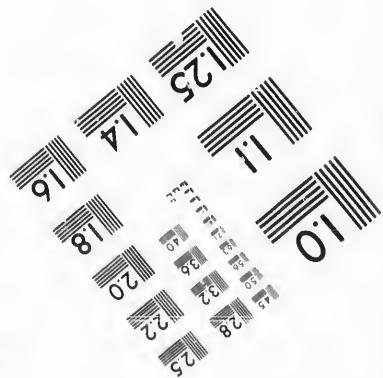
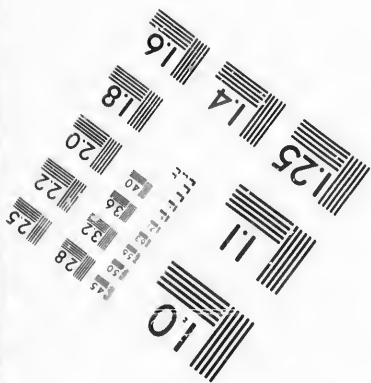
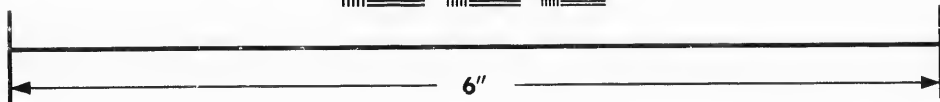
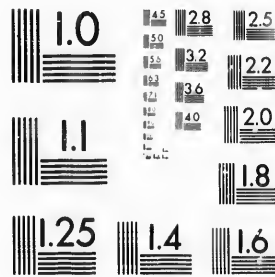


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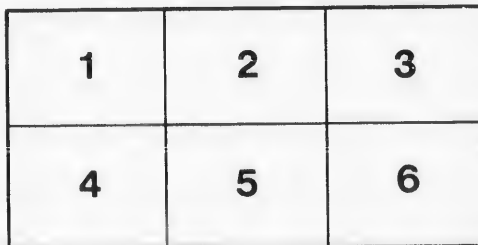
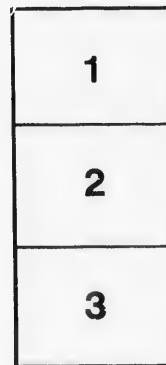
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A COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

AND

Sacred Songs ;

ADAPTED

FOR CONFERENCE AND PROTRACTED MEETINGS,

AND

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED AT THE "MESSENGER OFFICE."

1842.

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INVITATIONS, &c. OF THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 1 8 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, hear the mighty Saviour!
Love and pity fill his breast;
Now in accents sweet he calls you,
Come and taste the promised rest.
- 3 Though in sorrow now you labor,
Weary souls with sin opprest,
Jesus bids you come, and welcome—
Come and taste the promised rest.
- 3 Tho' your sins be red like crimson,
And ten thousand foes infest,
He is mighty to deliver—
Come and taste the promised rest.
- Tho' like Noah's dove, you wander,
Of all refuge dispossess'd,
Jesus is the Ark of Safety—
Come and taste the promised rest.
- 5 His dear arms are now extended,
Come, and be forever blest;
Dying sinners, come to Jesus—
Come and taste the promised rest!

15703.

HYMN 2. 11.

- 1 **D**ELAY not, delay not, Oh sinner draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God ?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, Oh sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day ;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the torab ;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the hour's at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small & great, in the judgment shall stand ;
What power then, Oh sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

HYMN 3. L. M.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's controul ?
- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind ;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 4. 7.

- 1 **F**ROM the Cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die ;
 What melodious sounds we hear
 Bursting on the ravished ear !
 "Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come, and welcome, sinner, come !"
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid ;
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 "Come and welcome, sinner come."
- 3 Soon the days of life shall end,
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, friend,
 Safe your spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day ;
 Up to my eternal home,
 Come and welcome, sinner come.

HYMN 5. S.M.

- Y**E Sinners, fear the Lord,
 While yet 'tis called to-day ;
 Soon will the awful voice of death
 Command your souls away.
- 2 Soon will the harvest close,
 The summer soon be o'er ;
 And soon your injured, angry God,
 Will hear your prayers no more.
- 3 Then, while 'tis called to-day,
 Oh hear the Gospel's sound ;
 Come, sinner, haste, Oh haste away,
 While pardon may be found.

HYMN 6. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'sinner come ;'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'Come !'
- 2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, 'Come !'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

HYMN 7. C. M.

