !

Oh the wondrous mystery !
In the Father and in Thee,
One in living liberty—
One to all eternity.

HYMN 10. 7's.

Unity in heaven above ;
Unity, for God is love :
Unity in Christ our Lord :
'Tis His Own eternal word.

Soon in vengeance He'll come forth—
 Small the kindling of His wrath—
 Opposition then will cease,
 Yielding to the reign of peace.

Things in heaven and things in earth,
 Uttering Thy glory forth,
 Centred, Jesus Lord, in Thee,
 Then will tell of unity.

Now the church in unity
 Of eternal life in Thee,
 Owes obedience to Thy love,
 Till we sing Thy grace above.

Oh the tender depth of love
 Thine own words of promise prove;
 Quickly, Saviour, Thou wilt come;
 Take Thy sprinkled strangers home.

Ere Thy vengeful wrath will fall,
 Mighty conqueror of all,
 We shall meet Thee in the air,
 And the promised glory share.

HYMN 11. 7's.

JESUS, Jesus crucified;
 Jesus risen, glorified!
 Ransomed sinners justified;
 Ransomed sinners glorified!

Tell these wondrous things abroad
 Freely given us of God,—

Life eternal now secured
By the rising of our Lord,

Sonship, heirship, priesthood too:
Brethren, these belong to you;—
Holy brethren, sanctified,
For He truly lives, Who died.

Through the ages yet to come
God will make His glory known,
In the riches of His grace
Beaming forth in righteousness.

In the church will then be shown
All that now to faith is known:
Love will then unhindered reign;
Glory to our Lord, amen!

Hymn 12. C. M.

Absorbing love compels our praise
Jesus, to tell of Thee:
Salvation's song we gladly raise
To all eternity.

Then let the wilderness resound
With music from above;
For there our living joys are found,
Lord Jesus, in Thy love.

'Tis there, in presence of our God,
That we can tell of peace,
Till tribulation on the road
Eternally shall cease.

The little sufferings now endured
 Bear no comparison
 With glory evermore secured,
 To beam upon us soon.

HYMN 13. C. M.

How precious is the written word,—
 Our loving Shepherd's voice ;
 But oh it is 'Thyself, our Lord,
 'That makes our hearts rejoice.

Communion with the saints is sweet
 In fellowship with 'Thee ;
 What will it be, 'Thyself to meet,
 And Thine Own glory see ?

No eye has seen, no ear has heard,
 No human heart conceived
 The treasures promised in 'Thy word
 To us who have believed.

But oh 'Thyself so soon to see,
 Our joy our triumph Thou !
 Our glory through eternity ;
 Our hidden manna now !

HYMN 14 L. M.

IN spite of all that intervenes
 'Through all these varied nightly scenes,
 'The church, forever with the Lord,
 Will show the power of the word.

That word by which all things were made,
 And are upheld, can never fade:
 Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away,
 That word is our eternal stay.

The word now spoken by the Son,
 Tells of the one Foundation-Stone:
 The living temple now is one,
 On Jesus built, and Him alone.

Forever shall that word endure;
 It makes our life forever sure,
 Eternal now through righteousness,
 Lord Jesus, by Thy sacrifice.

The words of Jesus now unfold
 Sweet mysteries before untold,
 The secret joys of unity
 And fellowship, our Lord, with Thee.

For Thou art risen; and with Thee
 We're risen now forever free,
 To glory in Thy matchless love,
 And sing Thine endless praise above!

HYMN 15. 8's. 7's.

HEAVENLY joy is ours in knowing,
 Jesus, that in Thee we stand:
 Pleasures evermore are flowing;
 For Thou'rt now at the right hand.

Death disabled, could not hold Thee,
 Prince of life, and Prince of Peace:

Quickened now, our hearts adore Thee :
Ours is joy that cannot cease.

Risen, Thou hast manifested
Life and immortality :
Satan's baffled power attested,
Lord, Thy perfect victory.

Saviour, perfect now through suffering,
Nothing Thou hast left undone :
Praise is now our only offering,
Sanctified and all of one.

Hymn 16. C. M.

FOREVERMORE at Thy right hand
Are pleasures, oh our God :
Fulness of joy with Thee is found,
Where love is shed abroad.

There Jesus is in victory :
Death could not hold Him here :
In Him we're evermore in Thee,
Thy children oh how near.

Then sing with joy unspeakable,
Joint-heirs with Jesus sing :
When He His promise shall fulfil,
Our upward way we'll wing.

And now the Spirit answers come ;
Then let the bride unite,
Dear Saviour, now to take us home,
Thy coming to invite.

HYMN 17. S. M.

ARISE, walk through the land :
 Oh joyful word to faith !
 When Abram, God's acknowledg'd friend,
 Pursued that happy path.

Arise, ye ransomed saints,
 And view the things above :
 Walk through your rich inheritance,
 The gift of Jesus' love.

There faith delights to dwell
 In holy joys unseen :
 And there our notes of glory swell,
 In spite of all between.

In Jesus we are raised
 Within that glad abode :
 Forever let His Name be praised,—
 Our Saviour and our God !

Arise, walk through the land
 Where our possessions are ;
 And in the joy of Jesus stand,—
 Our bright and Morning Star.

HYMN 18. C. M.

How oft within the saints of old
 The trembling thought arose,
 That final justice might unfold
 Their place among the foes.

That righteousness, the only hope
 Which stayed the drooping saint,
 When his own faults he numbered up,
 Oft made that hope to faint.

But now the secret, then so dim,
 Is told in open day:
 Through righteousness by death for sin,
 Has sin been put away.

Oh Jesus gracious Lord, in Thee
 This secret is revealed:
 Now risen with Thee forever free,
 We read our pardon sealed.

Yea more, we're washed and justified,
 Joint-heirs with Thee our peace;
 And soon we'll sing, when glorified,
 Thy love which ne'er can cease.

HYMN 19. C. M.

How happy once in paradise
 Was Adam's honoured place,
 Ere sin had marred that happiness,
 And stained a guilty race.

By sin came death; but oh the love
 That conquered at the cross!
 For nothing now that love can move,
 Which tasted death for us.

Far higher now than Eden's bliss,
 We feast on Jesus' love:

Our dwelling-place is where He is
For us, in heaven above.

In Him our title is secure ;
He ne'er will die again :
In Him we've life forevermore,
In Him yea and amen.

Hymn 20. L. M.

We have an altar now, of which
Man under law could never taste :
The food of Aaron's sons, though rich,
Could never equal our repast.

They at the sanctuary door
Might on their holy food regale ;
But we may feed on richer store,—
May feast with Christ within the veil.

Yea, heaven itself is now our place
Of holy worship to our God,
Whose glory shines in Jesus' Face
For royal priests while on the road.

Outside the present camp below
Of man's religious doings here,
Our Lord still calls the church to show
His death while we are strangers here.

Sweet place of holy fellowship !
It is indeed a feast of love :
How can we let this honour slip,
Till Jesus take us hence above ?

HYMN 21. 8's. 7's.

RICH the portion, bright the glory
 That awaits the church ere long:
 Tell the everlasting story;
 Sing the everlasting song.

None but sinners vile and helpless
 E'er can know the depth of grace
 In Thy suffering, Lord, to raise us
 To our high, our holy place.

Why, our God, it should have pleased
 To inscribe our names above, [Thee
 Leaves our wond'ring hearts to bless Thee
 For Thy sovereignty of love.

Ere the wonders of creation
 It had pleased Thee to unfold,
 In Thy purpose of salvation
 All Thy children were enrolled.

Love has forced us to adore Thee,
 Compassed by Thy boundless grace:
 Soon we'll sing our song before Thee,
 See our Saviour face to Face.

HYMN 22. L. M.

NEW to our wond'ring hearts it seemed
 When first Thy light in Jesus' Face,
 In mighty power within us beamed,
 And showed the glory of thy grace.

Though new to us, this sovereign love,
 Ere earth's foundation had its place,
 Chose us in Christ, and naught could move
 Thy purpose of eternal grace.

Yet more, the secret of Thy will,
 Thy precious word, to us displays:
 Fulness of times shall witness still
 In us the counsels of Thy grace.

Oh depth of overcoming love,
 The cross for us to foreordain,
 That we our rich inheritance,
 In Jesus risen, might obtain,

When things in heaven and things in
 United, Jesus' sway shall own; [earth
 And we shall show His glory forth,
 Thro' grace to us e'en now made known.

Hymn 23. C. M.

"LET there be light:" Thy mighty pow'r,
 Our God, was in that word:
 The darkness vanish'd in that hour,
 And owned Thee as the Lord.

When we were dark and blind to grace,
 It was Thyself Who shone,
 With light that beams in Jesus' Face,
 And made thy glory known.

In mortal houses, made of clay,
 This treasure is maintained,

Thy mighty power to display,
Till we shall all be changed.

That moment, oh how full of joy!
There's glory in the hope,
Our hearts with rapture to employ
Until we are caught up.

Hymn 24. 7's.

If when we were enemies,
Grace has triumph'd at the cross,—
Righteousness has met with peace,
God thus reconciling us;

Greater now the living pledge
Of the safety of the church:
Jesus, risen from the dead,
Our eternal life secures.

Now, our God, we joy in Thee:
Oh this weight of conquering love!
Risen with Christ in liberty,
Nothing now this joy can move.

Jesus, Saviour, it is Thine:
Oh our God, Thy wond'rous grace,
Thus within our hearts to shine,
Glorious in Jesus' Face!

Hymn 25. 7's.

While the Jewish worshipper
Nearer than the gentile stood;

Nearer yet the priesthood were,
Wash'd, and sprinkled with the blood.

Distant was their nearest place,
Measured by our nearness now,
Lord, the riches of Thy grace
Once for ever taught to know.

Costly stones their temple formed,
Chosen for their excellence :
Precious gold within adorned
Cedar boards at vast expense.

Now more costly living stones
In a greater temple rise ;—
Sunk in death and ruin once,
Precious only for their price.

We, the priesthood and the house,
Carry treasure not of earth :
Purest gold is but as dross,
Measured by our Saviour's worth.

Where the one Foundation is,
There the building has its place ;
There the church in heavenly bliss
Sounds the victory of grace,

HYMN 26, S. M.

THE spirit of a man
The things of man perceives :
Who otherwise could ever scan,
Our human sympathies ?

How could we ever know
 The mysteries of God,
 Without the Comforter to show
 The joys on us bestowed?

Oh deep amazing grace!
 To speak within us thus,
 And tell us of the wondrous place
 That Thou hast given us.

Our God, what tenderness
 Of overcoming love,
 Thy little children here to bless
 With such a feast above!

HYMN 27. 8's. 7's.

JESUS, tender was Thy sorrow
 Over those who hated Thee:
 Bright is our eternal morrow:
 Dark the night that closed on Thee.

Powers of darkness gathered round
 Hatred centred on Thy love: [Thee:
 Man urged on by satan, bound Thee:
 Naught Thy patient grace could move.

Deeper sorrow was before Thee,
 In the cup the Father gave:
 Oh Thy love's immensity,
 Ruined rebels thus to save!

