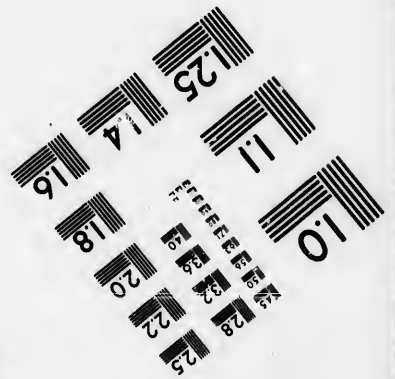
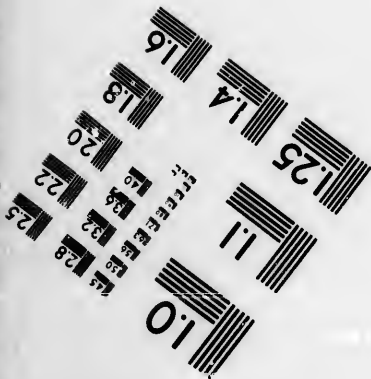
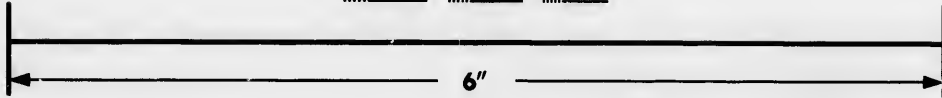
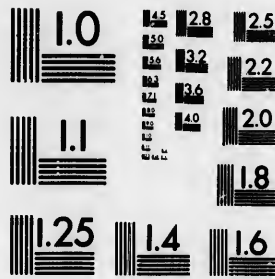


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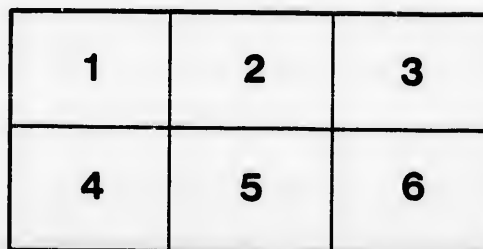
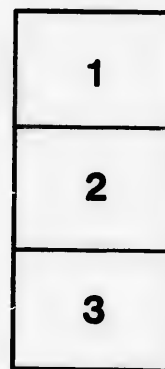
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H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF THE

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NEW CONNEXION.

PRINCIPALLY FROM THE COLLECTION

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.,

LATE FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

SECOND CANADIAN EDITION.

LONDON, C. W.:

PUBLISHED BY J. H. ROBINSON,

AT THE BOOK-ROOM OF THE CANADIAN WESLEYAN METHODIST
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SOLD BY THE MINISTERS.

MDCCLXIX.

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "EVANGELICAL WITNESS,"
LONDON, CANADA WEST.

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PREFACE.

POETRY and music, or the expression of sentiment in metrical composition, and the recitation of such sentiment in those modulated tones of the voice which constitute true melody, have a natural connection, and are adapted to the intellectual and moral constitution of man. Ardent and elevated emotion delights in the splendors of poetic diction, and in the expression, in measured numbers and well-adapted tune, of the feelings which it inspires. Sound thus lends all its sweetness to truth, and enables it more deeply to interest and affect. Devotional exercises have relation not only to the judgment, but to the affections, and are designed to elevate and purify them, by raising them towards God and heaven. Poetry and music thus become the handmaids of religion, supplying at once an appropriate medium for the expression of the sentiments and the feelings, and a powerful instrument by which to extend their influence.

The most ancient poetic composition on record — the song of Moses when the children of Israel had effected the passage of the Red Sea — had for its object the celebration of Jehovah's praises, on account of the deliverance he had wrought out for his people; this composition, the Sacred page informs us, was *sung* by Moses and the children of Israel. The exultation of Deborah and Barak — the spiritual elevation of the Levites, on Hezekiah's cleansing the house of the Lord — nay, even the sounds of woe uttered by Jeremiah, on the death of Josiah — afford sufficient proof that the practice of singing is no unfit medium for the expression of the varied emotions which chequer this mortal state. Can piety, then, refuse to serve the Lord with gladness, and to come before his presence with singing? The New Testament not only affords sufficient examples to warrant the practice of singing, but it is made even the subject of divine commands — "*Is any merry? let him sing psalms. — Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*" The great Redeemer of the world did not himself disdain to join in thus celebrating divine praises; for we are told that, after the institution of the Lord's Supper, he united with his disciples to *sing a hymn*.

It is apparent, then, both from the usages of the best and wisest men, and from the plainest instructions of Divine wisdom, that the singing of poetic religious compositions is a duty incumbent both on individuals and on collective bodies, as an expression of personal feeling, and as a means of mutual edification. Thus it was employed by the royal psalmist; his sensibilities

of joy and grief, of gratitude and desire, were by this means, habitually directed to God : and thus his afflictions and comforts, his difficulties and deliverances, were made to furnish supplies to that pure and ardent devotion by which he was so honorably distinguished.

How happy would it be, if in privacy, in the domestic relations of life, and in social intercourse, all who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ would thus direct their prayers, and look up ! How many sorrows would thus be soothed, and how many burdens lightened ! Increased profitableness and sweetness would be given to the fellowship of saints, and devotion's hallowing flame would become more pure and permanent. Can the voice of man be more nobly employed than in pouring out into the bosom of our merciful Father the expression of our holiest affections, in celebrating the excellences of his nature, and the wonders he has wrought ? Surely this is an employment by which heaven is brought down to earth, and man is allowed to share the felicity of the celestial choirs.

But how promotive soever of our best interests the practice of singing may be, either at the family altar or in the domestic circle, it is entitled to a still more prominent place in the arrangements of Public Worship. Divine songs furnish an appropriate means by which the largest congregations may in unison express to the Great Source of all good the feelings which they entertain towards Him, and towards each other, and their acquiescence in all his righteous will. The influence of example is thus also beneficially exerted, and the sympathies of our nature are rendered subservient to the highest and holiest purposes — attuning our voices to those of the congregation, that penitence or divine assurance, that love or joy, that ardent desire or happy anticipation, which agitates the frames or beams in the countenances of those about us, is excited in bosoms which were before strangers to it, or invigorates where it had previously languished. They who entered the sanctuary torn by distracting thoughts, and depressed in spirit, have, by the soft numbers of the Christian poet, the sweetness of sacred melody, the harmony of united voices, become, through the concurrent grace of the Holy Spirit, tranquilized, comforted and elevated, and have thus been prepared to pray, and read and hear, with increased profit and delight. Nor are these advantages confined to the commencement of public religious services. By singing at the close a hymn embodying the leading principles of the discourse just delivered, and the convictions and determinations which that discourse was intended to produce, holy resolution is strengthened, the purest pleasure is connected with the exercise of faith and love, and thus the probabilities are increased that the good which has been effected will be permanent.

By the expression of feeling thus reciprocally communicated, the tide of hallowed pleasure swells and rises till the pure and elevated devotion of angels and the spirits of the just above is realized by the church below. Such being the advantages derived from sacred psalmody, it will be natural to inquire, Where may such a publication be found as will furnish a variety of hymns, suited to all the circumstances of the Christian life ? To this inquiry it may be answered, Consult the present Volume, and we trust that your search will not be in vain.

The British Conference of the Methodist New Connexion, anxious that their congregations and societies should possess every facility for the attainment of divine truth, and for advance-

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PREFACE.

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ment in holiness, after mature deliberation, appointed individuals, considered by them every way competent to the undertaking, to whom they intrusted the compilation of a Hymn Book for general use. These brethren, with much prayer, undertook the task, being anxiously solicitous to discharge the duty assigned them in the fear of the Lord. The Hymn Book of Mr. Wesley, containing confessedly some of the best poetic composition on sacred subjects which our age affords, was made the basis of their labors. After having diligently perused its pages, they extracted from it all that which, for poetic merit, happy scriptural illustration, expressions of those spiritual breathings after peace and holiness that come home to the "business and bosoms" of those who are taught from above, and for adaptation of metre to the existing taste for psalmody, was suited to the object which they had in view. The Appendix also in use in the Community, furnished no inconsiderable proportion of suitable matter. From these two sources, combined with a number of other hymns from various authors, and a few furnished by pious individuals of true poetic genius, who kindly composed for the occasion, the present volume is formed.

It now only remains to be observed that this Book has been compiled with a most scrupulous regard to the introduction of such hymns only as are calculated to give prominence to those doctrinal and experimental truths which distinguish and adorn the Gospel, and are the chief glories of Methodism; and that it is now ushered into the world, with earnest prayers and hopes that it may be made conducive to the interests of true religion. Let all who use it adopt the resolution of St. Paul, "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." Let them catch with ardor those divine influences, and cultivate with all diligence those impressions, which such devout exercises are calculated to produce; and may the Great Head of the Church grant that we may all so learn to sing the songs of Zion here, that we may, through the merits of the Redeemer, be enabled to go from strength to strength, and at last appear before God in Zion above. Amen.

London, C. W., January, 1859.

. Where verses are inclosed in brackets [], such verses may be omitted without injury to the sense.

All the Hymns which have the name of the Rev. J. Wesley appended with an asterisk (*) are translations from the German, except one, which is from the Spanish.

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Aug 15 1867

John Patton

HYMNS.

PART I.—SECTION I.

THE EXISTENCE, ATTRIBUTES, AND WORKS OF GOD.

HYMN 1. L. M.

Adoration.

- God is a name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One !
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine :
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run :
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 How shall astonished mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 5 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might :
None but thy word can speak thy name.

WATTS.

HYMN 2. L. M.

God revealed in his Works.

- My God, I love and I adore !
But souls that love would know thee more !
Wilt thou for ever hide and stand
Behind the labors of thy hand ?

- 2 The starry arch proclaims thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower ;
Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls.
- 3 Thy painted wonders, to our eyes,
In thousand shapes and colors rise ;
While beasts and birds, with laboring throats,
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
- 4 Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letter of thy name.
- 5 There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
Across the waves, around the sky,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.
- 6 Fain would I trace the immortal way,
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confessed,
In his own fairest glories dressed.
- 7 Bless'd Jesus ! meet me on the road ;
Fit me to dwell in heaven with God ;
Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
And place me near thy Father's throne.

WATTS.

HYMN 3. L. M.

The same.

- The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice or sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

HYMN 4. L. M.

The same.

O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 While thee, all-infinite, I set
By faith before my ravished eye,
My weakness bonds beneath the weight;
O'erpowered I sink, I faint, I die.

3 Eternity thy dwelling was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast, ere time began its race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.

4 Greatness unspeakable is thine —
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven are fled away.

5 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea!

What lives and moves lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

6 Thy parent hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fixed this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.

7 Whate'er in earth, or sea or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.

8 High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

9 What our dim eye could never see
Is plain and naked to thy sight:
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.

10 In light thou dwell'st — light that no shade,
No variation over knew;
Heaven, earth and hell stand all displayed,
And open to thy piercing view.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 5. L. M.

The Providence of God.

Thou true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly.

2 With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And thro' heaven's vault resound thy praise.

3 [In earth, in heaven, in all, thou art:
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

4 Thine, Lord, is power, and thine alone,
Justice and truth before thee stand:
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.]

- 5 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace ;
Thy wakened wrath does slowly move,
Thy wiling mercy flies apace.
- 6 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe ;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.
- 7 [Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils :
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
- 8 All things in thee live, move, and are ;
Thy power infused does all sustain :
E'en those thy daily favors share
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.]
- 9 Thy sun, thou bid'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour :
On all who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bid'st descend the fruitful shower.
- 10 Yet while, at length, who scorned thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire !
- 11 All creatures praise the Eternal name :
Ye hosts that to his courts belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flame,
Awake the everlasting song !
- 12 Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent 's thine ;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.
- 13 Unfathomable depths thou art :
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea !
Vold of true wisdom is my heart—
With love embrace and cover me.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 6. L. M.

Divine Majesty and Condescension.

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty :

- His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law ;
His love reveals his shining face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will Jehovah condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heaven is secure, if God is mine.

WATTS.

HYMN 7. C. M.

The Eternity of God.

- Thou didst, O mighty God, exist,
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space :
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed ;
- 3 Ere men adored, or angels knew,
Or praised thy wondrous name :
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life
And glory ! were the same.
- 4 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;
- 5 For ever permanent and fixed,
From dissolution free,
Unchanged in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.
- 6 Great God ! while nature speaks thy praise,
With all her numerous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune divine lays,
And love inspire their songs.

BOWEN.

HYMN 8. L. M.

God eternal; Man mortal.

- Lord, thou hast been thy children's God
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just;
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or formed the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night.
- 4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
- 5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.
- 6 O may our sacred pleasures rise,
In sweet proportion to our pains;
Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought remains.
- 7 Thy glorious image, fair impressed,
Let all our hearts and lives declare:
Beneath thy kingly protection blessed,
May all our labors own thy care.

STEELE.

HYMN 9. L. M.

Divine Perfections.

- God is a spirit none can see;
He ever was, and e'er shall be;
Present where'er his creatures dwell,
Thro' earth and sea, thro' heaven and hell.
- 2 His eye with infinite survey,
Views all their realms in full display;
What has been, is, or shall be done,
Or here, or there, it shall be known.

3 The bounty of his gracious hands,
Wide as the world he made, extends;
And though himself completely blessed,
With pity looks on the distressed.

4 All that is glorious, good, and great,
Does in the Lord Jehovah meet;
Then to his name be glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

HYMN 10. L. M.

God Unsearchable.

- With deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown,
Our feeble spirits strive in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain.
- 2 Who, by the closest search can find
Thy mighty, uncreated mind?
Nor men nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.
- 3 We know thee not; but this we know,
Thou reign'st above, thou reign'st below;
And though thy essence is unknown,
To all the world thy power is shown;
- 4 That power we trace on every side;
O may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thy almighty love be nigh!

HYMN 11. L. M.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.

- Lord thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thy eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all thy powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Could we so false and faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could we thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 4 Within thy all-reeling power we stand:
On every side we find thy hand;

HYMN 18. L. M.

The same.

- Let Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise ;
He utters his almighty voice ;
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought ;
And Jacob's God is still our aid.
Behold the work his hand has wrought !
What desolation he has made !
- 3 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame ;
Keep silence, all the earth and hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 4 " Be still, and learn that I am God ;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
I will be known and feared abroad ;
But still my throne in Zion stands."
- 5 O Lord of Hosts ! almighty King !
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

WATTS.

HYMN 19. C. M.

The Infinitude of God.

- Thy names, how infinite they be,
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne:
- 2 Thy essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound :
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole ;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overwhelms the soul.
- 4 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

WATTS.

HYMN 20. C. M.

The Glory of God manifested in His Works.

Eternal Wisdom ! thee we praise —
Thee the creation sings ;

- With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run ;
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.
- 5 [The noisy winds start ready there,
Thy orders to obey ;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunders shake our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along
The banners of thy host.]
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around ;
At thy command they sink and drop
Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo ! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green :
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.
- 9 [There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.]
- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground
With terror and delight.
- 11 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad :
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the bulder God.

- 12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore and love.

WATTS.

HYMN 21. C. M.

The same.

- Father, how wide thy glories shine !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,
- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe ;
We love and we adore :
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue. WATTS.

HYMN 22. L. M.

The Holiness and Truth of God.

- Great God ! whose glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy ;
My lips in songs of honor bring
Their tribute to the eternal King.
- 2 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy ;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

- 3 Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith :
His truth inviolable keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

- 4 O tell me, with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice ;
Filled with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name. WATTS.

HYMN 23. L. M.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

- Great God ! our maker and our King,
Of thee we'll speak, of thee we'll sing :
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.
- 2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel ;
- 3 Thy terrors and thy acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored ;
- 4 While these create our fear and joy,
While these our tuneful lips employ,
Accept, O Lord ! the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue. BEDDOME.

HYMN 24. 8-7's. & 6's.

Divine Goodness.

- Good thou art, and good thou dost ;
Thy mercies reach to all ;
Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call :
New they every morning are :
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 Mercy o'er thy works presides ;
Thy providence displayed
Still preserves and still provides
For all thy hands have made ;
Keeps, with most distinguished care,
The man who on thy love depends ;
Watches every numbered hair,
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace —
Grace that gave thy only Son
To save a ruined race?
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven ;
Made them of thy favor sure,
And snatched from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more thou ready art
To save and to forgive :
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou wouldst receive.
Father, now accept of mine,
Which here through Christ I offer thee :
Tell me now in love divine
That thou hast pardoned me. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 25. C. M.

The same.

Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evils to remove,
And helps our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,
To every soul, abound :
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are ;
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 26. C. M.

The same.

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

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

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms :
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

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

5 Thy eyes behold, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

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

HYMN 27. 6-8's.

The mercy of God.

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation plain :
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me ;

While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

- 4 By faith I plunge me in this sea :
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee.
I look into my Saviour's breast :
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head ;
Though strength, and health, and friends
be gone ;
Though joys be withered all, and dead ;
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
Though earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love. J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 28. C. M.

The same.

- Great God, to me the sight afford
To him of old allowed ;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.
- 2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thy attributes proclaim ;
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.
- 3 The Lord, the mighty God thou art ;
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That favorite name of love.
- 4 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast ;
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
Which suits a sinner best.
- 5 Our misery does for pity call ;
Our sins implore thy grace ;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 29. L. M.

The same.

- What mean these jealousies and fears,
As if the Lord were loth to save,
Or loved to see us drenched in tears,
And sink with sorrow to the grave ?
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne
Or rules he with an iron rod ?
Loves he the deep, despairing groan ?
Is he a tyrant, or a God ?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought
So much his tender mercies grieve,
As this unkind, injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What though our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow through the pure ether borne !
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace, we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise ;
But was not thy beloved Son
A most amazing sacrifice ?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord ;
"No humble penitent shall die."
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercy try. STODDOR.

HYMN 30. C. M.

The Faithfulness of God.

- Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
Speak of some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his praise abroad :
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

- 5 He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretched abroad :
"Abraham, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abraham's God.
- 6 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
These gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

- 7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I'll trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

WATTS.

HYMN 31. L. M.

"All thy Works praise thee."

- To God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath your voices raise
In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
The ethereal heavens stretched o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate their Builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims abroad
The boundless goodness of our God.
- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires;
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night his praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears,
The harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man, endowed with greater powers,
His God in nobler strains adores,
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

STANLEY.

HYMN 32. L. M.

The Providence of God.

- God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul has led,

Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head —

- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Oft has the sea confessed thy power,
And given me back at thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden I found thee near to save;
The fever owned thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thy arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art,
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

C. WESLEY

HYMN 33. C. M.

The same.

- When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence those comforts flowed.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And brought me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 7 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face :
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My dally thanks employ :
Nor is the least a thankful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 9 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 10 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 11 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 34. C. M.

The same.

Almighty Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

ADDITION.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame,
Was thy indulgent care ;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays ;
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

STEEL.

HYMN 35. C. M.

The same.

- Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all !
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow their spirits down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou givest the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pains his servants feel ;
He hears his children cry :
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

Hark
"Glo

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the soul whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain ;
But none that serve the Lord shall say
They sought his aid in vain.

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his name abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

WATTS.

HYMN 36. C. M.

The Mysteries of Providence founded in Wisdom and Goodness.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

HYMN 37. L. M.

God our Portion in Adversity.

Should famine o'er the mournful field
Extend her desolating reign ;
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain :

2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
Around their famished master die ;
And hope itself, despairing, weep,
While life deploras its last supply :

3 Amid the dark, the dreadful scene,
If I can say, The Lord is mine !
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

4 The God of my salvation lives ;
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigor gives ;
Nor shall my glorious hope be vain.

5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die ;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

6 Oh, let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine ;
The barren desert shall rejoice :
'Tis paradise, if thou art mine !

SECTION II.

THE INCARNATION, ETC. ; OFFICES AND CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

HYMN 38. 8-7's.

The Birth of Christ.

Hark ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King !

"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God to sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late to come behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb!
 Velled in flesh, the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with men t' appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings;
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give immortal birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
 Fix in us thy humble home:
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed:
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
 Adam's likeness now efface;
 Stamp thy image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstatate us in thy love.

HYMN 39. C. M.

The Advent of Christ.

Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

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

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eyes oppressed with night,
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of his grace,
 To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name. DODDIDGE.

HYMN 40. 4-7's.

Paraphrase on Isaiah ix. 6.

Bright and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a child is born:
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh,
 Names most awful and most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
 The incarnate Deity;
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease;
 King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to Christ the homage meet,
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 41. 4-7's.

The Nativity of Christ.

Come, ye saints, this morn behold!
 Israel's Saviour — long foretold;
 Christ is born — Messiah comes!
 Bear the tidings to your homes.

2 Born on earth, a babe of years,
 Lo! the Son of God appears!
 Angel-minds revolve the plan,
 Where Jehovah stoops to man.

3 Salem, hear the glorious news!
 Your Messiah comes, ye Jews!
 Heralds, to the Gentiles cry,
 "Your salvation draweth nigh!"

4 Now o'er distant land and main,
 Swiftly flies the glorious strain:
 Hark! hosannas daily rise,
 From the ransomed to the skies.

5 Jesus! be thy name adored:
 God the Saviour — Christ the Lord!
 Lord, on earth thy will be done:
 Give the kingdoms to thy Son.

HYMN 42. L. M.

The Truth of Christ's Mission divinely attested

Behold, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus did the eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of his Son:
The Father vindicates his cause,
While Christ hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood:
He rises and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine. WATTS.

HYMN 43. C. M.

The Crucifixion of Christ.

Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

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

S. WESLEY, SEN.

HYMN 44. L. M.

The same.

Extended on a cursed tree,
Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this has done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart has known;
No guile has in thy lips been found.

3 I, I, alas! have done the deed:
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

5 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim?
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

6 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee:
Let all thy love and all thy grace
Grav'n on my heart for ever be.

J. WESLEY.

HYMN 45. L. M.

The same

Ye that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of grief condemned for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 O thou dear suffering Son of God,
How does thy heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood,
Help me to taste thy dying love.

3 At thy last gasp the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise.

4 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart.

5 My stony heart thy voice shall rent:
Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove:
My inmost bowels shall resent
The yearnings of thy dying love.

G. WESLEY.

HYMN 46. 8-7's & 6's.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan;
Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies,
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Redeemer dies.

2 O my Lord! he dies for me:
I feel the piercing smart;
See him hanging on the tree—
A sight that breaks my heart:
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him, ye pierced, and mourn
On him who bled for you.

3 Weep for your desire and hope,
With the humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above:
From our Head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worshipped as he was before,
The immortal King of heaven.

4 Lord, we bless thee for thy grace
And truth, which never fail;
Hastening to behold thy face,
Without a dreaming veil:
We shall see our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel-choirs to sing,
Our dear triumphant Lamb. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 47. 6-8's.

The Design of Christ's Death.

O love divine! what hast thou done?
The Lamb of God has died for me:
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The Prince of Life for me has died;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace;
Ours, see, was his ransom, your Saviour dies,
And my, was ever grief like his!

Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood;
Pardon and peace flow from his side:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream:
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 48. 6-8's.

The same.

Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he, then, on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by me they live."

2 Jesus descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve:
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quickening Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe, and wash them with my tears,
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
If I, even I, have mercy found!

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that flowed out me:
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 49.

The same.

- And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)
To suffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead ;
For man (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine ?
O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine. STEELE.

HYMN 50. 4-8's & 2-8's.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- The great Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead ;
And o'er our hellish foes
He raised his conquering head :
The guards around, in wild dismay,
Fell to the ground, and sank away.
- Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
They wing their way, and joyful come
From realms of day to Jesu's tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear :
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
" Jesus, who bled," their anthems say,
" Has left the dead — he rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which we dwell :
" Jesus, who bled" — transporting cry —
" Has left the dead, no more to die."
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God !
With thee we reign, with thee we rise,
And take our station in the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 51. 4-7's.

The same.

- Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens — and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming works are done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er !
Lo ! he sets in blood no more !
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall ;
Second life we now receive,
In our heavenly Adam live. C. WESLEY

HYMN 52. 4-8's & 2-8's.

The same.

- Jesus, who died a world ago,
Revives and rises from the tomb,
By his almighty power :
From sin, and death, and hell, set free,

He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour clothed in Majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansion he prepares,
And soon will take you home.

3 His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

4 O may we all from sin awake,
And all in heaven our places take
Near our exalted Head;
May all our souls to heaven aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To carnal pleasures dead!

HYMN 53. L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's throne he flies!
Cubub legion guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains.
Say, Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting,
And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

WATER.

HYMN 54. L. M.

Faith in a risen and exalted Saviour.

Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen with him indeed ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sin forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For, who by faith your Lord receive
Ye nothing seek or want beside:
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

G. W.

HYMN 55. L. M.

The Ascension of Christ.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Take ye up your keys of massy light,
And open wide the portals of the sky,
For Christ, the King of glory, is at hand,
To receive the King of Glory in.

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4 Who is this King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame:
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo; his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 56. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The Saviour glorified.

Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fall;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits on God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
Every bosom swell
With your seraphic joy:
Lift up your voice, again I say,
Rejoice, again I say, lift up your voice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up,
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 57. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The Offices of Christ.

Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 But oh! what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Does our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee.

3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our lips would sing thy name;
By thee the joyful news,
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
Thou guilty sinner seek
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 Thou great Almighty Lord!
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy love and grace we sing:
Thine is the power; O may we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet. WATTS.

HYMN 58. 6-7's.

The "Good Things" shadowed forth by the Law.

Prophet of the latter days,
Beaming with unfading rays:

Brightness of the Father's light ;
Image of his love and might ;
Fill my soul with purer awe
Than Mount Sinai's fiery law.

2 Sprinkle with thy paschal blood !
Lead me through each hostile flood ;
Sweeten Marah's bitter spring ;
O'er my path the manna fling ;
Broach the flint rock's crystal wave ;
Strongly succour, promptly save.

3 Soothe the passions of my breast,
Guide me toward the promised rest ;
Keep thy bleeding cross in sight,
Lifted o'er the shades of night ;
Bid me fear and doubt no more,
Till I land on Canaan's shore.

HYMN 59. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The Sacrifice and Intercession of Christ.

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my surety stands :
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead :
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary :
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me.
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry ;
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray —
His dear anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear :

He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry ! C. WHELEY.

HYMN 60. C. M.

The Priesthood of Christ.

Jesus, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt offering brought,
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

4 [Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race :
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.]

6 But Christ, by his own pow'ful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face :
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace. WATTS.

HYMN 61. L. M.

The same.

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears ;
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part,
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

HYMN 62. L. M.

Christ a King.

The Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given.
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain does Satan rage his hour;
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe;

4 Shall still the proud Philistine's voice,
Baffle the sons of unbelief;
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

5 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn;
Scatter thy foes, victorious King;
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing:

6 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of him who sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 63. C. M.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

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

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

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

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood.
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God;
Called us to reign with thee.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

WATTS

HYMN 64. C. M.

Christ the Object of Worship.

Come ye who love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crowned
With glories all divine!
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise;
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period, glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, the raptured lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

SYKES.

HYMN 65. L. M.

The Saviour glorified.

- Now let us raise our joyful eyes,
 Where Jesus reigns above the skies;
 Blessed object of our soul's esteem,
 Be every heart now fixed on him.
- 2 To him is our allegiance due,
 Our Captain and our Conqueror too;
 For us he once endured the cross,
 Expiring to redeem our loss.
- 3 He bore our sins, despised the shame,
 And, dying, all our foes o'ercame:
 'Twas the Redeemer's highest joy
 To save, wher' sin did once destroy.
- 4 See, he again from death revives!
 Ye saints, rejoice, our Jesus lives;
 Behold him leave the silent tomb,
 And robes of victory assume!
- 5 Behold him mount the shining way,
 That leads to everlasting day!
 He who for sinners once atoned,
 At God's right hand now sits enthroned.
- 6 Bright crowned with majesty and love,
 The gracious Saviour reigns above;
 His saints their grateful praises bring,
 And hail him universal King.

WATTS.

HYMN 66. L. M.

Christ a Prince and a Saviour.

- Exalted Prince of life, we own
 The royal honors of thy throne;
 'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
 The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;

Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
 And temper majesty divine.

- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
 Till all thy enemies obey;
 Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
 And conquer millions by its love.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 67. C. M.

The dimensions of Christ's Love.

- Infinite, unexhausted love!
 Jesus and love are one;
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrained to none.
- 2 Thy saving grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfined;
 From age to age it never ends,
 It reaches all mankind.
- 3 Throughout the world its breadth is known;
 Wide as infinity;
 So wide it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.
- 4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
 But far above the skies,
 Through Christ, abundantly forgiven,
 I see thy mercies rise.
- 5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
 What angel-tongue can tell?
 Oh, may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable!
- 6 Deeper than hell it plucked me thence;
 Deeper than inbred sin:
 Jesu's love my heart shall cleanse,
 When Jesus enters in.
- 7 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
 Come quickly from above;
 And raise me to perfection's height,
 The depth of humble love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 68. C. M.

Redeeming Love.

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

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and oh ! amazing love !
He ran to our relief.

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

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains ;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

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

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

WATTS.

HYMN 69. C. M.

The Foundation laid in Zion.

Behold the sure Foundation Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore his name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood ?
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

WATTS.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Christ our Example.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord !
I read my duty in thy word !
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters

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

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

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

WATTS.

HYMN 71. L. M.

The same.

And is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove.
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Where'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian's life.

3 Oh ! how benevolent and kind !
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

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

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
Oh, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah, how blind, how weak we are !
How frail, how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be :
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

STEELE.

HYMN 72. L. M.

The Captain of our Salvation.

- Jesus, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command ;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.
- 2 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led ;
Thou bidst me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.
- 3 I see an open door of hope :
Legions of sin in vain oppose :
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.
- 4 My Lord in my behalf appears ;
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the host of aliens fly.
- 5 Who can before my captain stand ?
Who is so great a King as mine !
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 73. P. M.

Christ and his Followers Triumphant.

- Hark ! how the gospel trumpet sounds ;
Through all the earth the echo bounds ;
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God ;
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.
- 2 Hail ! all-victorious conqu'ring Lord !
Be thou by all thy works adored ;
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign,
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest ye have won,
Then palms of victory ye shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.
- 4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine

To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move ;
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

HYMN 74. C. M.

The Prince of Peace.

- Let saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;
Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 2 Praise him who laid his glory by,
For man's apostate race ;
Praise him who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 3 Come, rebels, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease,
Immanuel for your Sovereign own,
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 4 We soon shall reach the blissful shore
To view his heavenly face—
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

HYMN 75. C. M.

Lord of all.

- All hail the power of Jesu's name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves us by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Or feel your sin and thrall ;

Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

HYMN 76. 4-6's & 2-8's.

Types of Christ.

Israel, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel, too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The Paschal Sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the want of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who could for sin atone,
Could have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head,
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipped in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea:
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,

The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age:
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me. COWPER

HYMN 77. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

There is no path to heavenly bliss,
No sold joy, no lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
O may we tread the sacred way;
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, our gracious Lord,
The Saviour just and true:
O may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

3 As he above for ever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine:
O may his Spirit in me dwell;
Then saved from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

HYMN 78 L.M.