- 1 **R**ETURN, Oh wanderer, now return !
And seek thy Father's face !
These new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, Oh wanderer, now return !
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees the soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, Oh wanderer, now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his feet ; and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, Oh wanderer—now return !
And wipe the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
'Tis love invites thee near.

HYMN 8. 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn—why will ye die?
 God your Maker—asks you why?
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 He who died that ye might live.
- 3 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
 God the Spirit, asks you why;
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love;
- 4 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Oh! ye dying sinners, why—
 Why will ye forever die?

HYMN 9. 6. 4.

- 1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls!
 Ye wanderers come;
 Oh, ye benighted souls
 Why longer roam.
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls!
 Oh listen now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
 To-day the Saviour calls!
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of vengeance falls;
 Run is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day!
 Yield to his powers;
 Oh, grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour!

HYMN 10. 7.

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bared!
 Awful terrors clothe his brow!
 For his judgment stand prepared,
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 Think, Oh sinner, on thine end!
 See the judgment day appear!
 Thither must thy spirit wend;
 There thy righteous sentence hear.
- 4 Wretched, ruined, helpless soul,
 To a Saviour's blood apply;
 He alone can make thee whole;
 Fly to Jesus—sinner, fly.

HYMN 11. 8 7.

- 1 **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading,
 At the sinner's bolted heart;
 Now in heaven he's interceding,
 Undertaking sinner's part.
 Sinners can you hate this Saviour?
 Will you thrust him from your arms?
 Once he died,—the blest Redeemer!
 Now he calls you to his arms.
- 2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed;
 Shows his wounded hands and feet:
 "Father, save them, tho' they're blood red,
 Raise them to a heavenly seat,"
 Sinners, &c.

- 3 Now he's waiting to be gracious ;
Now he stands and looks on thee ;
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
4. Come, for all things now are ready ;
Yet there's room for many more ;
Oh ye blind, ye lame, and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

HYMN 12. C. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt !
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jew and Gentile spilt.
- 2 From heaven he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode ;
To ransom us, himself he gave,
" Behold the Lamb of God !"
- 3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood ;
Let Adam's guilt, ruin'd race,
" Behold the Lamb of God !"
- 4 Sinners, to Jesus, Oh, draw near,
Invited by his word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear,
" Behold the Lamb of God !"
- 5 Spirit of Grace ! to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
" Behold the Lamb of God !"

PRAYER FOR PARDON, MERCY, &c.

HYMN 13. H. M.

- 1 **O**H THOU that hearest prayer!
 Attend our humble cry;
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high:
 We plead the promise of thy word,
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when thy cry;
 If they with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father thou—
 We—children of thy grace—
 Oh, let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

HYMN 14. L. M.

- 1 **H**EAR gracious God, a sinner's cry,
 For I have no where else to fly;
 My hope, my only hope's in thee,
 Oh God, be merciful to me!
- 2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,
 And wait for mercy at thy door;
 Indeed I've no where else to flee;
 Oh God, be merciful to me.
- 3 To thee I come, a sinner great,
 And well thou knowest all my state;
 Yet full forgiveness is with thee;
 Oh God, be merciful to me!

- 4 To thee I come a sinner lost,
Nor have I ought wherein to trust;
Mercy alone I make my plea;
Oh God, be merciful to me.
- 5 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,
And there, when all my fears are past,
With all the saints I'll then agree,
God has been merciful to me.

HYMN 15. S. M.

- 1 **W**HAT trump is this that sounds,
Such glorious liberty,
For sinners through the blood of Christ;
And why not then for me.
- 2 Christ died to save a world
Of sinners, and set free
The worst of traitors, by his blood,
And why not then for me?
- 3 There's righteousness in Christ,
Most infinitely free,
For wretched sinners that were lost,
And why not then for me?
- 4 And in this righteousness,
Sinners, angels outshine,
It covers all their guilt and shame,
And why not cover mine.
- 5 So that God's holy eye,
No spot in them can see:
In garments white they shine so bright,
And why not shine on me.