Trophies of Thy mighty conquest,
 Here we sing Thy wondrous grace

Till in glory Lord thou comest,
And we see Thee face to Face.

Far above all might and power,
Name excelling every name ;
Such is now our risen Saviour,
Through eternity the same.

Grace in power, Lord we know it :
Grace in glory we shall know :
Bright Thy coming soon will show it :
Oh why hast Thou loved us so ?

HYMN 28. C. M.

CONSIDER the amazing love
That God to us has shown,
To give us heritage above,
And as His children own.

Now are we sons, though not adorned
With glory seen below,
But when our Lord shall have returned,
His glory all shall know.

With Him in glory we'll appear ;
Then this is not our home ;
But though unknown as strangers here,
Our honour is to come.

Then praise our Lord, Who by His
Has purchased us to this ; [blood
And sing, as pilgrims on the road,
Our songs of heavenly bliss.

HYMN 29. C. M.

CONSIDER Jesus our High Priest;
 And glory in His Name,
 By whom created things consist,
 Abused and put to shame.

Sweet soul-sustaining view, to dwell
 Upon our gracious Lord:
 There let our joyful praises swell,
 And holy food afford.

The Word from Whom creation rose
 Was heard, and slighted here:
 Such was His patient love, His foes
 Were not withheld by fear.

Then wherefore wonder if we bear
 A little of this shame?
 He suffered what we cannot share:
 All glory to His Name!

Redeemed by this, 'tis ours to boast
 The power of His Name;
 And weak in Him, to bear reproach,
 And tell His endless fame.

HYMN 30. C. M.

LORD Jesus, Thy absorbing love
 Is food for evermore:
 Thine Own eternity above
 Will not exhaust its store.

In heaven love triumphant reigned ;
 But here it soon gave way :
 Selfwill and reasoning obtained,
 And bore their guilty sway.

But love pursued us from on high ;
 Lord Jesus, Thou didst come ;
 To conquer death Thou camest to die,
 And make Thy heaven our home.

Now risen again, and glorified,
 Thou'st raised us with Thee too
 For evermore, Thy ransomed bride,
 Thy glory soon to view.

For love like this, we owe Thee all ;
 Yet we have naught to pay ;
 Then let our empty doings fall,
 And love bear all the sway.

Hymn 31. 8's. 7's.

God of patience, God of comfort,
 God of hope, and God of peace,
 Oh what joy Thy truth affordeth :
 Thine is love which ne'er can cease.

God almighty, God of glory,
 Father of our Saviour Lord,
 Father, we would list the story
 Of Thine Own eternal word.

Little though we have of knowledge,
 Yet Thy love has made us kings ;

Yes, we must Thy glory publish :
Here the church Thy triumph sings.

Who shall sing, if we are silent ?
We shall lead the song above :
Can we now be so indifferent
As to hush the hymn of love ?

Shall we leave the groaning creature
Here alone to show Thee forth ?
Lord, they never knew the rapture
Of our high, our heavenly birth.

God of patience, God of comfort,
God of hope, and God of peace,
Shall the churches hymn be dormant ?
No, Thy praise can never cease.

HYMN 32. 8's 7's.

ONWARD, upward, is our calling :
Upward is our destiny :
While our upward hymn's ascending,
Jesus calls our hearts on high.

Onward was the path of Jesus,—
Onward though it was thro' shame,—
Onward, that he might release us ;
Glory to His Holy Name !

Onward still, through bitter suffering,
Knowing all the power He had ;
Onward, until by one offering !
He the church had sanctified.

Upward, Lord, Thou hast ascended:
 Heaven has received Thee now:
 Ne'er shall man, by truth offended,
 Wreathe again, with thorn, Thy brow.

Upward now the Spirit mounting,
 Tells us of our joys above
 Upward rising to their fountain,
 Jesus, in Thy conquering love.

Upward soon, at Jesus' coming,
 Gladly we shall all ascend,
 In His likeness ever blooming;
 Then our praise will never end.

HYMN 33. 8's. 7's.

HOLY beings, kept from falling,
 Sing their willing song above:
 Jacob's seed, of earthly calling,
 Oft have praised Jehovah's love.

Soon shall nature's hymn, ascending
 Back to heaven whence it came,
 With angelic praises blending,
 Sound the glory of the Lamb.

Let the angels, let creation
 Each their joyous tribute bring;
 But the glories of redemption
 'Tis the churches place to sing.

Sunk in dark and helpless ruin,
 Fitted for the second death,

Grace, eternally enduring,
Once has rescued us from wrath.

Once Thine Own eternal justice,
Gracious God, has set us free :
There's our safety, there our trust is,
Jesus Saviour, risen with Thee.

Yes, we sing redemption's story,
Now in Jesus brought so high :
Soon, in everlasting glory,
We shall sound this note on high.

HYMN 34. 7's.

WHILE the nations of the earth
Talk of wealth and lineage ;
We will tell our heavenly birth,
Jesus shall our song engage.

Boast His love, ye poor though rich
Here unknown but known above,
Fools, but to salvation wise,
Boast again your Saviour's love.

Boast that Jesus became poor
Here below, to make us rich :
Boast of His eternal store
For the blessing of the church.

Boast, then boast our Saviour's name
Head o'er all things to the church,
Here the mark of scorn and shame ;
Gladly wait His bright approach.

HYMN 35. C. M.

SWEET rest! for Jesus is our peace,
 Who slew the enmity:
 Behold, in this amazing grace,
 Our glad eternity.

Sweet rest within the veil on high
 In risen life with Thee!
 Lord Jesus, by Thy blood brought nigh,
 We sing of liberty.

Sweet rest! though storms around us
 With ruin dark and drear; [rage
 They enter not our heritage,
 Nor spread their ruin there.

Sweet rest! then come, our Saviour
 And bid us soar away [come
 To see our bright, our heavenly home,
 The children of the day.

HYMN 36. 8's. 7's.

ALL-ABSORBING theme of wonder,
 Saviour, beaming in Thy Face:
 Let the saints awake and ponder,
 Lord, the glory of Thy grace.

When no human being sought Thee
 Glorious in Thy mighty power,
 Tender lovingkindness brought Thee
 Here, for us to become poor.

Poverty that made us wealthy;
 Death that gave eternal life!
 Saviour, let the church adore Thee;
 We have naught but praise to give.

Oh the glory of our rapture,
 When we see Thee face to Face,
 With Thee, gracious Lord, forever
 Praising Thine eternal grace!

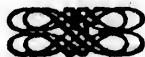
HYMN 37. 8's. 7's.

BOLD our place of full rejoicing,
 Since our sins have been forgiven:
 Grace secures eternal blessing
 To the church in Jesus risen.

Jesus, who shall sing Thy praises
 If the church is silent here?—
 Where Thy bride, a stranger raises
 Heavenly songs, her way to cheer.

Lord, our joy reflects thy glory:
 Wondrous, wondrous is Thy grace,
 While our hearts rejoice before Thee,
 Dwelling there with open face.

There, Thy gracious Face beholding,
 More we learn of love divine
 Fuller, deeper joy unfolding,
 While the higher praise is Thine.



HYMN 38. S. M.

THE objects, oh our God,
 Of Thine eternal love
 In us so richly shed abroad,
 Our hearts are forced above.

For there the fountain Thou
 Of all our blessing art;
 Nor aught to come, nor, aught that's now
 Such love as this can part.

For it is Thine, our God,
 Unchanging as Thy Name,
 Before the earth's foundation stood,
 And when 'tis gone the same.

Eternal love, our God,
 We sing, for thou art love;
 Thy strangers, sprinkled with the blood,
 Its fulness ever prove.

Sweets ever new to us,
 Thy treasures deep unfold,
 Kept in the counsels of Thy grace,
 To ages past untold.

HYMN 39. C. M.

JERUSALEM above is free,
 The mother of us all,
 Our native land of liberty,
 Where pleasures never fail.

No longer now beneath the yoke
 The heirs of God remain :
 The Son their legal fetters broke,
 And made the promise plain.

The children of the promise now,
 We stand as Isaac stood :
 Our title none can disallow,
 The sons and heirs of God.

Now Abba Father is our cry :
 We're strangers on the earth ;
 Born to a heritage on high,
 Our title is our birth.

HYMN 40. 8's. 7's.

LORD, we sing ; Thy tomb is empty :
 Thou art proved the conqueror :
 Satan's effort to prevent Thee,
 Only served to show Thy power.

In this scene where Thou hast suffered
 Lord, the church, now risen with Thee,
 By thy suffering delivered,
 Testifies Thy victory.

While ten thousand times ten thousand
 Yield their pure angelic praise,
 We, from depths of ruin ransomed,
 Deeper, higher anthems raise.

Oh what humbling weight of glory
 Beams upon us in Thy Face :

All Creation shall adore Thee,
While we triumph in Thy grace.

HYMN 41. L. M.

THE cross, our theme of glorying,
Unfolds Thy counsels oh our God :
Joy once unknown we gladly sing,—
Thy love within us shed abroad.

For there the Holy Ghost abides,
To seal us evermore as Thine,
And teach us holy mysteries,
The purposes of love divine ;

To tell of Jesus foreordained
Before He made the empty earth,
Where He would come and be disdain'd,—
Would come and die, to give us birth.

Elect unto eternal life,
And chosen to obedience too,
We sing, amid this scene of strife,
Thy wondrous secrets brought to view.

HYMN 42. S. M.

OH visit of our God !
Oh holy Son of man !
In Thee the Father's purpose stood
Before the world began ;

Lower than angels made,
To suffer death for sin :

'Tis done; the one Foundation's laid:
The building must begin.

Thou Son of God, declared
In resurrection's power;
In Thee the living structure's reared,
And stands forever sure.

Words fail to tell the might,
The glory of this love;
But, Lord, when faith gives place to sight,
'Twill best be sung above.

HYMN 43. 8's. 7's.

JESUS, many crowns become Thee,
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords;
Prince of life, and crowned with glory,
Who can tell it all in words?

Lord, our hearts delight to call Thee
King of righteousness and peace;
For the cross oh what we owe Thee!
Praise for this can never cease.

Soon shall heaven and earth, united,
Own Thee in Thy right to reign,
Jesus, once by sinners slighted,
Ne'er to be despised again.

Now the real place of honour
Is to be despised with Thee,
Bear reproach with our Forerunner
Who has sealed our liberty.

HYMN 44. 8's. 7's.

LORD our God, we sing Thy purpose
 Rich in grace, to us made known,—
 Thine eternal will to bless us,
 Manifested in Thy Son.

Grace that bows our hearts before Thee,
 Made Him sin to set us free;
 Raised Him up, and gave Him glory,
 Placed our faith and hope in Thee.

Oh what firm, what full assurance
 Flows from Thine eternal word;
 Oh Thy love's unchanged endurance!
 Naught such rapture could afford.

Higher bliss could ne'er be tasted
 Than to joy our God in Thee:
 Pleasures that can ne'er be wasted,
 Jesus Lord, are ours in Thee.

HYMN 45. L. M.

How deep the long enduring grace
 That Israel once from Egypt led,
 Bore with the disobedient race,
 And rebel hosts on manna fed;

Drew from their lips a thankful song
 As ransomed at the sea they stood;
 Bore them on eagles' wings along,
 Tho' murm'ring, to the mount of God.

