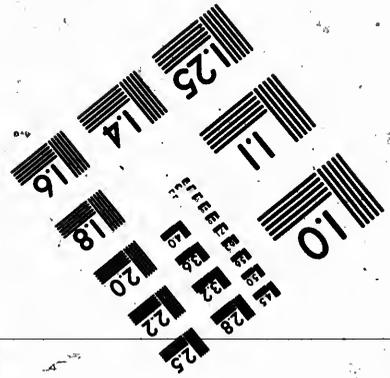
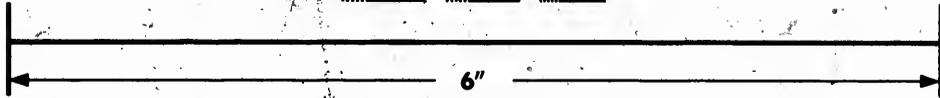
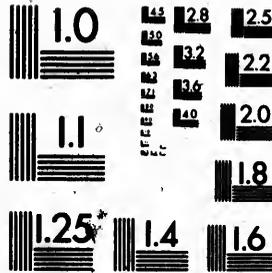


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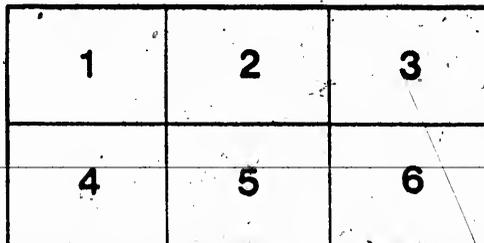
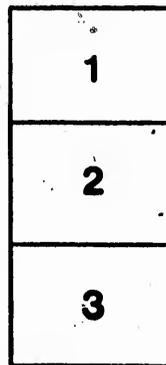
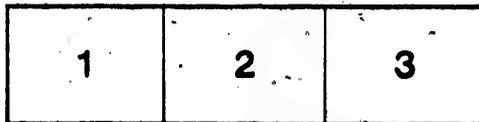
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HYMNS AND PSALMS.

Original and Modern.

SELECTED AND REVISED

BY

THE COMPILERS.

FOR THE GENERAL

Benefit of all Christian People.

TORONTO:

PRINTED FOR THE COMPILERS,

BY LOVELL & GIBSON, YONGE STREET.

1855.

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PREFACE.

IN offering a new selection of choice hymns for the use of the brethren and the public generally, our brief apology we freely present to all:

First.—Notwithstanding the goodness of the hymns now in use, but for the disadvantage in procuring a standard work; and more for the loss of time that the brethren feel to sustain by the numerous quantity of collections already in use in our congregation.

Second.—This being the case, the brethren resolved to make a union selection for a Standard Work, for the special use of the brethren and sisters in our congregation, and to all other congregations and individuals who may choose to recognise their use.

Third.—And for their further convenience, we prefer to have the hymns classed under the different stages of the Christian progress,—from the Creation to the Ascension.

Fourth.—Accordingly the Selection was made, and the hymns arranged under their

different heads, and thus are presented to the friends of Zion. In the execution of the task, however, there were difficulties found, and the arrangement of the hymns under their proper heads was not one of the smallest, and may be found very much wanting in accuracy.

The reader will further observe, that the Church known by the name of Brethren usually called "The Tunkards," have heretofore performed their religious exercises in the worship of God almost altogether in the German language: it is thought expedient, as the English language has become so prevalent, to have the Word of God preached in the church and the religious exercises in the worship of God, performed in that language also. Hence a number of the brethren were appointed by the voice of the Church to make a selection of hymns and psalms for the use of the Church suited to the different occasions, to be sung in the time of her public worship and in her private devotional exercises.

That believers may find this little work a pleasant and edifying companion on their way to the Heavenly Zion, is the ardent wish of

THE BRETHREN.

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HYMNS AND PSALMS.

AFFLICTION.

1.—L. M.—8 & 8.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut. xxxiii.
25.

- 1 Afflicted saints, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not my heart despond and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 5 When call'd to bear thy weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty,—
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2.—C. M.

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear!
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here."
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw and ran and smil'd;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O! forgive"—
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd-as dead."
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain;
Go, spread the news around,
My son was dead but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

3.—11 & 5.

*Sick bed reflections of a young man who died in
despair.*

1 HEARKEN ye brightly! and attend ye vain
ones:
Pause in your mirth: adversity consider:
Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental painful,
Sick bed reflections.