HYMN 16. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, have mercy on my soul!
Oh listen to my cry,
Cleanse me from sin, Lord, make me whole,
Save me, or else I die.
- 2 Whither, my Saviour, shall I fly,
Oh! where for mercy flee:
Low at thy sov'reign feet I lie,
My only hope, in thee.
- 3 Hast thou not shed thy precious blood
For sinners such as I?
Hast thou not died, my King! my God!
For rebels doom'd to die?
- 4 Oh then have mercy on my soul,
Lord, to thy cross I flee;
Cleanse me from sin, oh, make me whole,
Hear, hear my humble plea.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- 1 **W**E would see Jesus, for we know
His sov'reign grace alone
Can on us hearts of flesh bestow,
And for our sins atone.
- 2 We would see Jesus, does not He
Bid contrite sinners come?
And to such guilty souls as we
Proclaim—"there yet is room."
- 3 We would see Jesus, for his saints
May lean upon his breast;
Pour out with confidence their plaints,
And find eternal rest.
- 4 We would see Jesus, gracious friend,
From him derive our bliss,
And wait till we the heavens ascend,
And see him as he is.

HYMN 18. 7.

- 1 **I**F I perish, I will go
Trembling to the Saviour's feet,
Yet his favor he'll bestow
Yet I may forgiveness meet.
- 2 If I perish, I will go :
He perhaps may pity me.
I will venture near his throne,
For his pardons all are free.
- 3 If I perish, I will go,
Though distressed, I can but try ;
Should he mercy never show,
Begging I will live and die.
- 4 Dearest Saviour let me live,
Stretch thy sceptre out to me ;
All my sins, tho' great, forgive ;
Speak the word, and set me free.

HYMN 19. 7.

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love ?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet.
- 4 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.

HYMN 20. L. M.

- 1 **I** left the God of truth and light,
 I left the God who gave me breath,
 To wander in the wilds of night,
 And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
 Was light, and easy to be borne;
 Through all his bonds of love I broke,
 I cast away his gifts with scorn.
- 3 I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
 While pillowing roses stay'd my head;
 But serpents hiss'd among the flowers;
 I woke, and thorns were all my bed.
- 4 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
 Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
 Almighty vengeance from thy frown?
 Eternal justice from thy eye?
- 5 My suff'ring, slain, and risen Lord,
 In sore distress I turn to thee,
 I claim acceptance on thy word;
 My God, my God, forsake not me.
- 6 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
 I dare not, if I would, despair;
 None ever perish'd at thy feet,
 And I will lie forever there.

HYMN 21.

COME to Jesus—just now—
 He will save you—just now;
 I believe it—just now—
 Send the glory—just now;
 Hallelujah—Amen.

HYMN 22. S. M.

- 1 **N**OW to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes ;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment he expired,
The law was satisfied ;
And now to its severest claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

HYMN 23. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD I approach the mercy seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer ;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, oh Lord, am I.
- 3 Be thou my shield and hiding place
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.
- 4 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 21. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou yet be found,
 And may I still draw near?
 Then listen to the plaintive sound
 Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus thine aid afford,
 If still the same thou art,
 To thee I look, to thee, my Lord
 Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Oh my offended Lord,
 Restore my inward peace,
 I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
 And bid the tempest cease.
- 4 I long to see thy face,
 Thy Spirit I implore,
 The living waters of thy grace,
 That I may thirst no more.
- 5 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.

HYMN 25. 7 6.

- 1 **O**H sacred Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down;
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns thy only crown;
 Oh sacred head what glory,
 What bliss 'till now was thine!
 Yet tho' despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 Oh noblest brow and dearest,
 In other days the world

All feared when thou appearedst ;
What shame on thee is hurled !
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn ;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

3 What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve thy place ;
Look on me, with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

4 Receive me my Redeemer ;
My Shepherd, make me thine ;
Of ev'ry good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Oh, make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

5 Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh, show thy Cross to me !
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

HYMN 26. 11. 10.

- 1 **C**OME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure ;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing
Forth from the Throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the mercy-seat,—come ever knowing,
Earth hath no sorrow, but Heav'n can remove.

 CHRIST, THE CROSS, &c.

HYMN 27. H. M.

- 1 **T**HE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heaven their great high Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with his blood,
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love ;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

- 3 And tho' awhile he be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again!
 In brightest glory he will come
 And take his waiting people home.

HYMN 23. H. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding sacrifice
 On my behalf appears :
 Before the throne my surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary,
 Now pour effectual prayers,
 And strongly speak for me ;--
 Forgive him, Oh forgive, they cry,
 Nor let the ransomed sinner die.
- 3 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.
- 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.

HYMN 29. 7.