But where shall words be found to tell
 The depth of grace in us revealed?—
 Forever with the Lord to dwell,
 In God's eternal purpose sealed.

From worse than Egypt's bondage freed,
 'To heaven itself entitled now,—
 Upon the bread of life to feed;
 Jesus, our life, our title Thou!

They ate the manna, and are dead:
 They drank, to thirst again; but we
 In Jesus risen from the dead,
 Have life to all eternity.

Hymn 46. 8's. 7's.

SUBJECT here to interruption,
 Here exposed to satan's wiles;
 Here the flesh, with its corruption,
 Oft th' unwary saint beguiles;

Oh the grace that gives us entrance,
 Lord, to where Thou sittest now,
 Pledge of our complete acceptance;—
 Our High Priest forever Thou.

'Twas Thy love that made us wonder,
 When at first we knew Thy grace;
 Surely now our hearts may ponder
 Love that gives us such a place.

Rest within the veil in glory;
 Holy heavenly worship there:

Where the hosts on high adore Thee,
Deeper joys the children share.

Oh redemption; oh the union,
Jesus, of the church with Thee!
Rich the holy, sweet communion;
Full the churches liberty!

HYMN 47. 8's. 7's.

ONCE ON manna, stranger Israel
Richly fed, the desert crossed;—
Strong for battle, fought and vanquished
Amalek's opposing host.

Flinty rock, in rich abundance,
Yielded water for their thirst:
Feathered fowls, that fed their thousands,
Showed them Whom they had to trust.

Jesus, now in Thee is centred
More than Israel e'er possessed:
We who have believed, do enter
Now already into rest.

Living water, plenteous blessing,
Hidden manna, holy joy;
Jesus, all in Thee possessing,
Let Thyself our hearts employ!

HYMN 48. S. M.

REDEMPTION, oh the joy
Unfolded by the cross!

Enough forever to employ
Those saved forever thus.

This is not all Thy love :
Oh when will it be told ?
Thy path on earth, Thy place above
Still more and more unfold.

Enduring depth of grace
In tender patient power,
That met the tempter Face to face,
And viewed the joy before.

Oh love compassionate,
Such succour to provide !—
Thy holy walk to contemplate,
By sore temptation tried !

Oh perfect Saviour Thou ;
As High Priest perfect too,
To help the saints when tempted now ;
Thy constant love how true !

Hymn 49. S. M.

Oh depth of love our God !
Thou would'st in us prepare
A dwelling fit for Thine abode ;
And come and sojourn there.

Made in Thine image once,
We quickly turned away :
Where could Thy truth e'er find response
In any house of clay ?

But oh Thy Son came forth,
 The holy Son of man,
 To do Thy perfect will on earth,
 Ordained ere earth began.

One Son of man alone,
 Fit dwelling place for Thee,
 Would die to quicken many sons
 In holy liberty.

For risen now with Him,
 We form Thy dwelling place,
 To praise Thy power to redeem,
 And learn the depths of grace.

Hymn 50. L. M.

KEPT as the apple of the eye,
 Sustained in howling wilderness,
 No nation ever brought so nigh,
 To learn Jehovah's faithfulness.

Far nearer now the church is brought
 To higher, holier place above,
 In union with Jesus, taught
 The secrets of eternal love.

Rich heritage of Jacob's seed,
 A land the glory of all lands;
 How sweet to weary captives freed
 From Pharaoh's proud oppressive hand!

But what is their inheritance
 To ours eternal, undefiled;

Or what their great deliverance
To ours, in Jesus reconciled ?

Oh height, oh depth of love unknown ;
Oh riches of eternal grace !
Full soon in glory shall be shown
The churches holy, happy place.

HYMN 51. L. M.

BORNE on eagles' wings, and brought
To Sinai's holy mount of old,
The ransomed tribes, the law were taught
To guide the sheep of Israel's fold.

But risen now with Christ on high,
The church is taught the law of love,
Brought into heavenly company,
As strangers onward here to move.

The heavenly Jerusalem
Is now the churches glad abode :
The praise of Jesus is her theme,
Brought into fellowship with God.

Then let the dreary desert ring ;
Let heavenly joy the pilgrims cheer
With notes that angels ne'er can sing,
For they were never bought so dear.

HYMN 52. 7's.

ONCE the song of victory,
Sounding where the deep red sea

Rolled in flowing might once more,
Told that Egypt's dead were there.

Vain the boasting of the proud
In defiance of our God!
Causing but His wind to blow,
All their might He overthrew.

But a higher song we raise :
'Tis the victory of grace :
While the vanquished, glad proclaim
Glory to the Victor's Name.

Everlasting is our song :
Endless praises, Lord, belong
To the triumph of Thy grace,
Beaming forth in righteousness.

HYMN 53. C. M.

THE ark that bore the law was wood
O'erlaid with precious gold :
The table where the show-bread stood,
Was of the same composed.

Not so the golden candlestick ;
Not so the mercy-seat :
Of solid gold their structure rich :
An emblem oh how sweet !

Pure gold, by glowing fire unchanged,
Continues still the same ;
So grace through righteousness, remains
In Jesus' glorious Name.

The righteousness which is of law,
 The fellowship it gives,
 Consumed like wood, must pass away :
 The cross alone outlives.

The churches standing must endure,
 In righteousness secured :
 In Jesus risen all is sure,
 That Jesus' death procured.

HYMN 54. C. M.

Thy tabernacle, Lord, with men
 Was once in figure shown :
 Patterns of things in heaven then,
 Were to thy priesthood known.

And when the new earth shall appear,
 Where sin will never reign,
 Thy tabernacle will be there ;
 And Thou wilt dwell with men.

But now the church is taught to know
 Herself Thy dwelling-place,
 With Jesus risen, formed anew,
 The trophy of Thy grace.

Oh wonders of eternal love ;
 Oh mysteries of grace !
 Soon shall we sing our song above,
 And see our Saviour's Face.



HYMN 55. 8's. 7's.

EVER faithful, often slighted,
 Ever loving Jesus Lord,
 Once our hearts, by sin benighted,
 Felt the power of Thy word.

Endless power, endless glory,
 Endless victory of grace!
 Countless myriads before Thee,
 Never shall exhaust Thy praise.

At the cross Thy deep affliction
 Conquered us Thy murderers:
 Now Thy death and resurrection
 Make us more than conquerors.

When shall words be found to praise
 Who shall utter all Thy love? [Thee?
 Lord, our vanquished hearts must bless
 While to glory on we move. [Thee,

HYMN 56. C. M.

How sweet the sound to Israel,
 Of Aaron's golden bells,—
 The witness that within the veil,
 His office he fulfilled.

For there the sprinkled mercy-seat
 Showed the accepted blood;
 And there they knew that their high-priest
 Alive before it stood.

But our High Priest forever lives,
 And now for us appears:
 What boldness there, His presence give
 For there our names He bears.

Not now, as Aaron's sons of old,
 In earthly sanctuary,
 Though brilliant with precious gold,
 And rich embroidery;

Nor standing to present anew
 The oft repeated blood;
 But seated now, for faith to view
 In presence of our God.

Hymn 57. L. M.

With "holiness unto the Lord"
 Inscribed upon the plate of gold,
 In honoured service Aaron stood
 Within the sanctuary of old.

Bound by the beauteous lace of blue,
 Upon his mitred brow it shone,
 Combining thus the heavenly hue
 With worth by fiery trial known.

Sweet symbols these; but oh how weak
 To point us, Jesus Lord, to Thee,
 By all Thy suffering for our sake
 Unchanged in loving purity.

In heaven itself Thine Own abode,
 Thy love refused to dwell alone,

When naught could bring us nigh to God—
Naught but Thy death for sin atone.

In heaven now for us Thou art ;
And we are there, oh Lord, in Thee !
Oh what such love can ever part,
Or now or through eternity ?

HYMN 58. L. M.

OIL olive beaten, fed the light
That beamed upon the ordered brea'
And constantly by day and night,
Its hallowed radiance softly shed.

Sevenfold its golden lustre shone ;
Sweet picture of the churches place—
Unnumbered thousands all in one,
To testify of sovereign grace.

Rich unction of the holy Ghost
To keep alive the ceaseless flame,
To teach our hearts in Christ to boast,
And teach our lips to name His Name ;

To tell us of the heavenly bread,
Far richer than was Aaron's store,—
Lord Jesus risen from the dead,
Our life, our peace for evermore.

HYMN 59. L. M.

ON One alone in all the throng
That crowded, Jordan's banks along,

The holy Ghost came and abode,
And marked Him as the Son of God.

While others bow'd beneath the stream,
In type of death, and owned their sin,
Repentance had no place in him
Who died, the guilty to redeem.

Sweet figure of the cross, He bowed
Beneath the wave of death, and show'd
How righteousness should be fulfilled,
And guilty foes be reconciled.

Oh yes, it was the cross, our Lord,
That show'd the power of Thy word
"Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness." It was Thy will.

'Twas there the Father and the Son
Made righteousness forever known:
And now to us the fruit is peace;
The fruit is life which ne'er can cease.

For now a further truth revealed
Tells us of our salvation sealed,—
The resurrection of our Lord,
Eternal safety to afford.

Hymn 60. L. M.

Of all, on Jordan's banks that stood,
Of all that bowed beneath the flood,
The Holy Ghost abode alone
Upon the Father's holy Son.

But when the cross had prov'd His love,
 The risen Lord, returned above,
 Vouchsafed to send the Comforter
 To dwell in living temples here.

Oh wondrous love! the Holy One
 In glory would not dwell alone;
 But died to quicken many sons,
 To ransom many guilty ones.

It thus became the Father too,
 The counsels of His Love to show:
 Thus righteousness is now fulfilled,
 The wondrous stores of grace to yield.

Hymn 61. L. M.

How honoured was the happy rest,
 To lean upon the Saviour's breast,
 To see His Face, to hear His voice,
 And in His company rejoice.

All this was seen, and now is past;
 But joys unseen, for ever last:
 The holy rest within the veil,
 In Jesus risen, cannot fail.

Sweet rest in resurrection life,
 Unbroken by the ceaseless strife—
 The rolling of the billows here,—
 Within the veil, so calm and clear.

How sweet the Comforter's abode
 Forever in the child of God,

To teach us fellowship with Thee,
Our Lord, in holy liberty.

HYMN 62. L. M.

It was the well-known voice of Christ
That loving Mary recognized,
When sight had failed her to recall
The presence of the Lord of all.

All power in heaven, and in earth!
Oh what a joyful word for faith;
The scorned, the murdered Nazarene
Once more by longing eyes was seen!

But faith beholds His glory now,
And knows that every knee shall bow,
And every tongue confess Him Lord,
The living, everlasting Word.

And shall the sheep not hear his voice?
Who else can bid our hearts rejoice?
For God has spoken by His Son:
In Him the children all are one.

HYMN 63. 7's.

DEAD with Christ, and risen again,
Made to sit with Him above,
Soon with Him the church will reign:
Such His everlasting love.