It is finished.

'Tis finish'd!—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died:
'Tis finish'd!—yes, the race is run,
The battle's fought, the victory's won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heaven declared,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd!—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
The Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd!—this, his dying groan,
Shall sin of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this his last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoiled ;
Peace, love and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd !—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finish'd !—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

STENNETT.

HYMN 79. C.M.

The Valley of Achor.

Awake our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail ;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd :
The buildings strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door ;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may his grace the nations lead !
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 80. L.M.

Christ the Way.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon :
His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not :
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;

Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo ! glad I come : and thou, bless'd Lamb !
Shall take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin to thee I give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found :
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God !

CENNIC.

HYMN 81. 4-7's.

Christ the living Vine.

Son of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want ;
Living Vine, thy influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without thee, and die ;
Weak as helpless infancy—
O confirm my soul in thee.

3 Unsustained by thee, I fall ;
Send the strength for which I call :
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend ;
Love me, save me to the end :
Give me the continuing grace ;
Take the everlasting praise.

C. WEBLEY.

HYMN 82, 8-7's & 6's.

The Believer's Dependence on Christ.

To the haven of thy breast,
O Son of God, I fly :
Be my refuge and my rest,
For, oh ! the storm is high.
Save me from the furious blast :
A covert from the tempest be :
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace !

O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade.
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been ;
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin.
Oh ! how swiftly didst thou move,
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun ;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun ;
Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
Till thou, the abiding Spirit, breathe —
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Filled me with thy righteousness,
And sealed me heir of heaven :
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 83. L.M.

The Great Physician.

O God, to whom in flesh revealed,
The helpless all for succour came,
The sick to be relieved and healed,
And found salvation in thy name.

2 My sin's incurable disease,
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal ;
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

3 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean ;
Purge the foul in-bred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

4 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart ;

Thou canst, this instant, now forgive,
And stamp thy image on my heart.

5 Be it according to thy word ;
Accomplish now thy work in me ;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 84. L.M.

The same.

O thou, whom once they flocked to hear —
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel —
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have ;
But I am sick, and want thy aid,
And wait thy utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure ;
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies
(And long hath languished) at the pool,
A word of thine shall make it rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Make this the acceptable hour :
Come, O my soul's Physician, thou !
Display in me thy saving power,
And show me thy salvation now.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 85. L.M.

The same.

Jesus, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exalts to hear ;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music to a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind ;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Healed the diseased, and cured the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every-place and age the same ?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name ?

- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have ;
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now my soul to save,
Art willing to restore me now.
- 5 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess —
In pardon, Lord, the cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.
- 6 That token of thy utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow ;
Sprinkle my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 86. C.M.

Miracles of Grace.

- Jesus, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat :
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper, at thy feet.
- 3 Loathsome, and foul, and self-aborred,
I sink beneath my sin :
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.
- 4 Thou seest me deaf to thy command ;
Open, O Lord, my ear ;
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,
And lift it up in prayer.
- 5 Silent (alas ! thou know'st how long),
My voice I cannot raise ;
But oh ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 6 Lame at the pool I still am found ;
Give, and my strength employ ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound ;
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 7 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within :
The love of God I cannot see —
The sinfulness of sin.

- 8 But thou, they say, art passing by ;
O let me find thee near !
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear !
- 9 Long have I waited in the way
For thee the heavenly light—
Command me to be brought, and say,
“Sinner, receive thy sight.”

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 87. C.M.

The same.

- While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning spirit give ;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.
- 2 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am :
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's name.
- 3 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man ;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.
- 4 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need ;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 5 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have ;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 6 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul ;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain
Thy grace shall make me whole.
- 7 I too with thee, shall walk in white :
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 88. I.M.

Spiritual Maladies healed by Christ.

- Ye mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes :

Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

- 1 To eyes long closed in mental night,
Strangers to all the joys of sight,
His word imparts a blissful ray :
Sweet morning of a heavenly day.
- 2 That hand divine, which can assuage
The burning fever's restless rage--
That hand omnipotent and kind,
Can heal the fever of the mind.
- 4 Nor shall the leper hopeless lie
Beneath the great Physician's eye :
Sin's greater power his word controls--
That fatal leprosy of souls.
- 5 Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand :
Diseases fly at thy command :
O let thy sovereign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to every heart.

HYMN 89. 8-7's.

Christ a Shepherd.

- Happy soul, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms :
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?
Jesus does his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care :
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.
- 2 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep :
Bring me back, and lead, and keep :
Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me on thy bosom, bear ;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice ;
More and more of thee receive ;
Ever in thy Spirit live,
 - 3 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below :
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above :
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand !
Take the crown so freely given ;
Enter in by thee to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 90. 8-8's.

The same.

- Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art :
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah ! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode.
Where saints in an extasy gaze
And hang on their crucified Lord :
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree ;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

C. WESLEY

HYMN 91. C. M.

Paraphrase on the 23rd Psalm.

- My Shepherd will supply my need ;
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
 - 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
 - 4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Does still my table spread :
My cup with blessings overflows ;
Thy oil anoints my head.
 - 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days :
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise !
 - 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come ;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

WATTS.

HYMN 92. L. M.

Communion bewails Christ and the Soul.

Jesus my mourning soul does lead,
And tells me where my faith must feed :
Straight I behold his love divine,
And hear him whisper — "I AM THINE."

2 "I am thy rock, thy hiding-place —
Come, view the riches of my grace :
On me I took thy guilt and shame,
Obeyed, and suffered in thy name.

3 "Twas for thy sins — it was for thee,
I hung upon the accursed tree :
Come, feast upon my bleeding love,
And let my grace thy grief remove."

4 My mourning now shall turn to praise.
I'll sing the wonders of his grace :
Awake, my soul, my heart, and tongue,
And praise him in a grateful song.

5 How sweet the pastures where I rove !
How rich the fruits of Jesu's love !
Here would my soul for ever stay ;
No more, my Shepherd, let me stray.

6 Lord, let me never change my place
Till I behold thee face to face ;
And when I join the sinless throng,
Wonder and love shall tune my song.

HYMN 93. L. M.

Longing for Fellowship with Christ and his Saints.

Thou, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where does thy sweetest pasture grow ?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep. WATTS.

HYMN 94. C. M.

The Water of Life.

At Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer :
Samaritan's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2 This had she known, her thirst to quench,
For richer draughts had she been sent,
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 This ancient well (no glass so true)
Our nation's image shows :
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows ?

4 Yet Britain must this Stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore,
Behold the living waters flow —
Come, drink, and thirst no more.

HYMN 95. 10's & 11's.

The Freedom and Fullness of the Grace of Christ.

O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near ;
He utters a cry — ye sinners give ear !
From hell to retrieve you he spreads out his hands,
Now, now to receive you, he graciously stands

2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me ;
May drink of my Spirit (excepted is none),
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

3 Whoever receives the life giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord,
In him a pure river of life shall arise —
Shall in the believer spring up to the skies,

4 My God and my Lord ! thy call I obey,
My soul on thy word of promise I stay ;
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace ;
Athirst for salvation — salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, send down from above
The Spirit of power, of health, and of love ;
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace ;
Of wisdom and prayer, of joy and of praise.

6 The Spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, and brings
us to God,
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain that washes us clean.

HYMN 96. 4-8's & 2-8's.

Christ a Saviour.

Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind :
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus ! transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven :
No other help is found
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have ;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And 's from sin set free ;
'Tis music to his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

4 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole ;
See there my Lord upon the tree ;
I hear — I feel he died for me.

5 O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race !
What shall I do to make that known
Which thou for all mankind has done ?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call ;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all :
For all my Lord was crucified.
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 97. C. M.

The same.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;

The glories of my God and King ;
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace,

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf ! his praise, ye dumb !
Your loosens'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind ! behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame ! for joy. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 98. C. M.

The same.

Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky !
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given !
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into helpless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace !
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might every bosom move !
Fly, sinners, fly, into those arms
Of everlasting love.

6 Happy, if, with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name ;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold, behold the Lamb ! "

C. WESLEY

D

HYMN 99. L. M.

The Atonement of Christ.

Jesus, thy grace and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through thee I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever does for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid —
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then; this shall be all my plea,
Jesus has lived, has died for me.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 100. 6-8's.

The All-Sufficiency of Christ.

Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine:
And, lo! from sin, and grief and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain :
The medicine of my broken heart ;
In war my peace, in loss my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

4 In want my plentiful supply;
In weakness my almighty power ;
In bonds my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour :
In grief my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

C. WESLEY

HYMN 101. L. M.

The same.

Buried in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light :
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing — the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give endless praise, O Lord, to thee.

WATTS

HYMN 102. L. M.

Jesus seeks and saves the Lost.

Come, let us now unite to raise
A song of joyful, humble praise,
Who nothing have whereof to boast,
But — Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

2 Let his dear name for ever be
Our daily and our earnest plea;
While in him we for all things trust,
Who came to seek and save the lost.

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C. WESLEY

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WATTS

L. M.

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3 Come then, poor souls, who long have been
 The slaves of Satan and of sin,
 Throw down your arms, desert his host,
 For Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

4 His blood shall cleanse you, and his love
 Safe bring you to the world above ;
 Though great the work, and dear the cost,
 Yet Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

5 Soon shall the storms be all blown o'er,
 And you shall reach the heavenly shore,
 And sing with all the ransomed host,
 That Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

HYMN 103. L. M.

Salvation through Christ.

● Of Him who did salvation bring,
 I could for ever think and sing:
 Arise, ye guilty! he'll forgive:
 Arise, ye needy! he'll rellove.

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

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

4 Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
 All heaven does with thy triumphs ring;
 Thou conquerest all, beneath, above,
 Devils by force, and men by love.

HYMN 104. C. M.

The same.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

[Glory, honor, praise and power
 Be unto the Lamb forever!
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer —
 Hallelujah! — Praise ye the Lord!]

WATTS.

HYMN 105. C. M.

The Infinite Excellence of Christ.

Infinite excellence is thine,
 Thou lovely Prince of Grace;
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
 Come bending at thy feet;
 To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
 In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
 Delights the church around:
 Sweetly the sacred odors spread
 Through all immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
 On thy exhaustless store;
 From thee they all their bliss receive,
 And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy,
 They find their all in thee;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ
 Through all eternity. PAWCETT.

HYMN 106. 8-7's & 6's.

The Knowledge of Christ Crucified.

Vain delusive world adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood:
 All my pleasures I forego,
 I trample on my wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain;
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-aton'g victim died;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end:
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend —
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 107. L. M.

The Cross of Christ.

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

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

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

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

WATTS.

HYMN 108. 8's & 7's.

The same.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend:
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;

Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Flowing from his languid eye:
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 - While upon the Lamb I gaze:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constantly in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy that feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go:
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

R. ROBINSON

HYMN 109. L. M.

Ashamed of Jesus!

Jesus, and can it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise?
 Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus? — sooner, far,
 Let evening blush to own her star:
 Ashamed of Jesus? — just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon.

3 Ashamed of Jesus? — of that Friend
 On whom my heavenly hopes depend?
 It must not be — be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name,

4 Ashamed of Jesus? — yes, I may,
 When I've no sins to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then (nor is the boasting vain) —
 Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain:
 And, oh! may this my portion be,
 That Saviour's not ashamed of me.

GREENG.

SECTION III.

THE CHARACTERS AND INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

HYMN 110. P. M.

The Day of Pentecost.

Let songs of praises fill the sky!
 Christ, our ascended Lord,
 Sends down his Spirit from on high,
 According to his word:
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost !

2 The Spirit of his heavenly breath
 New life creates within:
 He quickens sinners from the death
 Of trespasses and sin:
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost!

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
 And shows them unto men;
 The fallen soul his temple makes,
 God's image stamps again:
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost !

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thy celestial fire;
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire:
 Be this our day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost ! COTTERILL.

HYMN 111. 6-8's.

Deity and Work of the Holy Spirit.

Spirit of Truth, essential God,
 Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
 And touch our hallow'd lips with fire;
 Our God from all eternity,
 World without end we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
 Whose presence fills both earth and heav'n,
 The meaning of the written word
 Is by thy inspiration given;
 Thou only dost thyself explain
 The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come then Divine Interpreter,
 The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
 And, taught by thee, we God revere,
 Him, in Three persons, magnify,
 In each the Triune God adore
 Who was, and is for evermore. C. WHELEY.

HYMN 112. L. M.

The Guidance of the Holy Spirit:

Come gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From every sin and hurtful snare:
 Lead to thy word that rules must give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose the way:
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
 That we must take to dwell with God:
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his pasture stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
 Lead us to heaven the seat of bliss,
 Where pleasure in perfection is. BROWN.

HYMN 113. L. M.

Living Water.

- Bless'd Spirit, source of grace divine,
 What soul refreshing streams are thine!
 O bring these healing waters nigh,
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die!
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
 More needs the current to obtain,
 Nor to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, Celestial Fountain, spring,
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer the thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side
 Through all the desert gently glide;
 Then in Immanuel's land above
 Spread to a sea of joy and love.

HYMN 114. S. M.

The Spirit of Faith.

- Spirit of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood to apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 Who did for every sinner die,
 Has surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood:
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 Thou art my Lord, my God!
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his name:
 The grace which all may find
 The saving power impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

- 4 Inspire the living faith,
 Which whoso'er receives,
 The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes:
 The faith that conquers all,
 And does the mountains move,
 And saves whoso'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 115. C. M.

The Witness of the Spirit.

- Why should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter descend and bring
 The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood;
 And bear thy witness with my heart
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love:
 The pledge of joys to come:
 May thy blessed wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home. WATTS.

HYMN 116. 6-8's.

The Spirit of Prayer.

- Jesus, thou Sovereign Lord of all,
 The same through one eternal day,
 Attend thy feeblest follower's call,
 And, oh! instruct us how to pray;
 Pour out the supplicating grace,
 And stir us up to seek thy face,
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
 We cannot feel a good desire,
 Till thou who call'dst a world from nought,
 The power into our hearts inspire:
 And then we in thy Spirit groan;
 And then we give thee back thy own.
- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
 Of all thy tempted followers here:
 And now supply the common want,
 And send us down the Comforter:

The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our all-prevailing plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer:
The promised intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come, in thy pleading spirit, down
To us, who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Induige us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 117. 6-8's.

The Comforter and Sanctifier.

I want the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
More vigorous as the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast:
And make my soul his blessed abode—
The temple of indwelling God.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire;
Nor let thy former gifts be vain.
I cannot rest in sins forgiven:
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel—
The signature of love divine:

O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 118. 6-7's.

The same.

Father, glorify thy Son,
Answer his prevailing prayer:
Send the Holy Spirit down,
Send us now the Comforter:
Whom believingly we claim—
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

2 Him the world cannot receive,
Him they neither see nor know;
Blind in unbelief they live;
All his inward work below,
All his inspirations deem
Foolish as a madman's dream.

3 But we know by faith, and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace;
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
With us, when unseen, he stays:
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flows from him alone.

4 Yet, alas! we cannot rest,
Heiped with an external guide,
Till the transitory guest
Enter, and in us abide:
Give him, Lord, thy Spirit give,
In us constantly to live.

5 Wilt thou not the promise seal?
True and gracious as thou art:
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart:
Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
Jesus said—It shall be so. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 119. 6-8's.

The Holy Spirit a Sanctifier.

Father of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove;
Thou hast, in honor of thy son,
Thou gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

- 2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the great salvation known:
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood t'apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.
- 3 So shall we pray, and never cease;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power and love:
With joy unshakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above.
- 4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain;
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 120. C. M.

The Quickening Spirit.

- Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord I and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 121. 6-8's.

Thirsting for Divine Influence.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest:
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

- 2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, for ever give;
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.
- 3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art:
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart;
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give;
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers thy influence feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal.

C. WESLEY.

SECTION IV.

THE APOSTACY OF MAN.

HYMN 122. C. M.

The Fallen State of Man.

Bless'd with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father stood;

Till he debased his soul in sense,
And ate the unlawful food.

- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God I renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts:
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 123. C. M.

Man Enslaved by Sin.

Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good,
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.

2 Trembling we taste: for, ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead;
Changed, they exert a baleful power,
And poison while they feed.

3 Cursed, for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

4 Grovelling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal;

Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

5 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give:
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live

6 Turn the full stream of nature's tide,
Let all our actions tend
To thee their source, thy love the guide;
Thy glory be the end

7 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be,
Sense shall point out the road:
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God. C. WESLEY

HYMN 124. C. M.

Sin Universal.

When Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness, and death, and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 Corruption flows through all their veins:
Our moral beauty's gone;
The gold has fled, the dross remains;
O sin! what hast thou done?

3 Jesus, reveal thy pard'ning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding-place
Where ruined souls can flee. BEDDOME.

PART II.

SECTION I.

DEATH.

HYMN 125. C. M.

God Eternal, Man mortal.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home—

Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;

Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home. WATTS.

HYMN 126. C. M.

The Frailty of Human Life.

Thee we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around.
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God. WATTS.

HYMN 127. S. M.

Death and Eternity.

And am I born to die, ³
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown —
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That rends my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or numbered with the bless'd?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else — depart to hell.

5 O thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who didst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery,
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyself the way —
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will;

So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 128. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The same.

- And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains —
Celestial joys or hellish pains,
To all eternity?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind relieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble and prepare
Against that fatal day.
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath.
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;
How make my own election sure,
And, when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray:
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness:
A! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 129. L. M.

Prayer for Comfort in Death.

- Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet,
I shall soon resign my fleeting breath,
And die my fathers' God to meet.
- 2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me.
- 3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body, with my charge, lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And certify that thou art mine;
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesu's presence cheers.
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 130. L. M.

The Frailty of Life.

- The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

S. WESLEY, JUN.

HYMN 131. L. M.

The Shortness of Time.

Almighty maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

STEELE.

HYMN 132. C. M.

The Death of the Righteous.

Lord when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes and looks divine,
Smiling, and pleased in death —

2 We could be e'en content to lay
Our limbs upon that bed,
And ask thy envoy to convey
Our spirit in his stead.

3 Jesus, then purge my crimes away;
'Tis guilt creates my fears —
'Tis guilt gives Death his fierce array,
And all the harm he bears

4 O! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And Death had lost his sting,
I would invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

5 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

WATTS.

HYMN 133. C. M.

Christ saves from the fear of Death.

When Death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him Death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above;
He met the tyrant's dart,
And (O amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 Lord, I commit my soul to thee;
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of mine,
And watch my sleeping dust.

5 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honors of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With — Glory to the Lamb.

O let me join the raptured lays,
And, with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power and praise,
In everlasting song!

HYMN 134. C. M.

Happiness of Dying in the Lord.

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
How kind their slumbers are:
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord :
The labors of their mortal life
End in a great reward.

WATTS.

WATTS.

HYMN 135. 8's & 7's.

The Believer's Triumph over Death.

Happy soul, thy days are ended —
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest;
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain:
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer with thy Lord to reign. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 136. P. M.

The same.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

- 2 Hark ! they whisper—angels say,
" Sister Spirit, come away !"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lead, lend your wings; I mount, I fly !
O grave where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

FOPE.

HYMN 137. 8-8's.

The Christian's Gain by Death.

Rejoice for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from his bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

- 2 Our brother the haven has gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he has sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the bless'd shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath:
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 138. 8-7's.

The same.

Blessing, honor, thanks and praise
Pay we, gracious God, to thee ;
Thou, in thy abundant grace,
Givest us the victory:
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son;
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight has won.

- 2 Lo ! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God:
Lo ! the pain of life is past ;
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast;
Grief and suffering are no more.

E

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run;
 Ended is the glorious strife;
 Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallowed up of life.
 Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies;
 Finds his God, and sits and sings,
 Triumphant in Paradise!

4 Join we then with one accord,
 In the new, the joyful song;
 Absent from our loving Lord,
 We shall not continue long:
 We shall quit the house of clay;
 We a better lot shall share;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 Meet our happy brother there. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 139. 8-7's.

The same.

Hark! a voice divides the sky—
 Happy are the faithful dead,
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed;
 Them the Spirit has declared
 Blest, unutterably blest;
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works they go
 Where their Head is gone before;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace has opened mercy's door;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
 Of a saint in Christ deceased?
 Let the world, who know us not,
 Call us hopeless and unblest'd:
 When from flesh the soul is free,
 Hastens homeward to return,
 Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
 Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
 They our happy brother greet—
 Bear him to the throne of love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet;

Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
 Good and faithful servant thou!
 Enter and receive thy crown,
 Reign with me triumphant now."

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 140. 6-8's.

Faith in Jesus the Antidote of Death.

Let reason vainly boast her power,
 To teach her children how to die,
 The sinner in a dying hour,
 Needs more than reason can supply;
 A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
 Alone can cheer him in the end.

2 When nature sinks beneath disease,
 And every earthly hope is fled,
 What then can give the sinner ease,
 And fill with peace his dying bed?
 Jesus, thy word his heart can cheer,
 He's bless'd, e'en then, if thou art near.

3 The gospel free salvation brings,
 And Jesus is the gospel theme;
 In death, the pardoned sinner sings,
 And triumphs in the Saviour's name;
 O death, where is thy sting? they cry,
 O grave, where is thy victory?

4 Ah! let me die the death of those
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood,
 Who on his faithfulness repose;
 And know indeed that he is God;
 Then round his throne we all shall meet,
 And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

HYMN 141. 2-6's & 4-7's.

Death of a youthful Believer.

Again we lift our voice,
 And shout our solemn joys.
 Cause of highest rapture this,
 Raptures that shall never fail:
 See, a soul escaped to bliss;
 Keep the Christian festival.

2 And shall we mourn to see
 Our fellow-prisoner free—
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 In the haven of the skies?
 Can we weep to see the tears
 Wiped for ever from his eyes!

3 No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquered death,
Thou art crowned with life and love.

4 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leaped the bounds of time,
Suddenly from earth released;
Lo! We now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

5 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share,
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Now prepare, and take us now. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 142. 8-8's.

Death of a pious Widow.

Give glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass his throne:
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone!
The winter of trouble is past;
The storms of affliction are o'er:
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul has o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky;
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die:
Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their holy abode;
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 Behold! what a triumph is there,
Where all in his praises agree—
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see:
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the extasy join),
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

4 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise;
When lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face:
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great;
But lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 143. C. M.

Death of a Minister.

Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart:
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 144. L. M.

The Dying Sinner and the Dying Saint.

What scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

HYMNS.

- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
Death strikes the blow; he groans and dies,
And in despair and horror flies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;
His soul is filled with conscious peace;

- A steady faith subdues his fear,
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last. FAWCETT.

SECTION II.

THE RESURRECTION.

HYMN 145. C. M.

Resurrection of the Saints.

- How long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust.
- 2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades!
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room;
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing. WATTS.

HYMN 146. C. M.

Resurrection anticipated.

- Great God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour comes!
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh;
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise. WATTS.

SECTION III.

HYMN 147. S. M.

The Judgment.

- And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came!"
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 148. L. M.

The same.

- Behold! the Judge, the Saviour comes!
The trumpet wakes the rising dead;
His throne of judgment he assumes,
O'er the wide earth the summons spread.

- 2 Lo! all assembled at his bar!
Now every eye must Jesus see;
Proud unbelievers must appear,
That fain would from his presence flee.
- 3 All who have pierced him too shall come;
Now hardened hearts begin to fall,
For each must hear his righteous doom,
And all the ungodly race shall wail.
- 4 "Hide us, ye mountains," hark! they cry,
"From him that sits upon the throne;
Shield us from his all-piercing eye,
And from his more tremendous frown."
- 5 Now dawns the awful day of wrath;
The hour of vengeance is at hand,
Which dooms the guilty souls to death;
And who may in his presence stand?
- 6 The saints alone at that dread hour,
With joy and triumph lift their head;
While at his sight whom they adore,
The earth, the sea, the skies are fled.

HYMN 149. P. M.

The same.

- Day of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee!

4 Horrors past imagination
 Will surprise thy trembling heart,
 When thou hear'st thy condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
 Thou with Satan
 And his angels, have thy part."

5 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved, and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
 See the kingdom I bestow!
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise,
 Swiftly God's great day approaches;
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise:
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze! NEWTON.

HYMN 150. C. M.

1 Prospect of the Judgment leading to Repentance.

When rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I view my Maker face to face,
 Oh! how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 Mercy may be sought,
 My soul with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought.

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh! how shall I appear!

4 Oh! may my broken, contrite heart,
 Timely my sins lament;
 And early with repentant tears,
 Eternal woes prevent!

ADDISON.

HYMN 151. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The Wise Virgins summoned to meet the Marriage Bridegroom.

Ye virgin souls, arise!
 With all the dead awake!
 Unto salvation wise,
 O! in your vessels take:

Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes, he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are:
 Made ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend;
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
 To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit lived,
 Obedient to his love,
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above you angel powers
 In glorious joy to live;
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear,
 The trumpet's welcome sound:
 To see our Lord appear,
 Watching let us be found;
 When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
 Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 152. 7's & 6's.

Waiting for Christ's coming to Judgment.

Hearken to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry!
 Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the Bridegroom nigh!
 Lo! he comes to keep his word,
 Light and joy his looks impart;
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet him in your heart.

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- 2 Wait ye all in patient hope,
Till Christ the Judge shall come :
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom :
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.
- 3 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come :
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home :
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dare meet his day?
Rise, and come to judgment—Lord,
We rise and come away. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 153. S. M.

Preparation for the Judgment.

- Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day.
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- Oh ! may we thus be found
Obedient to his word ;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
Oh ! may we all insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 154. L. M.

The Judgment described.

He comes ! he comes ! the judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near :

His lightnings flash, his standards roll ;
How welcome to the faithful soul !

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound :
See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High !
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 155. L. M.

The same.

- The great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead ;
The earth no more her slain conceal ;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness ;
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed ;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down :
By love, above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting crown.

HYMN 150. 4-8's & 2-6's.

A Prayer for Meekness against the Judgment Day.

- Thou God of glorious majesty, |
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry;
 A half-awakened child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand
 Secure, insensible :
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God! my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss t' insure ;
 Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above —
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 157. C. M.

The Day of Vengeance.

Woe to the men on earth who dwell,
 Nor heed the Almighty's frown,
 Who scorn with all his wrath reveal,
 His judgments down.

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers ;
 To meet your God prepare :
 For, lo! the seventh angel pours
 His vial on the air.

3 Who, then, shall live and see the throne,
 And face the Judge severe ?
 When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
 Oh! where shall I appear ?

4 Now, only now, against that hour
 We may a place provide ;
 Beyond the grave, beyond the power
 Of hell, our spirits hide.

5 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
 May view the fatal scene ;
 For, lo! the everlasting Rock
 Is cleft to take us in. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 158. P. M.

The Second Advent.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain :
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumphs of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears ;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshippers :
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars !

4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thy own :
 Jah! Jehovah !
 Everlasting God, come down! OLIVER.

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HYMN 159. 6-8's.

The Harvest of the World.

- This is the field, the world below,
In which the Sowers came to sow,—
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares;
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Most awful truth!—and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Is every man the wheat or tare?
Then for the harvest, O prepare!
For soon, &c.

- 3 To love my sins, a saint to appear—
To grow with wheat, and be a tare,
May serve me whilst on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow,
But soon, &c.
- 4 But all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom then shall see;
Shine like the sun for ever there:
He that hath ears then let him hear;
For soon, &c.

SECTION IV.

HEAVEN.

HYMN 160. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Christian Pilgrim.

- How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine;
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love,
Blessed with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

- 5 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come—thy servant, Lord, replies—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end—
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast! J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 161. 8-8's.

Desiring to be with Christ.

- I long to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed his abode;
Oh! when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?
- 2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus has spoken the word;
The breadth of Immortal's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;

C. WESLEY.

P. M.

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But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find—
My heaven of heavens in thee.

- 3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above ;
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me,
Forgiveness and holiness give ;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 162. 6-8's.

Travelling to a Heavenly Country.

- Leader of faithful souls, and guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe ;
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light ;
Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find :
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven—

That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

- 6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed ;
The church of the First-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God :
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 163. 8-8's.

Anticipation of Heaven.

- Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home :
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come :
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem near ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear :
Irrevoably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever has stood ;
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.
- 3 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night ;
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light :
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo ! by reflection they shine ;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.
- 4 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward :
In Jesus, in heaven they live—
They reign in the smile of the Lord :
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face ;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 164. S. M.

Assurance of Immortal Happiness.

We know, by faith we know,
If this our house of clay,
This tabernacle sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made by mortal hands:
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
The heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored;
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 O let us put on Thee,
In perfect holiness;
And rise prepared thy face to see.
Thy bright unclouded face;
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 165. 8-7's.

The State of Glorified Saints.

What are these arrayed in white.
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying Lord.

Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow.
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
And God resides among his own—
God does in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more.
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne does reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed—
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountain lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 166. 8-8's.

Longing for Heaven.

The thirsty are called to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And, drawn by the power of his word,
The promise I know is for me;
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the spirit of love;
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come in the spirit of prayer,
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory to share:
To drink the pure river of bliss,
With life everlasting o'erflowed;
Implunged in the crystal abyss,
And lost in the ocean of God. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 167. C. M.

Title to Heaven.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest:
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.

HYMN 168. C. M.

The Joys of Heaven.

- Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Then to the shining seats of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.
- 3 Pleasures unsullied flourish there,
Beyond the reach of time;
Nor blooming Eden smiled so fair,
In all her flowery prime.
- 4 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 5 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 6 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 7 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

STEELE.

HYMN 169. C. M.

Indifference to Heavenly Things lamented.

How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes —

Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

- 3 Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades;
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades —

- 4 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

- 5 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

- 6 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

STEELE.

HYMN 170. C. M.

Canaan a Type of Heaven.

- There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes —

- 1 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore. WATTS.

HYMN 171. C. M.

The House not made with Hands.

- There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high :
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall :
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come :
Faith lives upon his word :
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see :
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee. WATTS.

HYMN 172. C. M.

The Family in Heaven and Earth.

- Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joys celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him —
One church above, beneath —
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

- 3 What numbers to their endless home
This solemn moment fly !
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

- 4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those who went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore. C. WHEAT.

HYMN 173. C. M.

Heaven ardently desired.

- Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode :
I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknowna.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen —
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear,
The adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the Eternal All.
- 6 There I would rise with all the host
In duty and in bliss ;
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess.

WATTS.

HYMNS.

HYMN 174. L. M.

The Worship of Heaven.

- Oh! for a sweet, inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains;
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall.
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise;
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 There all the fav'rites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh! may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face. STEELE.

HYMN 175. L. M.

The same.

- Descend from heaven, immortal Love,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of our King.

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

WATTS.

HYMN 176. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Heavenly Choir.

Oh! might I with thy saints aspire
The meanest of thy dazzling choir
Who chant thy praise above!
Mix'd with the bright musician band,
May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love!

2 What extasy of bliss is there,
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than extasy, when all,
Struck to the golden pavement, fall
At Jesu's glorious voice!

3 Jesus! the heaven of heaven he is;
The soul of harmony and bliss!
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.

4 Oh! might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three-One!
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

HYMN 177. C.M.

Heaven contemplated.