- 1 **L**IGHT of Life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart ;
 Every fainting soul inspire ;
 Shine in every drooping heart.
- 2 Every mourning sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Son of God, appear, appear !
 To thy human temples come.
- 3 Come in this accepted hour ;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
 Fill us with the glorious power,
 Rooting out the love of sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less ;
 Be thou all our hearts' desire,
 All our joy and all our peace.

HYMN 30. C. M.

- 1 **A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember thee.
- 2 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?
- 3 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes
 And rest on Calvary,
 Oh, Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
 I must remember thee.

- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Dear Lord, remember me.

HYMN 31. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Cross, the Cross, Oh, that's my gain!
'Twas on that Cross the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.
- 2 The stony heart dissolves in tears,
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love when truly felt,
The vilest hardest heart does melt.
- 3 Here will I stay and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile;
Abased, I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious son.
- 4 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls, in him believe,
Ye wounded look on him and live.

HYMN 32. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's friend;
To thee I look, to thee;
Now in the fulness of thy love,
Oh Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
Jesus, remember me.

- 3 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
 Yet thy salvation's free ;
 Then in thine all abounding grace,
 Oh Lord remember me.
- 4 And when I close my eyes in death,
 And earthly helps all flee,
 Then, Oh my great Redeemer, God,
 I pray, remember me.

HYMN 33. L. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man !
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
 I fought, with hands uplifted high ;
 Despised the mention of his grace,
 Secure without a hiding place.
- 3 Enwapt in dark, Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness, more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view ;
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
 But Justice cried, with frowning face,
 "This mountain is no hiding place."
- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
 And mercy's angel form appeared ;
 She led me, Oh, wondrous grace !
 To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
- 6 A few more rolling suns at most,
 Will laud me on fair Canaan's coast ;
 There I shall sing the song of grace,
 And see my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 34. C. M.

- 1 **O**N yonder cross beside the Lord,
A vile offender see ;
Yet hearken to his dying word,
He cries, "Remember me."
- 2 He cries—nor does he cry in vain,
Nor urge a second plea,
The Saviour hears the plaintive strain,
"Dear Lord, remember me."
- 3 Such the compassion of his heart,
His mercy flows so free,
He could not bid the soul depart,
Who cried "Remember me."
- 4 When flesh and heart within me fail,
And I draw near to thee,
Then let my last request prevail,
"Dear Lord, remember me."

HYMN 35. 6 lines. 8's.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground, wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

- 3 Oh love, thou bottomless abyss,
 My sins are swallowed up in thee,
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesus' blood thro' earth and skies
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast;
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

HYMN 36. 3.

- 1 **Y**E angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Emanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known,
 Tune, tune your soft hearts to his praise.
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirmed by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat:
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
 He ransom'd from death and despair;
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

- 3 I long to put on my attire,
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;
 I long to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name !
 I long—oh I long to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,—
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you.

HYMN 37. 7. 6.

- 1 **L**AMB of God ! whose bleeding love,
 We now recal to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find ;
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 Every burden'd soul release,
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray—
 By thy dying love to men,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all sin do thou release ;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
 Let sinners pardon feel ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal ;
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

HYMN 38. 7.

- 1 **B**Y thy birth and early years,
B By thy human griefs and fears;
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness;
 By thy victory in the hour—
 Of the subtle tempter's power,—
 Jesus look with pitying eye,
 Hear, Oh hear us, when we cry!
- 2 By the sympathy that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By thy bitter tears that flowed,
 Over Salem's lost abode;
 By the troubled sigh that told
 Treason lurked within thy fold;
 Jesus look with pitying eye,
 Hear, Oh hear us, when we cry.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair;
 By thine agony of prayer;
 By the purple robe of scorn;
 By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn;
 Cross and passion, pangs and cries,
 By thy perfect sacrifice—
 Jesus look with pitying eye,
 Hear, Oh hear us, when we cry.
- 4 By thy deep, expiring groan;
 By the sealed sepulchral stone;
 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
 By thy power from death to save—
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To thy throne, in heaven restored!
 Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
 Of our solemn Litany!

HYMN 39. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 2 Other refuge have I none—
 Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
 Leave, Oh leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me.
 Hide me, Oh, my Saviour hide !
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 Oh, receive my soul at last !

HYMN 40. 11.