2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my mo-
ments,
Boldly my heart said, joy should last for ever ;
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyment,
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height of
pleasure,
By pain and sickness, thrown upon this down
bed ;
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder

4 Kindest attention of my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician ;
All still are baffled with distressing anguish
Tortures my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are
fruitless,
Changing my place cannot abate my fever ;
Here, like a reptile, on a bed of embers,
Turning I languish.

6 Hopes of recovery my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly informed me that my case was des-
perate,
Death swift approaching,

7 Twenty-five years I spent without consid'ring

Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment;
Life but a shaddow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

8 Oft have I listn'd while death-bells were tolling.

Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning
But was myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.

9 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've neglect-
ed;

In my gay moments, thoughts of death I
banish'd;

When grown gray headed, I oft have resolved
Death to prepare for.

10 Time in advance, to me seem'd moving
slowly,

Days without number I propos'd for pleasure,
But they are blasted; now behold the end of
Procrastination!

11 Tortur'd in body, not a limb escapes it,
No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
All is disorder'd, yet my state eternal,
Now is depending!

12 Oh! ghastly death! pray stop one single
 moment,
 While I give warning to my gay companions;
 No time is granted for expostulation.
 Shun my example.

4.—W. 116, 1st Part. C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I love the Lord; he heard my cries,
 And pitied ev'ry groan;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
 And chased my griefs away;
 O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead;
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
 Thou ever good and just;
 Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd
 He bade my pains remove;

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Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

- 6 My God has saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears ;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

BAPTISM.

5.—L. P. M. 8, 7.

Baptism.

- 1 O YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,
Highly favor'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding thus his word.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ your Lord.
- 2 See his wat'ry tomb before you ;
Hear him echo—" Follow me ;"
For beneath the streams of Jordan,
Christ your great Redeemer lay.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ to-day.
- 3 Yes—beneath those honor'd waters,
Great Emmanuel was baptized ;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleased.

Let us follow, let us follow,
Let us follow Christ our Lord.

4 Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid grave :
Lo! look up ; expect his presence,
Which he promised you to have—
While you follow, while you follow
Jesus to his liquid grave.

5 Jesus, come ; thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel ;
Cause, O cause the heav'ns to open,
And thy wondrous love reveal ;
And we'll follow, and we'll follow,
And we'll follow thee our all.

6.—Part 2d—7 & 6.

The convert's song.

1 THE glorious light of Zion,
Is spreading far and wide,
And sinners they are coming
Into the gospel tide ;
The standard of King Jesus
In glorious triumph raise,
And sinners they are coming,
With joy and sweet surprise.

2 The suff'rings of our Saviour
Upon mount Calvary,

Are sounding sweet to sinners,
 Come, this will set you free;
 And while this glorious message
 Is circulating round,
 Some souls exposed to ruin
 Redeeming grace have found.

3 And of this happy number
 I hope that I am one,
 And Jesus he will finish
 The work he has begun !
 He'll cut it short in righteousness,
 And I for ever be
 A monument of mercy,
 To all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert,
 Who lately did enlist,
 A soldier unto Jesus,
 Our Captain, King, and Priest :
 I have received my bounty,
 Likewise my martial dress,
 A ring of love and favor,
 A robe of righteousness.

5 'Tis down unto the water
 That we young converts go,
 To serve our Lord and Master
 In righteous acts below ;
 We lay our sinful bodies
 Beneath the yielding wave,

In likeness of our Saviour,
As he lay in his grave.

- 6 Come all my elder brethren,
Who're soldiers of the cross,
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things dross ;
Come pray for us young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

7.—C. M.

A practical improvement of Baptism.

- 1 ATTEND, ye children of our God,
Ye heirs of glory, hear ;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die ;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair !
Yes, owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
On wings of faith and love ;
Above, your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

8.—S. M.

- 1 By what amazing ways,
The Lord vouchsafes t'explain
The wonders of his sov'reign grace
Towards the sons of men ?
- 2 He shows us first, how foul
Our nature's made by sin ;
Then teaches the believing soul
The way to make it clean.
- 3 Our baptism, first, declares,
What need we've all to cleanse,
Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs
Can purity dispense.
- 4 Water the body laves,
And if it's done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.
- 5 Water no man denies ;
But, brethren, rest not there :
'Tis faith in Christ that justifies,
And makes the conscience clean.
- 6 Baptiz'd into his death,
We rise to life divine ;
The holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

9.—M. 7's.—J. W.