'Twas in Adam that we died;
We were out of Jesus then:

Jesus, Whom we crucified,
Died for us, and rose again.

Oh the love that views us now
Dead and risen with our Lord,
Taught our place in Him to know;
Yes, in Him, oh glorious word!

Nothing now can sever us,
Lord, from Thy triumphant love:
Since Thy death delivered us,
Risen with Thee, our home's above.

HYMN 64. S. M.

IN Adam we have died:
We took the path he trod;—
In darkness sought our deeds to hide,
Nor followed after God.

But Jesus came, the Light,—
The lonely living One
Well pleasing in the Father's sight;
For other there was none.

He died; we died with Him:
He rose; with Him we rose:
Oh mighty power to redeem,
And reconcile His foes!

Thus born, we occupy
A new and living place,
Of children brought, thro' Jesus, nigh,
The monuments of grace.

HYMN 65. C. M.

OH loving prayer, our gracious Lord,
 That we might be in Thee!
 Thine Own unalterable word:
 It must forever be.

Without Thy death, Thou wert alone;
 We ne'er had been in Thee:
 In Adam we were all as one,
 In death and slavery:

But oh the love that sees us dead
 And risen, Lord, with Thee;—
 Thy blood for us so truly shed;
 So fully ransomed we!

Now, in the Father and the Son
 The church must stand secure:
 When Jesus comes, it will be shown
 That what He says is sure.

HYMN 66. C. M.

How honoured, and how near to God
 Was faithful Moses found;
 When upon Sinai he stood,
 The mount with glory crowned.

Within the cloud He had his place,
 And heard the voice of God,
 While glory, like a brilliant blaze,
 Upon the mount abode.

But all this glory now is past,
 All Sinai's honour gone :
 The transient brightness could not last,
 That once around it shone.

But Zion's mount, our glad abode,
 Jerusalem above,
 Stands, by the righteousness of God,
 Our home that naught can move.

The law, with awful righteousness,
 Could only prove our sin,
 And bind with utter hopelessness,
 The fetters we were in.

But oh, the righteousness that shone
 In glory at the cross,
 Has made the Father's counsels known
 In endless life to us !

HYMN 67. 7's.

DRIVEN by dire necessity
 From the coming wrath to flee,
 Lord, with wond'ring joy we found,
 Love had compassed us around.

Not by works that we have done ;
 By Thy mercy, Lord, alone
 Saved, we give the praise to Thee,
 Captives now forever free.

Thine the glory, ours the joy ;
 Ever shall Thy praise employ

Saints, thro' Jesus now brought nigh,
Abba Father, taught to cry.

Sprinkled, pardoned, purchased ones,
Now we have the place of sons;—
Priests in royal dignity,
Waiting our high Priest to see.

Glory then the grace will crown,
Lord, that makes us now Thine Own :
Sight will then rejoice to view
All that now to faith is true.

HYMN 68. L. M.

OH wondrous power of living light
That broke thro' deeper clouds than night—
The darkness that within us reigned,
And Jesus' tender love disdained.

The Comforter dwelt not within;
But as a Witness, told our sin;
Though oft from Him we sought to hide;
Yet still He told us Jesus died;

Told us our unbelief was sin.
But now we know His voice within;
His presence bids our hearts rejoice,
And tells us of our hidden joys;

Teaches us, Jesus Lord, to see
The treasures that we have in Thee,
The light that in Thy Face is shown
To make the Father's glory known.

Oh holy, pure, effulgent ray
 That beams in everlasting day!
 Full soon the raptured church will shine
 In glory, Lord, and beauty Thine.

HYMN 69. 8's. 7's.

PRAISE, all other praise excelling,
 Must arise to Jesus' Name:
 Heavenly songs His worth are telling,
 Whom the world has put to shame.

Name above all names exalted,
 Every tongue shall call Him Lord:
 By His cruel foes assaulted,
 Jesus answered not a word.

Power of meekness and compassion,
 Melting power of patient Love!
 Lord, now in Thine exaltation,
 Naught such tenderness can move.

Oh the height, the depth, the fulness,
 Oh the length and breadth unknown!
 Jesus, come; and let Thy likeness
 In the raptured church be shown.

HYMN 70. 8's. 7's.

YES, we know that Jesus loves us:
 Naught can put our hope to shame,
 Though the tempter's wiles may prove us
 In the fiery trial's flame.

Christ in us, the hope of glory,
 Name that all our joy affords,
 Ever shall the church adore Thee,
 Lord by man despised, abhorred.

Soon shall we behold Thy glory ;
 We have naught to boast, but Thee :
 Every knee shall bow before Thee,
 Every eye Thy triumph see.

When shall, Lord, Thy praise be silent ?
 No, we cannot tell it all :
 Mortal ages past, and present
 Leave its wonder still untold.

HYMN 71. C. M.

THE waters round the ark arose ;
 No refuge could be seen :
 Within were safety and repose :
 The Lord had shut them in.

Now, in the Father and the Son,
 The churches place is sure :
 What God in righteousness has done,
 Her safety has secured.

Upborne upon the deadly waves,
 The ark in safety rode ;
 So death, the dead from ruin saves,
 And brings them nigh to God.

Yes, Lord, we're ransom'd by Thy blood ;
 We're dead and risen with Thee,—

**The children of the living God,
In sweet security.**

**And soon to sight will be revealed
What now to faith is known:
The truth, by resurrection sealed,
In glory will be shown.**

HYMN 72. L. M.

**THE aged men beheld with tears,
The temple's new foundation placed;
So far inferior it appeared
To what had there before been raised.**

**But our Foundation still outlives
The wreck of all the building here;
Still to the overcomer gives
His loving word, the heart to cheer.**

**Unmoved for us, within the veil,
Our anchor still abides secure:
In spite of all that can assail,
Christ is our life, and will endure.**

**Oh glorious love, oh mighty power,
That gives us, once for all, a place
Within the veil forever sure,
Fixed in the purposes of grace!**

HYMN 73. L. M.

**THE Jews' high priest anointed, wore
The names of Israel on his breast;**

Upon his heart their judgment bore,
And entered thus the holiest.

Inscribed on gems enclosed in gold,
Those names upon his shoulders stood :
The golden chains of wreathen work,
Their union with the breastplate showed,

Rich in its structure, fitly formed,
Of purple, blue, and scarlet made,
With gold embroidery adorned,—
A lovely pattern, soon to fade.

But what it shadowed forth remains
Unchanged in majesty above,
As when He died and rose again,
The mighty power of Jesus' love.

The breast, where our affections dwell,
The shoulders, where our strength is
The golden chains of union tell [found,
How both for us in Christ abound.

See, in the rich materials too,
How precious is, in Jesus' eyes,
The church he bought with love so true,
In heavenly glory soon to rise.

His presence now upon the throne,
Declares the judgment of the cross :
Our sins were laid on Him alone ;
His death hath liberated us.



HYMN 74. L. M.

THE blue, the gold, the royal dyes
 That Aaron on his breastplate wore;
 Sweet types of holy mysteries,
 For us in Christ, a plenteous store.

The blue of heaven's expanse above
 May tell us of the heavenly One,
 Whose love put to the sorest proof,
 Like gold in furnace, brighter shone.

The purple and the scarlet once
 Were used to mock Thy royalty,
 Thou King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 Soon to appear in majesty!

Oh how could names by sin disgraced,
 In such a holy place appear;
 Or bearing them upon his breast, [near?
 Th' high-priest within the veil draw

He bore their judgment on his heart
 Before the Lord continually:
 Sweet symbol of the happy part
 That, Jesus Lord, we have in Thee.

Worthless and vile, but bought so dear,
 Our names recorded now above,
 With Thee we quickly shall appear,
 And manifest Thy matchless love.

HYMN 75. 8's. 7's.

BRIGHTLY beams the hope of glory ;
 Jesus Lord, that hope thou art :
 Yes, we must rejoice before thee :
 Naught the church from Thee can part.

Mystery of joy and blessing ;
 Depth and height of love divine !
 Oh the wealth in Thee possessing,
 Jesus Lord, since we are Thine !

Christ in us, the hope of glory !
 He cannot deny Himself ;
 Once on earth despised and gory,
 Source of our eternal wealth.

Christ in us, the hope of glory,
 Soon that glory will display :
 Oh the joy of waiting for Thee,
 Lord, to take us hence away !

Christ in us, the hope of glory,
 Soon will change that hope to sight :
 Endless praise will tell the story,
 In the realms of living light.

HYMN 76. C. M.

THE branches from the vine might fall,
 The salt its savour lose :
 Man under law might forfeit all,
 And fall beneath the curse.

Not so the saint with Jesus risen,
 Redeemed and sanctified ;
 His sins forever all forgiven,
 He washed and justified.

Then boldly let the purchased ones
 Within the veil draw nigh,
 As kings and priests, as living sons,
 To take our place on high.

Oh love, that makes it all our own !
 We can't withhold the song :
 Soon shall Thy glory, Lord, make known
 That we to Thee belong.

We know it now, our life, our Lord ;
 And it is known to Thee :
 Full soon the power of Thy word,
 In triumph, we shall see.

HYMN 77. C. M.

END of the law for righteousness,
 Lord Jesus risen now,
 Thy Name we joyfully confess ;—
 Our one Foundation Thou.

The law has done its work of dread,
 The ministry of death :
 Its holy justice proved us dead ;
 It only worketh wrath.

We're dead ; then law can do no more ;
 But Lord we're dead with Thee,

And raised again for evermore,
In life and liberty.

End of the law for righteousness,
Our life, our Lord, our peace!
Ne'er shall Thy loving faithfulness
To us Thy body, cease.

HYMN 78. S. M.

DAY tells to day aloud,
Night unto night displays
The mighty doings of our God,
And utter nature's praise.

But higher praise is ours ;
And when we soar away,
Grace shall employ our ransom'd powers
In everlasting day.

Yes, grace is now the theme
That calls our praises forth ;
While Jesus bids us wait for Him,
As strangers on the earth.

Redeemed from endless night,
The children of the day,
Lord, in the full unclouded light,
Thy glory will display.

HYMN 79. S. M.

AWAKE those strains of joy,
Nor slumber all the night:

Let heavenly things our hearts employ
Ye children of the light.

For there our treasure is ;
And Christ our life is there,
In His eternal faithfulness,
Our dwelling to prepare.

Oh sweet abode of love
That we shall shortly see !—
And sing, in glory's home above,
Our song of liberty.

Yes, though the gloomy night
Still reigns around us here,
'Twill flee before the glorious light,
When Jesus shall appear.

In glory then with Him
We also shall appear ;
Oh let it be our daily theme
To know his coming near.

For e'er the morning's dawn
Shall dissipate the night,
The church, to meet the Lord upborne,
Shall glisten in the light.

HYMN 80. S. M.

Soon all the earth shall know
'The power of Jesus' Name :
Before Him every knee shall bow,
Who once was put to shame.

Then let the church adore,
 And make her boast in Him
 Our risen Saviour, gone before,
 A little while unseen.

The equal of our God,
 He took the Servant's place ;
 Obedient, gave His precious blood,
 To triumph by His grace.