- 1 **L**ET the saints all rejoice, and exult in their king ;
 To Jesus with joy and with melody sing ;
 For sinners' redemption his life-blood he gave,
 And the 'Faithful True witness' will never deceive.
- 2 He promised a crown when he left us a cross :
 A kingdom we gain ; the reward of our loss,
 To glory he leads ; and to Him let us cleave ;
 For the 'Faithful True witness' will never deceive.
- 3 In heartfelt affliction his presence can cheer ;
 He feels every sorrow, he wipes every tear ;
 Thro' fire and thro' water will Jesus e'er leave ?
 No—the 'Faithful True witness' will never deceive.
- 4 'Twas the promise of love, 'I come quickly again ;'
 He calls us to join in the joyful 'Amen.'
 Of the hope that he gives us, shall aught then bereave ?
 No—the 'Faithful True witness' will never deceive.

HYMN 41. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
 Nailed to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclined,
 To bleed and die for me !
- 2 " 'Tis finished—now the ransom's paid—
 Receive my soul," he cries ;
 Behold he bows his sacred head,
 He bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine ;
 Oh, Lamb of God,—was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine.

HYMN 42. 6. 4.

- 1 **C**OME all ye Saints of God !
 Wide through the earth abroad,
 Spread Jesus' fame ;
 Tell what his love has done ;
 Trust in his name alone ;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 " Worthy the Lamb !"
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
 Dry up your mournful tears ;
 Swell the glad theme ;
 Praise ye our gracious King,
 Strike each melodious string,
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 " Worthy the Lamb !"

HYMN 43 3 4.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves !
- 2 Blessed Jesus, wouldst thou know him,
Oh, how he loves !
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves !
'Think no more then of to-morrow,
'Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow—
Oh, how he loves !
- 3 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves !
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves !
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
Oh, how he loves !
- 4 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves !
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
Oh! how he loves !
Neither trial, nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation ;
Oh, how he loves !

- 5 Let us still this love be viewing,
 Oh, how he loves !
 And though keep on pursuing,
 Oh, how he loves !
 He will strengthen each endeavour,
 And when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
 This shall be our song forever,
 Oh, how he loves !

HYMN 44. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our best beloved Friend,
 Draw out our souls in pure desire ;
 Jesus, in love to us descend,
 Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 On thy redeeming name we call,
 Poor and unworthy though we be ;
 Pardon and sanctify us all ;
 Let each thy full salvation see.
- 3 Firm, faithful watching unto prayer,
 May we thy blessed will obey ;
 Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.
- 4 Yet Lord, for us a resting place,
 In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare ;
 And till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

HYMN 45. L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, this is the day of grace ;
 Come, sinners, seek the Saviour's face
 You need but look to Christ and live—
 The Lord is ready to forgive.
 The fountain of his grace is free ;
 His love is boundless as the sea ;
 He urges you to look and live—
 The Lord is ready to forgive.

- 3 Grieve not the spirit from your heart,
Lest he should finally depart ;
But while he moves, come, look and live—
The Lord is ready to forgive.
- 4 Come, all who thirst, come all who will,
Come while the dews of grace distill ;
Come as you are, come look and live—
The Lord is ready to forgive.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

HYMN 46. 7 6.

- 1 **C**AST thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour ;
He whose hands for thee were pierced,
Can and will deliver.
- 2 Why should sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation,
Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation ?
- 3 Roll thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with the Saviour ;
He, whose hands for thee were pierced,
Can and will deliver.

HYMN 47. 7 6.

- 1 Rise my soul shake off thy fears,
Lay aside thy mourning,
Wipe away those falling tears,
Cease this inward groaning.
'Tho' thy sins like mountains rise,
Though they reach to heaven,
Jesus lives above the skies,
They may be forgiven.

- 2 Once a man of sorrows, he
 Wrestled in the garden,
 Died upon the shameful tree,
 To procure thy pardon—
 Rose triumphant from the grave,
 Lives thy great Redeemer,
 Strong and powerful to save
 Every true believer.
- 3 He thy burden shall remove,
 Speak thy sins forgiven,
 Crown thee with his peace and love
 Turn thy hell to heaven:
 Guide thee by his counsel here,
 Still thy strength renewing,
 Save from every anxious fear
 All thy foes subdaing.

HYMN 48. L. M.