Oh! what has Jesus bought for me?
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

2 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb ;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable name.

4 Oh ! what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet !

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN 178. C. M.

The Heavenly Canaan.

On Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruit that never fails
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place
And be for ever blessed ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless, I'd launch away.

HYMN 179. 8-7's & 6's.

Aspiring to Heaven.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove—
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So, a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face !
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn !
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, then, you know
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

GANNICK.

SECTION V.

HELL.

HYMN 180. L. M.

The Terrors of Hell.

With holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore—
Reverence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod ;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

4 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son ;
Sinner, obey the Saviour's call ;
Else thy damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait thy fall. WATTS.

HYMN 181. C. M.

A Lost Soul.

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead ;

What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed !

2 Linger about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay ;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends,
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself for ever lost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains—
Tortured with keen despair, they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones ;
Nor the compassion of a God !
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love. WATTS.

PART III.

SECTION I.

PRAISE—GENERAL.

HYMN 182. 6-8's.

" While I live and have being will I praise the
Lord."

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath—
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath—
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures. WATTS.

HYMN 183. 8-7's.

Providential Mercies and Gracious Helps.

Meet and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace ;
God, whose mercies are bestowed
On the evil and the good :
He prevents his creatures' fall,
Kind and merciful to all ;
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.

- 2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see :
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led ;
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live.

- 3 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevoured we yet remain ;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God !
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the Refiner's fire ;
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

- 4 Jesu's name, in Satan's hour,
Stands our adamant tower ;
Jesus does his own defend,
Love and save us to the end —
Love shall make us persevere,
Till our conquering Lord appear ;
Bear us to the thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

C. WHELEY.

HYMN 184. L. M.

Paraphrase on Psalm lxxiii. 1—8

- O God, my God ! my all thou art,
Ere shines the dawn of rising day
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.
- 2 For thee my thirsty soul does pant,
While in this desert land I live ;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ —
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 4 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away ;
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Hourly, with lifted hands, I'll pay.
- 5 In all I do I feel thy aid,
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidst my heart be glad,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.

- 6 My soul draws nigh, and cleaves to thee
Then let or earth or hell assail ;
Thy mighty hand shall set me free,
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail
J. WHELEY

HYMN 185. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Temporal and Spiritual Benefits.

Let every tuneful accent rise
To Him that rules the earth and skies,
The Infinite Unknown !
His goodness shines around the sphere
And richly crowns the rolling year,
With blessings from his throne.

- 2 'Tis he ordains the blooming spring,
Her softest, sweetest charms to bring,
And wear her lovely dress —
'Tis he that clothes the fertile vale,
Bids fragrance breathe in every gale,
The rural scene to bless.

* Translated from the Spanish.

3 But he has richer gifts in store,
For which our grateful hearts adore
The Source of every good—
He gives us, rebels lost in sin,
Pardon, and peace, and life divine,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

4 When destitute of help and hope,
His sovereign mercy raised us up,
And snatch'd us from despair ;
So free, so boundless is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And soon shall bring us there.

HYMN 186. S. M.

God the Preserver of his People.

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our king—
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known. WATTS.

HYMN 187. L. M.

God is Light.

Praise to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright ;
His presence fills the worlds above,
The unchanging Source of light and love.

2 Our rising world his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veill'd ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all the earth was spread :

Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigor shine,
On this benighted soul of mine ;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld,

6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
The radiant image shall display ;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 188. L. M.

Man under special Obligations to praise God.

There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love and power.

2 The birds that rise on quivering wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise ;
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general chorus raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute, 'midst nature's loud acclaim ?
No ! let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine :
Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;
But, matchless proof of love divine,
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

5 The Saviour left his heavenly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give ;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And stoop'd to die that I might live.

6 Due thanks and praise for love so great
No mortal tongue can e'er express ;
Then let me, bowed before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

HYMN 189. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Creator praised by his Works.

- Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise
To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
While all the adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing :
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God ;
Ye thunders, speak his power :
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph walks the eternal King ;
The astonish'd worlds adore.

- 4 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound
The general burst of joy

OGILVIE.

SECTION II.

PRAISE : TO THE FATHER.

HYMN 190. L. M.

The Divine Sovereignty.

- Father of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame ;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same !
- 2 Thou, by thy word, upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd :
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.
- 3 In heaven thou reign'st, enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread :
Earth, air and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

- 4 Wisdom, and might, and love are thine ;
Prostrate before thy face we fall ;
Confess thy attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.
- 5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That move in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye.
- 6 All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 191. . . P. M.

The God of Abraham.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love !
Jehovah, Great I AM !
By earth and heaven confess'd :
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd,

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :
'Tid all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power,

And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways :
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God :
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself has sworn ;
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

OLIVER.

SECTION III.

PRAISE : TO THE SON.

HYMN 192. 2-6's & 4-7's.

Deity and Incarnation of Christ.

Arise, my soul, arise :
Thy Saviour's sacrifice—
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself has joined,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

2 Hail ! everlasting Lord,
Divine, Incarnate Word !
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim :
Help, ye angel choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name.

3 High above every name,
Jesus, the Great I AM !
Bow to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell ;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel.

4 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love ;

Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God vouchsafed a worm t' appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

5 Hail ! Galilean King,
Thy humble state I sing !
Never shall my triumphs end :
Hail, derided Majesty !
Jesus, hail ! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of Publicans—and me.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 193. L. 'M.

Christ the Creator.

Let all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord ;
Let earth and heaven his power confess,
Brought out of nothing by his word.

2 He spake the word, and it was done—
The universe his word obey'd ;
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.

HYMNS.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
 Maker of all mankind and me :
 Me thou hast made to glorify,
 To know, and love, and live to thee.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 194. 8-8's.

Emulation in Divine Friendship.

This, this is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end ;
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :
 We'll praise him for all that is pass'd,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

HART.

HYMN 195. L. M.

Gratitude to the Saviour.

Now let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above—
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wonderful love.

2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
 Oh ! may we feel the sacred flame ;
 And every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name !

3 Jesus, who died upon the tree,
 In agonizing pains expired ;
 Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he !
 How bright ! how lovely ! how admired !

4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
 Died in the wretched traitor's place ;
 Oh ! what returns can mortals give,
 For such immeasurable grace !

5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store—
 Nature and art, with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offer poor.

Yet though for bounty so divine
 We ne'er can equal honors raise ;
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our lives proclaim thy praise.

STEELE.

HYMN 196. C. M.

Christ Precious.

Jesus, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear—
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 197. C. M.

The name of Jesus.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast—
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place,
 My never-falling treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death. NEWTON.

HYMN 198. C. M.

Christ receiving universal Praise.

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

2 Worthy the Lamb, that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
 For he was slain for us.

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

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

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

HYMN 199. L. M.

"He hath done all things Well."

Now in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All works his glorious power confess ;
 His wisdom all his works express ;
 But oh ! his love, what tongue can tell ?
 My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sovereign, wonderful and free,
 Has been his love to sinful me !
 This plucked me from the jaws of hell !
 My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurned his grace, I broke his laws,
 And yet he undertook my cause,
 To save me though I did rebel,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love
 What mercies has he made me prove !
 Mercies which do all praise excel :
 My Jesus has done all things well.

6 Though many a fiery flaming dart
 The tempter levels at my heart,
 With this I all his rage repel,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

3 And when to that bright world I rise
 And join the anthems in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN 200. 4-6's & 2-8's.

Praise to the Redeemer.

Come, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert,
 To celebrate his fame !
 Tell all above and all below,
 The debt of love to him we owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside ;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died ;
 What he endured, oh ! who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell ?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansions of the dead ;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led :
 Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high the Saviour God.

From thence he'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And triumph in his pard'ning grace.

- 3 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

STENNETT.

HYMN 201. P. M.

"Worthy the Lamb."

Glory to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name !
Angels his love adore
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb !

- 2 All they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound we his fame abroad ;
Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name
In him may all rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise;
And shout with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring :
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb !

HYMN 202. 4-7's.

Christ our Protector and Guide.

- Now with one consent we sing
Glory to our God and King ;
All our hearts and voices raise,
To proclaim the Saviour's praise.
- 2 While in him we live and move,
He defends us by his love;
Wandering through the desert land,
He upholds us by his hand.
- 3 He, in every time and place,
Manifests his guardian grace;
Every day and every hour,
Shields us with his constant power.

- 4 While we see each other's face,
Gladly we unite to bless
Him that leads us by his love
To his blissful throne above.
- 5 May we walk with God below,
In his likeness daily grow;
Till our joyful spirits rise
To behold him in the skies.

HYMN 203. C. M.

Honor and Praise due to Christ.

- To thee, my Saviour, and my Lord,
A lofty song I'll raise,
While love inspires my glowing heart,
And forms my lips to praise.
- 2 Worthy for ever is the Lamb
That bore our sins away:
But, oh ! what tribute can we give ?
What equal honors pay ?
- 3 Millions of saints thy grace proclaim
In noblest strains above;
But not an angel's tongue can tell
The wonders of thy love.
- 4 Bless'd seraphs sing thy matchless love,
And shout thy high renown ;
Archangels, at thy sacred feet,
Lay their bright glories down.

5 Reign, mighty Prince ! for ever reign,
Till death himself be dead ;
And let eternal ages shower
Their blessings on thy head.

6 Thus will I sing till nature falls,
Till sense and language die ;
And then resume the pleasing theme
In happier worlds on high.

SECTION IV.

PRAISE : TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 204. 6-8's.

Praise to the Holy Spirit.

Creator, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys upon mankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

2 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power do's heaven and earth com-
mand :
Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with holy love inspire :

Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit ! paid to Thee !

DRIDEN.

SECTION V.

PRAISE : TO THE TRINITY.

HYMN 205. S. M.

The Triune God.

Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power and praise receive
Of thy creating love :
Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high ;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Pender in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace ;

The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God !
Salvation to the Lamb !

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power :
Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's extatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

4 Eternal Trinity Lord,
Let all the hosts above,

Let all the sons of men, record
 And dwell upon thy love :
 When heaven and earth are fled
 Before thy glorious face,
 Sing, all the saints thy love has made,
 Thy everlasting praise. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 206. 7's & 6's.

The Godhead glorified.

Meet and right it is to sing,
 In every time and place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 The God of truth and grace :
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine !

2 Vieing with the happy choir,
 Who chant thy praise above,
 We on eagles' wings aspire,
 The wings of faith and love :
 Thee they sing, with glory crowned ;
 We extol the slaughtered Lamb ;
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die ;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify :
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turned to heaven.

HYMN 207. C. M.

The Knowledge of God desired.

The wisdom owned by all thy sons,
 To me, O God, impart ;

The knowledge of thy holy ones
 The understanding heart.

2 Thy name, O holy Father, tell
 To one who would believe ;
 To me thy only Son reveal,
 Thy Holy Spirit give.

3 'Tis life, eternal life, to know
 The heavenly Persons mine ;
 Father, and Son, and Spirit, bestow
 That precious faith divine.

4 A Trinity in Unity
 My soul shall then adore ;
 And love, and praise, and worship thee,
 Jehovah, evermore. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 208. C. M.

Adoration.

A thousand oracles divine
 Their common beams unite,
 That sinners may with angels join
 To worship God aright.

2 To praise a Trinity, adored
 By all the hosts above ;
 And one thrice holy God and Lord,
 Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host ! they never cease
 To laud and magnify,
 The triune God of holiness,
 Whose glory fills the sky—

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
 When God himself imparts ;
 And the whole Trinity descends
 Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
 And join with them to sing
 Jehovah, on his shining seat,
 Our maker and our King. C. WESLEY.

SECTION VI.

PRAISE: FOR TEMPORAL BENEFITS.

HYMN 209. L. M.

Providential Care.

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

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

WATTS.

HYMN 210. 8-7's.

The same.

Happy man, whom God does aid:
God our souls and bodies made:
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours:
Compasses with angel-bands,
Rids them bear us in their hands:
Parent, friends, 'twas God bestowed:
Life and all descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread:

God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us with his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine:
All our blessings are divine.

3 Give him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive:
Man we for his kindness love—
How much more our God above?
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honored and adored;
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 211. C. M.

The same.

Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above,
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature halls—
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter falls.

6 Glory to God who reigns above,
The eternal Three in One,
Who by thy wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

SECTION VII.

PRAISE: FOR SPIRITUAL MERCIES.

HYMN 212. L. M.

Converting Grace.

Glorious to God, whose sovereign grace
Has animated senseless stones—
Called us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.

2 The people who in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thy arm in all our sight—
Hast made the reprobates thy own,
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought;
Thy word, thy all-creating word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice:
We raise the happiness of heaven.

For this (no longer sons of night)
To thee our thankful hearts we give;
To thee who call'st us into light;
To thee we die, to thee we live.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 213. L. M.

Dedication to Christ.

My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel—
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

Therefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 214. 6-8's.

Love to God for his renewing Grace.

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah! why did I so late thee know—
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain?
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined,
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay:
Thee shall I love in endless day. J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 215. 4-7's.

Redeeming Love.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name—
Ye who now his kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless the God of love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome all to Jesu's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 He subdued the infernal powers;
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove:
Mighty in redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

LANGFORD

HYMN 216. 8's & 7's.

Grateful Recollections.

Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither, by thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Dally I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—

Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

HYMN 217. L. M.

Converting Grace.

To God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring:
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and soothed my grief,
Poured joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, O blessed Lord!
Deep in my breast I will record;
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

STENNETT.

HYMN 218. L. M.

Forgiveness.

Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doomed to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded all its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of heavenly grace expand,
The seas of heavenly grace arise.

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4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honors shall we show !
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardor glow.

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With fruits of holiness be crowned :
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound. GIBBONS.

HYMN 219. C. M.

The Gracious Change.

When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,

My rapture seemed a pleasing dream
The grace appeared so great.

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

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

PART IV.

SECTION I.

PETITION—GENERAL.

HYMN 220. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
Oh ! lend thy pitying ear !
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
Oh, condescend to hear !

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend ;
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sovereign love ;
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come ;
Lord, give us still a fresh supply—
If thou withhold thy hand we die,
And fill the silent tomb.

Pardon our sins, O Lord, that rise,
As I call for vengeance from the skies ;
And while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest ;
Nor malice harbor in that breast,
That feels the love of heaven

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power,
Oh, set our spirits free !
And if temptations should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our souls to thee.

6 Thine is the power ; to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs ;
All glory to thy name !
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise,
Thy wonders to proclaim. STRAPHAN.

HYMN 221. C. M.

"Remember me."

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

2 When guilt lies heavy on my heart,
Thy merits are my plea ;
My pardon seal, and peace impart—
In love, remember me.

3 Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered be ;
In mercy free, in grace and truth,
O Lord, remember me !

- 4 From sin's dedilement in my soul,
I long to be set free ;
To save, to cleanse, to make me whole,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Temptations strong beset my way,
Lord, to my succor flee ;
Give strength according to my day—
For good remember me.
- 6 If for my love to thy dear name,
I should reproached be ;
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 7 When I draw near the gates of death,
And meet the just decree ;
Dear Saviour, with my dying breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me." HAWKER.

HYMN 222. C. M.

Pardon and Holiness.

- Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three ;
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine ;
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light, in thy light, oh, may I see !
Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love.
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven :
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 223. C. M.

Prayer to the Trinity.

- Jehovah, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend ;
With mercy's outstretched arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.
- 2 Preserve the creatures of thy love ;
By providential care,
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.
- 3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face ;
And all thy pardon'd people all
With plenitude of grace.
- 4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone ;
And raise us up thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.
- 5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show ;
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our raptured hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.
- 7 We soon shall join the heavenly host,
And sing thy saints among,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The new, eternal song. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 224. S. M.

Pressing into the Kingdom of God.

- Oh, may thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.
- 2 Oh, may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven.

C. WESLEY.

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SECTION II.

PETITION—FOR DIVINE GUIDANCE.

HYMN 225. P. M.

For Divine Guidance and Support.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through a barren land—
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee. OLIVE

HYMN 226. L. M.

The Good Part.

Beset with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
 Great God to choose the better part ;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasure with me bear.

4 If thou, O Jesus, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and cheerful die ;
 Secure, though mortal comforts flee ;
 E'en then my all is found in thee. COWPER.

HYMN 227. C. M.

Prayer for Grace to know and do the Will of God.

Oh that the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep his statutes still !
 Oh that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do his will !

2 Oh ! send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 Let vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design
 Nor covetous desire arise
 Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God ; WATTS.

SECTION III.

PETITION—FOR HOLINESS.

HYMN 228. 8-7's & 6's.

Conformity to God.

Maker, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestowed
An immortal soul, designed
To be the house of God ;
Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove ;
Make me just and good like thee,
And full of power and love.

- 2 Bid me in thy image rise
A saint, a creature new ;
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure and happy too :
This, thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be bless'd ;
Should within thy arms divine
For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let thy will in me be done,
Fulfil my heart's desire ;
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher ;
Thee descending on a cloud,
When with ravished eyes I see,
Then I shall be filled with God
To all eternity. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 229. C. M.

Looking to Jesus.

Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help was laid—
Oppressed by sin I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

- 2 Soon as I find myself forsok,
The grace again is given :
A sigh can reach thy heart, a look
Can bring thee down from heaven.

- 3 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stay'd.

- 4 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim ;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

- 5 Jesus, my strength, my hope, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage feast,
Where faith in sight shall end. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 230. 6-8's.

Divine Manifestation.

O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request ;
To me, to me, thy goodness show ;
Thy beatific face display
The brightness of eternal day.

- 2 Before my faith's enlightened eyes
Make all thy gracious goodness pass :
Thy goodness is the sight I prize :
Oh ! may I see thy smiling face !
Thy nature in my soul proclaim ;
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 231. 6-8's.

Seeking to know the fulness of Grace.

To thee, great God of love, I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore ;
By faith I see thee passing now :
I have, but still I ask for more :
A glimpse of love cannot suffice ;
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be ;
But ~~hast~~ thou not on earth prepared
Some better things than this for me ?
What ! but one drop ? one transient sight ?
I want a sun—a sea of light.

3 More favor'd than the saints of old,
We now by faith approach to thee :
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity :
Shall see and put salvation on,
The nature of thy spotless Son.

4 This, this is our high calling's prize ;
Thy image in thy Son I claim ;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till, all transform'd, I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven of Jesu's love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 232. L. M.

Deadness to the World.

Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 Oh ! let thy sacred presence fill.
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue :
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path, with humble speed, I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels ;
To Christ alone resolved to live.

6 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss ;

To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
Oh ! what a happiness is this !

7 Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the rest. BYROM.

HYMN 233. L. M.

The Sacrifice of Isaac.

Abraham, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed ;
He with the hard command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 Oh ! for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue !
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

3 Is there a thing in life more dear—
A thing from which we cannot part ?
We can ; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

4 Jesus, accept our sacrifice ;
All things for thee we count but loss :
Lo ! at thy word our Isaac dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

5 Now to thyself thy victim take ;
Nature's last agony is o'er :
Freely thy own we render back,
We grieve to part with ALL no more.

6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred fold we here obtain ;
And soon from thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 234. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Deliverance from sin.

O God ! thy faithfulness I plead ;
My present help in time of need,
My great deliverer thou :
Haste to my aid—thy ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine :
I claim the promise now.

2 Where is the way? Ah! show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare—
The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O Lord, for me.

3 Thy faithful, wise and mighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath
To everlasting day.

4 Oh! may thy sweet implanted love
This root of bitterness remove,
This carnal mind destroy:
Renew'd in spotless holiness,
My spirit filled with life and peace,
And pure eternal joy. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 235. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Beatitudes.

Saviour, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven:
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I, in the new earth, may claim
My hundred-fold reward,
My rich inheritance possess;
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with thy restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart:
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestowed;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 236. C. M.

Preservation from Sin.

Thou, Lord, hast bless'd my going out,
Oh! bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Oh! that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart:
Here let me give my wanderings o'er
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release:
I ask not life; but let me love,
And lay me down in peace. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 237. S. M.

The Law written in the Heart.

The thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart:
Thy Spirit's law of life divine,
Oh! write it on my heart!

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4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove :
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 238. C. M.

Perfect Love.

God of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal :
Thy word, thy oath to Abraham's race,
In us, e'en us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve,
And, in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.

That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain—
Which holds and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain.

Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.

But, is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
My faith shall bring the power.

On me the faith divine bestow,
Which does the mountain move ;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 239. C. M.

A Gracious Heart.

For a heart to praise my God—
A heart from sin set free—
A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely spilt for me !

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !

3 Oh for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within !

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine !

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe ;
Jesus, for thee distressed I am ;
I want thy love to know.

6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart :
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 240. C. M.

The Fountain opened for Sin.

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died !

2 My dying Saviour and my Lord,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love. C. WESLEY

HYMN 241. C. M.

Jesus the Source of spiritual Life.

- Jesus, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord—thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway:
Diffuse thy image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
Oh! make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God! C. WESLEY.

HYMN 242. 4-7's.

Holiness prayed for.

- Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee—
As thou art, so let us be!
- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast—
See, I pant in thee to rest:
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of thy blood.

- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

- 6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 243. 6-8's.

The Witness and Fruits of the Spirit.

- Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire!
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire:
Sprinkled with the atoning blood,
Now to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.
- 2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there:
Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Eternal light's coeval beam:
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

- 3 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
Oh, may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue;
Be anger to my soul unknown—
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone:
In love create thou all things new.

- 4 Let earth no more my heart divide,
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole heart aspire,
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

- 5 My will be swallowed up in thee:
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face:
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise,

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 244. 8-7's & 6's.

Longing for perfect Love.

- Ever fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call :
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my all :
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above :
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go,
Lamenting all my days ?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace ?
Wilt thou not thy light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove ?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
Thy perfect love impart ;
With the indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart :
If with love thy heart be stored,
If now o'er me thy bowe's move,
Help me, Saviour ! speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 4 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those who are in thee ;
Son of God, thyself reveal,
Engrave thy name in me ;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove :
Help me, Saviour ! speak the word,
And perfect me in love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 245. 4-7's.

The Mind of Christ.

- Jesus, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee ?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside ?
Oh ! how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind :
Oh ! how quickly does my heart
From the living God depart !

- 3 Jesu, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable ;
JAH JEHOVAH, great I AM !
Speak into my soul thy name.
- 4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh,
Stedfastly behold thy face,
'Stablished with abiding grace.
- 5 Jesu, plant and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee :
Settled peace I then shall find :
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.
- 6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still ;
Meekly on my God reclined ;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.
- 7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will ;
Be in all alike resigned :
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.
- 8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear :
Fear does servile spirits bind,
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.
- 9 When I feel it fixed within,
I shall have no power to sin ;
How shall sin an entrance find ?
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind,
- 10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesu, and him crucified—
Perfectly to him be joined ;
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.
- 11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore—
God so good, so true, so kind,
Jesu's is a *thankful* mind.
- 12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure—
Be no more to sin inclined :
Jesu's is a *constant* mind.
- 13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord ;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 246. C. M.

Stedfastness secured by perfect Love.

- My God ! I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me—
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty ?
- 4 Jesus, thy all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad,
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(My own unconquerable sin)
And form my soul anew.
- Oh that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow—
Burn up the dross of base desire.
And make the mountains flow !
- 7 Oh that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call—
Spirit of burning, come !
- 8 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole ! C. WESLEY.

HYMN 247. L. M.

Christian Perfection.

- O God, most merciful and true !
Thy nature to my soul impart ;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

- 2 To real holiness restored,
Oh, let me gain my Saviour's mind !
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget ;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move ;
But breathe the unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost ;
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide ;
And glory give to God alone,
My God, for ever pacified. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 248. 8-7's & 6's.

"Be filled with all the Fulness of God."

- Give me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole :
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still ;
Then, with all that is in thee,
My soul for ever fill. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 249. 6-8's.

Love to Jesus.

- Jesus, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare :
Oh ! knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there ;
Thine, wholly thine, alone I am :
Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 Oh ! grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone :
Oh ! may thy love possess me whole ;
My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
Strange flames far from my heart remove :
My every act, word, thought be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies—
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!

4 Unwearied may I thus pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care,
To guard that sacred treasure there.

5 Oh! that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest,
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast:
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

6 In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me who for me hast died.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 250. 6-8's.

Entire Sanctification.

Saviour from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
What'e'er I have, or can, or am;
I stay me on thy faithful word—
The servant shall be as his Lord:

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
For which thy precious life was given:
Redeem from all iniquity,
Restore, and make me meet for heaven:
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
Sin to condemn, and man to save—
That perfect love might cast out fear,
That I thy mind in me might have—
In holiness, show forth thy praise,
And serve thee fully all my days?

4 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thy own this moment take,
And change and thoroughly purify:
Thine only may I live and die. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 251. 6-8's.

A grateful sense of Divine Mercy.

What shall I do my God to love?
My Saviour and the world's to praise—
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me and all the fallen race—
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race and me?

2 I long to know and to make known
The heights and depths of love divine:
The kindness thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted thine:
My Lord for me resigned his breath,
He died to save my soul from death.

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestowed?
Oh that my every breath were praise!
Oh that my heart were filled with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory show. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 252. 4-7's.

Sanctification desired.

When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee—
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by thy light,
Gaily mighty in thy might?

3 So I may the Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 253. C. M.

Sanctification expected.

- I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me ;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head ;
He brings salvation near ;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be,
What can withstand his will ?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
I stedfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope my spirit soars
To meet thee from above ;
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And now I taste thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
'n all its depth and height ;
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 254. 8's & 7's.

Christ dwelling in the Heart.

- Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation—
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh ! breathe, thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast :

Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest ;
Take away the power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be :
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee—
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 255. L. M.

The heavy-laden Sinner coming to Christ for Rest.

Oh that my load of sin were gone !
Oh that I could at last submit,
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !

- 2 Rest to my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of ALL, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free :
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove—
The cross all stained with hallow'd blood ;
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Appear, in my poor heart appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 256. 6-7's.

A Prayer for Spiritual Life.

Lord I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow ;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo ! to his, my suit I join—
Join'd to his, it cannot fail ;
Bless me, for I will prevail,

2 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine !
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole :
Be it I, no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay,
Come, and in thy temple stay—
Now thy inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear ;
Spring of life, thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 257. L. M.

Perfect Holiness.

God of all power, and truth and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure ;
Whose word, when heaven & earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands for ever sure—

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst and make me clean ;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

4 Purge me from every sinful blot ;
My idols all be cast aside ;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free :
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

6 Oh ! take this heart of stone away,
Thy sway it does not, cannot own ;
In me no longer let it stay,
Oh ! take away this heart of stone.

7 Oh, that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove ;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 258. L. M.

The same.

Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will ;
Be mindful of thy gracious word—
Impress me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye,
Display thy glory from above ;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace ;
I would be by myself abased ;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 259. 6-8's.

The Atonement.

O, God of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known ;
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son :
In whom thy smiling face we see ;
In whom thou art well pleased with me.

- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious bleeding sacrifice—
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through his holy name,
Forgiveness in his blood, we have,
But more abundant life we claim,
Through him who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us through his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above ;
Ours at all thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 260. 8-7's.

Spiritual Manifestations implored.

Light of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart ;
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom—
Son of God, appear ! appear !
To thy human temple come.

- 2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in—
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin ;
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 261. C. M.

The Believer's Rest.

Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known :
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

- 2 A rest where all our souls' desire
Is fixed on things above—
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove :
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 4 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own ;
Thee, O my all-sufficient good !
I want, and thee alone.
- 5 Thy name to me, thy nature grant,
This, only this, be given :
Nothing besides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 6 Come, O my Saviour, come away !
Into my soul descend.
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end.
- 7 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode !
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 262. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Spiritual Canaan.

- O glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes my happy spirit feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top,
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest :
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

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- 4 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in :
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove.
The purchase of thy death divide ;
And oh, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 263. C. M.

A near prospect of Sanctification.

- O joyful sound of gospel grace !
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness,
To me reached out I view ;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full (oh, glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
- 4 With me I know, I feel thou art :
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant Paradise.
- 5 My earth thou waterest from on high :
But make it all a pool ;
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul !
- 6 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity ;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
And all that is in thee.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 264. C. M.

Waiting for Sanctification.

- What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up ;
I calmly wait for this.
- 2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart :

Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

- 3 This is the dear, redeeming grace
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.
- 4 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart ;
And lo ! he says, I quickly come
To fill and rule thy heart.
- 5 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin ;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 265. L. M.

The same.

- He wills that I should holy be,
That holiness I long to feel—
That full, divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine,
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.
- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thy utmost will ;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.
- 4 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.
- 5 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure ;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- 6 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sins remove ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 266. S. M.

Prayer for a clean Heart.

- Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true ;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin,
- 3 For power I humbly pray,
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
And I shall sin no more.
- 4 I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.
- 5 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow :
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 267. L. M.

God answering by Fire.

- Thou God, who answerest by fire,
On thee, in Jesu's name we call ;
Fulfill our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.
- 2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies ;
Now for the honor of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice,
- 3 Oh that the fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind !
- 4 Then shall our prostrate souls adore
The Lord—He is the God, confess—
He is the God of saving power—
He is the God of hallowing grace.
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 268. 8-7's & 6's.

The Divine Presence desired.

- Thou who didst on earth appear.
For all mankind t' atone,
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sins begone ;
Come, and by thy presence chase
Its nature, with its guilt and power ;
Jesus, show thy open face,
And sin shall be no more.
- 2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up—
To me, my Saviour, come :
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all thy goodness prove,
Filled with peace and heavenly joy,
And pure, eternal love.
- 3 Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length and breadth and height
Of love unspeakable ;
Then I shall the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain :
God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit come,
And with thine own abide :
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide :
Thee, and only thee request,
To every asking sinner given ;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 269. 8-7's & 6's.

Purity of Heart.

- Now, o'en now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part ;
Jesus, speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart :
Purge the love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall,
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

- 2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of thine ;
 Kindle now the heavenly fire,
 To brighten and refine ;
 Purify our faith like gold,
 All the dross of sin remove,
 Mold our spirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 270. C. M.

Oneness with Christ.

Jesus has died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone :
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.

- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable,
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.

- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove ;
 My longing heart is all on fire,
 To be dissolved in love.

- 4 Give me thyself, from every boast,
 From every wish set free ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 But give thyself to me.

- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given ;
 Thy presence makes my Paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 271. C. M.

Full Salvation.

I ask the gift of righteousness,
 The sin-subduing power ;
 Power to believe and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.

- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
 The liberty from sin,
 The grace infused, the love revealed,
 The kingdom fixed within.

- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
 Thou eest my heart's desire ;
 Made ready in thy powerful day,
 Thy fulness require.

- 4 Art thou not able to convert ?
 Art thou not willing, too,
 To change this old rebellious heart,
 To conquer and renew ?

- 5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
 So arm me with thy power,
 That I to sin may never cleave,
 May never feel it more. C.

HYMN 272. C. M.

The same.

Come, O my God, the promise seal,
 This mountain sin remove ;
 Now in my gasping soul reveal
 The virtue of thy love.

- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
 Thy righteousness brought in :
 I ask, desire and trust in thee
 To be redeemed from sin.