Sweet overcoming love
 In everlasting power,
 Our hearts with tenderness to move,
 Each other to prefer !

Breaking Bread.

HYMN 81. L. M.

LORD, Thou hast told us this to do,
 Thy dying for our sins to show,
 Till Thou for us wilt come again,
 And we shall rise to meet Thee then.

A cup of sorrow, Lord, was Thine :
 Its depth a mystery divine,
 Unknown in all eternity,
 Save to the Father and to Thee.

But oh, it leaves our hearts amazed,—
 This grace that we Thy joy should taste !
 Ah, surely love to us was there, [er.
 When Thou for us didst breathe Thy pray-

With all the suffering in view,
 Thy love to us, dear Lord, how true!
 The night in which Thou wast betrayed,
 'Twas then these loving words were said,

"Do this in memory of me;"
 Oh gracious Saviour, here we see
 The types of what has set us free,
 To praise Thee for eternity.

For Thou hast washed us in Thy blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God,
 Within the holiest above,
 To tell forever of Thy love.

HYMN 82. 8's. 7's.

BRIGHT in glory everlasting,
 Soon our Saviour we shall see,
 In His love forever feasting,
 For His love has made us free.

Sing of death and resurrection,
 Ye who know your Saviour's love;
 Though a while our light affliction
 Tells us that our home's above.

Sing of glory everlasting
 Soon to be revealed in us:
 Sing of Jesus' love in tasting
 Death, that He might save us thus.

One in Jesus, He has told us
 Now in breaking the one bread,

Thus to show the love He bears us,
Thus to own Him as our Head.

Jesus now is One in glory,
Coming soon to take us home ;
So the church, one ransomed body,
Echoes back, "Lord Jesus come."

HYMN 83. 8's. 7's.

JESUS, let our utter weakness
Drive us closer now to Thee,
While Thy death for our forgiveness
Here in type, we gladly see.

Thou didst take the place of weakness :
Jesus Lord, it was in power,
Laying down Thy life to save us,
Risen now for evermore.

Jesus, let our utter weakness
Lead us to remember Thee,
While we sing Thy lovingkindness,
Through Thy death forever free.

Tender is Thy lovingkindness,
Telling us that Thou wilt come,
Take the church to where no weakness
E'er shall come within our home.

HYMN 84. 7's.

CHRIST our Passover is slain,
Christ our Lord is risen again ;

Soon the King of kings shall reign ;
Earth shall own her Sovereign then.

Christ our Passover is slain,
Endless life for us to gain :
Risen with Him, forever free,
Soon His glory we shall see.

Christ our Passover is slain ;
Broken is the captive's chain ;
He has won the victory,
Captive led captivity.

Christ our Passover is slain ;
Joy is ours through Jesus' pain :
Let such melting love as this
Bow our hearts with holy bliss.

Christ our Passover is slain ;
Staff in hand, and girded loins,
'Tis for us to keep the feast,
Journeying in eager haste.

HYMN 85. L. M.

WELL knowing, Lord, how readily
We're turned aside by what we see,
By what we taste or handle here,
Forgetful of Thyself so near.

Thy love to us, which ne'er can fail,
Has left us this memorial,
Thy suffering for us, to show,
While we shall tarry here below.

The day on which we break the bread,
 Recalls Thy rising from the dead ;
 Till Thou dost come to take us home,
 Thus let Thy death, oh Lord, be shown.

Three precious truths at once we see ;
 Made, by Thy death and rising, free,
 Our joy is to await the third,—
 The glorious coming of our Lord.

HYMN 86. S. M.

PATTERNS of heavenly things
 To Israel once were given ;
 But Jesus risen, our worship brings
 Within the veil in heaven.

Yes, heaven itself is ours,—
 Our holy sweet abode ;
 For Jesus there, for us appears
 Upon the throne of God.

Within the holiest,
 In joyful liberty,
 The church is called to know her rest,—
 Her sabbath Lord in Thee.

Here, Lord, we show Thy death,
 We tell Thy victory ;
 For risen with Thee, of heavenly birth,
 Thyself we soon shall see.

Thy body broken, Lord,
 Thy blood, in type we share :

Sweet humbling joy, Thy death affords ;
For all our sins were there.

HYMN 87. 8's. 7's.

Love, all other love excelling ;
Oh the length, the depth, the height !
Quicken'd saints, Thine honour'd dwelling,
Gladly sing Thy conqu'ring might.

Love, all other love excelling,
Soon in glory shall abound :
Praise, in full perfection swelling,
Jesus, to Thy Name will sound.

Love, all other love excelling,
Made the cup of anguish Thine :
Love, in us Thy joy fulfilling,
Tells us that it is divine.

Love, all other love excelling,
Now in figure, here we see :
Soon with Thee, in glory reigning,
We shall sing Thy victory.

HYMN 88. C. M.

LORD Jesus risen from the dead,
Thine Own authority
Now bids us, in this broken bread,
This cup, remember Thee.

Soon every knee shall bow to Thee,
And every tongue confess

Thy power, Lord, and majesty,
In awful righteousness.

And shall we not obey Thy love,
Thy sweet authority,
Head of the church, in Whom above
We sit in liberty ?

“Do this in memory of Me :”
Oh sweet victorious grace !
Soon, soon shall we Thy glory see,
And meet Thee face to Face.

HYMN 89. L. M.

LORD is it I ? full well we know
That oft our hearts abused Thee so,—
Professed to call Thee Saviour Lord,
But knew not Thee the living Word.

Thy cross, the treachery displays,
That bows to man, and loves his praise;—
With guilty conscience murdered Thee,
And claimed the place of purity.

Lord it is I : 'tis all exposed ;
But oh the love the cross disclosed !
Sin there forever put away ;
And we forever risen with Thee.

Oh victory of victories !
Ne'er shall the praise of Jesus cease :
Oh who can sing of liberty,
Like captives from the yoke set free ?

This triumph now we celebrate,
 Thy death, oh Lord, commemorate,
 Till Thou wilt bear us hence away,
 To where no night can dim our day.

HYMN 90. C. M.

IN presence of our enemy
 Behold a table spread,
 To show the mighty victory
 Of Him Who once was dead.

Thy death, oh Lord, has conquered him
 Who had the power of death:
 Now risen, 'tis Thy right to claim
 All power in heaven and earth.

Above all principality,
 In glory all Thine Own,
 Thy love still beams as tenderly
 As at the cross it shone.

In all this majesty of Thine,
 Love's Own authority
 Tells us to take the bread and wine
 In memory of Thee.

HYMN 91. 8's. 7's.

KNOWING well, how proud and fretful,
 How ungrateful we would be,
 Of Thy faithfulness forgetful,
 Disobedient Lord to Thee,

Thou hast left these precious tokens
 Of Thine Own unchanging love;—
 Once for us Thy body broken,
 One in glory now above;

Once Thy blood for us was offered:
 Risen now in mighty power,
 Still the tender love that suffered,
 Everlasting will endure.

All the glory that surrounds Thee,
 Cannot move Thy love from us;—
 True as when we rebels bound Thee,
 Thou didst love Thy hateful foes.

One the bread that shows Thy dying;
 One the cup that points to Thee;
 One the Spirit, now replying;
 Tells Thy love's eternity.

HYMN 92. C. M.

LET joy now fill our hearts with praise,
 And fill our lips with song;
 For we alone such notes can raise,
 To whom such things belong,

So freely given us of God,
 And made forever sure;
 Since Christ, Who wash'd us in His blood,
 Now lives for evermore.

His love we sing: His death we show,
 Until He comes again:

This joy is glorious, for we know
We shall be like Him then.

One body with the Lord, we wait
To see Him as He is,
To be like Him; oh, think how great
Will be the churches bliss!

How bright will Jesus' glory be,
When He'll display abroad
The trophies of His victory,
The ransom of His blood!

Hymn 93. C. M.

Oh Lord, Thy death is life to us,
For Thou art risen again:
The love that has redeemed us thus,
Eternally shall reign.

O'ercome by love, we sing Thy praise,
Who once for us wast slain:
Thy sprinkled ones, our anthem raise;
For Thou art risen again.

Thy love, our Lord, has brought us here
To show Thy dying now,
To hold Thy promised coming near,
And learn Thy voice to know.

For we shall soon rejoice to see
What now to faith is known:
In all its bright reality,
Thy coming will be shown.

Then all the church, forever one,
 In glory will display
 The same eternal union
 Which here we show to-day.

Yes, in eternal unity,
 We show Thy death, our Lord,
 Till Thou wilt come with certainty,
 According to the word.

Hymn 94. C. M.

OUR Saviour's death has taken place ;
 We know that it is true :
 This mighty triumph of His grace,
 We now are met to show.

If we believe that He has died
 And risen from the dead,
 His word has called us to await
 What is as plainly said.

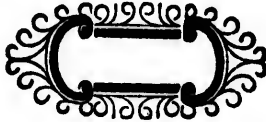
The Lord Himself from heav'n will come,
 The dead in Christ be raised ;
 Caught up with them, we shall go home :
 Oh be our Saviour praised !

Yes Lord, we know that Thou hast died,
 We know that Thou art risen ;
 We know that we are justified ;—
 Our sins are all forgiven.

And shall the children not rejoice
 To know that Thou wilt come,

And take Thy one, Thy ransom'd church,
Forever to our home ?

We know that we shall not all sleep,
But we shall all be changed :
Thy word of promise Thou wilt keep,
And prove that grace has reigned.



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P A R T II.

*Not intended to be sung in the assembly of the
children of God*

I.

JESUS, I am sorely tempted,
 Vain of what belongs to Thee;
 With Thy dealings discontented,
 Proud of mock humility;
 Full of lust, and full of passion,
 Full of all that is unclean,
 Full of falsehood and deception,
 Blind to all this hateful sin.
 All my resolutions fail me;
 Firm resolves all fade away:
 Oh how oft my thoughts deceive me,
 Cheat me of my liberty.
 Is there naught that can relieve me?
 Naught but bring it all to Thee.
 Jesus Lord, 'tis all before Thee,
 Worse than all that I have named,—
 All the sad disgraceful story;
 Yet it makes me not ashamed.
 Where can aught be found more hateful;
 Is there anything so base?

How can I be so ungrateful,
 In return for all Thy grace ?
 Let that grace then be my subject,
 Be the source of all my joy,—
 Thou alone the fitting object,
 All my musings to employ.
 There my heart has full rejoicing :
 There is liberty and peace :
 Fountain, Lord, of all my blessing,
 Joy in Thee can never cease.
 No, the flesh can never please Thee :
 Naught is there but sin and shame :
 Let us, once for all, believe Thee,*
 Triumph only in Thy Name.

II. FROM ROMANS VI.

LET sin not reign because of grace :
 We, not our sins, are justified ;
 Then why should we indulge in sin,
 As if our Saviour had not died ?
 Our Lord, by death, put sin away :
 'Twas once ; and now he lives again,
 No more to die ; then why should sin
 In these our mortal bodies reign ?