- 1 **A**S panting in the sultry beam,
 The heart desires the cooling stream;
 So to thy presence, Lord, I flee;
 So longs my soul, Oh God, for thee.
- 2 My heart within me cries, Oh Lord!
 And flees for refuge to thy word;
 Athirst to taste thy living grace,
 And see my Saviour face to face.
- 3 And many a thought would linger still,
 By Carmel's height, and Tabor's hill;
 The Olive mount my Saviour trod;
 The rocks that saw and owned their God.
- 4 To thee my soul, shall cry, Oh Lord!
 To thee, supreme incarnate word!
 And thou wilt hear thy servants' prayer,
 Tho' all around should speak despair.

HYMN 49. H. M.

- 1 **F**IXED on the sacred Hills,
 Its firm foundations rest ;
 The Lord his temple fills,
 With all his glory blest.
 He waits where'er his saints adore,
 But loves the gates of Zion more.
- 2 Oh, Zion, sacred place !
 Thy name shall spread around
 The city of his grace,
 His wonders there abound ;
 Thy glories shall thy God declare,
 And earth thy fame resound afar.

HYMN 50.

- 1 **O**UR 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 spoke,
 And glowed with sacred fire,
 While Jesus spoke, and fed and blessed,
 And filled the enlarged desire.
- “ A Saviour,” let creation sing,
 “ A Saviour,” let all heaven ring ;
 'Tis God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours ;
 'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er ;
 We'll join with those who've gone before,
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
 Where we shall meet to part no more.

- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly,
 We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
 With Christ to live and die.
 Let Satan rage, let hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through ;
 Let foes unite, let friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown in view. " A Saviour,"
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We wait to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain—
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 Oh pour a mighty flood,
 Oh sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 'Till all proclaim thee, God. " A Saviour,"
- 4 And when thou makest thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by Thee, thine own ;
 May we a little band of love,
 We sinners saved by grace ;
 From glory unto glory changed,
 Behold Thee face to face. " A Saviour,"

HYMN 51. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thy church hath seen thee rise,
 To thy temple in the skies ;
 God my Saviour, God my King !
 Still thy ransomed, round thee sing.
- 2 When, in glories all divine,
 Through the earth thy church shall shine,
 Kings, in prayer and praise, shall wait,
 Bending at thy temple gate.

HYMN 52. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITNESS ye men and angels now,
 Before the Lord we speak ;
 To Him we make our solemn vow,
 A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
 Nor from his cause will we depart,
 Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on his grace rely,
 That with returning wants, the Lord
 Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways ;
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 53.

- 1 **O**H Israel, who is like to thee ?
 A people saved, and called to be
 Peculiar to the Lord !
 Thy shield ! he guards thee from the foe,
 Thy sword ! he fights thy battles too :
 Himself thy great reward.
- 2 Fear not, tho' many should oppose,
 For God is stronger than thy foes,
 And makes thy cause his own ;
 The promised land before thee lies,
 Go, and possess the glorious prize,
 Reserved for thee alone.

- 3 In glory there the King appears,
 He wipes away his people's tears
 And makes their sorrows cease
 From toil and strife they there repose,
 And dwell secure from all their foes,
 In everlasting peace.
- 4 Sweet hope, it makes the coward brave,
 It makes a free man of the slave,
 And bids the sluggard rise ;
 It lifts a worm of earth on high ;
 Provides him wings, and makes him fly
 To mansions in the skies.

HYMN 51. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, Church of Christ, bought with his blood,
 The world I freely leave ;
 Ye children of the living God,
 Me in your tents receive.
- 2 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
 I'll go thy safest road ;
 Thy people, shall my people be,
 And thine shall be my God.
- 3 And am I, Jesus, one of those
 Who in thy fold have place ?
 Who gathered round the erected Cross
 Enjoy redeeming grace ?
- 4 Oh yes, nor would I change my lot
 For all this world can give,
 By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
 And only to thee cleave.

HYMN 55. 3 7.

- 1 **F**OUNT of everlasting love!
 Rich thy streams of mercy are,
 Flowing purely from above;
 Beauty marks their course afar.
- 2 Lo! thy church, thy garden now,
 Blooms beneath the heavenly shower;
 Sinners feel and melt and bow;
 Mild, yet mighty is thy power.
- 3 God of grace! before thy throne,
 Here our warmest thanks we bring;
 Thine the glory, thine alone;
 Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- 4 Hear, Oh hear our grateful song,
 Let thy Spirit still descend;
 Roll the tide of grace along,
 Widening, deepening, to the end.