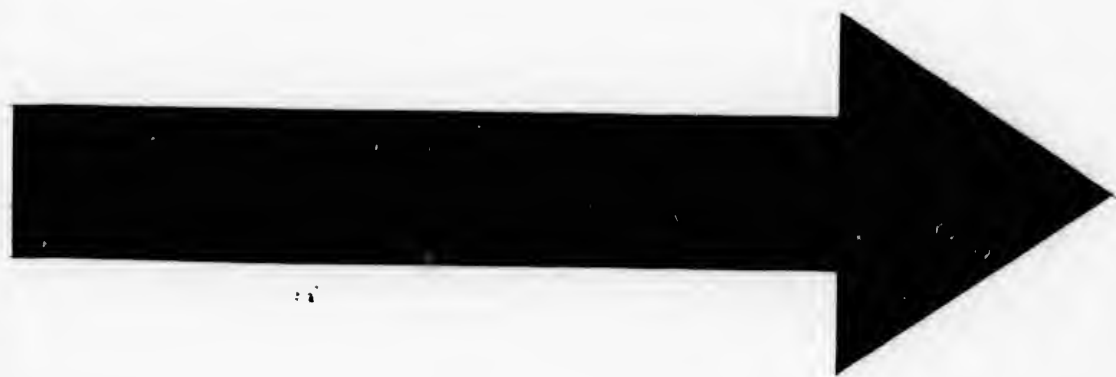
- 3 For this as taught by thee I pray,
 And can no longer doubt ;
 Remove from hence, to sin I say,
 Be cast this moment out.

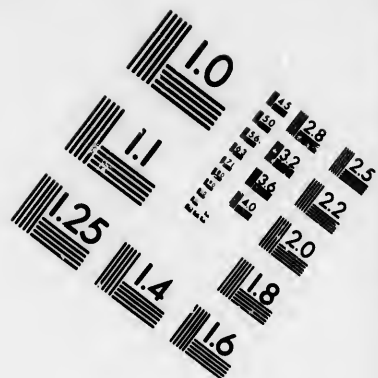
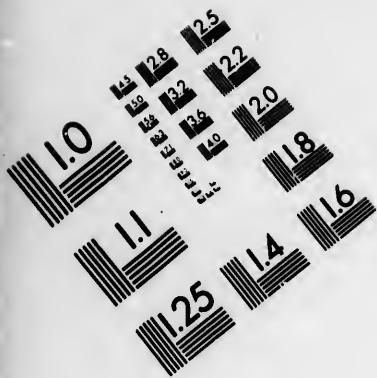
- 4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
 This moment be subdued—
 Be cast into the crimson tide
 Of my Redeemer's blood.

- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
 My present Saviour, thou ;
 In all the confidence of hope
 I claim the blessing now.

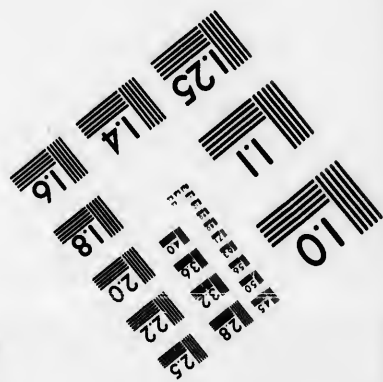
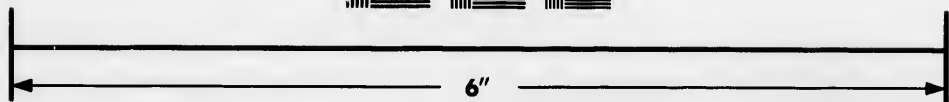
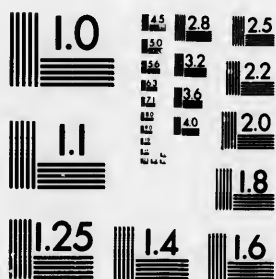
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save,
 With full salvation bless :
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.

C. WESLEY.





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HYMN 273. 8-7's & 6's.

Spiritual Fertility desired.

Us who climb thy holy hill
A general blessing make ;
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake—
Grace to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above ;
All thy Spirit's fulness shed
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless ;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness ;
Make us trees of Paradise,
Which more and more thy praises show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 274. S. M.

Confidence in Christ.

Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My Counsellor thou art,
Oh ! never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart !

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause ;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine :
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

6 O Jesus, save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

7 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place,
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace.

8 Oh ! make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove :
Settle, confirm and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love !

9 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed,
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

C. WESLEY.

SECTION IV.

PETITION FOR THE MONARCH, THE NATION, ETC.

HYMN 275. C. M.

For the Monarch.

Sovereign of all, whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns
Accountable to thee.

2 Lo ! In the arms of faith and prayer
We bear her* to thy throne :
Receive as thy peculiar care
The Lord's anointed one.

* Or him, when a king reigns.

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- 3 With favor look upon her face,
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angels place
Around her sacred head.
- 4 Let all for conscience sake revere
The sovereign of our land ;
Honor and love thy image here,
And bless her mild command.
- 5 In grace and health may she increase ;
Her from all harm defend ;
'Stablish her throne in glorious peace,
And save her to the end.
- 6 Her people, bound in unity,
With every mercy bless :
Make us a nation fearing thee,
And working righteousness. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 276. 8-7's & 6's.

Prayer for the Monarch and the Nation.

Jesus, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply :
Faith our strong protection be,
And godliness with all its power ;
'Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more.

- 2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
Our unconverted land ;
Let the least and greatest know,
And bow to thy command ;
Wisdom, pure religious fear,
Our Queen's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere,
Inspired with humble love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 277. S. M.

Prayer for peace.

Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Where men each other fear,
Where war is learned they must confess
Thy kingdom is not there,
Who, prompted by the foe,
Delight in human blood,

Apollyon is their king we know,
And Satan is their God.

- 2 But shall we still devour
The souls redeemed by thee ?
Jesus, stir up thy glorious power,
And end the apostacy :
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign,
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In every heart of man.
- 3 Then shall we exercise
The hellish art no more ;
While thou our long-lost Paradise
Dost, with thyself, restore :
Fightings and wars shall cease,
And, in thy Spirit given,
Pure joy and everlasting peace
Shall turn our earth to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 278. 8-7's & 6's.

The same.

Happy day of union sweet !
Oh ! when shall it appear ?
When shall all thy people meet
In amity sincere ?
Tear each other's flesh no more,
And kindly think and speak the same ?
All express the meek'ning power
And spirit of the Lamb ?

- 2 Visit us, bright Morning Star,
And bring the perfect day ;
Urged by faith's incessant prayer,
No longer, Lord, delay :
Now destroy the envious root,
The ground of nature's feuds remove,
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With pure millennial love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 279. S. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

Messiah, full of grace,
Redeemed by thee we plead
The promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.

- 2 Their bones as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear ;
Cut off and lost their last faint hope,
To see thy kingdom here.
- 3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth to own
Thou art their Lord, their God, and King,
Their true anointed One.
- 4 To save their race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display ;
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 280. 6-8's.

The same.

Father of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed ;
Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
From us adopted in their stead--

- Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.
- 2 Outcasts from thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven :
Branded like Cain, they bear the load,
Abhorred of men, and cursed of God,
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thy own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierced, and weep, and pray ?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is passed,
All-Israel shall be saved at last.
- 4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
Receive thy ancient people home ;
That, quickened by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

C. WESLEY.

SECTION V.

PETITION—CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL REIGN.

HYMN 281. L. M.

Prayer for the Extension of Christ's Kingdom.

- Bright as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control.
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come :
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall at thy brightness flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
And Antichrist on every shore
Fall from his throne to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound,
On Afric's shore, through India's ground.
And Islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet ;
And earth shall yield thee as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.
- 6 Oh that from Britain now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

WILKS.

HYMN 282. P. M.

Spread of the Gospel.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed gospel,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn !

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary :
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light :
 May the everlasting gospel
 Pierce the gloom of heathen night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAMS.

HYMN 283. L.A.M.

Universal Homage due to God.

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

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

WATTS.

HYMN 284. C. M.

The Kingdom of Grace in the Heart.

Father of me and all mankind,
 And all the hosts above,
 Let every understanding mind
 Unite to praise thy love :

2 To know thy nature and thy name,
 One God in persons three ;
 And glorify the great I AM
 Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
 To every heart of man ;
 Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 In all our bosoms reign,

4 Thy righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin ;
 The joy that human thought transcends,
 Into our souls bring in.

5 The kingdom of established peace,
 Which shall no more remove,
 The perfect power of godliness,
 The omnipotence of love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 285. 8-7's & 6's.

Divine Influence implored.

God, who did so dearly buy
 These wretched souls of ours,
 Help us thee to glorify
 With all our ransomed powers :
 Ours they are not, Lord, but thine ;
 O, let the vessels of thy grace,
 Body, soul, and spirit, join
 In our Redeemer's praise !

2 True and faithful Witness—thee,
 O Jesus, we receive ;
 Fulness of the Deity
 In all thy people live !
 First-begotten from the dead,
 Call forth thy living witnesses ;
 King of saints, thy empire spread
 O'er all the ransom'd race.

3 Let thy Spirit before the throne,
 Mysterious One and Seven,
 In his various gifts sent down,
 Be to the churches given ;
 Let the pure, seraphic joy
 From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend,
 Holiness without alloy,
 And bliss that ne'er shall end.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 286. 6-8's.

Prayer for the World's Conversion.

- Let God, who comforts the distress'd,
Let Israel's consolation hear;
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show thyself the Comforter;
And swell th' unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne.
- 2 We weep for those who weep below,
And burden'd, for the afflicted sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy;
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.
- 3 We wrestle for the pain'd race,
By sin eternally undone,
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquished rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.
- 4 Father of everlasting love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal;
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to Paradise. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 287. 6-8's.

For the Spiritual Illumination of Mankind.

- Sun of unclouded Righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise,
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies;
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound,
With chains of hellish darkness bound.
- 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by the impostor led:
Subdue them, Lord, by love divine,
And let them in thy image shine.
- 3 Oh, might the blood of sprinkling cry,
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood!
Assert thy glorious Deity,
Stretch out thy arm, thou Triune God!

Destroy the anti-Christian sway,
And hasten the millennial day.

- 4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou Three in One, and One in Three,
Resume thy own for ages lost,
Finish the dire apostacy;
Thy universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 288. 6-8's.

For the Salvation of the Heathen:

- Lord over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd every soul of man,
Why is thy grace so long delay'd?
Why unfulfil'd the saving plan?
The bliss for Adam's race designed,
When will it reach to all mankind?
- 2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known,
Thy judgments to the nations show;
Awake them by thy gospel call—
Light of the world, illumine all!
- 3 As lightning launch'd from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel hosts confess'd
Bow every soul and every knee;
Thy glory let all flesh behold,
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 289. 6-8's.

The Universal Reign of Christ.

- Oh, come, thou radiant morning Star;
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar,
Assert thy royalty divine;
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.
- 2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see;
Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake:
To erect thy final monarchy,
Edom for thy possession take.
Take, thou who didst the ransom find,
The purchased souls of all mankind.

- 3 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain :
Dispread thy gracious kingdom here,
Fly on the rebel sons of men,
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 290. C. M.

Believers shine as Lights of the World.

- Jesus, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run,
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
- 2 Clothed with the Spirit of holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all who love thee shine
Illustrious as the sun,
And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run ;
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals spread
Their light where'er they go,
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in thy might ;

As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night ;

- 6 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display,
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 291. L. M.

For the Universal Outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

- On all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew :
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun.
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit, in every place,
Its richer energy declare :
With lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God and true !
The ancient seers thou didst inspire ;
To us perform the promise due—
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

C. WESLEY.

PART V.

RELIGIOUS ORDINANCES.

SECTION I.

THE SCRIPTURES

HYMN 292. L. M.

The Power of the Gospel.

- God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his unbounded goodness known ;
'Tis here the richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name,
Written in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays—

Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls :
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye :
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
Be this my chosen heritage. BEDDOME.

HYMN 293. 6-8's.

The Divine Oracles rendered effectual by the Spirit.

Inspirer of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years—
To us and our degenerate age
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 Whene'er thy oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
Oh, let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
Our souls to awaken and inspire !
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers back ;
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's Balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete ;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnished out of thy treasury,
Oh, may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand !

To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 294. 6-8's.

Searching the Scriptures.

When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still,
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 Oh, may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be !
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me ;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
Oh, may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast ;
While on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long,
And let the precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love.
And join me to the Church above.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 295. L. M.

The Achievements of the Gospel.

This is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive—
Sinners, obey the voice and live !
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

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4 Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light :
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb ;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

6 May but his grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too :
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 296. C. M.

*The Saviour made known only by Divine
Revelation.*

In vain we search with anxious eye,
Through all the orbs of light,

For Christ, the day-star from on high,
To beam upon our sight.

2 In vain we scan earth's ample round,
Or to its depths repair :
The Saviour's name, wherever found,
Is not imprinted there.

3 Nor more, when we inquire, is known
From Greek or Roman sage ;
His name and story shine alone
In Revelation's page.

4 'Tis there we see, as in a glass,
The glory of the Lord,
Till, as reflected face to face,
His image is restored.

5 Restored in each whose faith relies
On Christ's atoning blood ;
A faith that leads us to the skies,
That bears us home to God. J. KEMBERT.

SECTION II.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 297. 6-7's.

For Saturday Evening.

Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand,
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourished by thy bounteous hand :
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near,
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear ;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above. NEWTON.

HYMN 298. L. M.

Lord's Day Morning.

Oh for a sweet and holy day,
To rest upon our souls to-day ;
That sacred peace which, like a balm,
Takes all terrestrial cares away.

2 From the long labor of the week,
The toil of spirits ill at ease,
Gladly would we refreshment seek
In such delightful hours as these.

3 The Christian Sabbath is designed,
A spot by God in kindness given,
The prospect mountain of the mind,
Whence it may view the rest of heaven.

4 Come, Heavenly Spirit ! light, and peace,
And every holy gift is thine ;
Grant us this day thy rich increase,
And with new-kindled glory shine.

HYMN 299. S. M.

The same.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast.
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here may we sit, and see him here ;
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS.

HYMN 300. L. M.

The same.

Awake, my heart, my soul arise !
This is the day believers prize :
Improve this sabbath, then, with care,
Another may not be thy share.

2 O solemn thought ! Lord, give me power,
Wisely to fill up every hour ;
Oh for the wings of faith and love.
To bear my heart and soul above !

3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil,
To glorify thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray ;
Like dew command thy word to fall,
Refreshing, quickening, saving all.

5 Call forth my thoughts and let them rove,
O'er the green pastures of thy love ;
Oh, let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 301. 4-7's.

The same.

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

2 Thou through him art reconciled ;
I, through him, become thy child ;
Abba, Father, give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Christ the Lord, my righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of Love ! to mine attend !
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe !
Till thy gospel brings to me
Life and immortality.

6 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high,

7 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn—
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 302. L. M.

The same.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an ante-taste of heaven.
And gives this day the food of seven.

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

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

STENNETT.

HYMN 303. L. M.

The same.

One Sabbath more to us is given ;
Oh, help us, Lord, to keep this one
Like to thy worshippers in heaven,
Who cast their crowns before thy throne.

2 Oh, fill our souls with heavenly love,
And warm our hearts with sacred fire ;
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
And with thy grace our souls inspire.

3 Oh, take us on thy balmy wings,
And bear us far above the skies ;
To join the notes that Gabriel sings,
And lose ourselves in sweet surprise.

HYMN 304. L. M.

The same.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from our hearts arise.

2 Thy earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;

To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose.
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day begin,
Dawn on the realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 305. C. M.

Lord's Day Evening.

Frequent the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames !

2 Accept our faint attempts to love—
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine :

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ :
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy : BROWNE.

SECTION III.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 306. L. M.

Laying the Foundation Stone of a Place of Worship.

- This stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee ;
Thy eye be open, night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place ;
And when thou hearest, oh, forgive !
- 3 Here when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King—
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart—
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone :
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 307. L. M.

On Opening a Place of Worship.

- Great God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace ;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill thy worshippers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise ;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

- 3 Here, let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 308. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The same.

- In sweet exalted strains,
The King of glory praise !
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days ;
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine ;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine ;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own ;
Beneath this roof, oh, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below !

- 4 Here may thy ear attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies ;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

- 5 Here may the attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above ;

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And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

- 6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days ;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore. FRANCIS.

HYMN 309. C. M.

The same.

Come, Saviour, and our souls inspire
To feel how good thou art ;
Send down a flame of sacred fire
To cheer each waiting heart.

- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy glories now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
Lord, give us hearts to pray.

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

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

- 5 The feeling heart, the streaming eye,
The humbled mind bestow,
And shine upon us from on high
To make our graces grow.

- 6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

- 7 Lord, send the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace ;
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 310. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The same.

Exalt the King of kings !
Rehearse his praise profound ;
Exalted seraphs join,
And loud responses sound ;

The Lord descends from realms of day,
And deigns to dwell in tents of clay.

- 2 Adore his care divine,
Which does, from age to age,
Ambassadors provide
To unfold the sacred page—
To show our feet the blissful road
That leads to heaven, that leads to God.

- 3 This house, which we have raised,
Be sacred to thy cause ;
Here may thy mandates sound,
And we obey thy laws :
Do thou descend, and fill the place
With sweet discoveries of thy grace.

- 4 When prayer ascends thy throne,
An ear propitious lend,
And to thy humble poor
The heavenly manna send ;
Oft may they feed beneath that rock,
Where Christ the Shepherd leads his flock.

- 5 Here, conquering on his throne,
May our Redeemer reign,
And, with his glittering sword,
The holy truth maintain—
May power divine, with mercy's dart,
Subdue each stout rebellious heart.

- 6 And when the archangel's trump
Shall with dread awe proclaim,
Arise, ye waiting dead !
Through earth and sea's domain,
Then may a numerous host appear
Of those who date their birth-place here.

HYMN 311. C. M.

Going to Worship.

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

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

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

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

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

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell—
There God my Saviour reigns.

WATTS.

HYMN 312. P. M.

The same.

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God to-day!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne—
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
And makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well. WATTS.

HYMN 313. L. M.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length—
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. WATTS.

HYMN 314. S. M.

The same.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

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4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents,
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And, in return, accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God. STENNETT.

HYMN 315. 4-7's.

The same.

Lord of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are !
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ ;
Love and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar. TURNER.

HYMN 316. J. M.

God and his Church, or Grace and Glory.

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

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, from foes within.

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

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee. WATTS.

HYMN 317. S. M.

The Church, the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

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

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !

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

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

HYMN 318. S. M.

Forms vain without Religion.

Almighty Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame.

- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays :
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thy undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Cursed pride, that creeps insidious in,
And swells a haughty worm.
- 5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Unless 'tis formed again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfume of praise. WATTS.

HYMN 319. C. M.

Invitation to seek the Zion of God.

- Zion, the city of our God
How glorious is the place ;
The Saviour there has his abode,
And sinners see his face.
- 2 Firm against every adverse shock
Its mighty bulwarks prove :
'Tis built upon the Living Rock,
And walled around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die ;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.
- 4 Come, set your faces Zion-ward ;
The sacred road inquire :
And let communion with the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.
- 5 The Gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay ;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

- 6 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,
Thy promise now fulfil ;
And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill. NEWTON.

HYMN 320. L. M.

Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.

- Far from our thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let our religious hours alone,
Let us by faith the Saviour see ;
We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Oh, warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire ;
Come, gracious Saviour, from above,
And feed our souls with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hall, great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Let saints and angels join to praise
The riches of redeeming grace. WATTS.

HYMN 321. C. M.

The same.

- Once more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask ;
Oh, let not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesu's name ;
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit ;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

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6 Bid the refreshing north wind shake,
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every soul thy power partake,
And all our graces grow.

HYMN 322. C. M.

An invitation to the Gospel Feast.

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

2 Come, all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

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

4 All ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst;
These springs can never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 These streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

WATTS.

HYMN 323. C. M.

The same.

Oh what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

4 This spring with living water flows,
And living joys imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
And drink, adore and bless.

6 To him who gives our souls to feel
The dawns of his love,
Be constant praise, while here we dwell,
And nobler songs above.

HYMN 324. L. M.

The same.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 His love is mighty to compel,
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

4 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

5 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day.
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 325. L. M.

The same.

Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh,
(Tis God invites the fallen race),

J

- Mercy and free salvation buy—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come, to the living waters come ;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for a'!
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burden'd, sin-sick souls !
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife ;
Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?
He has the words of endless life.
- 6 Your willing ear and heart incline,
His word believingly receive :
Quicken'd, your souls by faith divine
An everlasting life shall live. J. WESLEY.

HYMN 326. C. M.

Prayer that the Word may be effectual.

- Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls ! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear :
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.
- 4 The hardness from our hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died ;
Show us the tokens of thy love—
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 5 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree,
To trample down our sin :

Thy hands stretched out we all may see,
To take thy murderers in.

- 6 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 7 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
I suffer'd this for you ! C. WESLEY.

HYMN 327. 6-8's.

Prayer for the converting Influences of the Spirit.

- Father of omnipresent grace,
We seem agreed to seek thy face ;
But every soul assembled here
Does naked in thy sight appear ;
Thou know'st who only bows the knee
And who in heart approaches thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit has the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead :
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure benevolent desire :
Oh ! that e'en now thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all !
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelm'd beneath their load of sins :
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake and stir them up to pray ;
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee—
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy spirit plead ;
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 328. L. M.

Prayer for the Salvation of the Lost.

- Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see,
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

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- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 4 The pit its mouth has opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should they die, when thou hast died—
Hast died to bear their sins away?
- 5 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans;
The meed of all thy sufferings these;
Oh, claim them for thy ransomed ones!
- 6 Extend to these thy pard'ning grace,
To these be thy salvation showed;
Oh, add them to thy chosen race!
Oh, sprinkle all their hearts with blood!
- 7 Still let the publicans draw near;
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 329. C. M.

The Spiritual Sleeper awakened.

- Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy *real* worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain,
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?
- 7 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to awake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.
- 8 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 330. C. M.

The day of gracious Visitation.

- Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Oh, that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn,
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day:
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

- 1 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 331. C. M.

Formal Religion renounced.

- Still for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait,
I look to find thee in thy word.
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here, in thy own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will ;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, Be still.
- 3 I wait, my vigor to renew,
Thy image to retrieve :
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.
- 4 I work, and own the labor vain,
And thus from works I cease :
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
- 5 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove ;
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.
- 6 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
'And then the strife give o'er ;
To thee I then the whole resign—
I trust in means no more.
- 7 I trust in him who stands between
Deserved wrath and me ;
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 332. 10's & 11's.

For Believers rejoicing.

O heavenly King look down from above,
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love,
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing and giving us more.

- 2 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou,
Preserved by thy word we worship thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy,
Our tongues to thy honor, and lives, we employ.

- 3 But, oh, above all, thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall which saves the
lost race ;
Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him.

- 4 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
With angels above we lift up our voice—
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore ;
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 333. 4-8's & 2-6's.

A Prayer for grace to glorify God.

- Jesus, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert :
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.
- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design
(Thy glory, not our own) :
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.
- 3 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honors of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise ;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 334. C. M.

The Heavenly Guest admitted.

- Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise ;
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart ;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin :
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove ;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 335. C. M.

*Spiritual Blessings sought in Religious
Worship.*

- Father, behold, with gracious eyes,
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.
- 2 Well pleased in him thyself declare,
Thy pardoning love reveal ;
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.
- 3 Meanest of all thy servants, I,
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.
- 4 On me, on all, some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart ;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.
- 5 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.
- 6 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 336. C. M.

*Every good and perfect Gift cometh from
above.*

- Father, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends ;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive ;
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace ;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine ;
The praise of every virtuous thought
And righteous word, is thine.
- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live ;
Our God is ALL IN ALL. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 337. 6-8's.

Adoration.

- Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place,
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face ;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him, day and night,
The united choirs of angels sing :
To him enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring ;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone,
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give ;
Oh take, oh seal them for thy own !
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord—
Be thou by all thy works adored !
- 4 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will ;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
- 5 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire ;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging fire, thou quickening flame.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 338. C. M.

Before Sermon.

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

HYMN 339. C. M.

The same.

Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe ;
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

- 2 While in thy word we search for thee
(We search with trembling awe),
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear,
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know ;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 340. L. M.

The same.

- Father, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.
- 2 Our claim admit—and from above,
Of holiness the Spirit shower ;
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart,
Such as may every conscience reach,
And probe the unbelieving heart.
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind.
- 5 The Spirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the power of cancelled sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy law may write ;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife,
And God becomes our sole delight. MORE.

HYMN 341. 6-7's.

The same.

Lamb of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,

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Bow a nation to thy sway,
While we may acceptance find ;
Let us thankfully embrace
Thè last offers of thy grace.

2 Thou thy messengers hast sent,
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
Know salvation in thy name.
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.

3 Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown ;
Sink the mountain to a plain,
Bring the pride of sinners down ;
Soften the obdurate crowd,
Melt the rebels with thy blood.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 342. P. M.

The same.

Come thou soul-transporting Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed ;
Let each heart thy grace inherit ;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;
From the gospel,
Now supply our every need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give ;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

HYMN 343. 6-8's.

The same.

Thy presence, gracious Lord, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word ;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear,
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts on things above,
With food divine let us be fed,
And satisfied with daily bread ;
Thus, Lord, &c.

3 To us thy sacred word apply
With saving power and energy ;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear ;
Thus, Lord, &c.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will ;
Thy gracious power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day :
Thus, Lord, &c.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 344. S. M.

The same.

Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed :
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give ;
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live !

NEWTON.

HYMN 345. C. M.

The same.

Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His present family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.

2 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each hearer wait, and keep
Attention to the Lord.

TOPLADY'S COL.

HYMN 346. L. M.

The same.

And will the great, the eternal God,
Whose potent hand the thunder forms,
Descend to this polluted clod,
And converse hold with sinful worms ?

- 2 Yes, 'tis his word that cheers our souls,
His mighty word the promise gives—
His word, which shakes the starry poles,
His sacred word, which ever lives.
- 3 From his own lips the promise came,
When of his saints but two or three
Assemble in their Saviour's name,
There will the King of glory be.

HYMN 347. P. M.

The same.

- Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus,
Think upon your gracious Lord :
He has pitied your condition,
He has sent his gospel word ;
 Mercy calls you,
 Mercy flows through Jesu's blood.
- 2 Gracious Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love,
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve ;
 Bless, oh, bless them,
 From thy shining courts above !
- 3 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast ;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesu's guest ;
 Oh, receive us,
 Let us find the promised rest !

HYMN 348. O. M.

After Sermon.

- Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down
By humble, fervent prayer.
- 2 In vain we plant, without thine aid,
And water too in vain ;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace.
Send down thy heavenly rain.

- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine—
Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.

HYMN 349. P. M.

The same.

- 3
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 Oh, refresh us !
 Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad we leave our cumbrous clay ;
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day. RIFFON.

HYMN 350. L. M.

The same.

- Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
What thou hast seen amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our souls in Jesu's blood
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

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SECTION IV.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 351. L. M.

Family Devotion.

Father of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace ;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
Though Lord of heaven, he deigns to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee let each united house,
Morning and night present its vows ;
Our servants here, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 Oh, may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name ;
While pleased and thankful we remove,
To join thy family above. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 352. 6-8's.

Religious Concord.

How good and pleasant tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same ;
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.

2 The God of grace who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless ;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, thou precious corner-stone,
Preserve inseparably one
Whom thou didst by the Spirit join ;
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.

4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowed grace,
Till to a perfect man we rise,
Rejoice our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 353. 4-6's & 2-9's.

Conjugal Piety.

Come away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And, with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
And our treasures above,
Though our bodies continue below ;
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace
By our heavenly Father bestowed ;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet !

C. WESLEY.

SECTION V.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

HYMN 354. C. M.

Closet Prayer.

Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face,
Encouraged by the Saviour's word,
To ask thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude,
In secret prayer for mercy cry
And groan to be renewed.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire ;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power ;
Blameless before thy face to live
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven,
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require :
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 355. 8-7's & 6's.

All small Voice.

Open, Lord, my eyes to see,
And bid my heart rejoice,
Bid my quiet soul be still,
Thy comforts be my joy.

Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquake's rock the place ;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

2 From the world of sin and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe :
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move :
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

3 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin ;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within ;
Take me, whom thyself hast bought,
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought
That would not stoop to thee.

4 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert,
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart ;
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, thine praise is thine ;
Thou art Wisdom, Power and Love,
And all thou art is mine. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 356. C. M.

Retirement.

Retired from noise, my silent thoughts
On things celestial muse ;
Reflection calmly looks behind,
While faith the future views.

2 Here all is rest and sweet repose,
Here all my sorrows cease ;
For Jesus meets my spirit here,
And kindly whispers peace.

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HYMN 357. C. M.

The same.

- Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far—
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy spirit teach the soul,
And grace her mean abode;

- Oh, with what peace, and joy and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of love divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more. COWPER.

SECTION VI.

SACRAMENTS: BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 358. L. M.

For the Baptism of Adults.

- Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee,
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promised presence claim—
Sent to disciple all mankind;
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The hidden, pure baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art:
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

- 6 Oh that the souls baptized herein
May now thy truth and mercy feel—
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 359. 8-7's & 6's.

The same.

- Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thy ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth,
Bless to him the cleansing flood,
Plunge him, by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.
- 2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On his new-born soul impress
The character divine:
Father, all thy love reveal!
Jesus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
Forever in his heart? C. WESLEY.

HYMN 360. 6-8's.

For the Baptism of an Infant.

- God of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thy own great ordinance approve ;
The child baptized into thy name
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give him all thy image back.
- 2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
Annex the hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign ;
The seal of endless life impart,
Take for thy own this infant's heart.
- 3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good ;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'r thou hast on man bestowed,
Now to this favored child be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require :
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 361. L. M.

The Lord's Supper.

- Lord Jesus, is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy bounty know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast ! which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood ;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
This sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Lord, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
May every soul salvation see,
Who here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach with hearts sincere,
And round thy holy altar bend,
And, having felt thy presence here,
Let not the joy or profit end.

- 5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
Bid all our drooping spirits live,
More of that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 362. C. M.

The Spiritual Manifestations of Christ's Death.

- Come, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thy inward witness give ;
To all our waiting souls reveal
The death by which we live.
- 2 Give us to hear that piercing sound
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves and shook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.
- 3 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry,
In every heart so loud,
That every heart may now reply,
This was the Son of God ! C. WESLEY.

HYMN 363. 2-6's & 4-7's.

And yet there is room.

- Come to the supper, come !
Sinners there still is room ;
Every soul may be his guest,
Jesus gives the general word ;
Share the monumental feast,
Eat the supper of your Lord.
- 2 In this authentic sign,
Behold the stamp divine ;
Christ revives his sufferings here,
Still exposes them to view :
See the Crucified appear ;
Now believe he died for you.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 364. L. M.

Design of the Lord's Supper.

- Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;

And carnal objects court our eyes,
To drive the Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

WATTS.

HYMN 365. 4-7's.

This do in Remembrance of Me.

Jesus, redeeming Deity!
Can we help remembering thee—
Thee, whose blood for us did flow,
Thee, who didst to save thy foe?