* In the sense of John vi. 47, every child of God has once believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and is saved forever. But in the sense of 2 Tim. ii. 13, we are often unbelieving, and therefore we often go astray ; and perhaps in nothing more readily than in imagining that now we shall not be so easily led into sin. The flesh profiteth nothing. Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall into sin, and bring himself under the Father's correction ; for it will be severe if necessary, as it was with Israel in the wilderness. (1 Corinthians x.)

Now dead and risen with Christ our Lord,
 Dead unto sin, alive to God,
 Bondservants once, but bought and freed,
 To serve, because redeemed with blood.
 No master once our members knew
 But sin, which shall not rule us now:
 Why should we own its sway again,
 And such a purchase disavow?
 No liberated captive longs
 Again to feel the lash and chain;
 And why should we again obey
 What now we know was naught but
 shame?

III. FROM ROMANS VII. & VIII.

UNITED now to Christ,
 To bring forth fruit to God,—
 In newness of the spirit serve,
 And tread the onward road.

Yet when I would do good,
 The evil bears the sway;
 And must I still a captive groan;
 Can naught this power stay?

It is not I that rule:
 'Tis sin that in me reigns:
 Oh what a wretched man I am!
 Who shall undo my chains?

Thanks to the living God,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord:

He is my life ; I have a mind
Obedient to His word.

'Tis self that loves to sin :
It ne'er did otherwise :
Drink deep, my soul, of living joy ;
And self no longer prize.

You never owed it aught ;
Your debt is all to grace :
Walk in the spirit : let not death
Your pilgrim path disgrace.

'Tis death to walk again
In shame and slavery :
Grace reigns unto eternal life ;
Then let it reign in Thee.

IV. FROM 1 CORINTHIANS II.

EYE has not seen, ear has not heard,
Nor man conceived the thought
Of all that God has wrought for us,
And by His Spirit taught.
God has not left us to inquire,
In wonder's ignorance,
The deep unutterable things
Of our inheritance.
The Comforter reveals to us
Those holy joys unseen ;
How little in the Spirit then,
Our journey must have been ;
So little have we learned to dwell
In those realities ;

So little have our hearts been tuned
 Our gracious Lord to please.
 But Jesus still, in tender love,
 Is knocking at the door!
 Then let us listen to His voice,
 And feast upon His store.
 To sup with Him, and He with us;
 Oh what a royal feast!
 Is this the portion of the saints?
 Yes of the very least.
 And is it mine,—this wondrous bliss,
 This joy unspeakable?
 Drink deep, my soul this heavenly
 Of glory it is full. [draught;
 A well of water springing up
 To everlasting life,
 My own! then ah why should I drink
 The troubled wave of strife?
 This everlasting life is mine;
 My joys are in its stream:
 Why sip the empty vanities
 Of death's delusive dream?
 Dwell on the living joys above,
 And view the things unseen:
 Jesus, Thine Own, will quickly come;
 And Thou with Him shalt reign.

V. FROM REVELATION III. 20.

My Saviour, art Thou He
 Whom I have kept outside?
 Oh shame! is this the act of one
 Belonging to the bride?

Oh let Thy patience, Lord,
 Our fickleness reprove,
 Whenever we would please the world
 In preference to Thy love.

Thou knockest at the door ;
 Then let us greet Thy voice,
 And feasting on Thy fellowship,
 In Thy repast rejoice.

Why should we blush to feed
 On manna from above,
 And disregard the vanities
 That flesh delights to love ?

Thyself, my Lord, Thyself !
 My portion, and my joy :
 Surely Thy presence is enough,
 My whole heart to employ.

VI. FROM COLOSSIANS III.

If ye be risen now with Christ,
 Then seek the things above,
 Where Jesus sits at God's right hand ;
 Oh there direct your love.
 We're dead : our hidden life with Christ
 In God, awaits the day
 When Jesus' glory, wondrous thought,
 Our glory shall display.
 Then disallow the idle word,
 Inordinate affection too,

With all that brings forth fruit to death
 So natural to you.
 These things will bring the wrath of God
 On those who know Him not ;
 Ah why should we partake with them
 In empty things of naught ?
 Beloved and holy, God's elect,
 Put on your ornaments ;—
 Longsuffering, abundant love,
 With meekness, humbleness :
 Does Jesus hold one ling'ring thought,
 One shade of wrath to you ?
 Does Christ impute to you one sin ?
 Forgive your brother too.
 Christ is our peace : then let Him rule ;
 For we are called to this :
 One body, let us own our Head,
 In joy and thankfulness.

VII. 1 JOHN II. 28.

LITTLE children love to utter
 Little words in parents ears ;
 Tell the little things they suffer,
 Tell them of their little fears ;
 Talk of all their little pleasures,
 Come with all their little joys,
 Show them all their little treasures,
 Bring them all their little toys.

Sweet the place of little children
 Trusting in the Father's love ;

All our childish troubles *bringing*
 To where Jesus sits *above*,
 There it is we view our folly,
 There it is we see our sin ;
 There we learn more wonderfully
 What thy grace to us has been.
 Oh the confidence we owe Thee ;
 Oh the sweet simplicity !
 Lord how precious thus to know Thee,
 In the children's liberty !

VIII. FROM EPHESIANS II. V. VI.

WITH Jesus risen now, our place
 Is where He sits on high ;
 There made to sit, we have a rest,
 To God, through Him, brought nigh.
 In Him 'tis ours, still dwelling there,
 To take up things below ;
 And in each necessary act,
 Our gracious Lord to show.
 Here we're beset by satan's wiles,
 To draw our hearts away :
 'Tis here we need to meet his power,
 As children of the day.
 The settled, old, established rules
 Of what the world sees right ;
 There reign the principalities,
 The rulers of the night.
 There meet the foe, nor blush to bear
 The shame of Christ's reproach ;

But bear it in His patient love,
 Nor let our wrath encroach.
 Press firmly on in righteousness,
 For it has made thee free
 Thro' grace; then let His patient grace
 Still bear the rule in thee.
 And let thy footprints ever leave
 The trace of peace behind:
 The fruit of righteousness is peace:
 It is our Saviour's mind.
 But worst of all, in our own hearts
 The foe's strongholds are found,
 Where nature fortifies itself,
 And loves to hold its ground.
 Selfwill and foul corruption there,
 Deceitful, bear the sway;
 In lusts of present things entrenched,
 They shun the light of day.
 But face the light, though it expose
 Our vileness sin and shame!
 There, Lord, we find our joy in Thee,
 And triumph in Thy Name.
 Let truth—all truth, then, gird our loins;
 And take the shield of faith,
 To view realities unseen—
 The safety of our path.
 Stand strong, as God's redeemed elect;
 And take the spirit's sword;
 With perseverance watch and pray,
 Abiding by the word.

IX. FROM 1 CORINTHIANS X., AND
HEBREWS III. & IV.

THIS rest is glorious; it is mine,—
 'Tis ours who have believed;
 Then let us learn to know the joy
 Of what we have received.
 Each Israelite passed thro' the flood,
 Who marched from Egypt's land;
 And yet how few in Canaan stood,
 Of all that ransomed band.
 Through unbelief they turned away;
 They could not enter in:
 Beware lest we, o'ercome as they,
 Fall by that very sin.
 As thousands in the desert died,
 And entered not the land,
 Though safe beyond that rolling tide—
 The grave of Pharaoh's band;
 So we, forever saved from wrath,
 Oft scourged for wilful sin,
 May lay our bodies in a grave
 Of faithful discipline.
 The Jews who fell, regarded not
 Their heritage unseen;
 And therefore used no diligence
 That they might enter in.
 But Joshua and Cabel loved
 Their heritage afar,—
 In hope, toiled through the wilderness,
 Nor feared the foe in war:

AND
 Then Jordan's bed, the type of death
 The many thousands trod ;
 In figure, soon, of risen life,
 On Canaan's soil they stood ;
 Then battle after battle fought,
 As Joshua led them on,
 Until they rested from the war,
 And found the conquest won.
 Type of the rest that Jesus gives
 Within the veil above ;
 There, dead and risen now with Him,
 Our home is in His love.
 Gird on the armour ; face the foe :
 Labour to enter in,
 And day by day enjoy still more
 Our holy rest unseen.

X. FROM HEBREWS XII.

tide—
 CONSIDER Jesus our High Priest,
 Who for the joy in view,
 Endur'd the cross, the shame despised,—
 The faithful Witness true.
 We've not resisted unto blood ;
 We therefore need the rod,
 To show us, on our onward road,
 The holiness of God.
 Our Father, we have known Thy love ;
 And yes we know it still ;
 Yet oft, unmindful of our birth,
 We follow our own will.
 rness,

But there is also holiness
 In being born of God :
 When nothing else will teach us this,
 The child must feel the rod.
 'Tis tender love unwavering,
 That will not let us stray,
 Without the Father's chastening
 To guide us in the way.
 With greater care, to straighter road
 Apply the feeble knee ;
 And be the drooping hand employed
 For God more faithfully :
 Yes, let us yield our selfishness,
 And learn to follow peace ;
 But never give up holiness
 'To gain our present ease.

XI. FROM 1 JOHN III. 2, 3 ; ROM. XIII.
 12 ; COL. I. 27 ; REV. II. 28 ; III. 4.

LIKE Thee, our blessed Lord, like Thee !
 There's rapture in the word :
 Oh when shall we Thy glory see,
 Our life, our peace, our Lord ?
 Stayed on Thyself, our nightly watch
 Let us with patience keep,
 With joy await Thy glad approach,
 While all around us sleep.
 The world, intoxicated raves,
 Nor hears the howling blast :
 They dream, amid the deadly waves,
 Of joys that cannot last.

Awake, ye warriors of the day :
 The night advances far ;
 We'll soon be soaring far away
 With Christ our Morning Star.
 What though the chilly damps of night
 Bedew our garments fair, [flight?—
 And clouds pursue their darkening
 The Morning Star is there.
 Sweet truth ! no more a mystery
 Pourtrayed in symbols now :
 Thyself in me, and I in Thee ;
 My hope of glory Thou.
 What though the midnight tempest's roar
 Should unexpected rise ?
 It cannot dim our Morning Star,
 Or take him by surprise.
 Then journey on a little while,
 Until Himself we see :
 His presence sweetens all the toil,
 Unseen our company.

Compared with Thee, all things are loss,
 Jesus our blessed Lord.
 Whate'er religious man may boast
 Is withered by the word.
 The flesh, in venerated rights,
 Its empty effort makes ;
 And thus, with Israel's hypocrites,
 Thy murder, Lord, partakes.
 Thy cross, the separating point :
 There let our race begin,

Outside the rules which men appoint
 To remedy their sin.
 In resurrection life with Thee,
 There let us follow on ;—
 To know Thyself our object be,
 And learn to walk as one,
 Led by the mind that was in Thee,
 To take the lowest place,
 Each glad, another's good to see,
 Abounding in Thy grace.

No form or comeliness,
 No beauty to desire :
 Our Jesus, let Thy lowliness
 Be all our loved attire.

No form or comeliness :
 Why should we court their love,
 Who seek by man's religiousness
 To win their way above ?

No form or comeliness,
 Thou lovely hated one,
 Our life, our Lord, our righteousness ;
 Then let us put Thee on.