HYMN 56. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, to thee I'll raise
 My voice, and all my powers;
 Unwearied songs of sacred praise,
 Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
 While suns shall set and rise,
 And tune my everlasting song,
 When time and nature dies.

HYMN 57.

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto his garden comes,
 The spices yield their rich perfumes,
 The lilies grow and thrive,

Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on ;
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ;
Come taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me,
Who turn to Christ, shall live.

4 Come, brethren, ye that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

HYMN 58. L. M.

1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here ;
We seek a land beyond our sight ;
Zion its name,—the Lord is there ;
It shines with everlasting light.

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

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

HYMN 59. L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand,
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away.
- 2 Eternity—tremendous sound !
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
 But Oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents—how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care—
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer—
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- 4 Search Lord, Oh search my inmost heart,
 And light and hope, and joy impart ;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 60.

- 1 **T**HE Chariot, the Chariot, its wheels roll on fire,
 As the Lord cometh down, in the pomp of his ire,
 Self-moving it drives on the pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are
 bowed.
- 2 The glory, the glory, by myriads are poured,
 The hosts of the angels, to wait on their Lord,
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
 And all who the palmwreath of victory wear.

- 3 The judgment, the judgment, the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white vested Elders are met,
All flesh is at once, in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of Eternity hangs on his word.
- 4 Oh mercy, Oh mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love,
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our glorified souls find a mansion in heaven.

HYMN 61.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of Zion! what harp-notes are stealing,
So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet?
'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet.
Children of Zion! we join in their welcome,
'Tis sweet to lie low at that blessed retreat.
- 2 Children of Zion! no longer in sadness
Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath given,
Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.
Children of Zion! our hearts bid you welcome
To the church of the ransomed, the kingdom of
heaven.
- 3 Children of Zion! we joyfully hail you
Who've entered the sheepfold thro' Jesus the door,
While pilgrims on earth, tho' the foe may assail you,
Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.
Children of Zion, Oh welcome, thrice welcome!
'Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no
more.

HYMN 62. S. M.

- 1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 4 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name
Henceforth, forevermore.

YOUNG, SABBATH SCHOOLS.

HYMN 63. S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD in the day of youth,
May we in grace improve ;
And learn the word of sacred truth,
The Saviour's dying love.
- 2 Our moments haste away,
With every heaving breath ;
And swiftly hastens on the day,
When we must sink in death.
- 3 Beyond the azure sky
We'll praise thee evermore ;
And through a long eternity,
Our God and Christ adore,

HYMN 64. 7.

- 1 **M**AKER of the Sabbath day,
Teach us how to praise and pray.
Thou the blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heaven. •
- 2 Giver of eternal rest,
By the glorious gospel blest
Thou alone can'st change the heart,
Thou alone can'st peace impart.
- 3 Friend of the young Oh hear our prayer,
Let no trifling feeling dare,
Steal the precious hours away,
Of thy sacred Sabbath day.

HYMN 65. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites the youthful near;
Oh may we now obey;
Give us, Oh Lord, the listening ear,
And teach us how to pray.
- 2 In early life to us, Oh Lord,
Thy pardoning mercy show,
And while our minds are early taught,
May we in knowledge grow.
- 3 Then will we make redeeming love,
Our daily nightly songs;
And joy, like theirs who sing above,
Shall tune our thankful tongues.

HYMN 66. C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT Jesus hears when children pray,
Is joyful news to me.
I'll seek thy face without delay,
And cry, remember me.

- 2 Dear Saviour, look upon a child,
 Who fain would worship thee;
 By nature I am all defiled,
 But Oh remember me.
- 3 Through all the dang'rous paths of youth,
 Do thou my leader be ;
 Teach me to walk the way of truth—
 Dear Lord remember me.

HYMN 67. H. M.

- 1 **H**OW kind the Saviour's love !
 How tenderly he smiled,
 While in his arms, he took
 And blessed, each little child.
 Forbid them not, for such I came,
 I love to hear them lisp my name.
- 2 Thy blessing Lord impart,
 Grant mercy to us all,
 Let grace incline each heart
 To listen to thy call:
 Nor sin, nor death, nor earthly charms,
 Shall keep us from our Saviour's arms.

HYMN 68.

- 1 **A**CQUAINT thyself quickly, Oh sinner, with God,
 And joy like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
 And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
 And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, Oh sinner, with God,
 And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;
 Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path ;
 Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

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