2 Thee, the Saviour of mankind,
Gladly now we call to mind:
Thankfully thy grace improve,
Take the tokens of thy love.

3 This for thy dear sake we do:
Here thy painful passion show,
Till thou dost to judgment come,
Till thy arms receive us home.

4 Then we walk in means no more,
There the sacred use is o'er;
There we see thee face to face,
Saved eternally by grace.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 366. 8-7's & 6's.

*Forgiveness sought through a Crucified
Redeemer.*

Lamb of God, whose dying love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thy image give;
Till our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 367. 6-8's.

The Effects of the Death of Christ.

'Tis done, the atoning work is done!
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies!
All nature feels the important groan,
Loud echoing through the earth and skies;
The earth does to her centre quake,
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black.

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his head;
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead,
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as the Saviour dies.

3 And shall we not his death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan?
O Saviour, let thy passion shake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone;
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

C. WESLEY

HYMN 368. C. M.

*The Authority and Design of the Lord's
Supper.*

Jesus, at whose supreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.

K

2 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread;
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known:
Affix thy sacramental seal,
And stamp us for thy own.

4 The tokens of thy dying love,
Oh, let us all receive!
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 369. C. M.

Thanksgiving for Spiritual Blessings in Christ.

Glory to him who freely spent,
His blood that we might live;
And through this choicest instrument
Does all his blessings give.

2 Here all thy blessings we receive,
Here all thy gifts are given,
To those who would in thee believe—
Pardon, and grace, and heaven.

3 Thus may we still in thee be blest,
Till all from earth remove,
And share with thee the marriage feast,
And drink the wine above.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 370. S. M.

Submission to Christ's Command.

Our Saviour spake the word,
His will our reason is,
"Do this in memory of thy Lord;"
Jesus has said, "Do this!"

2 He bids us eat the bread,
He bids us drink the wine;
No other motive, Lord, we need,
No other word than thine.

3 We cheerfully comply
With what our Lord does say;
Let others ask a reason why,
Our glory is to obey.

4 Because he says, Do this,
This we shall always do;
Till Jesus comes in glorious bliss,
We thus his death will show.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 371. L. M.

The Spiritual Desires of Communicants.

To Jesus, our exalted Lord
(The name by heaven and earth adored),
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of grateful praise.

2 But all the notes that mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
Oh! let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart. STEELE.

HYMN 372. C. M.

Remembering Christ.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thy agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

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4 When to the cross I turn my eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;

Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these falling lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee ;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me. MONTGOMERY.

SECTION VII.

LOVE FEASTS.

HYMN 373. 8-7's.

An Exhortation to Glorify God.

Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine ;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days,
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God :
We, like them, may live and love,
Call'd we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same—
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace ;
We for Christ our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted land ;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesu's witnesses—

4 Witnesses that Christ has died ;
We with him are crucified.
Christ has burst the bands of death,
We his quickening Spirit breathe ;

Christ is now gone up on high,
Thither all our wishes fly ;
Sits at God's right hand above,
There with him we reign in love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 374. 8-7's.

The Presence of Jesus Implored.

Come, thou high and lofty Lord !
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word,
Humbly stoop to earth again,
Come and visit abject man :
Jesus, dear expected Guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast,
For thyself our hearts prepare,
Come, and sit, and banquet here.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy great name ;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here ;
Sanctify, O Lord, and bless ;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace :
Thou thyself within us move,
Make our feast a feast of love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 375. 4-7's.

Building up yourselves in your most holy Faith.

Let us join ('tis God commands),
Let us join our hearts and hands ;

- Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up.
- 2 God his blessing shall dispense,
God shall crown this ordinance,
Meet in his appointed ways,
Nourish us with heavenly grace.
- 3 Let us, then, as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life.
- 4 Plead we thus for faith alone—
Faith which by our works is shown ;
God it is who justifies,
Only faith the grace supplies.
- 5 Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.
- 6 Let us for this faith contend,
Sure salvation is its end ;
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
- 7 Only let us persevere
Till we see our Lord appear ;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith which works by love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 376. L. M.

For the prosperity of Zion.

- O thou, our Husband, Brother, Friend !
Behold a cloud of incense rise ;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful accepted sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace,
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy gifts abundantly increase,
Enlarge and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will,
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

- 4 Help us to make our calling sure ;
Oh ! let us all be saints indeed,
As pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood ;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow ;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.
- 6 From all iniquity redeem ;
Cleanse by the Spirit and the word,
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 377. 4-8's. & 2-6's.

Communion of Saints.

- Come, wisdom, power, and grace divine,
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy, chosen band,
Who fain would prove thy utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.
- 2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire ;
Bid all our simple souls be one ;
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.
- 3 Still may we to our Centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on ;
Companions through the wilderness ;
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.
- 4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare ;
Infuse the softest, social care,
The warmest charity,
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.
- 5 Supply what every member wants ;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply :
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 378. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Divine Conformity.

- O Saviour, cast a gracious smile ;
 Our gloomy guilt and selfish guile,
 And shy distrust remove :
 The true simplicity impart,
 To fashion every passive heart,
 And mould it into love.
- 2 Oh ! that we now the power might feel,
 To do on earth thy blessed will,
 As angels do above ;
 In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 To walk, and perfectly obey
 Thy sweet constraining love.

- 2 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
 And spread the spark of living fire
 Through every hallow'd breast :
 Bless with divine conformity,
 And give us now to find in thee
 Our everlasting rest.

HYMN 379. 8-8's & 7's.

The Indwelling Spirit.

- Come, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
 Into every longing heart ;

Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
 Now thy blissful self impart :
 Sign our uncontested pardon,
 Wash us in the atoning blood,
 Make our hearts a water'd garden,
 Fill our happy souls with God.

- 2 As thou giv'st the enlarged desire,
 Which for thee we ever feel,
 Now our panting souls inspire,
 Now our cancell'd sin reveal :
 Claim us for thy habitation,
 Dwell within our hallow'd breast,
 Seal us heirs of full salvation,
 Fitted for our heavenly rest.

- 3 Give us patiently to tarry,
 Till for all thy glory meet,
 Waiting, like attentive Mary,
 Happy at the Saviour's feet,
 Keep us from the world unspotted,
 From all earthly passions free,
 Wholly to thyself devoted,
 Fix'd to live and die for thee.

C. WESLEY.

SECTION VIII.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

HYMN 380. S. M.

Divine Preservation.

- And are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give
 For his redeeming grace.
- 2 Preserved by power divine,
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.
- 3 What troubles have we seen !
 What conflicts have we past !
- Fightings without, and fears within,
 Since we assembled last !
- 4 But out of all the Lord
 Has brought us by his love ;
 And still he does his help afford,
 And hides our life above.
- 5 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain,
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 381. 8-7's.

Christian Fellowship.

Glory be to God above,
 God from whom all blessings flow :
 Make we mention of his love,
 Publish we his praise below :
 Call'd together by his grace,
 We are met in Jesu's name,
 See with joy each other's face,
 Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

- 2 Let us, then, sweet counsel take,
 How to make our calling sure,
 Our election how to make
 Past the reach of hell secure ;
 Build we each the other up,
 Pray we for our faith's increase ;
 Solid comfort, settled hope,
 Constant joy, and lasting peace.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 382. 10's & 11's.

Social Praise.

All thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet,
 His love we proclaim, his praises repeat,
 We own him our Jesus, continually near,
 To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.

- 2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,
 Preserved by his grace throughout the dark
 hour ;
 In all our temptations he keeps us, to prove
 His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.

3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone,
 Through water and fire, in him, we went on ;
 The world and the devil thro' him we o'ercame,
 Our Jesus from evil, for ever the same.

- 4 When we would have spurn'd his mercy and
 grace,
 To Egypt return'd and fled from his face,
 He hindered our flying (his goodness to show),
 And stopp'd us by crying, Will ye also go ?

5 Oh, what shall we do our Saviour to love ?
 To make us anew, come, Lord, from above !
 The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give,
 Give us the salvation of all that believe.

6 Come, Jesus, & loose the stammerer's tongue,
 And teach even us the spiritual song ;
 Let us, without ceasing, give thanks for thy' race,
 And glory and blessing, and honour and praise.

- 7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free,
 Ah, hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me ?
 The peace thou hast given, this moment impart,
 And open the heaven of love in my heart.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 383. 6-8's.

Persistence in Grace.

Jesus, to thee our hearts we lift ;
 (May all our hearts with love o'erflow !)
 With thanks for thy continued gift,
 That still thy precious name we know :
 Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
 And wait for all our inward heaven.

- 2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
 Thy feeble, humble followers here !
 We have through fire and water gone,
 But saw thee on the floods appear ;
 But felt thee present in the flame,
 And shouted our deliverer's name.

3 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
 Oh, keep us faithful to the end—
 When, robed with majesty and power,
 Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
 His friends and confessors to own,
 And seat us on his glorious throne !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 384. 10s & 11s.

The same.

Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name,
 And meekly agree to follow the Lamb ;
 To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
 And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

- 2 Rejoicing in hope we humbly go on,
 And daily take up the pledge of our crown,
 In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
 We still are preparing to meet our reward.

3 O Jesus appear, no longer delay
 To sanctify here, and bear us away ;

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The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 385. S. M.

The Presence of Jesus.

Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim,
Thou in the midst of us shall be
Assembled in thy name :
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove,
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride,
Or selfishness, we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget ;
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,
But, oh, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
The mighty comfort feel ;
Oh, may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 386. C. M.

The same.

See, Jesus, thy disciples, see !
The promised blessing give ;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined ;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us, thou art assembled here :
But, oh, thyself reveal !

Son of the living God appear !
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace into our hearts and say,
" The Holy Ghost receive."

5 Whom now we seek, oh, may we meet !
Jesus the crucified !
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive ;
Speak, and the tokens show,
" Oh, be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you." C. WESLEY.

HYMN 387. P. M.

The joys of Christian Fellowship.

How happy are we,
Who in Jesus agree,
To expect his return from above !
We sit under our Vine,
And delightfully join.
In the praise of his excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet,
In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste !
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by him,
We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from his throne ;
Who in Jesus believe,
We the Spirit receive,
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace,
He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith he imparts ;
Then, then we conceive,
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen
The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bowed ;

We shall see him again,
When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.

6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place ;
" I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."

7 With earnest desire,
After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see
Till our souls thou receive,
In thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in thee.

8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
And command us to rise,
All prepared for the mansions above ;
With our Head to ascend,
And eternity spend,
In a rapture of heavenly love.

HYMN 388. L. M.

*" Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear
much fruit."*

What shall we offer our good Lord,
Poor nothings, for his boundless grace ?
Fain would we his great name record,
And worthily set forth his praise.

2 Great object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full souls o'erflow.

3 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free ;
Till all mankind shall learn thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee.

4 Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain ;
Let thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain.

5 Oh ! multiply the sower's seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear ;
Throughout the world thy gospel spread ;
Thy everlasting truth declare.

6 We, all in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of thy power ;
Stand in the temple of our God,
As pillars, and go out no more.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 389. 6-8's.

Believers multiplied.

The people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen the gospel day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light ;
His spirit in our hearts has shone,
And showed the Father in the Son.

2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us thy arm revealed,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,
Of joy unspeakable possessed,
Anticipate the heavenly rest.

3 In tears who sowed, in joy we reap,
And praise thy goodness all day long :
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal song,
And does his spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified. c. WESLEY.

HYMN 390. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The Ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion.

Come, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Zionward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord ;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer still,
We to our country come ;
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return ;

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From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy and faith,
Each moment may we feel ;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our Elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our All in All is he,
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see—
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 391. P. M.

Strangers and Pilgrims on Earth.

Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue ;
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies :
Of heavenly birth,
Though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call,
We gave up our all :
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find
For the country behind ;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy,
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand,
To Immanuel's land ;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay ;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home ;

The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past ;
The tempests that rise
Shall triumphantly hurry our souls to the skies.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 392. 4-6's & 2-9's.

Antepast of Heaven.

Come, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outrido
All the storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our parental home,
And by hope we the rapture improve ;
By love we shall rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the presence of God, the great King ;
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing.

5 What a rapturous song
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join I
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
To the king of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM,
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again ;
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

- 7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo, he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads ;
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face
Our beatified spirits he feeds.
- 8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name,
And our bodies his glory display :
A day without night,
We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 393. C. M.

The safety of Christ's Flock.

- Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly ;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh, the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every stragling soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm :
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm .
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour
Unless he first divide.
- 5 Oh, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree ;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 394. L. M.

Primitive Christianity.

Happy the souls who first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved ;
Joined by the unction from above,
The mystic fellowship of love.

- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same,
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude ;
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.
- 4 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind ?
The faithful whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minished from the sons of men.
- 5 Ye different sects, who all declare,
Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there !
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.
- 6 Your claim, alas, ye cannot prove !
Ye want the genuine mark of love ;
Thou only, Lord, thy own canst show,
For sure thou hast a church below.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 395. L. M.

Prayer for Young Converts.

- Author of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun ;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
names ;
Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion, roaring for his prey,
And ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found a moment from their guide.
- 4 Satan a thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

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5 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the Rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 396. 6-8's.

Prayer for the Recovery of Backsliders.

Saviour, to thee we humbly cry;
The brethren we have lost restore,
Recall them by thy pitying eye,
Retrieve them from the tempter's power,
By thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.

2 Beguiled, alas, by Satan's art,
We see them now far-off removed;
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we loved;
Whom still we love, with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.

3 Oh, wouldst thou break the fatal snare
Of carnal self-security!
And let them feel the wrath they bear,
And let them groan their want of thee;
Robbed of their false, pernicious peace,
Stripped of their fancied righteousness.

4 The men of careless lives, who deem
Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
Awake out of their soothing dream,
Alarm their souls with humble fears;
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 397. L. M.

Prayer for Penitents.

Oh let the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear;
Their humble wallings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free;
Call home, call home thy banished ones,
Lead captive their captivity.

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope,
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries:
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things:
Oh, gather every halting soul,
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole!

6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend,
And in their weakness show thy power
And make them patient to the end.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 398. C. M.

He shall thoroughly purge his floor.

Come thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come, with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And thoroughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven;
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes
Far from our hearts remove:
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

4 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfectly like thee. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 399. C. M.

Prayer for unity and Scriptural advancement.

Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock to improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy rosy bride;
Give us in Heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 400. C. M.

Christian Unity.

Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thy easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink,
Baptize into thy name.
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.

5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
Oh, may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

6 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 401. L. M.

The same.

Unchangeable, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, oh, give us all one way.

2 Oh, let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood:
Fast in one mind and spirit, stand,
And build the temple of our God.

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind,
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

5 Oh, let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony.

6 So shall the world believe and know
That God has sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 402. 8-7's.

The same.

Jesus, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease;
By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.

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2 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind—
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
 Altogether like our Lord.
 Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear ;
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Show how true believers live.

3 Free from anger and from pride
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness :
 Let us, then, with joy remove
 To thy family above ;
 On the wings of angels fly,
 Show how true believers die.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 403. 4-8's & 2-8's.

The same.

Thou God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice to approve,
 Thy providence to obey ;
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain,
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renewed in perfect love ?

3 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear—
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all thy glorious love proclaim.

4 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join in mutual care
 To fight our passage through ;
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day ;
 With all thy fulness fill,
 And then transport away—
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 404. 6-8's

Heavenly Love.

Jesus with kindest pity, see
 The souls that would be one in thee :
 If now accepted in thy sight,
 Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
 Allow us, e'en on earth, to prove
 The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread
 The wish which does from thee proceed ;
 Our love from earthly dross refine,
 Holy, angelical, divine :
 Thee, its great Author, let it show,
 And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
 O, Lord, resorb it into thee !
 While all our souls, with restless strife,
 Spring up into eternal life,
 And, lost in endless raptures, prove
 Thy whole immensity of love.

4 A spark of that ethereal fire
 Still let it to its Source aspire,
 To thee in every wish return,
 Intensely for thy glory burn ;
 While all our souls fly up to thee,
 And blaze through all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 405. 4-7's.

One in Christ.

Christ, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the saints below,
 Hear us, who thy nature share,
 Who thy mystic body are.

2 Join us, in one spirit join,
 Let us still receive of thine ;
 Still for more on thee we call,
 Thou who fillest all in all.

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- 3 Jesus, we thy members are,
Cherish us with kindest care ;
Of thy flesh and of thy bone,
Love, forever love thy own.
- 4 Move, and actuate and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide ;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil.
- 5 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
- 6 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care,
Every member feel its share.
- 7 Still our fellowship increase,
Knit us in the bond of peace,
Join our heaven-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 406. C. M.

Absent in Body but Present in Spirit.

- Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart ;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life nor death can part.

- 6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 407. S. M.

Parting to meet in Heaven.

- And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Oh, let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below ;
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquest go.
- 3 Oh, let our hearts and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.
- 4 O, happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 5 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 408. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The same.

- Jesus, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs,
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs :
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
To embrace the happy toll,
Thou hast to each assign'd ;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

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3 Oh, let us thus go on
 In all thy pleasant ways,
 And, arm'd with patience, run
 With joy the appointed race !
 Keep us and every seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
 When all our toils are o'er,
 And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more ;
 We shall with all our brethren rise,
 And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 Oh happy, happy day,
 That calls thy exiles home !
 The heavens shall pass away,
 The earth receive its doom ;
 Earth we shall view and heaven destroy'd,
 And shout above the fiery void.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 409. C. M.

The same

God of all consolation, take
 The glory of thy grace ;
 Thy gifts to thee we render back,
 In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
 In singleness of heart ;
 We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind—
 Our minds continue one ;
 And each to each in Jesus joined,
 We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists, as in us all, one soul,
 No power can fake us twain ;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll
 To sever us, in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh ;
 While on the wings of faith and prayer,
 We to each other fly.

6 Our life is hid with Christ in God ;
 Our life shall soon appear,
 And shed his glory all abroad,
 On all his members here.

7 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he shall keep them still,
 And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on Zion's hill.

8 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
 Our face like his shall shine ;
 Oh, what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join !

9 Oh, what a joyful meeting there !
 In robes of white arrayed,
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns upon our head.

10 Then let us hasten to the day
 When all shall be brought home ;
 Come, O Redeemer, come away !
 O Jesus, quickly come ! C. WESLEY.

HYMN 410. 8-7's.

Unity and Love.

Jesus, dear harmonious name,
 Every faithful heart's desire ;
 See thy followers, holy Lamb,
 All at once to thee aspire ;
 Drawn by thy uniting grace,
 After thee we swiftly run ;
 Hand in hand we seek thy face,
 Come and perfect us in one,

2 Mollify our stubborn will,
 Each to each our tempers suit,
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute ;
 Sweetly on our spirits move,
 Gently touch the trembling strings,
 Make the harmony of love,
 Music for the King of kings.

3 Jesu's praise be all our song,
 While we Jesu's praise repeat,
 Glide our happy hours along,
 Glide with down upon their feet ;
 Far from sorrow, sin and fear,
 Till we take our seats above,
 Live we all as angels here,
 Sweetly sing, and praise, and love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 411. C. M.

Mutual Benediction.

- Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb ;
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the Lord is King,
The King is now our friend.
- 2 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown ;
Oh, let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works 't improve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.
- 3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye followers of the Lamb,

And ever bear us on your mind
Who think and speak the same ;
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow ;
Stretch out the arm of faith and pra
And, lo, we reach you now.

- 4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts ;
We pray the Spirit of our Head,
Into your faithful hearts :
Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown ;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live :
Live till the Lord in glory come ;
And wait his heaven to share ;
He now is fitting up your home—
Go on, we'll meet you there.

PART VI.

PARTICULAR CLASSES OF PERSONS.

SECTION I.

SINNERS: DANGER—INVITED TO CHRIST.

HYMN 412. C. M.

An Exhortation to Repentance.

- Repent, the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay ;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds are dispatched abroad,
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to judgment there.
- 5 Amazing love that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days ;
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

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HYMN 413. L. M.

The Sinner Awakened.

- With melting heart, and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries ;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
To escape the vengeance due to me ?
- 2 Till now I saw no danger nigh—
I lived at ease, nor feared to die ;
Wrapped up in self-deceit and pride,
I shall have peace at last, I cried.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and riper years :
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a guilty wretch am I !
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due ;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free, in Jesu's name ?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
Oh, save a wretch condemned to die !

FAWCETT.

HYMN 414. S. M.

Grace may be Rejected.

- Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the Sov'reign Lord,
The universal King.
- 2 (He formed the deeps unknown,
And gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.)
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod !
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews—
That unbelieving race—
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear,
" You that despised my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

WATTS.

HYMN 415. C. M.

A Personal Application of Judgment and Mercy.

- Terrible thought ! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I—
Of all, alas ! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die ?
- 2 While all my own companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive.
- 3 Shall I amidst a ghastly band,
Dragged to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet ?
- 4 Ah, no ! I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays :
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.
- 5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.
- 6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given ;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with him in heaven.

C. WALKLEY.

HYMN 416. P. M.

The Sinner directed to Calvary.

Fly, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
There the purple stream does flow—
There you'll find an open fountain
That will wash you white as snow :
Oh, come quickly,
And its cleansing virtues know !

2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calvary repair ;
There's the fountain for uncleanness,
And the worst are welcome there :
Christ invites you,
Now his pard'ning love to share.

3 Richly flowed the crimson river,
When our great Redeemer died ;
And that blood will you deliver,
Whosoever 'tis applied :
Free salvation
Flows from Jesu's wounded side.

4 Christ is ready to receive you ;
See, his sacred cross appears !
From your sins he will relieve you,
And dissolve your doubts and fears :
He will shortly
Wipe away his people's tears.

5 Oh, behold the Lord expiring !
See the suffering Son of God !
And that love be much admiring,
Which appears in streams of blood,
Praise the Saviour,
Praise the wondrous Lamb of God !

HYMN 417. 8-7's.

God's Remonstrance with Sinners.

Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why !
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands :
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die ?

2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why !
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live :
Will ye let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die ?

3 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God the Spirit asks you why !
He who all your lives has strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love :
Will ye not the grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die ?

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 418. L. M.

"All things are now ready."

Sinners, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord :
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the father is to own
And kiss his late-returning Son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the hardness to remove ;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host ;
All heaven is ready to respond,
The dead's alive, the lost is found.

C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 419. 10's & 11's.

Welcome to Jesus.

- Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,
And take thro' his blood the power to draw
near ;
His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation—salvation by grace.
- 2 Sent down from above, who governs the skies,
In vehement love to sinners, he cries,
" Drink into my Spirit who happy would be,
And all things inherit by coming to me."
- 3 O Saviour of all ! thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, thy grace to receive ;
The blessing is given wherever thou art :
The earnest of heaven is love in the heart.
- 4 To us at thy feet the Comforter give
Who gasp to admit thy Spirit and live ;
The weakest believers acknowledge for thine,
And fill us with rivers of water divine.
- 5 O Saviour of all, attend while we sing,
On thee we do call, thy witness to bring :
If I may find favor, pure love if thou art,
Speak inwardly, Saviour, Amen ! to my heart.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 420. 6-7's.

Christ is the Source of Happiness.

- Weary souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Flee to those dear wounds of his ;
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown ;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan ;
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 Oh, believe the record true,
God to you his Son has given ;
Ye may now be happy, too,
Find on earth the life of heaven :

C. WESLEY.

Live the life of heaven above,
All the glorious life of love.

- 4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed ;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind ;
Blessed in Christ this moment be,
Blessed to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 421. 8-7's.

Christ's Invitation to the Weary and Heavy Laden.

- Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls his wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God,
Come, ye guilty souls, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call—
Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will save you all.
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey ;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away ;
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our sin and care,
To thy arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 422. 6-8's.

A saved Sinner proclaiming Mercy to others.

- Where shall my wondering soul begin ?
How shall I all to heaven aspire ?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire ;
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great deliverer's praise ?
- 2 Oh, how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showed—
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God—
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven
Blessed with this antepast of heaven ?

- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favors prove,
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?
- 4 Outcasts of men, on you I call,
Harlots, and publicans and thieves;
He spreads his arms to embrace you all;
Sinners alone his grace receive;
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the lost to seek and save.
- 5 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in;
He calls you now, invites you home,
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
- 6 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from his wounded side:
Languished for you the Son of God,
For you the Prince of glory died;
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven,

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 423. 6-8's.

Behold the Lamb of God.

- See, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all the apostate race,
But may in him salvation find;
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death—that God is love.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.
- 3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home,
He all day long spreads out his hands,
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come;
Ye all may hide you in his breast,
Believe, and he will give you rest.

C. WESLEY.

SECTION II.

PENITENTS—CONFESSION—SUPPLICATION.

HYMN 424. C. M.

Formality Lamented.

- Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thy altar draw;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested on the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

- 4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see thy perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast.
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope,
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,
'Tis thou must make it new. C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 425. 6-8's.

Self-Abasement.

Father of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs,
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry,
To thee I look, my heart prepare,
Suggest and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see,
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Directing what my lips should say :
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill ;
Thou knowest how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see,
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath my burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within ;
Detest and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
And all my misery reveal ;
Ah ! give me, Lord, (I still would say),
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray ;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 426. 6-7's.

Praying for Penitence.

Saviour, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne,
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Softens this obdurate stone ;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return,

Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn ;
Till I say, by grace restored,
Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord.

3 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the Publican, distress'd ;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner's only plea,
God be merciful to me !

4 O, remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale ;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirits fail ;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 427. S. M.

The same.

Oh that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart.
A heart with grief oppress'd
For having griev'd my God ;
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire,
With true sincerity of woe,
My aching breast inspire !
With softening pity look,
And melt my spirit down ;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 428. S. M.

The same.

Oh that I could revere
My much-offended God !
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod !
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatenings move,
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

- 2 Show me the naked sword
Impending o'er my head ;
Oh, let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed ;
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare,
Nor ever in my Judge's eye
My Judge's anger dare.
- 3 Thou great, tremendous God !
The conscious awe impart ;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
The tender fleshy heart ;
For Jesu's sake alone,
The stony heart remove,
And melt at last, oh ! melt me down
Into the mould of love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 429. C. M.

The same.

- Oh for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word !
- 2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow ;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow.
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress ;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace—
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come :
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 430. S. M.

Repentance unto Salvation.

- Oh that I could repent !
Oh that I could believe !
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave—
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

- 2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow ;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go :
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove ;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.
- 3 It is thy will, I know,
That I should hely be ;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee :
Oh, might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power,
And never mere to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 431. 8-7's & 6's.

*The Sinner, conscious of his Wretchedness,
applying to Christ.*

- Wretched, helpless, and distress'd,
Ah ! whither shall I fly ?
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh ;
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee,
- 2 I am all unclean, unclean ;
Thy purity I want ;
My whole head is sick of sin,
And my whole heart is faint :
Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.
- 3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind :
Nothing do I know—the way
Of peace I cannot find :
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, oh ! take the veil away ;
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

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4 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 In thee is all I want ;
 Be the wanderer's resting-place,
 A cordial to the faint :
 Make me rich, for I am poor ;
 In thee may I my Eden find ;
 To the dying health restore,
 And eyesight to the blind.

5 Clothe me with thy holiness,
 Thy meek humility ;
 Put on me thy glorious dress,
 Endue my soul with thee :
 Let thy image be restor'd ;
 Thy name and nature let me prove ;
 With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
 And perfect me in love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 432. 8-7's & 6's.

The Chief of Sinners.

Let the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness :
 I, a wretch, undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace :
 Other titles I disclaim ;
 This, only this, is all my plea—
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him :
 Let them triumph in his name,
 Enjoy their full felicity ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me,

3 Bless'd are they, entirely bless'd,
 Who can in him rejoice,
 Lean on his beloved breast,
 And hear the bridegroom's voice ;
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

4 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found
 Unwater'd still and dry ;
 While the dew on all around
 Falls plentiful from the sky :

Yet my Lord I cannot blame :
 The Saviour's grace for all is free :
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
 And thou in me wilt live :
 I shall feel thy death applied,
 I shall thy life receive ;
 Yet when meted in the flame
 Of love, this shall be all my plea—
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 433. 6-7's

Confession and Supplication.

Saviour, cast a pitying eye ;
 Bid my sins and sorrows end :
 Whither should a sinner fly ?
 Art thou not the sinner's Friend ?
 Rest in thee I gasp to find ;
 Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Haste, oh ! haste to my relief,
 From the iron furnace take ;
 Rid me of my sin and grief,
 For thy love and mercy's sake,
 Set my heart at liberty ;
 Show forth all thy power in me.

3 Me, the vilest of the race,
 Most unholy, most unclean—
 Me, the farthest from thy face,
 Full of misery and sin—
 Me, with arms of love receive ;
 Me, of sinners chief, forgive.

4 Jesus, only on thy name
 For salvation I depend ;
 In thy gracious hands I am,
 Save me, save me to the end :
 Let the utmost grace be given,
 Save me quite from hell to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 434. C. M.

Praying for gracious Manifestations

God is in this and every place :
 But, oh ! how dark and void
 To me—'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.

- 2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he himself impart—
Till he his glorious light reveals,
The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.
- 5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad :
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me in to God. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 435. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Unbelief lamented.

- Author of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live ;
Open my eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove :
The gift unspeakable impart,
And writethy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.
- 3 I know the work is only thine ;
The gift of faith is all divine ;
But if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for ALL
- 4 Be it according to thy word :
Now let me find my pardoning Lord,
Let what I ask be given ;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 436. 4-8's & 2-6's.

*"They shall look on Him whom they have
pierced, and mourn."*

- O Thou, who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn—
On thee whom we have slain ;
Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd thy sacred pain.
- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man tranfix'd on Calvary,
To know thee who thou art—
The one eternal God and true ;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 The veil of unbelief remove ;
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 437. C. M.

The Penitent seeking Peace with God.

- Let the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God ;
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesu's blood ;
- 2 Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain sin depart,
And fear give place to filial love,
And peace o'erflow the heart.
- 3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored.
- 4 Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon blest,
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thy own.

- 6 My God, through Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 438. C. M.

Seeking Salvation.

- Oh that I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him.
- 2 Oh that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Oh, might I now the grace receive
Which thy true people share,
With God in close communion live,
A life of faith and prayer.
- 7 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 439. L. M.

*Acceptance with God to be obtained only
through Christ.*

- Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear—
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

- 2 [Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God,
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas, they all must flow in vain.
- 4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word has show'd;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.]

- 5 What though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thy own.

- 6 What have I, then, wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

- 7 Guilty I stand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just—but oh, thy Son has died!

- 8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, has bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bowed his head,
'Tis finished—he has died for me.

- 9 See, where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

- 10 He ever lives for me to pray,
He prays that I with him may reign;
Amen to what my Lord does say;
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 440. C. M.

Spiritual Apprehensions of Christ.

- With glorious clouds encompass'd round
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

M

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design,
What meant the suffering Son of Man—
The streaming blood divine?

Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Before my eyes of faith confess'd
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb,
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 441. L. M.

Jesus the Light and Saviour of the World.

Jesus, descending from above,
Saviour and Head of all mankind,
The covenant of redeeming love,
In thee let every sinner find:

2 Thee, the Paternal Grace divine,
A universal blessing gave—
A light, in every heart to shine,
A Saviour, every soul to save.