No form, or comeliness
 Thy marred visage wore :
 Be Thou our ornament, our dress,
 Who our transgressions bore.

XII. FROM HEBREWS XIII. 12, 13.

OUTSIDE the camp, our Lord ;
 Outside the camp with Thee,
 To learn the power of the word,
 And wait, Thyself to see.

Outside the camp ; 'twas there
 That Jesus was abused :
 'Tis there we learn His cup to share,
 That we've so oft refused.

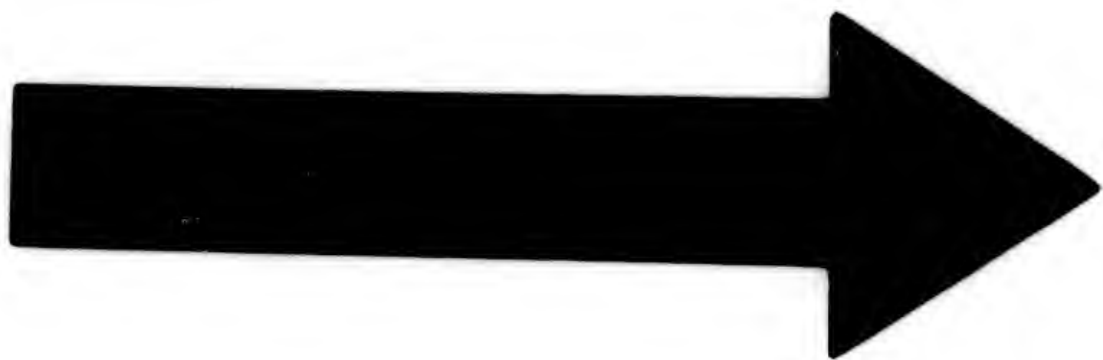
For there another cup
 Of deeper sorrow still,
 In grace through righteousness, filled up
 The Father's sovereign will.

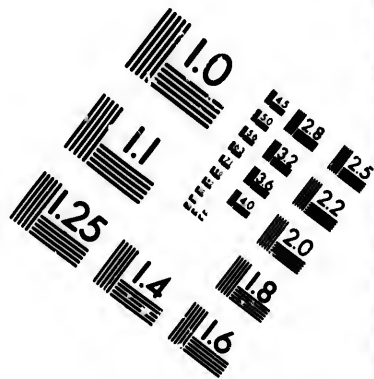
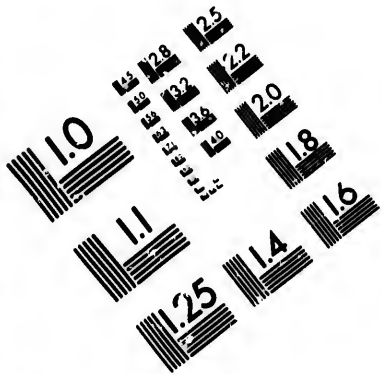
Yes, there Thou wast made sin,
 Our gracious Lord, for us,
 To bring the ransomed children in
 To stand in righteousness.

Outside the camp, our Lord,
 Thou callest us to Thee,
 To bear reproach, and keep Thy word,
 Till we Thy glory see.

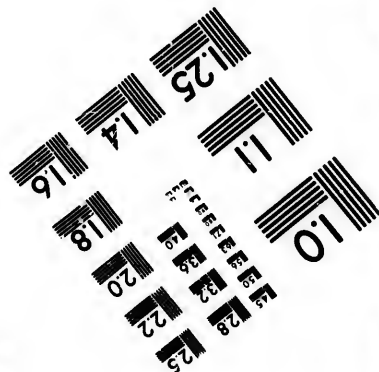
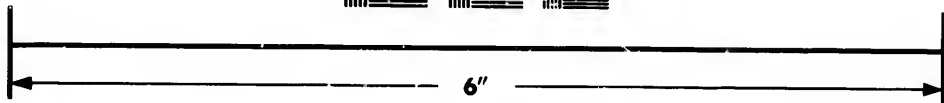
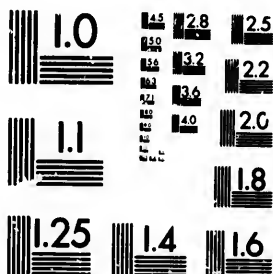
XIII. FROM 2 CORINTHIANS IV. & V.

UNSEEN realities,
 Eternally our own,
 Outweigh the present weariness
 Of strangers here unknown.





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Cast down, but not destroyed,
 Perplexed but no despair ;
 'To bear about Thy dying Lord,—
 Be this our patient care.

For Thou hast died for us,
 And left us all in debt
 To spend for Thee this earthen house,
 In which our treasure's set.

And what though pressed with toil,
 This body should decay ?
 'Tis but to leave this foreign soil,
 Unclothed to haste away.

But oh, our sweetest hope
 Is, that the Lord will come,
 And death in life be swallowed up,
 When we shall all go home.

Yes, to be clothed upon :
 It is for this we groan,
 To put our heavenly dwelling on,
 Nor lay this body down ;

But in a moment changed,
 Oh glorious mystery !
 Caught up, forever to remain
 One body, Lord, with Thee.

When weary in the race,
 And willing to be free,
 Where shall we find a resting place,
 But Jesus Lord in Thee

Our Peace? then let us learn
 Now to consider Thee,—
 What opposition Thou hast borne
 In patient constancy.

When thus we dwell on Thee,
 Where is our cause to mourn?
 Thou'st taken all our griefs away:
 Our sorrows Thou hast borne.

Then let our hearts rejoice,
 And, satisfied in Thee,
 Press on to glory in the cross,
 And die, if so it be.

For naught can sunder us,
 Jesus our Lord, from Thee:
 Then let Thyself our hearts engross,
 Till we Thy coming see.

XIV FROM ISAIAH XLII.

DEAF to the flattery or threats
 Of man's deceitful tongue,
 Blind to the vain alluring baits
 That please the giddy throng,
 Thou chosen Servant, holy Son,
 The Father's Own delight!
 Thou Son of man, declared alone
 Well pleasing in His sight!
 Ah Lord; and did we spit on Thee,
 And cover Thee with shame?

Lord, did we nail Thee to the tree,
And scorn Thy gracious Name?
Oh love! it melts our hearts to tell
The grace that triumphed there,
Our wrath and malice to excel,
And all our sins to bear.
For this the Father loved the Son,
Because His life He gave:
Then let us love, and wonder on,
Whom Jesus died to save.
Lord Jesus, little have we learned,
As blind and deaf in Thee,
To journey onwards, unconcerned
By much we hear and see.
The frequent burdens of the tongue,
The sights that meet the eye;
How oft they dwell on what is wrong,
And nourish vanity.
The tongue is set on fire of hell;
And all that's in the world
Is lust and pride: oh, who can tell
When we shall be defiled?
Lord Jesus, deeply do we need
To learn much more of Thee,
That we may cease our minds to feed
On what we hear and see.
It is the carnal thought within,
That takes up those outside:
We need to judge our hidden sin,
And in Thyself abide.

Alone, and not alone
 In sad Gethsemane!
 Of all on earth, there was not one
 To bear Thee company.

Alone, Thou spotless One,
 Thou wouldest not abide:
 For us Thy dying could alone
 This fellowship provide.

For risen now with Thee,
 Heaven has become our home;—
 Thyself our heavenly company:
 Why should we dwell alone?

Then let us follow Thee,
 And share the loneliness
 Of strangers, till Thyself we see
 In glorious holiness.

Alone, and not alone;
 Then let us hasten on,
 And wonder at what grace has done
 To make this joy our own.

XV. JOHN XV. 11; & XVII. 13.

The joy of Jesus! can it be
 That this should be fulfilled in me?
 How little have we learned His ways,
 Who shows us this amazing grace!

The joy of Jesus: wondrous word!
 But 'twas Thy mind, my gracious Lord,

To grant this heavenly mystery,
Thy joy to be fulfilled in me.

The joy of Jesus, precious cup!
Then yield each sweet allurements up,
That leads, so imperceptibly,
Jesus, our fickle hearts from Thee.

The joy of Jesus! well may we
Forget our wretched selves in Thee;
And learn to glory in the Lord,
With joy no other can afford.

XVI. 1 CORINTHIANS XIII.

WHEN gifts no more required, shall cease;
And partial knowledge fade away,
As moonlight, precious in its place,
Is lost amid the opening day;
Unfailing love will then endure
Triumphant in its own abode,
Where naught unseemly or impure
Will mar the presence of our God.
Then let us breathe our native air,
And learn to live as heavenly ones,
Jesus, Thy sweet reproach to bear;—
Servants, because we first were sons.
With lowly mind, and heavenly grace,
Let naught unseemly dim the light
That we reflect from Jesus' Face,
Amid the dark and stormy night.
The love which seeketh not her own,
Delights another to prefer,

Dwells not on things that I have done,
 Glad that another, praise should bear.
 More excellent than any gift,
 Oh let the love of Jesus rule ;
 And every heart with fervour lift
 To God Who trains us in His school.

XVII. FROM 2 CORINTHIANS III.

WITH open face, Thy glory, Lord,
 As in a glass we see,
 Taught by the Spirit, from the word,
 Our perfect liberty.
 When Sinai's faded glory beamed
 From Moses' glowing face,
 Too bright the dazzling lustre seemed
 To Israel's carnal race.
 But now unveiled, t'is ours to see
 A glory brighter far :
 There grace in radiance ever new,
 Shines from our Morning Star.
 Once shone the ministry of death :
 Its transient lightning glowed :
 Its thunder pealed, in voice of wrath,
 From Sinai's dread abode.
 But now the Spirit's ministry
 Unchanging, sheds its ray :
 Its voice is peace and unity
 To children of the day.
 With eye not dim, or strength impair'd,
 The faithful servant died ;

Yet Canaan's rest he never shared,
 On Jordan's farther side.
 And must he only view afar
 The land he lov'd so well?
 Alas, those words, at Meribah,
 From Moses' lips that fell!
 And must the very zeal he show'd,
 Exclude him from the land?
 That earnestness was not for God:
 It was the wrath of man.
 The wrath of man can ne'er fulfil
 The righteousness of God;
 Then calmly judge our angry zeal,
 Before it come abroad;
 That we may ever speak with grace,
 A holy truthful word,
 As those who view with open face,
 The glory of the Lord.

XVIII. FROM REVELATION II. III.

As the star above the earth,
 Nightly sheds its glory forth,
 To the church our God has given
 Now to know that we're of heaven.
 No, this right can ne'er be moved;
 No; for Jesus once has lov'd:
 Jesus now, in his right hand,
 Holds our title, there to stand:
 There each star remains secured,
 By His faithfulness insured.

Though on earth our frequent sin
 Needs his faithful discipline,
 As he walks among us here,
 Now to chasten, now to cheer.
 Candlesticks may be removed—
 Testimony disapproved,—
 Saints because of filthiness,
 Cast aside as witnesses.
 Much that man esteems as pure,
 Tried by fire will not endure ;
 Much abomination seen,
 Where the smile of man has been ;
 Therefore, while it still is night,
 Patiently abide the light :
 Try the spirits by the word ;
 Wait the coming of the Lord ;
 Walk as children of the day,
 In the soft and loving ray—
 In the lustre from afar,
 Of our bright and Morning Star
 High above ; yet we are near,
 Dear to God, as Christ is dear,
 Called to shed His light around,
 While we in the night are found.