3 Light of the Gentile world, appear!
Command the blind thy rays to see:
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive prisoner free.

4 Me, me who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.

5 Open my eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away,
And to my ransomed spirit show
The glories of eternal day. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 442. L. M.

Utterly helpless without Christ.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thy arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me thy image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 A mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there;
'Tis thou alone canst make me clean,
'Tis thou alone canst cast out sin.

4 At last, I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here, then, to thee I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only thine.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 443. L. M.

Venturing into the Divine Presence.

Jesus, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy presence stand.

2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproach'd light?

3 [Restore my sight, let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give;
Open my eyes of faith—thy face
So shall I see; yet seeing, live.]

4 Thy golden sceptre from above,
Reach forth: see, my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul, Thou art my love,
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou.

5 I know thou canst not but be good;
How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so largely flow'd
To save me from all guilt and pain?

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- 6 By faith I to the Fountain fly,
Open for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,
My life and heart's impurity.
- 7 From Christ, the smitten rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream,
Pardon and holiness bestows,
And both I gain through faith in him.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 444. 6-8's.

Beatitudes, Matthew v. 5.

- Jesus, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor :
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
And, lo, for thee I ever mourn ;
I cannot—no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only rest, return ;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all who hunger after thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God ;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4 Ah, Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray ;
Hear in my heart the Spirit's cry ;
Mark what my laboring soul would say ;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And show that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom ;
Light in thy light I then shall see ;
Say to my soul, Thy light is come,
Glory divine is risen on thee.
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er,
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more.
- 6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay ;

Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay :
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 445. S. M.

The Soul Constrained by the Love of Christ.

- When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast ?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest ?
Ah, what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro ?
Thou hast the words of endless life !
Ah, whither should I go ?
- 2 [Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move ;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
Lord, at thy feet I fall ;
I groan to be set free ;
I fain would now obey thy call,
And give up all for thee.]
- 3 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part—
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart ;
My worthless heart to gain,
The Lord of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.
- 4 And can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?
Nay, but I yield, I yield !
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
- 5 [My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know—
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below ;
My life, my portion thou ;
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.]

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 446. C. M.

Able to save to the uttermost.

- Oh, that thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down ;
Stretch out thy arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thy own.
- 2 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will ;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.
- 3 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.
- 4 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence ?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence ?
- 5 [Sworn to destroy, let earth assall :
Nearer to save thou art ;
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.]
- 6 Lo, to the hills I lift my eye,
Thy promised aid I claim ;
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favorite Jesu's name.
- 7 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care ;
A medicine for my every wound :
All, all I want is there. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 447. C. M.

His name is Jesus.

- Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my sorrows end.
- 2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty ;
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.

- 3 Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
For thou that faith hast given ;
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove ;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin ;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.
- 6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call ;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 448. 6-8's

Wrestling Jacob.

PART I.

- Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am—
My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name :
Look on thy hands, and read it there ;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 [In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the man who died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.]
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am ;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

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

6 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is love.

7 'Tis love ! 'tis love ! thou diedst for me !
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee :
Pure universal love thou art ;
To me, to all, thy bowels move ;
Thy nature, and thy name, is love.

PART II.

My prayer has power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face—
I see thee face to face and live ;
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

2 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

3 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Has risen, with healing in his wings ;
Withered my nature's strength ; from thee
My soul its life and succor brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

4 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

5 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth and sin with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 449. 8-7's.

Christ a Refuge and a Saviour.

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

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

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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 450. 4-8's & 2-6's.

*A Knowledge of the Lord's glorious name
desired.*

- Thee, Jesus, thee, the sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold—
Thee, my eternal life.
- 2 Give me the grace, the love I claim,
Thy spirit now demands thy name;
Thou know'st thy Spirit's will;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me,
With groans unspeakable.
- 3 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan,
Oh, make me to thy nature known,
Thy hidden name impart;
(Thy name and nature are the same.)
Tell me thy nature and thy name,
And write it on my heart.
- 4 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And calmly confident I mourn,
And pray and weep for thee—
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
Thy sacred name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.
- 5 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of Hosts, thy glorious name,
"The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word."
- 6 Piteous he is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live:
His pardoning grace for all is free,
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely does forgive.
- 7 Mercy he does for thousands keep,
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings the wanderer home—
And every soul that sheep might be;
Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 451. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Want of Divine Love Lamented.

- O Jesus, let me bless thy name—
All sin, alas! thou know'st I am,
But thou all pity art;
Turn into flesh my heart of stone,
Such power belongs to thee alone,
Turn into flesh my heart.
- 2 A poor, unloving wretch, to thee
For help against myself I flee;
Thou only canst remove
The hind'rances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.
- 3 Oh, let thy spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine;
Oh, might he now descend and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine.
- 4 What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
I plead what thou hast done:
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My friend and advocate with God,
My ransom and my peace;
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my righteousness. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 452. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The same.

- Still, Lord, I languish for thy grace,
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove:
Appear, and banish my complaint;
Come, and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love.
- 2 Oh, conquer this rebellious will;
Willing thou art, and ready still;
Thy help is always nigh!

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The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, oh, give me love,
Or at thy feet I die!

- 3 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
Why am I thus?—oh, tell me why
I cannot love my God?
The hindrance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be:
Witness that streaming blood.
- 4 It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransomed heart,
Nor bleed nor die in vain. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 453. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Longing for the Love of God.

O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All raised up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

- 4 Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
Joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 5 Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 454. S. M.

*Hindrances to Salvation in the Sinner
himself.*

Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come:
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show
Which I have feared to see,
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 455. L. M.

Continued Life Consecrated to God.

God of my life, what just return
Can guilty dust and ashes give?
I live, my sinfulness to mourn,
To love my God I only live.

- 2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.
- 3 Be all my added life employed,
Thy image in my soul to see;
Fill with thyself the mighty void,
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 The blessing of thy love bestow ;
For this my cries shall never fail ;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go—
I will not, till my suit prevail.

5 Come, then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home ;
Be mindful of thy gracious word ;
Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

6 Prepare, and then possess my heart ;
Oh, take me, seize me from above !
Thee may I love, for God thou art ;
Thee may I feel, for God is love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 456. 6-7's.

Mourning an absent Saviour.

Oh, disclose thy lovely face !
Quicken all my drooping powers ;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers ;
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn.
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiance Divine !
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 457. L. M.

The Sympathy and Compassion of Christ.

My sufferings all to thee are known ;
Tempted in every point like me :
Regard my grief, regard thy own—
Jesus, remember Calvary.

2 Oh, call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, " My God, my God."

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure ?
Who nailed thy body to the tree ?
Did not thy death my life procure ?
Oh, let thy bowels answer me !

4 [Art thou not touched with human woe ?
Has pity left the Son of man ?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain ?

5 Canst thou forget thy days of flesh ?
Canst thou thy miseries not feel ?
Thy tender heart it bleeds afresh ;
It bleeds, and thou art Jesus still.]

6 Have I not heard, have I not known
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word ?

7 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

8 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise ;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 458. 8-7's.

Present Salvation prayed for.

O my God, what must I do ?
Thou alone the way canst show ;
Thou canst save me in this hour,
Thou canst give both will and power :
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the sinner's heart,
All thy power on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone,

2 Take away my darling sin ;
Make me willing to be clean,
Make me willing to receive
All thy goodness waits to give ;
Stop the whirlwind of my will ;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still :
Now thy love almighty show,
Make e'en me a creature new.

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3 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens and come down,
All my unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay the aspiring mountain low ;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory,
Save the vilest of the race ;
Let me now be saved by grace.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 459. L. M.

Seeking Jesus.

When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee ;
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love ?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If I may haply feel thee near ;
Oh, dark, dark, dark, I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind ;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus my soul shall fly to thee ;
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

5 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?
Thou wilt in no-wise cast me out—
A helpless soul that comes to thee ;
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure :
I want—do thou enrich the poor :
Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;
Oh, lift the abject sinner up !

7 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight ;
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might ;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 460. 8-7's & 6's.

The Woman of Canaan.

Lord, regard my earnest cry,
A potsherd of the earth I
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth :
Save me from this tyranny :
From all the power of Satan save :
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have !

2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in thy flesh wast sent ;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In thee their covenant ;
See me, then, with pity see,
A sinner whom thou can'st save ;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou son of David have !

3 Still I cannot part with thee,
I will not let thee go ;
Mercy, mercy, upon me,
Thou Son of David show !
Vilest of the sinful race,
Oh, thee importunate I call,
Help me, Jesus, show thy grace,
Thy grace is free for all.

4 Nothing am I in thy sight,
Nothing have I to plead ;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread ;
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from their Master's table fall ;
Let the fragments be my meat !
Thy grace is free for all.

5 As thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear ;
Show this token unto me,
And bring salvation near ;
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great,
Thy faith has made thee whole."

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 461. L. M.

Seeking Salvation.

My God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee removed so far,
Draw nigh, thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knees;
Oh, break not, then, a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me.

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb;
In all the marks of death appear;
Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, oh, give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell,
To feel my pardon sealed in blood;
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

6 Freed from the power of cancelled sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within,
In flames of joy, and praise and love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 462. 4-7's.

Pleading the Blood of Christ.

Gracious God, thou seest in me,
Only sin and misery;
Look on thy beloved Son,
See what he for me has done.

2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
To that spotless sacrifice,
To that full atonement made,
To that utmost ransom paid.

3 To the blood that speaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving love;
To the tokens of his death
Here exhibited beneath.

4 Hear his blood's availing cry;
Let thy bowels then reply;
Then through him the sinner see;
Then in Jesus look on me.

C. WESLEY.

SECTION III.

BACKSLIDERS—CONFESSION, ETC.

HYMN 463. L. M.

Unfaithfulness Confessed.

Saviour, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wronged thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke,
But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone;
In my own froward will went on,
I lived—to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet oh, the riches of thy grace!
Thou who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create:
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 464. S. M.

Seeking peace with God.

And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?

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Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
Jesus, thy aid afford;
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look—to thee, my Lord!
Lift up my helpless heart.

2 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The struggles of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel;
The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone

3 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace!
I know thou canst pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.
I long to see thy face;
Thy Spirit I implore—
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 465. 8-7's & 6's.

The Lord turned and looked on Peter.

Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:

Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down!
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 466. 8-7's & 6's.

Guilt Confessed and Mercy Implored.

Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay;
Speak, oh, speak the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride,
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I still may be forgiven;
Infinite my sins increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

4 Sin's deceitfulness has spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart.
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

5 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require;
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire;

Perfect me in holiness,
Thy image to my soul restore ;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 467. 6-8's.

The Wandering Sinner returning to Christ.

Jesus, in whom the weary find
Their late but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes ;
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro ;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below ;
Back to my God at last I fly,
For, oh, the waters still are high.

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth for thee I leave ;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive ;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart ;
In thee may all my wandering cease,
From thee no more may I depart ;
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 468. L. M.

Grieving the Spirit Deplored.

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away.
Nor take thy everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long, rebellious years ;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.

4 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare.
In honor of my great High-Priest :
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove ;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand ;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to thy promised land.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 469. 8-8's.

Praying to be revisited by the Holy Spirit

Come, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast ;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest ;
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner, o'erwhelmed with his load ;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And purge him from guilt with thy blood.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin ;
And tried by the power of thy love,
My worthless affections to win ;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Thy uttermost mercy exert ;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan ;
And longed to be happy in thee ;
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
The sense of thy favor inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

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4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned;
Thy pity has been my relief,
And lifted me up when I mourned ;
Thou pitying Spirit of grace,
Rellevé me again and restore ;
My Spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.

5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love ;
If Jesus has bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above ;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witness of mercy divine ;
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 470. 8-7's.

Mercy for the Penitent Backslider.

Depth of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

2 Whence to me this waste of love ?
Ask my Advocate above ;
See the cause in Jesu's face ;
Now before the throne of grace
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood ;
He disarms the wrath of God ;
Now my Father's bowels move ;
Justice fingers into love.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare ;
Cries, " How shall I give thee up ?"
Let's the lifted thunder drop ;
There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands ;
God is love ! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

4 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love ?

Wilt thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss thy feet ?
Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. WESLEY

HYMN 471. C. M.

Union with Christ.

Jesus, the all-sustaining word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up ?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way :
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thy only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In sacred union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee ;
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 472. S. M.

Steadfastness prayed for

Oh, unexhausted grace !
Oh, love unspeakable !
I am not gone to my own place,
Nor yet shut up in hell.

2 I hope, ere long, to find
The Kingdom from above,
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love !

3 The sanctifying grace,
That makes me meet for home ;

- I hope to see thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.
- 4 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve thy pleasure still.
- 5 And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter with all thy mercy's power
And dwell within my heart.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 473. 6-7's.

Pardoning and Renewing Grace.

- Jesus, I believe thee near;
Now my fallen soul restore,
Now my guilty conscience clear,
Give me back my peace and power;
Stone to flesh again convert,
Write forgiveness on my heart.
- 2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;
Open are thy arms to embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me;
In me all the hind'rance lies,
Called, I still refuse to rise.
- 3 Now the gracious work begin;
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave;
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
Bid me to thy arms return.
- 4 Take this heart of stone away,
Melt me into gracious tears;
Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till thy lovely face appears;
Till thy favor I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 474. 8-8's.

The Penitent Backslider Seeking Mercy.

- How shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?

Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And oh, can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

- 2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save:
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave;
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood:
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole;
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou see'st the sore anguish I feel);
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
Oh, save, or I sink into hell.
- 4 I sink if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below;
By all thou hast done for my sake,
The sprinkling of blood I implore:
Now, now let it cleanse me and make
The sinner a sinner no more.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 475. 8-7's & 6's.

Pardon through the blood of Christ.

- God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe,
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of sin, alas, I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now, as newly slain,
To thee I lift my eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh;
Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

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- 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure:
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
- 4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace.
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

HYMN 476. L. M.

Seeking Deliverance from the wrath to come.

- Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire,
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire.
- 2 I tremble lest the wrath divine
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Shall bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.
- 3 To thee my last distress I bring,
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, with his direful sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

- 4 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
Oh, save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 477. C. M.

Pleading for Pardon.

- My God, my God, to thee I cry,
Thee only would I know:
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity;
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art:
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Tell me again, my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live;
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.
- 5 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide:
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.
- 6 Oh, why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?
- 7 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies,
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 8 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall:
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 478. 6-8's.

The Backslider returning to God.

- Weary of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to thy rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thy arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore :
Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more.
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now ;
Fill all my soul with filial fears,
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
Bend by thy grace, oh, bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck.
- 5 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin,
A godly fear of sin impart—
Implant and root it deep within ;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to offend thee more.
- C. WESLEY.

HYMN 479. 8-8's.

The Backslider's Confession and Prayer.

In trouble I seek thee, O God,
Compelled by the burden I bear :
Constrained by the stroke of thy rod,
I pour out a penitent prayer :

- Ah ! do not abhor my sad moan,
Extorted, alas, by distress,
But hear, and with pity look down,
And send me an answer of peace.
- 2 What must a poor prodigal do
Thy forfeited grace to regain ?
My trouble I only can show,
And tell thee my sorrow and pain :
I only for mercy can cry,
And groan with a sense of my load ;
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
I die in my sins and my blood.
- 3 I own I have sinned in thy sight,
Have sinned against knowledge and love,
And done thy good spirit despite ;
Yet look on my surety above.
His passion alone is my plea,
His free inexhaustible grace ;
My Advocate answered for me,
And Jesus has died in my place.
- 4 O Father of mercies, restore,
For Jesus's merits alone,
And heal a backslider once more,
And give me again to thy Son ;
If still thou art able to spare,
If Infinite Mercy thou art,
Reply to my penitent prayer,
And whisper thy peace to my heart.
- C. WESLEY.

SECTION IV.

THE LUKEWARM—CONFESSION, ETC.

HYMN 480. L. M.

Lukewarmness Deplord.

- God of unspotted purity !
Us and our works canst thou behold ?
Most justly are we loathed by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.
- 2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey ;
In soft Laodicean ease
We dream our slothful lives away.
- 3 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
In search of fame and wealth we live ;
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We sometimes seek, but never strive.
- 4 A lifeless form we still retain :
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain ;
The power of godliness is lost.
- 5 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven, through saving grace,

Than basely in our lives disown
And slight, and mock thee to thy face

- 6 Less grievous will the judgment day
To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on thy richest love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 481. S. M.

Quickening and Preserving Grace.

- Gracious Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul ;
Eay to me now, Awake, awake !
And Christ shall make thee whole.
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand ;
Alarm me in this hour ;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.
- 3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray ;
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
- 4 Oh, do thou always warn
My soul of evil near ;
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear.
- 5 "Come back ! this is the way ;
Come back, and walk herein."
Oh, may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

- 6 Thou seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power ;
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
- 7 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 8 My soul to thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend ;
Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
And love me to the end.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 482. 6-8's.

Watchfulness.

- Father, to thee I lift my eyes,
My longing eyes and restless heart ;
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art ;
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.
- 2 This slumber from my soul, oh, shake !
Warned by thy Spirit's inward call,
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall ;
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.
- 3 O, would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard
'Gainst every known or secret foe ;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow ;
Ever apprised of danger nigh.
And when to fight, and when to fly.
- 4 Oh, never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell ;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal ;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian angel here.
- 5 Attended by that sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart ;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 483. L. M.

The Guidance and Support of the Spirit of Christ.

- Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings ;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings ;

- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear—
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."
- 5 [His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.]
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet:
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
Oh, reach me out thy gracious hand;
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith in thee I stand. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 484. 6-8's.

The soul finds rest only in God.

- Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would—but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;

Yet hindrances strew all the way
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

- 3 'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend.
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.
- 5 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more—but Christ in me may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive:
In all things, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy dutious child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

7 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

J. WESLEY.*

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SECTION V.

BELIEVERS—THEIR PRIVILEGES, ETC.

HYMN 485. S. M.

Joy in the Lord.

- Come, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in ;
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow ;
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high. WATTS.

HYMN 486. L. M.

Heavenly Wisdom.

Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessings of God's chosen race ;

The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy beyond description, he
Who knows the " Saviour died for me ;"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains ;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 487. C. M.

Grace leads to Glory.

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

- 2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;

- They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 488. 10's & 11's.

Rejoicing in Christ Jesus.

- Rejoice evermore, with angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love;
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been,
Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us from
sin;
The power of thy Spirit has set our hearts free,
And now we inherit all fulness in thee:
- 3 A fulness of peace, a fulness of joy,
A spiritual bliss that never shall cloy;
To us it is given, in Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.
- 4 No longer do we with sinners unite,
Nor envy vain men their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is
pain.
- 5 Oh, might they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste for which they were born,
And Jesus receiving our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 489. L. M.

Ardent Desires for Purity.

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds—then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

- 2 Take my poor heart and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
Oh! wondrous grace! oh, boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 7 First-born of many brethren, thou;
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 490. 8-8's.

Christ the Fountain of Life and Grace.

- A fountain of life and of grace,
In Christ our Redeemer we see;
For us who his offers embrace,
For all it is open and free:
Jehovah himself does invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown,
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.
- 2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take,
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake!
We gain a pure drop of his love,
The life of eternity know,
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below. C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 491. C. M.

God the Source of Light and Joy.

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

- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through. WATTS.

HYMN 492. S. M.

Rejoicing in Conscious Pardon.

How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven ?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven ?
We who in Christ believe,
That he for us has died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

- 2 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us, we know ;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
- 3 What'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do ;

And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue ;
His glory our design,
We live our God to please ;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 493. 10s & 11s.

The Happiness of true Believers.

Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise—
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace ;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him ?

- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face ;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 For thou art their boast, their glory and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour—
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead ;
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence ;
I trust in him, none plucks me from thence ;
Since I have his favor, he all things will do ;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thy own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known.
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all who believe. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 494. 10's & 11's.

Christ a Teacher.

Let all men rejoice, by Jesus restored ;
We lift up our voice, and call him our Lord ;
His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall—
From all that oppress us, he rescues us all.

- 2 Him Prophet, & King, & Priest we proclaim :
We triumph and sing of Jesus's name ;
Poor sinners he teaches to show forth his
praise,
And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.
- 3 No matter how dull the scholar whom he
Takes into his school and gives him to see

A wonderful method of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation he makes us thro' faith.

- 1 The wayfaring men, tho' fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, so easy the way,
The simplest believer his promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love,
2 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls are despis'd,
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized ;
His gracious creation in us he makes known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us his own.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 495. C. M.

Communion with God.

Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care ;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
4 Thou callest me to seek thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee. | C. WESLEY.

HYMN 496. 4-7's.

Experience Inducing Hope.

Jesus comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race ;
Object of a glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

- 2 He has our salvation wrought,
He our captive souls has bought,

He has reconciled to God,
He has washed us in his blood.

- 3 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light ;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.
4 We shall gain our calling's prize,
After God we all shall rise ;
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.
5 Let us, then, rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up :
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait till he appears within.
6 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day :
Let thy every servant say,
"I have now obtained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more." C. WESLEY.

HYMN 497. L. M.

Freedom from Sin.

- Quicken'd with our Immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed, |
We taste our glorious liberty.
2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above ;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety and love.
3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin
We through thy gracious Spirit feel ;
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.
4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man :
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 498. L. M.

Paraphrase on Jer. ix. 23, 24.

- Let not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might,

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The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man,
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God :
When Jesus does his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine ;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ, to endless ages mine.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 499. L. M.

The Beatitudes.

Bless'd are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blessed are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of Peace.

8 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward. WATTS.

HYMN 500. 10's & 11's.

The All-sufficiency of Christ.

A fulness resides in Jesus, our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need :
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 What'er be our wants, we need not to fear,
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear ;
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies,
His power shall shield us when dangers arise

3 The fountain o'erflows, our woes to redress ;
Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace ;
His gifts in abundance we daily receive,
He has a redundance for all that believe.

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us and silence our fear :
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend, or dangers or strife,
His love will defend and guard us through life ;
And when we are fainting and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

HYMN 501. 4-7's.

Heirs of Glory.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing—
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise ;
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 O ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, for flesh assumes ;
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and bless'd,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader bé,
And we still will follow thee.

CANNICK.

HYMN 502. L. M.

Filled with the Fullness of God.

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

2 Come, all our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church through Christ his Son.

WATTS.

HYMN 503. 6-8's.

The Wonders of Redeeming Love.

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
Died he for me, who caused his pain—
For me, who him to death pursued ?
Amazing love ! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me ?

2 'Tis mystery all ! th' Immanuel dies :
Who can explore the strange designs ?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine :
'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above
(So free, so infinite his grace).
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
'Tis mercy all ! immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me !

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night :
Thine eye diffus'd a quickening ray,
I woke ; the dungeon flamed with light :
My chains fell off, my heart was free ;
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread ;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine ;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 504. P. M.

The Happiness of knowing Jesus.

My God, I am thine ! What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,
And my heart it does dance at the sound of
his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound ;
And whoever has found it has Paradise found :
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast—
That, that is the fullness ; but this is the taste ;
And this I love, till with joy I remove
To the heights of heavens in Jesus's love.

C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 505. 6-8's.

The Riches of God's Grace.

What am I, O thou gracious God !
 And what my father's house to thee !
 That thou such mercies hast bestowed
 On me, the vilest reptile, me ?
 I take the blessing from above,
 And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 Me, in my blood, thy love passed by,
 And stooped, my ruin to retrieve ;
 Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye ;
 Thy bowels yearned, and sounded, "Live !"
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pardoning God ;
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving name abroad—
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
 And all within me shouts thy name ;
 Thy name let every soul adore,
 Thy power let every tongue proclaim ;
 Thy grace let every sinner know,
 And find with me their heaven below.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 506. S. M.

The spiritual Conflict.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on ;
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Jesus has died for you,
 What can his love withstand ?
 Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand ?

C. WESLEY.

4 To keep your armor bright,
 Attend with constant care :
 Still walking in your Captain's sight,
 And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the spirit cry,
 In all his soldiers, Come,
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And take the conquerors home.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 507. S. M.

Christian Virtues.

Equip me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight :
 My simple, upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought,
 My whole of sin remove ;
 Let all my works in thee be wrought,
 Let all be wrought in love.

3 Oh, arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee ;
 And let my knowing zeal be joined
 With perfect charity !

4 Oh, may I love like thee ;
 In all thy footsteps tread ;
 Thou hatest all iniquity ;
 But nothing thou hast made !

5 Oh, may I learn the art,
 With meekness to improve ;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 508. 8-7's & 6's.

Strength in Weakness.

O Almighty God of love,
 Thy holy arm display ;
 Send me succor from above,
 In this my evil day :

Arm my weakness with thy power ;
Conquering Lord, appear within ;
Be my safeguard and my tower
In all assaults of sin.

2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always find thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear—
Nothing could my firmness shock ;
Though the gates of hell assall,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade ;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head :
Save me in the trying hour ;
Thou my sure protection be ;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

4 Set upon this Rock my feet,
And make me surely stand ;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand :
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from my fence remove,
In thy arms of love embraced—
Of everlasting love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 509. 10's & 11's.

Confidence in Christ.

Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King,
Thy succor afford, thy righteousness bring :
Thy promises bind thee compassion to have ;
Now, now let me find thee almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
To thee I look up for certain relief ;
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial while Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand ;
But thou art my power, and holdest my hand ;
Whilst yet I am calling, thy succor I feel ;
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

4 Thou all shalt break through ; thy truth and
thy grace
Shall bring me into the plentiful place,
Thro' much tribulation, thro' water and fire,
Thro' floods of temptation and flames of desire.

5 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely ;
All evil before his presence shall fly ;
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus forever shall reign in my heart.
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 510. C. M.

Victory over Sin.

The Lord unto my Lord has said,
" Sit thou in glory, sit,
Till I thy enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet."

2 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand ?

3 And shall my sins thy will oppose ?
Master, thy right maintain ;
Oh, let not thy usurping foes
In me, thy servant, reign.

4 Come thou, and claim me for thy own ;
Saviour, thy right assert ;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.

5 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy law with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

6 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above ;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 511. S. M.

Jesus the Conqueror.

Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

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- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love,
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his Kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause ;
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.
- 5 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands ;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,
'Tis seized by violent hands.
- 6 See there the starry crown,
That glitters through the skies ;
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
And take the glorious prize.
- 7 "Courage," your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew) ;
"Toll ye shall have, yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."
- 8 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror ;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war.
- 9 This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall ;
Jesus has died for you and me,
Believe and conquer all. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 512. 8-7's & 6's.

David's Conquest of Goliath allegorized.

Who is this gigantic foe,
That proudly stalks along ;
Overlooks the crowd below
In brazen armor strong ?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies ;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within ;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin :

3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight ;
Feeble and unarm'd I am,
But Jesus is my might :
God in my defence shall stand,
Jesus on my side I have :
From the proud Goliath's hand,
He now my soul shall save.

4 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe ;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low :
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone,
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

5 [Rise, ye men of Israel, rise !
Your routed foe pursue ;
Shout his praises to the skies,
Who conquers sin for you.
Jesus does for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords ;
Saves you, not with sword and spear ;
The battle is the Lord's.]

6 Every day the Lord of Hosts
His mighty power displays ;
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
The threat'ning Gittite slays :
Israel's God, let all below,
Conqueror over sin proclaim !
Oh that all the earth might know
The power of Jesu's name ! C. WESLEY.

HYMN 513. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Christian Laborer's Safety.

Are there not in the laborer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue ?

Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear.

With Jesus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light—
He walks and cannot fall?
Clearly he sees, and wins his way;
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world, thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith has fixed its eye:
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below.
For thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I strive, and labor still,
With humble zeal to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence:
My soul into thy hands I give;
Nor shall the tempter gain thy leave
To pluck the treasure thence. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 514. C. M.

Spiritual Foes.

Into a world of rebels sent,
I walk on hostile ground;
Where impious men on ruin bent
And hellish hosts surround.

2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
In an unguarded hour;
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find,
The enemy within;
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
My own insidious sin.

4 My nature every moment waits
To render me secure;

And all my paths with ease besets,
To make my ruin sure.

5 But thou hast given a loud alarm,
And thou shalt still prepare
My soul for all assaults, and arm
With never-ceasing prayer.

6 Oh, do not suffer me to sleep,
Who on thy love depend;
But still, O Lord, thy servant keep,
And save me to the end. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 515. S. M.

Fight the good Fight of Faith.

Hark, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.

2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

3 Go up with Christ, your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your captain and be led
To certain victory.

4 Only have faith in God,
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell.

5 By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

6 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies;
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

7 Be faithful unto death.
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear the glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me.

C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 516. L. M.

Paraphrase of Isaiah li. 9—11.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on ;
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

- 2 As in the ancient days appear ;
The sacred annals speak thy fame ;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save ;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's parted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come ;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion go,
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall then be o'er.
The anguish and distracting care :
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure essential joy is found
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 517. C. M.

*"When thou goest through the fire thou shalt not
be burned."*

- Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore ;
Thee, in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.
- 2 Thy power in human weakness show,
Shall make us all entire :
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburnt in fire.
- 3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide ;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

- 4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

HYMN 518. 6-8's.

Comfort ye my people.

- Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God :
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod ;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chastened whom he loved.
- 2 Who sow in tears in joy shall reap ;
The Lord shall comfort all who mourn :
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 519. 6-8's.

Christ our Pattern.

- Saviour of all, what hast thou done ?
What hast thou suffer'd on the tree ?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me ?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.
- 2 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding Sacrifice expired :
But didst thou not, my Pattern, die,
That, by thy glorious spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make a crown, by suffering, sure ?
- 3 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread,
Might, like the Man of sorrows, grieve,
And groan and bow with thee, my Head :
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share ?
- 4 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be ;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee :

Out of thy grave the saints shall rise,
And grasp through death the glorious prize.

- 5 This is the strait, the royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Zion's height. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 520. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The suffering Believer comforted.

Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this veil of tears
To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past.
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

- 5 That great mysterious Deity!
We soon with open face shall see—
The beatific sight;
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

- 6 [The Father, sitting on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,

Conspire our raptures to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.]

- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be all in all. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 521. 8-7's & 6's.

The Faithfulness of Christ.

Cast on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word.
Credence to his word I give:
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

- 2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft has proved:
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And Death ungrasped his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

- 3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

- 4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find;
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give,
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live. C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 522. 8-7's & 6's.

"As thy day so shall thy strength be."

Father, in the name I pray
Of thy incarnate love,
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove ;
When my sorrows most increase
Let thy strongest joys be given ;
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven.

- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me—
Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on thee ;
With me in the fire remain
Till like burnished gold I shine ;
Rise, through consecrated pain,
To see thy face divine. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 523. L. M.

Resignation and Triumph.

Eternal Beam of light divine,
Fountain of inexhausted love ;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above !

- 2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful, I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill ;
Though bitter to the taste, it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh ;
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace !"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still !"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.
- 6 Oh, Death, where is thy sting ? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave ?

Who shall contend with God ? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 524. L. M.

Following the Lamb.

Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;
My longing heart implores thy grace,
Oh, make me in thy likeness shine !