Ere the day in vengeful light
 Banish this deceptive night,
 We, ascended far above,
 Glad, will sing of Jesus' love.
 Let that patient love then reign,
 And the vict'ry ever gain,
 Brighter far than service shine :
 Blessed Saviour, it is Thine.

All the service we can do,
 All the firmness we can show,
 Ne'er supply the lack of love,
 Jesus, in Thy sight above,
 Where the overcomer's food
 Grows in presence of our God.

Tribulation, poverty,
 Outside all the blasphemy
 Of pretended holiness:
 Oh what wealth and happiness
 Thine approval, Lord, bestows!
 Vain the cruelty of foes,
 Vain their threats, to terrify
 Saints in holy liberty,
 From the second death set free.
 "Be thou faithful unto death:"
 Well may christians yield their breath,
 With the crown of life in view:
 Thine the promise, faithful, true.

Much attachment there may be,
 Jesus, gracious Lord, to Thee:
 Much endurance for Thy sake,
 Thine approval may partake;
 While a counterfeit of love
 Harbours what Thou'lt ne'er approve.
 Jesus, shall we tolerate
 Anything that Thou dost hate?
 Sweeter than this compromise,
 Or than aught beneath the skies,
 Lord, Thy Own approving word,
 Hidden raptures to afford.

Jesus, keep us tenderly,
 Lest we harbour foes to Thee,
 Or still worse, their deeds allow.
 Lord we need Thy power now,
 Here Thy works a while to keep,
 'Mid the wolves to walk as sheep,
 Till the overcomers reign
 In this scene of present pain.

Oh what humbling cause for shame,
 When to live is but a name.

Carnal man's activity
 Leaves the things of Christ to die.
 While His holy Name is used,
 Yet His precious word abused,
 Disallowed, and put to shame,
 Godliness is but a name.

Oh how grievous the disgrace,
 Should Thy coming, Lord, take place
 While the church is sleeping here,
 Saying that Thou art not near.

Far too much of this is found
 In ourselves, and all around:
 Jesus, in Thy presence now
 Let Thy truth our spirits bow.

When traditions thus prevail,
 Awful doubtings must assail;
 Sweet to overcomers then,
 Lord, Thine Own yea and amen:
 Thou wilt ne'er that name efface
 Written by eternal grace;
 But before the Father own,
 'Mid the angels round the throne:

Clothed in white they'll walk below :
 Jesus in their ways they'll show :
 He secures our place above :
 His Own word which ne'er will move,
 Guarantees the Spirit here,
 Evermore the church to cheer.
 Few or many, weak or strong,
 These to us in Christ belong.

Happy, though the strength be small,
 Those who keep Thy word through all
 Firm amid reproach and shame,
 Holding fast Thy holy Name.
 Oh how sweet Thy promised power
 To present an open door,—
 Open, though the wrath of man
 Seek to close it, but in vain.
 Yes, they learn Thy counsels deep,
 Who Thy word of patience keep,
 Taught that ere the fearful hour
 Of the tempter's shortened power,
 Thou wilt bear us hence away
 To the light of open day.
 Sweet, how sweet Thy loving word !
 Full the strength that it affords ;
 "Quickly, lo I come ; hold fast
 "That which Thou already hast ;
 "Let no other take thy crown. "
 Gracious Jesus, dost Thou own
 Little children's little strength,
 In the night's dark weary length ?
 Once Thy church a pillar stood,
 Witnessing the truth of God :

Now the living stones are found
 Strewed in reckless ruin round ;
 Or in bodies formed by man,
 Built on some unholy plan.
 Lord, 'tis Thine alone to tell
 Where the overcomers dwell :—
 Thine to give them their abode
 In the temple of our God,
 Pillars going no more out,
 Firmly standing, clear of doubt ;
 Judging things within, without,
 By Thine Own unerring word,
 Owning Thee indeed as Lord :
 Thou wilt call them godly then ;
 Yes though disapproved of men,
 Citizens of heaven too ;
 Holy Saviour, Thou art True :
 Jesus, then Thine "Own new Name,"
 Words that none can put to shame :
 Joy untold, to have an ear,
 Thine Own words of truth to hear.

How disgraceful is the mind,
 Dwelling on the things behind,
 Satisfied with what we see,
 Treating Christ as One afar,
 Neither kindled to a flame
 By the love of Jesus' Name,
 Nor in coldness of disdain,
 Mocking Jesus and His reign ;
 But with calm indifference,
 Holy fellowship profess ;

While the Lord is set aside
 By His base, ungrateful bride
 Boasting of her empty store—
 Fables and unhallowed lore,—
 Poor and wretched, blind and bare,
 Worldly treasures glad to share.
 How disgusting, Lord, to Thee,
 All this empty mockery.
 Still in patience Thou art there,
 Willing Thy repast to share,
 Seeking entrance to unfold
 Sweets of joy that can't be told.
 Even Thy rebuke is love:
 Can we still indifferent prove?
 Tempted, Thou didst overcome:
 Sin could find in Thee no room:
 Now, Thy work and suffering done,
 Seated on the Father's throne,
 Perfect Thou, to help us here,
 Asking but an ear to hear,
 Thou Thy throne wilt deign to share,—
 Seat the overcomer there,
 While the vict'ry is Thine Own;
 For in Thee, and Thee alone,
 Any saint can overcome.
 Oh, what melting grace is Thine!
 Everlasting it will shine.

XIX. FROM LEVITICUS I.

BEFORE the sanctuary door,
 Behold the Jewish worshipper:

See his burnt offering thither led,
 His hand upon the victim's head,
 As though he said, behold in me,
 One, Lord, who thus has treated Thee.
 For next he takes the creature's life;
 Relentless then applies the knife,
 Removes the skin, the flesh divides:—
 Type of the wrath that still abides
 In man, against the Son of God.
 But oh the value of the blood,
 That told of full atonement made!
 The cleansing power is next displayed;
 The legs so oft bedaubed with mire,
 The inwards more defiled by far,
 Are washed and fitted to be laid
 With head, with pieces, and with fat,
 By priestly hands upon the wood
 Placed o'er the altar's fire renewed,
 Which burned the whole. Well may
 The enmity to Jesus shown, [we own
 The wrath that slew the Son of God,
 As ours: we joined the mocking crowd
 In base derision, to expose
 The Lord of all before His foes,
 To mutilate the holy One;
 And still our intellects are prone
 To search into what is not shown,
 With prying mind to analyze
 Those glorious, holy mysteries.
 Oh precious blood! through that alone
 Our hearts could ever dare to own
 The murder, Lord, that we have done,

The hateful filthiness within,
 That fouls our walk so oft with sin.
 The cross has brought it all to view.
 Oh faithful Witness, holy, true,
 Thou hast exposed our utmost sin ;
 Then borne it all ; and now within,
 Thy love has given us a place
 Firm in the grasp of sovereign grace.
 'Tis done ; and risen now with Thee,
 We're called to walk in purity,
 That, cleansed from filthiness of mind,
 Thy holy footsteps we may find ;
 And know our joyful liberty,
 Thro' the one washing, Lord, by Thee.
 All flows from that : Thy plenteous love
 Proclaims us kings and priests above,
 To give each holy truth its place,
 And learn the mysteries of grace.

The pieces and the head, unwashed
 Upon the altar's fire were placed ;
 Sweet types of spotless purity
 That, Lord, resided still in Thee,
 When man had vented his abuse,
 Nor feared to treat Thy power thus ;
 But oh, our Lord, that power was love :
 Its depth our hearts must ever prove,
 Constrained to wonder more and more,
 As each new figure adds its store
 Of meaning. All the fat must burn :*
 'Twas not for man to eat : then learn

* In the burnt offering the whole animal was burned. Not so the peace offering, or those sin offerings of which

In holy reverence to own,
 The Father only knows the Son :
 'Tis ours to hold, and not profane
 The secrets given in Jesus' Name.

The priests, around the sacrifice,
 Beheld the mingled smoke arise,
 Of spotless head, of pieces clean,
 Of fat in purest richness seen,
 With that of limbs once foul with filth
 And inwards more polluted still,
 But washed. Oh what a sight for faith !
 The love, foreshadowed in this scene,
 Shines over all, pre-eminent.

How could the savour e'er be sweet,
 Of burning entrails, burning feet ?
 But God is pleased that now is done,
 What he had purposed in His Son.
 Sweet is the savour : God on high,
 Of His Own will, has brought us nigh.

the blood was not taken into the sanctuary. Their flesh was eaten ; but in both these cases, as in every sacrifice, the fat was to be burned on the altar, (Levit. iv. vi. vii.) The beautiful pure fat enclosing the kidneys, would remain firmly attached to the back-bone, after all the work of taking out the inwards and cutting up the victim : and thus unmoved from its place, it would be burned on the altar ;— a type, I believe, of the unsearchable mystery expressed by the Lord Jesus when He said "no man knoweth the Son, but the Father," (Math. xi.) This mystery remained sacred and unpolluted, after man had done his utmost to expose and profane all that was holy in the Lord Jesus Christ. The meddling curiosity of our own minds would now pry into what is not revealed concerning the Son of God ; and unless we judge it, will surely introduce our own unhallowed thoughts into what we hold concerning Christ, and thus partake in the abuse of our blessed Lord. Let us learn more and more to judge ourselves, that we may hold neither more nor less than scripture teaches.

*What follows is addressed to those whose sins
are not forgiven.*

XX. FROM JOB XXVIII.

UNTRIDDEN by the lion's strength,
A path unknown to vulture's eye,
Baffles the soar of intellect ?
Or searching science, to descry.
Where then is wisdom found ? her price
Sets computation all at naught :
Man knows it not : on high it lies,
By aught in nature still unbought.
Alas for man, to hear afar
In death and ruin, what were his,
If he had walked in godly fear,
And lived in spotless righteousness.
Is there no price ? must man remain
To mourn his folly without end ?
Can he do nothing to regain
The standing lost when Adam sinned ?
Man can do nothing to avoid
The coming wrath : yet there's a price
Unmasked, despised, and disallowed,
Jesus, my Lord, my sacrifice.
The manner of the purchase too,
Transcends our most exalted thought :
Without one holy act to do,
The guilty, helpless, one is bought.

XXI. ON JOHN III. 13.

No man has ever yet
 Ascended up to heaven,
 Except the Son of man, whose death
 Eternal life has given.

'Then dream not, step by step,
 To make your way to God :
 'Tis but religiously to tread
 The dark and downward road.

None ever go to heaven,
 Who are not heavenly born :
 Is man then doomed as unforgiven,
 Eternally to mourn ?

No: He Who came from heaven
 Would not remain alone :
 The holy One, His life has given :
 'His only can atone.

The Lord is risen again :
 The pardon is announced :
 To all who will receive the boon
 Eternal life's pronounced.

Believe the message sent,
 And pardon is thine own ;—
 A rebel saved from punishment,
 A born, accepted son.

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