- 2 With fraudulent, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see ;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With Lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow ;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee, where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown ;
Oh, may I conquer through thy blood.
- 6 So when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
I shall be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glory sing.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 525. L. M.

Sustaining and Sanctifying Grace.

O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee ;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free !

- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dress ;
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my God, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
Ner fear nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 526. 8-7's. & 6's.

Men ought always to pray and not to faint.

Come, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join ;
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine ;
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want ;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old tempter's will ;
Never more our duty leave.
While Satan cries, " Be still :"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And hero with God ourselves acquaint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood ;
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load ;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint :
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare :
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer ;
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a spotless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 527. S. M.

" Return unto thy rest, O my Soul."

The praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart :
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart :
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed :
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize,
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 528. C. M.

The Spirit of Prayer.

Shepherd divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,

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Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go :

- 5 "I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
- 6 "Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 529. 6-8's.

Interceding with God.

- Oh, wondrous power of faithful prayer !
What tongue can tell the almighty grace ?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays :
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone—
- 2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume ;
While Justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom :
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."
- 3 O blessed word of gospel grace,
Which now we for our Israel plead—
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed ;
Oh, do not, then, in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name,
In Jesu's power and spirit pray ;
Divert the vengeful thunder's aim,
Oh, turn thy threat'ning wrath away ;
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.
- 5 Father regard thy pleading Son ;
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our spokesman there,
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 530. 8-7's & 6's.

God shall bruise Satan under your feet.

- Jesus, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint :
With the word a power convey
To utter our complaint ;
Quiet we shall never know,
Till we from sin are fully freed :
Oh, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !
- 2 We have now begun to cry
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's Friend :
Day and night we'll speak our woe,
With thee importunately plead :
Oh, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !
- 3 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control ;
Cast him out by entering now,
And keep our ransomed soul :
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread :
Oh, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !
- 4 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thy elect attend ;
Send deliverance from the skies,
Thy mighty Spirit send ;
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed,
Oh, avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head !

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 531. S. M.

Spiritual Wants.

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,

- That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 3 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship; grief and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly—
- 5 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 6 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 7 [I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name.
- 8 A jealous, just concern
For thy immortal praise—
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.]
- 9 I rest upon thy word,
Thy promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
- 10 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 532. S. M.

Watching unto Prayer.

Lord, when shall I awake
From sin's soft soothing power?
This slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more?
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,

- Looking to thee my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer?
- 2 Oh, could I always pray,
And never, never faint!
But simply to my God display
My every care and want;
I know that thou wouldst give
More than I can request;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.
- 3 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer,
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy;
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
- 4 Let us in patience wait,
Till faith shall make us whole,
Till thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done;
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 533. 4-7's.

Importunity in Prayer,

- Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer,
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

- 5 Many days
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- 6 Thou hast
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- 7 No, I must
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- 2 Prayer n
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5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?

6 Thou hast helped in every need ;
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Wilt thou let me sink at last ?

7 No, I must maintain my hold ;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake. NEWTON.

HYMN 534. L. M.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

What various hind'rances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side,
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again !
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me." COWPER.

HYMN 535. 8-7's.

Romans xii. 1.

God of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compelled,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield ;
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son ;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just and right,
That we should be wholly thine ;
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join ;
Oh that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art ;
Holiness unto the Lord,
Still be written on our heart. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 536. S. M.

Self-Dedication.

Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own ;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 537. C. M.

"Ye are bought with a Price."

Let him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert :
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price ;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thy own at last receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire ;

And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign,
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine'
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 538. L. M.

God our Portion.

Fondly my foolish heart essays
T' augment the source of perfect bliss ;
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise,
With drops of creature happiness.

- 2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given ;
My portion, thou my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 3 Would ought on earth my wishes share ?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.
- 4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore ;
Gladly my all to thee resign,
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 539. 6-8's.

Unreserve' Dedication to God.

Behold the servant of the Lord,
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will.
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me ;
The deed, the time, the manner choose,
Let all my fruit be found of thee :
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak though good design
O'errule or change as seems thee meet ;

Jesus, let all my work be thine ;
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight ;
Thou only hast done all things right.

- 4 Here, then, to thee thy own I leave ;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay ;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey ;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 540. 6-7's.

The same.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo ! I answer to thy call ;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo, I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I,
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive ;
Claim one for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will ;
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do ;
Take my heart, but make it new.
- 5 Now, my God, thine own I am ;
Now I give thee back thy own ;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone ;
Thine I live, thrice happy I ;
Happier still if thine I die.

6 Father
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6 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 541. 6-8's.

The same.

O God, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
My spirit, soul and flesh receive—
A holy, living sacrifice ;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More should'st thou have, if I had more.

2 Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul ;
No longer mine, but thine I am ;
Guard thou thy own, possess it whole :
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame ;
Thou hast my spirit, there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine ;
Devoted solely to thy will :
Pure let thy light forever shine,
This house still let thy presence fill ;
O Source of life ! live, dwell and move
In me, till all my life be love.

4 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be ;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity ;
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

5 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name ;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou my aim ;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 542. 6-8's.

Faith, Love and Zeal.

Give me the faith which can remove,
And sink the mountain to a plain :

Give me the child-like, praying love
Which longs to build thy house again ;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 Oh, for a fervent, strong desire,
Oh, for a calmly fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive,
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me to thy glory live :
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine ;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine,
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 543. 4-7's.

Love to Christ.

Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again ;
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

3 Thou, O Love, my portion art,
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart ;
Other comforts I despise,
Love be all my Paradise,

- 4 Nothing else can I require,
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 544. 6-8's.

Sanctification through the Blood of Christ.

- O God of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man;
Jesus, our Shepherd, great and good,
Who, dying, bought us with his blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again.
- 2 His blood to all our souls apply
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first did for our sins atone);
The cov'nant of redemption seal,
The depth of love, of God, reveal,
And speak us perfected in one.
- 3 Oh, might our every work and word
Express the temper of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above!
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts,
The living law of holiest love.
- 4 When shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
As vessels of thy living grace;
And having thy own counsel done,
To thee and thy co-equal son,
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 545. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Prayer for religious Prosperity.

- Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed:
We spend our little strength for nought;
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They shall be bless'd indeed.
- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,

Thy goodness to proclaim:
Thy glory if we now intend,
Oh, let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

- 3 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined:
Freely to all ourselves we give;
Constrained by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.
- 4 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.
- 5 Oh, let our faith and love abound!
Oh, let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine,
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 546. C. M.

Covenanting with God.

- Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.
- 5 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day. C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 547. L. M.

"Ye are the Temple of God."

- And will the offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! all hail! thou heavenly Guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of Glory in.
- 3 Enter with all thy heavenly train;
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace.

STENNETT.

HYMN 548. 4-7's.

None desired but Christ.

- Gentle Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine and only name I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee,
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.
- 4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable.

HYMN 549. L. M.

The Power of Faith.

- Author of both, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,

Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same.

- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith, we know thee strong to save;
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have:
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him who in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 550. C. M.

The same.

- Father of Jesus Christ my Lord,
My Saviour and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Has raised him from the dead.
- 2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.
- 4 O God, thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread,
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised seed.

WESLEY.

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- 5 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought ;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from nought.
- 6 The thing surpasses all my thought ;
But faithful is my Lord ;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God has spoke the word.
- 7 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone :
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, " It shall be done ! "
- 8 Obedient faith that waits on thee
Thou never wilt reprove ;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 551. C. M.

The same.

- Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares :
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares ;
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where endless pleasures reign,
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain--
- 5 Shows me the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there, unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings
At once to glory rise. TURNER.

HYMN 552. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Longing for Divine Manifestations.

- Come, Lord, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see our God ;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown ;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saint's delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height,
Of thy redeeming love.

HYMN 553. C. M.

" The greatest of these is Love."

- Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too.
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our glorious God. WAITE.

HYMN 554. C. M.

Paraphrase on 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3.

- Should bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, oh my God, I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

- 2 Nor shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good,
Nor zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God,
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were denied thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass,
- 4 Though thou shouldst give me heavenly skill,
Each mystery to explain,
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good
That did not work by love.
- 6 What though to gratify my pride,
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor—
- 7 What though my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame—
- 8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Though all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.
- 9 Oh, grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide. STENNETT.

HYMN 555. C. M.

Fear united with Love.

- Happy beyond description he,
Who fears the Lord his God,
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love:
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let but thy fear, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine. NKEDHAM.

HYMN 556. C. M.

Living daily to God.

- Thrice happy souls, who, born from heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought.
- 5 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptation tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band—
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thy arms,
Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last. DODDIDGE.

HYMN 557. 6-8's.

Confidence in God amidst Perils and Sufferings.

Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am,
Who formed me man, forbids my fear ;
The Lord has called me by my name ;
The Lord protects, for ever near :
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head ;
Fearless, their violence I dare,
They cannot harm, for God is there.

3 To him my eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way ;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play :
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
Show forth in me thy saving power ;
Still be thy arms my sure defence—
Nor earth, nor hell, shall pluck me thence.

5 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll :
When high the storms of trouble rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul ;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, " Peace, be still ! "

6 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread ;
Though sin assail, and hell thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed in fire. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 558. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Expecting full Salvation.

And can it be that I should prove,
For ever faithful to thy love,

From sin forever cease ?
I thank thee for the blessed hope,
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just,
Thy sacred word is past ;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin, shall live—
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thy almighty power,
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above ;
Thou canst, thou wilt, my help be ;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou wilt not let me sin ;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care,
I faithfully commend :
Assured that thou, through life, wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave,
My everlasting friend. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 559. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

God is Faithful.

Ye ransomed sinners, hear,
Ye prisoners of the Lord ;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is and just,
From all unrighteousness,
To cleanse us all, both you and me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

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HYMN

The courage of
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God of Israel
Who brave
Nobly scorned
And walk
Breathe their
Arm me in
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4 Sin in me, the
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Fill me with
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3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love;
Rejoice in hope, &c.

4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, &c.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 560. 8-7's. & 6's.

*The courage and safety of the Believer in the
midst of Temptation.*

God of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked unburnt in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour,
Stand, O Son of Man, confessed
In all thy saving power.

2 Lo, on dangers, deaths and snares,
I every moment tread;
Hell without a veil appears,
And flames around my head;
Sin increases more and more,
Sin in all its strength returns;
Seven times hotter than before,
The fiery furnace burns.

3 But while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear:
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their war may wage,
Calm I mark their vain design;
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
Awhile subsists in chains;
But thou all thy power shalt show,
And slay its last remains;
Thou hast conquered my desire,
Thou shalt quench it with thy blood;
Fill me with a purer fire,
And make me all like God. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 561. 6-8's.

Confidence and Praise.

O God of my salvation, hear;
And help a sinner to draw near,
With boldness to the throne of grace;
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.

2 I cannot praise thee as I would;
But thou art merciful and good;
I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things
But bear me up, till on eagle's wings,
The heights of love I rise.

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face
When sin shall all be purged away?
The night of doubts and fears is past,
The morning star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.

4 Already, Lord, I feel thy power,
Preserved from evil every hour,
My great preserver I proclaim:
Safety and strength in thee I have;
Through faith I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

C. WESLEY.

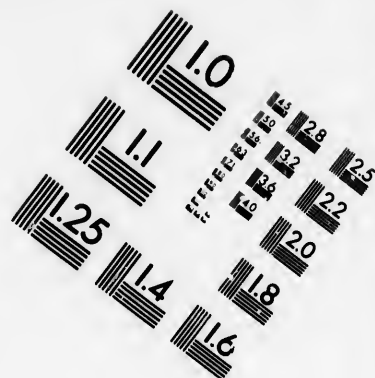
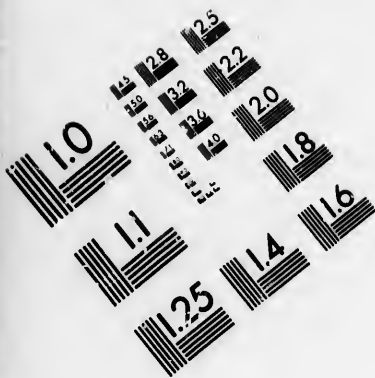
HYMN 562. S. M.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."

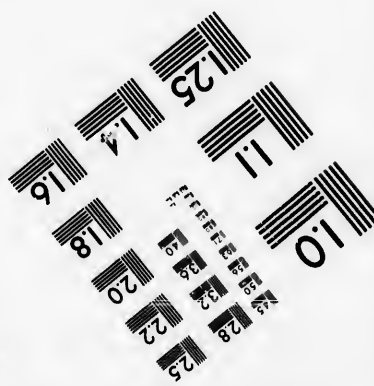
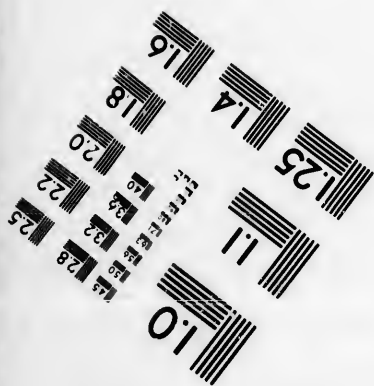
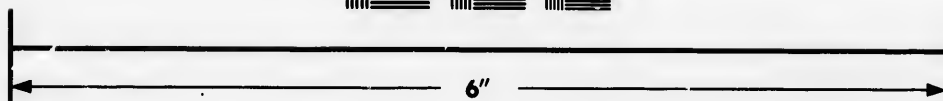
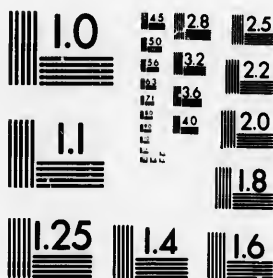
Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;





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Fix on this work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done;
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

- 3 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove:
When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand;
What all thy children want thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 563. S. M.

The Lord reigneth.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

- 2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell,
Proclaim God sitting on the throne,
And ruling all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway.
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand;
Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:

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

J. WESLEY.*

HYMN 564. 6-8's.

Prisoners of Hope.

Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear.
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

- 2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself has caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny:
I ask, the chief of sinners, I.
- 4 Oh ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up;
Ye shall not be forgotten long:
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope;
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, for God is love.
- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear,
Dare to believe, on Christ lay hold,
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him we will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know.
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin?
And risen, thy death for us to plead;
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?

That we o
Thou died

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HYMN

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2 Thee, the gr
To succour

That we our Eden might regain,
Thou didst, and couldst not die in vain.

- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings ;
The spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings :
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
The servant shall be as his Lord.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 565. 6-8's.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

- All things are possible to him
Who can in Jesu's name believe ;
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can—I do believe in thee :
All things are possible to me.
- 2 The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet shall it be ! I know it shall,
Through Jesu's all-sufficient grace :
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.
- 3 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thy image shine,
Nor sin in deed, nor word nor thought ;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree—
All things are possible to me.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 566. 8-7's & 6's.

Jeshurun's God.

- None is like Jeshurun's God ;
So great, so strong, so high ;
Lo ! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky :
Israel is his first-born son ;
God, the Almighty God, is thine ;
See him to thy help come down—
The Excellence divine.
- 2 Thee, the great Jehovah doings
To succour and defend ;

Thee, the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend :
Israel, what hast thou to dread ?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

- 3 Blest, O Israel, art thou,
What people is like thee ?
Saved from sin by Jesus now
Thou art and still shalt be :
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield ;
Jesus is thy flaming sword,
Earth and hell and sin shall yield
To God's almighty word.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 567. 6-8's.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

- The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care.
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye,
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O God, art with me still :
Thy friendly yoke shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

HYMN 568. L. M.

Confidence in God the Antidote to Despondency.

Why sinks my weak, desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe if God be nigh?

- 2 He holds all nature in his hand,
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life and time and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
 How wide they spread! how bright they
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power?
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave;
 A present help in time of need,
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine—and I am bless'd.

HYMN 569. S. M.

Paraphrase on Psalm CXXV. 1, 2.

Who in the Lord confide,
 And feel his sprinkled blood,
 In storms and hurricanes abide,
 Firm as the mount of God;
 Steadfast, and fixed and sure,
 His Zion cannot move:
 His faithful people stand secure
 In Jesu's guardian love.

- 2 As round Jerusalem
 The hilly bulwarks rise,
 So God protects and covers them,
 From all their enemies;

On every side he stands,
 For all his Israel cares,
 And safe in his almighty hands,
 Their souls for ever bears. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 570. 10's & 11's.

The Lord will provide.

Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be toss'd
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.

4 When Satan appears, to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise, The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor merit we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us thro':
 Not fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our
 side,
 We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-
 vide. NEWTON.

HYMN 571. C. M.

Fear not.

Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
 Be mercy all your theme;
 Mercy, which like a river flows
 In one continual stream.

- 2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell,
 God will these powers restrain:
 His mighty arm their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain:

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HYMN

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5 How bitter th
 Which Jesus
 His way was m
 Did Jesus thus

6 Since all that
 The bitter is
 Tho' painful at
 And then, oh,
 song!

3 *Fear not* the want of outward good,
He will for his provide:
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 *Fear not* that he he will e'er forsake
Or leave his work undone,
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting,
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just. BEDDOME.

HYMN 572. 10's & 11's.

Confidence and Resignation.

Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, [thro'.
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite

4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation do follow their Lord.

5 How bitter the cup no heart can conceive,
Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might live:
His way was much rougher and darker than
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine? [mine:

6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's
song!
NEWTON.

HYMN 573. C. M.

Psalms xxvii. 8—10—13, 14.

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

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

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

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief:
Nor was my hope deceived.

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

HYMN 574. S. M.

Safety in Christ.

Secure in Christ I dwell,
Jeshurun's God is mine,
I feel it now, by faith I feel
The eternal strength divine;
My refuge in distress,
In every trying hour,
Jesus, thy saving name I bless,
And shout within my tower.

2 From sin preserved in thee,
Thy fulness I embrace,
And wait for more than victory—
For all thy hallowing grace;
I smile at hell and death,
And every moment prove
The everlasting arms beneath,
The everlasting love

HYMN 575. L. M.

"All things are yours."—1 Cor. iii. 21.

- My soul, survey thy happiness,
If thou art found a child of grace ;
How richly is the gospel stored !
What joy the promises afford !
- 2 All things are yours, the gift of God,
And purchased with our Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to enjoy them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise,
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my real good.
- 4 I would not change my bless'd estate
For all that earth calls rich or great ;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's god.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still,
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

HYMN 576. C. M.

Double Removed.

- Why should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplexed ?
Who saved me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next.
- 2 Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blessed,
I soar beyond temptation's power,
To my Redeemer's breast.

HYMN 577. C. M.

Joy in God.

- Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has plant'd grace,
And made his glories known,

There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakingly divine.
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
That make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them who know him not
Such joys as earth affords. NEWTON.

HYMN 578. C. M.

Delight in God.

- O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Which has a fountain near—
A fountain that will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee,
I must have all things, and abound
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose words can never fail !
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;

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Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more. **RYLAND.**

HYMN 579. 4-7's.

Receiving the Kingdom of God as a little Child.

Lord, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity ;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride ;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet.

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child—
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness ;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal to my heart. **C. WESLEY.**

HYMN 580. 4-7's.

The Graces of the Spirit.

Lord, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my master be ;
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child ;
Pleased with all the Lord provides ;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
Every evil let me flee ;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd ;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

HYMN 581. L. M.

"Blessed are the Poor in Spirit."

Ye humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store ;

How happy, how divinely bless'd,
The sacred words of truth attest.

2 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
In vain they boast their little stores ;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

3 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear ;
Hope points to your dejected eyes
The bright reversion of the skies.

4 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you ;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

5 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer,
Reveal, confirm my interest there ;
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

6 Oh, let me hear that voice divine :
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !
Enroll'd among the happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more. **STERLE.**

HYMN 582. C. M.

Resignation.

Why should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin ?

2 O Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel :
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul :
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, from hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is toss'd,
Till I am tempted to despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God ;

Oh, fix my feet upon the rock,
Beyond the gaping flood !

- 6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease ;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease. STEELE.

HYMN 583. C. M.

" My times are in thy hand."

- My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand !
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 What is the world with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall ;
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all. REDDOME.

HYMN 584. C. M.

Paraphrase on Job i. 21.

- Naked as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours, borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives—and, blessed be his name !
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace all our angry passions, then ;
Let each rebellious sigh

Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead. WATTS.

HYMN 585. L. M.

Submission and Deliverance.

- Saints, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abraham, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command :
The wood, the fire, the knife he took ;
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.
- 3 " Abraham, forbear," the angel cried ;
" Thy faith is known, thy love is tried ;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power ;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace. WATTS.

HYMN 586. C. M.

" It is the Lord."

- It is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust
Or contradict his will ?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my ease, my friends,
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he lends.

- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from affliction raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious Lord, take what thou please,
I'll cheerfully resign. GREENE.

HYMN 587. C. M.

Resignation and Confidence.

Since all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh I who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

- 2 Since none can doubt his truth, his love
Unmeasurably kind,
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise. HERVEY.

HYMN 588. C. M.

Resignation under Bereavement.

Peace! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

- 2 'Tis He, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady councils wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.
- 4 Silent I own Jehovah's name,
I kiss his scourging hand,
And yield my comforts and my life
To his supreme command. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 589. S. M.

Prayer for Sincerity.

If secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, O God, that cursed leaven,
And make it wholly thine.

- 2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
Oh, tear the infernal traitor thence.
And reign thyself alone!
- 3 Is any lust conceal'd?
Bring it to open view;
Search, prove, O Lord, my inmost soul,
And all its powers renew.

HYMN 590. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Prayer for a watchful Spirit.

Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by.

Throughout the evil day,
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
Oh, let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye,

And, starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
 "Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
 Oh, save me, or I die!"

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away
 The keen conviction dart;
 Recall me with thy pitying look,
 That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thy utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblameable in grace;
 Ready prepared and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness, t' appear
 Before thy glorious face. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 591. L. M.

The same.

Lord, fill me with an humble fear,
 My utter helplessness reveal:
 Satan and sin are always near,
 Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 Oh, that to thee my constant mind
 Might with an even flame aspire,
 Pride in its earliest motions find,
 And mark the risings of desire!

3 Oh that my tender soul might fly
 The first abhorr'd approach of ill,
 Quick as the apple of an eye
 The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
 Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;
 Humbly and confidently wait
 And long to see the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 592. S. M.

Christian Responsibility.

A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky;

To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,
 Oh, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 593. 6-8's.

Holy Circumspection.

Watch'd by the world's malignant eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame;
 As servants of the Lord most high,
 As zealous for his glorious name,
 We ought in all his paths to move,
 With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart,
 To stop the mouth of every foe;
 While, upright both in life and heart,
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And show them how the Christians live.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 594. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Wisdom and Understanding.

Be it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude;
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

2 Oh, may I still from sin depart:
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given;
 And let me, through thy Spirit, know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven. C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 595. 4-8's & 2-6's.

Timely Preparation.

Oh, may it be my chief concern
Henceforth, the laws of God to learn,
And do his sacred will ;
No more defer, no more delay,
But ceaseless watch, and ceaseless pray,
And strive for Zion's hill.

- 2 And whenso'er the solemn doom
Shall call me to the awful tomb,
And bid me life resign ;
Rejoicing may I soar above,
Exalted by my Saviour's love,
To realms of bliss divine.

HYMN 596. S. M.

Prayer for the Zeal that was in Christ.

Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me ;
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

- 2 In me thy Spirit dwell ;
In me thy bowels move :
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 597. C. M.

Zeal and Love.

While carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow the advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view.

- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal ;
Great God ! my love inflame ;
Religion without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervor strive ;
And all those powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive.

REDDOME.

HYMN 598. S. M.

Christian Union.

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

REDDOME.

HYMN 599. L. M.

Danger of Apostacy.

Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace ;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.

- 2 Lest that my fearful case shall be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee ;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 600. 8-7's & 6's.

Prayer for Preserving Grace.

Son of God, if thy free grace
Again has raised me up ;
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour ;

Save me, with thy outstretch'd hand,
And show forth all thy power ;
Oh, be mindful of thy word ;
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, &c.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart ;
Sin be more than hell abhor'd ;
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, &c.

4 Never let me go, till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the region of the sky,
And take my seat above :
See thee by all heaven adored,
And all thy glorious fulness know :
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 601. C. M.

Following after God.

As streams that from the fountain flow,
Roll onward to the sea ;
So, Lord, my spirit here below
Would hasten on to thee.

2 While others tempt the dangerous height
My course may I pursue :
And, through the deepest shades of night,
Keep heaven, my home, in view.

3 Pure as the rivers wont to stray
By Adam's bless'd abode,
Would I reflect, from day to day,
The image of my God.

4 Till every shifting scene is o'er,
And ocean's wave I see !
Then would I quit earth's empty shore,
And lose myself in thee. J. R. WOOD.

HYMN 602. L. M.

Parents Praying for Wisdom.

Father of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is,

Who has entrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss ;

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide that grace has given,
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 603. C. M.

The same.

God only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright :

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand ;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace,
To teach, as taught by thee,
We come, to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny.

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride ;
And give their youth a sacred clue,
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts t' obey ;
With mildest zeal proceed :
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear
And pure ingenuous love :

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined ;
Withhold their hurtful food ;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And lead their souls to God.

C. WESLEY.

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HYMN 604. C. M.

Parents Praying for a Blessing.

Father of lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 O'erwhelm'd with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call;
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved we fall.

3 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art;
Above the world and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart.

4 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By thy sufficient grace.

5 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end:

6 Wilt make us tenderly discreet,
To guard what thou has given,
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 605. 6-8's.

Parents interceding for their Children.

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply:
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind:
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off and cast aside:
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide:
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.

4 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety;
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

5 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide;
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown;
Thy name confess'd and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
'Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 606. 6-8's.

The same.

Captain of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee;
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thy image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days:
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestow'd,
Rise every child a man of God.

3 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread;
Freely as they receive, to give,
And preach the death by which we live.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 607. 4-8's & 2-6's.

The Pious Master.

How shall I walk, my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?

A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesu's messenger ?

2 The opposite extremes I see,
Remissness and severity ;
And know not how to shun
The precepts on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray my charge divine,
My delegated power ?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of whom I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour ?

4 Oh, teach me my first lesson now ;
And while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove—
Lowly and meek in heart, I see,
The art of governing like thee
Is governing by love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 608. 4-8's. & 2-8's.

The same.

I and my house will serve the Lord,
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear :
By actions, words, and tempers show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set ;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain ;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild ;
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God :
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou dost the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive :

Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come my relatives to win,
To preach their sins forgiven :
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 609. L. M.

The Rule of Equity.

Blessed Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine ;
To do to all men just the same
As we expect or wish from them.

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind or memory pain ;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How bless'd would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity ;
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a Paradise below.

4 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep ;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy bless'd maxims, be our guide.

WATTS.

HYMN 610. C. M.

The same.

Come, let us search our ways and try ;
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?

2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withhold the due
Which we from others claim ?

3 Have we ne'er er vied others' good ?
Ne'er envied others' praise ?
In no man's path malignant stood ?
Nor used detraction's ways ?

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- 4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's woe?
The scorn which wrings the sufferer's breast,
Have we abhorr'd to show?
- 5 Religion's path they never trod
Who equity condemn;
Nor ever are they just to God
Who prove unjust to men.

HYMN 611. C. M.

Christian Benevolence.

Father of mercies send thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share each other's joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies;
And 'midst the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 612. C. M.

Christian Sympathy.

Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands;
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 Meet is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

- 3 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 4 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 5 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 6 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 7 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love. BARBAULD.

HYMN 613. C. M.

"Be ye wise as serpents, but harmless as doves."

- Oh, 'tis a lovely thing to see
The man of prudent heart;
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and war begin
In little angry souls;
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek;
No furious passions rise;
No malice moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleasures he pursued;

- His manners gentle and refined,
His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
In such a heart as mine?
Thy grace my nature can renew,
And make my soul like thine. WATTS.

HYMN 614. S. M.

Paraphrase on Psalm cxxxii.

- Bless'd are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet:
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head,
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil was on his raiment shed,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are bless'd above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all around is love. WATTS.

HYMN 615.

Prayer for Love and Grace.

- O thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 2 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and think, and speak for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 616. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- Forth in thy name, O Lord I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look;
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace has given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 617. S. M.

The same

- Summoned my labor to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.
- 2 End of my every action, thou
In all things may I see;
Accept my hallowed labor now;
I do it unto thee.
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;

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Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great sacrifice.

- 4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own ;
Well pleased with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favored son. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 618. S. M.

Do all to the Glory of God.

God of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace,
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face ;
Through Jesus Christ the just,
My faint desires receive ;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

- 3 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name ;
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone ;
Thy name be praised on earth, on high ;
Thy will by all be done.

- 3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart ;
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art ;
My feeble mind transform,
And perfectly renewed,
Into a saint exalt a worm,
And raise me up to God. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 619. 8-7's & 6's.

*"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit,
serving the Lord."*

Lo, I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will ;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still ;

Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part—
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

- 2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil :
Kept in peace in Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile ;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward :
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love.
Dost all my burdens bear :
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there ;
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone ;
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.
- 4 Oh, that all the art may know
Of living thus to thee ;
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see :
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 620. 6-8's.

Divine Guidance.

Captain of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love ;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By thy unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray—
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, almighty Love, is near.

C. WESLEY

SECTION VI.

MARINERS.

HYMN 621. 4-6's & 2-8's.

The Christian Mariner.

- Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad—
What though the waves are strong—
What though temptation loud
Distress me all along!
Yet what are seas and stormy wind,
Compared with Christ, the sinner's Friend?
- 3 Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord;
I trust his faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The haven of endless rest:
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast!
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more.
- 5 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 622. C. M.

The Wonders of the Lord in the Deep.

- The northern pole and southern rest
On God's supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at his command.
- 2 He bids the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 3 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 4 Rejoice, ye seamen, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

HYMN 623. C. M.

Christ a Refuge.

- A shipwrecked world bestrews the shores
Of vast eternity;
While Sinai's thundering tempest roars
Man's endless destiny.
- 2 Wrecked in the storm which sin has raised,
The whole creation groans;
While fiery hills their lightnings blaze,
'Mid nature's dying moan.
- 3 But grace—what wonders grace has done!
Sinners, be not afraid;
God loved the world, and gave his Son,
And Christ the storm allayed.

4 Here's refuge from the furious blast,
To Christ let sinners steer ;

On him be my soul's anchor cast ;
Millions have harbored here.

SECTION VII.

THE YOUNG.

HYMN 624. C. M.

Early piety.

- Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 3 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 5 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 6 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

FAWCETT.

HYMN 625. C.M.

The Nature and Value of Religion.

- Religion is a glorious light,
For man's salvation given ;
Faith's guiding lamp thro' nature's night—
It came from, leads to, heaven.
- 2 It beams in every sacred page
Of God's eternal truth,
Illuminates the path of age,
And lights the steps of youth.

- 3 Religion—'tis to feel within
Our stubborn wills subdued,
The conscience purified from sin,
The evil heart renewed.
- 4 Religion thus directs through time
The soul to joys above ;
Unveils eternity sublime
To faith, and hope, and love.
- 5 O God ! instruct us in the strife,
To win the Christian's prize—
The crown of everlasting life,
The mansion of the skies.
- 6 Creator, Saviour, Father—thine
Are all our youthful powers ;
Make faith, and hope, and love divine,
Make pure religion ours. J. HOLLAND.

HYMN 626. S. M.

Important Days.

- There is a *precious day*,
In youth that day is hours,
When we should dedicate to God
Our life with all its powers.
- 2 There is a *gracious day*,
When conscience speaks within ;
'Tis *now*, for now the spirit strives,
Convincing us of sin.

- 3 There is a *holy day*
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
It reaches through our Christian life,
On earth to heaven above.
- 4 There is a *serious day*,
When we must yield our breath ;
Be born, to die no more, or die
An everlasting death.

R

5 There is an awful day,
Of judgment and decree ;
Lord ! be we all through Christ prepared
That last of days to see.

6 There is a glorious day,
Of sweet Sabbath rest ;
Oh, may we its eternal length
Enjoy with all the blest. MONTGOMERY.

PART VII.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

SECTION I.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

HYMN 627. 8-7's.

A Revival described.

See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace ;
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze ;
To bring fire on earth he came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is ;
Oh that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss !

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day ;
Now the word does swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way ;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's stronghold it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise ;
He the door has opened wide ;
He has given the word of grace ;
Jesu's word is glorified :
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work has wrought :
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 628. P. M.

Praise for a Revival.

All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the means of his servants, his savour of grace.
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have,
For the work he has done,
All honor and glory to Jesus alone.

2 Our conquering Lord
Has prospered his word,
Has made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell :
His arm he has bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of his passion below.

3 He has opened a door
To the penitent poor :
Has rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in :

They have heard the glad sound,
They have liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon through Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee:
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own,
They are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days:
Oh that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess, [peace!
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and
C. WESLEY.

HYMN 629. 10's & 11's.

The Blessings of a Revival.

Ye neighbors and friends, to Jesus draw
near:

His love condescends, by titles so dear,
To call and invite you his triumph to prove,
And freely delight you in Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died his sheep to redeem,
On every side are gathered to him;
The weary and burdened, the reprobate race
Now wait to be pardoned through Jesus's
grace.

3 The deaf hear his voice and comforting word,
It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord:
"Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art!"
They listen, and heaven springs up in their
heart.

4 The lepers from all their spots are made clean;
The dead, by his call, are raised from their sin;
In Jesu's compassion the sick find a cure;
And gospel salvation is preached to the poor.

5 To us and to them is published the word,
Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,

Who now is reviving his work in our days;
And mightily striving to save us by grace.

6 O Jesus, ride on, till all are subdued:
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle thy
blood:
Display thy salvation and teach the new song
To every nation, and people, and tongue.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 630. P. M.

The happy Results of a Revival.

Our souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun:
Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stopped and talked, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

CHORUS—A Saviour, let creation sing!
A Saviour, let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours;
His fulness in our souls he pours;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who're gone before;
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers, fighting for our King;
Let trembling cowards fly,
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
With Christ to live and die:
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through;
Let foes unite and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown our due!

A Saviour, &c.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain,
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood;
Oh, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!

A Saviour, &c.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;

When all the sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by thee thine own,
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners saved by grace ;
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

A Saviour, &c.

HYMN 631. S. M.

"How beautiful upon the Mountains," &c.

How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice,
 How sweet the tidings are ;
 Zion, behold your Saviour King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought but never found.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God. WATTS.

HYMN 632. 8-7's.

Revival prayed for.

Haste again, ye days of grace,
 When assembled in one place,
 Signs and wonders marked the hour ;
 All were filled and spoke with power ;
 Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflowed,
 Hearts enlarged, self destroyed ;
 All things common now we'll prove,
 All our common stock be love.

CHORUS—Jesus now his work revives,
 Now his quick'ning spirit strives ;
 Oh let preachers, people—all
 Listen to the glorious call ;
 Join the simple, lively throng,
 Catch the fire, and swell the song ;
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
 Spread the life through all the land.

2 Oh that each may now prevail,
 Act the faith that cannot fall ;
 Rise and pull the blessings down :
 Seize the kingdom for our own :
 Fire our hearts with holy zeal,
 Glowing still for Zion's weal ;
 Heaven open, blessings pour,
 Spirit work the present hour !—Jesus, &c.

MILLER.

HYMN 633. 4-6s & 2-8's.

The same.

Saviour, we know thou art
 In every age the same,
 Now, Lord, in ours exert
 The virtue of thy name,
 And daily by thy grace increase
 Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people saved below
 From every sinful stain,
 Shall multiply and grow,
 If thy command ordain,
 And one into a thousand rise,
 And spread thy praise thro' earth and skies.

3 In many a soul and mine
 Thou hast displayed thy power ;
 But to thy people join
 Ten thousand thousand more,
 Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
 In life and heart entirely clean.

C. WESLEY.

SECTION II.

MORNING AND EVENING.

HYMN 634. L. M.

A Morning and Evening Hymn.

My God, how boundless is thy love,
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATER.

HYMN 635. C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

Father, I wake thy love to praise,
Which has my weakness kept;
Thy mercy did the angels place
To guard me while I slept.

2 I laid me down in peace, and rise
Thy goodness to proclaim,
Present my morning sacrifice,
My thanks in Jesu's name.

3 Because he bought me with his blood,
Into thy favor take;
And still be merciful and good
To me for Jesu's sake.

4 Throughout this day thy mercy show,
And still thy child defend,
Till all my spotless life below
In heavenly glories end.

HYMN 636. C. M.

Divine Protection during Sleep.

Still do the wheels of time revolve,
And bear this life along;
With thanks I end the fleeting days,
And hail them with a song.

2 Lord, what is man when lost in sleep?
All power of reasoning dies;
And yet from this defenceless state
With new delights I rise.

3 But not defenceless, O my soul!
Observe that guardian hand,
Which placed those watchful angels there—
There set the heavenly band.

4 And does the King of Glory wake,
To guard my sleeping head:
And shining seraphs pitch their tents
So near a mortal's head?

5 Great God of Hosts, accept the song
I owe to wondrous grace:
Oh, may the Guardian of my nights
Delight to bless my days.

6 This day let every hour correct
The follies of the past!
And such let all its actions be
As would adorn the last.

HYMN 637. L. M.

Thanksgiving for providential Blessings.

How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The secret is above his Lord.

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-Jesus, &c.

MILLER.

2-8's.

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C. WESLEY.

- 2 Inured to poverty and pain
A suffering life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he has prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep ;
Yes, he himself becomes my guard
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears, begone ;
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 6 Me for thy own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity ;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 638. 8-7's.

An Evening Hymn.

- Omnipresent God, whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain ;
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours ;
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.
- 2 O thou jealous God ! come down,
God of spotless purity ;
Claim and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee :
Under thy protection take ;
Songs in the night season give ;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake—
Let me die to thee, and live.
- 3 Let me of thy life partake,
Thy own holiness impart :
Oh that I may sweetly wake
With my Saviour in my heart !

Oh that I may know thee mine !
Oh that I may thee receive !
Only live the life divine ;
Only to thy glory live. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 639. 8-8's.

God and his Angels our Guardians.

- Benevolent Hearer of prayer,
Thou gracious Attendant on mine,
My all to thy tenderest care
I, sleeping and waking, resign :
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the loved sons of mankind.
- 3 Their worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King :
I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love and adore without end
Their Lord, Father, God, all divine.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 640. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The sins that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And peaceful sleep my eyelids close .
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Let my best Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep :
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 6 Should death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid?
Protected by thy saving arm,
Though he may strike, he cannot harm.
- 7 For death is life, and labor rest,
If with thy gracious presence bless'd :
Then welcome sleep or death to me,
Still I am safe, for still with thee.
- 8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. *REV.*

SECTION III.

BIRTHDAY AND NEW YEAR.

HYMN 641. 4-6's & 28-'s.

Self-dedication to God on a Birthday.

God of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise :
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days :
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, oh, let me live ;
To thee my every breath,
In thanks and praises give :
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be :
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee ;
Me to thy image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

4 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,

Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour ;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And bear my raptured soul away.

C. WHEAT.

HYMN 642. P. M.

Birthday Retrospect.

Away with your fears :
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born,
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend ;
Hitherto thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

3 Oh, the infinite cares,
And temptations, and snares,
Thy hand has conducted me through :

Oh, the blessings bestow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new.

4 What a mercy is this !
What a heaven of bliss !
How unspeakably happy am I !
Gather'd into thy fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die.

5 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem :
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they are all devoted to him.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 643. P. M.

The New Year.

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear ;
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream, our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh that each in the day of his coming maysay,
I have fought my way through :
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
to do.

Oh, that each from his Lord, may receive
the glad word,
" Well and faithfully done ;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 644. L. M.

Meditations for New Year's Day.

How many kindred souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun !
Through his last yearly course has run !

2 We yet survive—but who can say,
Or through this year, or month, or day,
I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with Death ?

3 That breath is thine, eternal God ;
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth or in the worlds unknown.

4 To thee our spirits we resign ;
Make them and own them still as thine :
So shall they rest secure from fear,
Though death should bight the rising year.

HYMN 645. 4-6's & 2-8's.

" Let it alone this year also."

The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground ;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found,
Yet does he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When Justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, " Let it still alone ;"
The Father mild inclined his ear,
And spared us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore has bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo! we see another year

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground;
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
Oh, let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

C. WESLEY.

SECTION IV.

NATIONAL CALAMITIES, ETC.

HYMN 646. 4-8's. & 2-6's.

Security of Believers in Time of Public Danger.

How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest;
When wars and tumults' waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague and dearth and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise!
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power:
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near;

His chariot will not long delay,
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant, Lord, appear—

6 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
The word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors to approve;
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face
In glorious heavenly love. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 647. L. M.

Praying that divine Judgments may be sanctified.

Oh, let us our own works forsake.
Ourselves and all we have deny;
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee pure gold to buy.

2 Oh, might we through thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove,
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love.

3 Oh, might we see, in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace.
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our sins confess.

4 Thy fatherly corrections own,
With filial awe revere thy rod,
And turn with zealous haste, and run
Into the outstretched arms of God.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 648. L. M.

The Lord passing by in Judgment

It is the Lord. Behold his hand
Outstretched with an afflictive rod ;
And, hark ! a voice goes through the land,
" Be still, and know that I am God."

- 2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darker shades our darkest fears ?
For who his coming may abide ?
Oh who shall stand when he appears ?
- 3 No, let us throng around his seat,
No, let us meet him face to face :
Prostrate our spirits at his feet,
Confess our sins and sue for grace.
- 4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,
Restrain his judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath ?
- 5 He will, he will ; for Jesus pleads ;
Let heaven and earth his love record ;
For us, for us he intercedes,
Our help is nigh, it is the Lord !

HYMN 649. 6-8's.

Humiliation before God.

Oh God, thy righteousness we own,
Judgment is at thy house begun ;
With humble awe thy rod we hear.
And guilty in thy sight appear ;
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

- 2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy pray ;
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace ;
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.
- 3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved ;
But basely from thy statutes roved,
And done thy loving grace despite,
And sinned against the clearest light ;

Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nailed thee to the cross again.

- 4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-necked and hard-hearted race.
But oh ! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck :
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN 650. L. M.

National Crimes and Judgments.

Great Framer of unbounded worlds,
And whom unbounded worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power—

- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the winds and lifts the sea,
And man, who is the Lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thy aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thy altar is the contrite heart,
Thy incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 But if injustice grind the poor,
Or avarice stain the sordid hand,
Or stern ambition thirst for blood,
Or rude oppression waste the land.
- 5 The God who hears the orphan's cry,
The martyr's prayer and prisoner's groan,
Still listening to the poor oppressed,
Would spurn the oppressor from his throne.
- 6 Yet though enormous crimes abound,
Should but a generous sorrow rise—
And as new troubles threaten round,
'Midst wasting wars and angry skies.
- 7 Should Britain in her sober hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
Thou still wouldst love to be her friend
Who loved to own thee as her God.

DYER.

HYMN 651. L. M.

Pleading for our Country in time of Danger.

Great God of heaven and nature, rise
 And hear our loud united cries,
 See Britain bow before thy face,
 Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.

2 No arm of flesh we make our trust,
 Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast,
 Thine is the land, and thine the main,
 Without thee force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
 On every shore, on every town ;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
 And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
 And purge our land from all its crimes ;
 Reformed and decked with grace divine,
 Let princes, priests, and people shine.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 652. L. M.

God merciful to the distressed.

Our souls shall magnify the Lord,
 In him our spirits shall rejoice :
 Assembled here with sweet accord,
 Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.

2 Since he regards our low estate,
 And hears his servants when they pray,
 We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
 Where none are ever turned away.

3 The poor are his peculiar care,
 To them his promises are sure ;
 His gifts the poor in spirit share :
 Oh, may we always thus be poor !

4 God of our hope, to thee we bow,
 Thou art our refuge in distress ;
 The husband of the widow thou,
 The father of the fatherless.

5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
 To bear each other's burdens here ;
 Suffer and do thy righteous will,
 And walk in all thy faith and fear.

6 Didst thou not give thy Son to die,
 For our transgressions, in our stead ?
 And can thy goodness aught deny
 To those for whom thy Son has bled ?

7 Then may our union, here begun,
 Endure for ever, firm and free ;
 At thy right hand may we be one—
 One with each other, and with thee.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 653. C. M.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

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

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day :
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

COWPER.

HYMN 654. L. M.

Praise to Jehovah.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;

Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

HYMN 655. P. M.

The Gospel Trumpet.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The All-atoning Lamb,
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim,
The year, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year, &c.

4 Ye slayer of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year, &c.

5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year, &c.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad !
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 656. L. M.

The Operations of the Spirit.

Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day :
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
To break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 657. 6-8's.

The Goodness of God.

O God, of good th' unfathom'd Sea !
Who would not give his heart to thee,
Who would not love thee with his might ?
O Jesu, lover of mankind !
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite ?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays :
Before th' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes ;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams—
On all thy works thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow ;
Terrible majesty is thine !

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Who, then, can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is :
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From thee ; no want thy fulness knows :
What but thyself canst thou desire ?
Yet, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart :
'This, only this, dost thou require.

6 Primeval beauty ! in thy sight,
The first-born fairest sons of light,
See all their brightest glories fade ;
What then to me thine eyes could turn ?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !

7 Heil's armies tremble at thy nod,
And, trembling, own th' Almighty God,

Sovereign of earth, hell, air and sky :
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear ?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.

HYMN 658. C. M.

On the Sabbath.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise.
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow :
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

SECTION V.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 659. 4-7's.

Praise to the Trinity.

Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live ;
Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King.

2 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Be this day a Pentecost,
Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 660. 6-8's.

The same.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Ascribe to God the Father's name ;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died,
And equal adoration be,
O God the Spirit, paid to thee.

DRYDEN.

HYMN 661. L. M.

The same.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

WATTS.

HYMN 662. L. M.

The same.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KEN.

HYMN 663. C. M.

The same.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 664. S. M.

The same.

Give God the Father praise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God, the Spirit of all grace,
Be equal honour done.

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	In grace and 275	Jesus, I bless 505	Learning's redund. 605	Lo! I behold 145
	In heaven thou 190	Jesus, I faint 483	Least of all 183	Lo! in the arms 275
	In him we 382	Jesus, I hang 253	Leave to his 563	Lo! on dangers 560
	In holy duties 302	Jesus, I love 76	Less grievous 480	Lo! the angel 50
	In hope of 502	Jesus is worthy 198	Lest that my 590	Lo! the prisoner 138
	In life's first 34	Jesus, let all 290	Let all for 276	Lo! to the hills 446
	In light thou 4	Jesus, let my 245	Let all that 175	Loathsome and 86
	In loud hallelujahs 142	Jesus, my all 100	Let but thy 519	Long as I 641
	In manifested 440	Jesus, my Lord 519	Let crowds ap. 361	Long as our 628
	In many a 333	Jesus, my Shepherd 197	Let deep re. 624	Long have I 55
	In me thy 390	Jesus, my strength 229	Let earth ne 243	Long may im. 603
	In presence of 360	Jesus's name, in 183	Let elders wor. 63	Loose all your 55
	In safety lead 395	Jesus now our 269		Loosed from my 467
	In search of 325			Lord, arm me 641

	Hymn.		Hymn.		Hymn.		Hymn.
Lord, I am blind	450	Millions more	24	No dear compan.	141	O could we	170
Lord, I am sick	450	Millions of happy	105	No good in	573	O death! where	523
Lord, I believe	444	Millions of saints	203	No good word	476	O do not suffer	393
Lord, I believe	653	Millions of sinners	323	No, I must	533	O do not suffer	514
Lord, I believe	99	Molify our stub.	410	No, let us	648	O do thou	481
Lord, I believe	293	More dear than	184	No longer do we	488	O Father, glorify	354
Lord, can these	613	More favor'd	231	No man can	114	O Father of	479
Lord, I commit	13	More of thy	241	No matter how	404	O fill our	303
Lord, if I	244	More than con.	165	No matter which	128	O for a faith	233
Lord, if thou	83	Most awful	159	No more believe	577	O for a fervent	542
Lord, if thou	545	Mourning souls	215	No more fatigue	304	O for a lowly	239
Lord, if thou	608	Move and actuate	405	No more the	412	O for a sight	175
Lord, let me	92	My days are	131	No need of	163	O for a trumpet	96
Lord, let thy	361	My dying Saviour	240	No room for	128	O for his	68
Lord, make my	144	My earth thou	263	No rude alarms	304	O for those	429
Lord, my time	355	My every weak	539	No strength	570	O God instruct	625
Lord, send a	169	My fainting	573	No traveller	113	O God my	156
Lord, send the	309	My flesh would	313	Nor more when	296	O God our help	125
Lord, submissive	501	My God, and	95	Nor shall the	88	O God our king	316
Lord, 'tis amazing	29	My God, if	568	Nor shining	564	O God, thy	550
Lord, tune our	168	My God is	59	Not all the powers	513	O grant me	554
Lord, we believe	564	My God, through	437	Not all the sins	29	O grant that	249
Lord, we bless	43	My heart and	217	Not all their	181	O happy, happy	408
Lord, what is	636	My humbled soul	477	Not in the name	285	O happy period	64
Lord, what shall	16	My lips shall	35	Not in the tomb	545	O happy place	407
Lord, when this	34	My Lord, in	72	Not so the	144	O hasten the	95
Love and grief	108	My mourning	92	Not the fair	314	O hide this	484
Love only can	246	My nature every	514	Nothing have I	475	O how benevolent	71
Love us though	411	My one desire	445	Nothing I ask	438	O how shall	422
Lover of souls	326	My peace, my	121	Nothing is worth	128	O how wavering	245
Love's redeeming	51	My prayer has	448	Nothing on earth	160	O if my threat.	132
Lowly, loving	245	My remnant	642	Nothing ye in	325	O Jesus, appear	384
		My Saviour	44	Now as yesterday	521	O Jesus, full	478
Made apt by	603	My sins incurable	83	Now dawns the	148	O Jesus, in	474
Make me to	227	My soul and	641	Now, if thy	438	O Jesus, of	474
Make our earthly	273	My soul breaks	270	Now, Jesus, now	434	O Jesus, ride	629
Make this the	84	My soul draws	184	Now, Jesus, now	545	O Jesus, save	274
Make us into	400	My soul, revived	187	Now, let me	258	O let me hear	37
Make us of	402	My soul shall	237	Now let our	339	O let me hear	581
Many days have	533	My soul shall	311	Now let thy cho.	299	O let me join	133
May but his	295	My soul to	481	Now let thy Spirit	265	O let me kiss	49
May peace attend	312	My soul with	590	Now, Lord, my	468	O let our	545
May this blest	292	My soul would	318	Now, Lord, to	86	O let thy love	48
May we in	309	My soul would	491	Now, my God	540	O let thy sacred	232
May we receive	321	My stony heart	45	Now, O my	262	O let thy Spirit	451
May we thy	652	My talents, gifts	542	Now o'er distant	41	O let us all	401
May we walk	202	My thoughts	11	Now, only now	157	O let us thus go	408
Me for thy	637	My tongue re.	312	Now, Saviour	368	O let us put	164
Me if thy	539	My trespass was	67	Now the full	21	O let us still	407
Me in my	505	My will be	243	Now the gracious	473	O let us take	401
Me, me who	441	My willing soul	299	Now, then, my	541	O long-expected	304
Me, the vilest	433	My wisdom	274	Now thy gracious	347	O Lord, I	578
Me, with that	235	Myself I cannot	481	Now to the God	502	O Lord, I'll	582
Meaneft of all	335	Nature in every	318	Now to the Lamb	63	O Lord of	18
Meek, simple	394	Nearer and nearer	390	Now to thyself	233	O Lord, regard	319
Meekon my	235	Never from our	402	Now we are	122	O love, how	248
Meat it is and	235	Never let me	600	Number'd among	129	O love, thou	27
Mercies multiplied	207	Never ponder o'er	416	O arm me	507	O love, thy	484
Merciful God	38	Never shall I	82	O be a nobler	131	O love, thy	538
Mercy and grace	336	Never will I	274	O behold the	416	O make me	274
Mercy he does	450	Never will we	366	O believe the	420	O may all	342
Mercy I ask	438	Nipped by the	130	O blessed word	529	O may each	351
Mercy o'er thy	24	No anxious doubt	129	O call to	457	O may I bear	21
Mercy who show	238	No arm of	651	O conquer this	452	O may I learn	507
Midst hourly	556	No chilling winds	178	O could I	532	O may I love	507
Might I enjoy	316	No condemnation	503	O could our	169	O may I still	594
Might I in thy	426						

	Hymn.	Hymn.	Hymn.	Hymn.	Hymn.				
ve	170	O may my broken	160	O unexampled	96	Our life is a	643	Ready thou art	826
where	523	O may my heart	624	O warm our	320	Our life is hid	409	Reason and	547
suffer	393	O may my soul	640	O what a joyful	409	Our longing	113	Reason may grasp	19
suffer	614	O may our humble	145	O what amazing	175	Our misery does	28	Refining fire, go	246
u	481	O may our sacred	8	O what are	177	Our mouth as	649	Refresh us with	335
glorify	354	O may our sym.	611	O what shall	382	Our old compan.	172	Regard me with	424
of	479	O may the	294	O why did	477	Our only help.	604	Regard our prayers	376
	303	O may these	11	O wondrous know.	12	Our raging passions	292	Reign in me	241
th	233	O may thy Spirit	403	O wouldst thou br.	396	Our rising world	187	Reign, mighty prin.	295
rrvent	542	O may thy sweet	234	O wouldst thou Lor.	482	Our souls and	537	Rejoice in glorious	56
rwly	239	O may we all from	52	O ye banished	501	Our souls are	409	Rejoice, ye sea.	622
ght	175	O may we all in.	224	O ye of	564	Our wasting	126	Rejoicing in hope	384
umpet	96	O may we ever	406	Obedient faith	560	Our thoughts are	21	Rejoicing in hope	500
	68	O may we thus	153	Obedient to	368	Our thoughts lie	12	Rejoicing now in	262
se	429	O might I die	176	O'er sins un.	218	Out of great	166	Religion should	624
struct	625	O might I hear	30	O'er the vast	72	Out of the	397	Religion thus	625
y	156	O might I now	438	O'erwhelm'd with	604	Outcasts from thee	280	Religion 'tis	625
r help	125	O might our	544	O'erwhelm'd with	247	Pardon and	519	Religion's path	610
r king	316	O might the	287	Of all thou	471	Pardon our sins	220	Remember, Lord	247
y	550	O might they	488	Of my boasted	579	Pardon for all	247	Remember thee	372
me	554	O might we see	647	Of as I	294	Parent of good	5	Remove this hard.	261
at	249	O might we thro.	647	Of did I	424	Repeat the	21	Rest for my soul	362
happy	408	O multiply	388	Of from the	32	Part of thy	406	Restore my sight	255
period	64	O my Lord	46	Of has the sea	32	Partakers of the	162	Restored by recon.	437
place	407	O my offended	464	Of have our	317	Patient the appoint.	584	Restored in each	296
the	95	O never suffer	482	On him the	39	Peace all our	311	Restraining prayer	534
is	484	O remember me	426	On his shoulders	40	Peace be within	612	Revive thy dying	361
nevolent	71	O Saviour of	419	On Jesus, my	509	Peace from the	179	Richly flowed the	416
all	422	O send thy	227	On me, on	335	Peace, ye pilgrims	442	Rise, ye men	512
vering	245	O solemn	300	On me the	231	Pity and heal	397	Rise to sing	294
reat.	132	O take this	257	On the thin	20	Pity the day	526	Rivers of love	322
appear	384	O take us	303	On thee, O	265	Plead we thus	375	Rivers to the	179
ull	478	O teach me	607	On this glad day	658	Pleasures unsullied	168	Rock of my	508
n	474	O tell me	22	On wings of	611	Plenteous grace	449	Salem, hear the	41
of	474	O that all may	580	Once a sinner	533	Plenteous he is	450	Salvation in that	446
ide	629	O that all the	619	Once in the	60	Poor helpless wor.	101	Salvation let the	104
ave	274	O that each in	643	One day amidst	299	Poor outcasts	494	Salved from the	497
hear	37	O that each may	682	One family we	172	Poor sinful, thirsty	323	Satan, a thousand	396
hear	581	O that from Brit.	281	One look of	582	Poor worms of	602	Saviour and Prince	430
join	133	O that I as	249	One only gift	498	Power o'er the	497	Saviour, I thank	370
kiss	48	O that I could for	578	Only have faith	515	Praise God	640	Saviour, Prince	466
love	545	O that I could the	438	Only let us	375	Praise him who	74	Saviour, to me	429
sacred	48	O that I could with	453	Only thee content	252	Prayer makes	534	Saviour, to thee	270
Spirit	232	O that I had	578	Open a door.	388	Prepare and	455	Saviour, wher'er	525
ll	451	O that I never	236	Open, Lord, the	225	Present we know	385	Saw ye not	627
ll	401	O that I now	207	Open my eyes	441	Present we still	409	Scatter the last	241
aus go	408	O that in me	246	Open my faith's	258	Preserve me	624	See from his head	107
nt	164	O that it now	246	Open the inter.	471	Preserve the crea.	223	See from the Rock	325
ill	407	O that my Jesus	98	Open their graves	279	Preserved by pow	380	See he again	65
ike	401	O that my tender	591	Or worn by	130	Primeval beauty	657	See him set forth	324
pected.	304	O that our	302	Order my foot.	227	Prisoner of Hope	437	See, Lord, the	265
ll	578	O that the fire	267	Other knowledge	106	Prisoner of Hope to	450	See me, Saviour	465
	582	O that the soul	358	Other refuge	449	Prisoners of Hope	564	See the Judge	149
egard	18	O that the world	98	Our advocate	511	Proclaim salvation	30	See there the	511
w	319	O that the world	114	Our Brother, Sa.	390	Pronounce the	382	See where before	439
ou	243	O that to the	591	Our Brother, the	137	Protect us in	220	See where o'er	323
y	27	O that we all	320	Our Captain	515	Pureas the	601	See where the God	423
y	464	O that we now	378	Our claim admit	340	Pure love to	497	Selfish pursuits	467
y	538	O that with yon.	75	Our conquering	628	Purge me from	257	Send down thy	541
ne	274	O that without	129	Our covenant	588	Raised by the	162	Send us thy Spirit	119
ch	342	O the infinite	642	Our deservato	330	Ready for all	615	Sent down from	412
ear	351	O the transport.	178	Our father and	332	Ready for you	418	Set upon this	508
ear	79	O thou dear	45	Our fellow suf.	61	Ready for the Father	418	Shall I amidst	415
earn	21	O thou jealous	638	Our foreheads	392	Ready the Spirit	418	Shall I through	607
ove	507	O thou that	127	Our glad ho.	39			Shall magnify the	62
ove	507	O thou who	434	Our guilt might	651				
kill	594	O to grace	216	Our guilty souls	101				

Hymn.	Hymn.	Hymn.	Hymn.
Shall still the proud 62	Still heavy is 563	The blessings all 411	The pain of life 516
Shall we alike 648	Still hide me 236	The busy tribes 125	The paschal sac. 76
Shine forth with 223	Still I cannot 460	The calm re. 357	The peace and 390
Shine mighty 187	Still let him 483	The captive ex. 397	The peace which 437
Shine on thy 444	Still let the 506	The chaff of 396	The people who 212
Shortly this prison 171	Still let the pub. 328	The Christian Sab. 296	The pit, its 328
Should cares like 167	Still let us own 400	The Church of 407	The plague and 646
Should death 640	Still let us to 352	The Church tri. 487	The poor are 652
Should earth again 167	Still may we 377	The covenant we 546	The promis'd last 263
Should friends and 573	Still nigh me 557	The day of 457	The ransom'd sons 390
Should lowing herds 37	Still our fellowship 405	The deaf hear 629	The rocks could 45
Should vengeance 413	Still restless nature 1	The deaf delight 534	The rougher our 391
Shout all the 154	Still stir me 274	The dying thief 663	The rush of 498
Shout, ye little 501	Still we believe 111	The earth and 155	The sacred lessons 293
Show me as 355	Still will I 513	The eternal Shep. 143	The saints alone 148
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Show me the 551	Strive we in 373	The Father hears 59	The sanctifying 472
Show them the 397	Strong in the 506	The Father, shin. 520	The Saviour left 188
Show us some 309	Stronger his love 453	The Father, Son 418	The scape goat 76
Shut up in 435	Stronger than the 530	The feeling heart 309	The sea beheld 15
Silent, alas 86	Struggle through 135	The fire our 517	The Shepherd 629
Silent I own 588	Stung by the scor. 96	The food our 344	The sinner's sud. 327
Simple, teachable 580	Subsists as in us 409	The foolish build 69	The smoke of 227
Sin in me 560	Such happiness 640	The fountain 500	The soul from 168
Since all that 572	Such was the 613	The fulness of 231	The soul has o'er 142
Since by thy 425	Such was thy truth 70	The glorious crown 263	The spacious earth 31
Since he regards 682	Supply what every 377	The God of Ab. 191	The spirit breathe 340
Since none can 587	Sure earnest of 223	The God of grace 352	The spirit of con. 340
Sing to the Lord 209	Sure thou didst 403	The God of my 37	The spirit of faith 95
Sing we, then 373	Sweet fields beyond 170	The God that 455	The spirit of faith 340
Sinners, expect 157	Sweetly may we 405	The God who 650	The spirit of his 110
Sinners from earths 105	Swift to my 527	The gospel bids 295	The Spirit of int. 528
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So Abraham 585	Take my poor 489	The greedy sea 155	The sun of right. 449
So blooms the 130	Take my soul 540	The hardness from 326	The sure pro. 91
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So, Jesus, let 281	Take the dear 451	The holy to 487	The temple's veil 367
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So let thy grace 12	Taltest of the 512	The king him. 209	The things eter. 160
So may our 556	Teach me to 640	The kingdom of 284	The things of 110
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Soothe the passions 59	That I thy 257	The Lord supports 5	The wounded 551
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Speak to my 523	That power we 10	The men of care 396	Thee I can love 232
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schal sac. 76	Thee we expect 386	Thou shall the 169	Thou in thy 141	Thus with festive 313
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