On Baptism.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
Walk the way that Jesus trod,—
Down into the water go;
Be baptis'd, your faith to show.
- 2 Faith without good works is dead,
As the Lord himself hath said;
Therefore, rise, and be baptiz'd;
Prove your faith, and put on Christ.
- 3 Thus Believers did of old,
As you have been often told;
And as you may plainly read,
In the word—the Christian's creed.
- 4 Then come Christians don't delay,—
Follow Christ, his word obey;
Don't be rul'd by man's decree,
When you thus your duty see.
- 5 O! how good it is to tread,
In the way the Saviour led;
When he was baptiz'd by John,
In the stream, of old Jordan.

10.—P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

On Baptism.

- 1 To the flowing stream of Jordan,
Lo! the King of Zion came,

There the ancient Baptist waited,
 To immerse the spotless Lamb:
 They descended
 To the Saviour's watery tomb.

- 2 Thus baptiz'd, the great Redeemer
 Show'd the way his saints should tread
 And when rising from the water,
 God approv'd and blest the deed,
 And the Spirit
 Rested on his sacred head!
- 3 Come, then, ye who love the Saviour,
 Fear not now to own your Lord,
 Joyful though the world should scorn you
 Follow Christ, obey his word.
 He'll defend you,
 Fear ye not to follow him!
- 4 Hear the Saviour saying to you,
 From his glorious throne above,
 Ye who trust for me in pardon,
 By obedience show your love:
 Be baptized,
 My example shows the way.
- 5 Lord, our hearts incline to follow
 In the way which Thou didst tread,
 We will turn from ev'ry other,
 While thy sacred word we read;
 O! Redeemer,
 Gladly now we'll follow thee!

11.—L. M.

The Candidates—they were Baptized, both Men and Women.—Acts viii. 12.

- 1 GREAT God! we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey,
Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O ever-blessed Son,
Great things for us, thy grace hath done,
Constrain'd by thy redeeming love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.
- 4 The word, the spirit, and the bride,
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Recieve us rising from the stream;
Then to thy presence let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.
- 6 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word:
He died and rose again for you.
What more could the Redeemer do.

12.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 **HUMBLE** souls who seek salvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path which Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your only guide.

- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that may befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, let each believer,
Be baptized in my name ;
He himself in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies :
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

13.—C. M.

After Baptism.

2 PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wond'rous grace
 To all the sons of men;
 He that believes and is baptiz'd,
 Salvation shall obtain

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declar'd,
 That Jesus is their Lord.

8 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race;
 And, through the troubles of the way,
 Find sufficient grace.

14.—P. M.—8 & 7.

On Baptism.

1 SALEM's bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill;
 'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
 The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
 And there did him baptize;

Jehovah saw his darling Son,
 And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
 And own'd him from the skies.

This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
 The echoing voice from glory flies,
 O children hear ye him ;
 Hark ! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
 Repent, believe and be baptiz'd,
 And wash away your sin.

Come children, come, his voice obey,
 Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
 And has a crown prepar'd ;
 O, then arise and give consent,
 Walk in the way that Jesus went,
 And have the great reward.

Believing children, gather round,
 And let your joyful songs abound,
 With cheerful hearts arise ;
 See here is water, here is room,
 A loving Saviour calling come,
 O, children be baptiz'd.

Behold his servant waiting stands,
 With willing heart and ready hands,
 To wait upon the bride ;
 Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
 And let us join in solemn pray'r,
 Down by the water side.

15.—C. M.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism—Rom. vi. 8

1 Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd,
In Jordan's swelling flood;
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,
In tears, and sweat and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid,
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd,
Out of the liquid grave.

Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living Head.

 CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

16.—P. M.—6 & 8.

High priest.

1 A good high priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace.
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God,

To Israel and his seed,
 Ordain'd to offer blood.
 For sinners who his mercy seek,
 A Priest as was Melchizedek.

3 He once temptations knew,
 Of every sort and kind,
 That he might succour shew,
 To every tempted mind.
 In every point the Lamb was tried,
 Like us, and then for us he died.

4 He died but lives again,
 And by the altar stands ;
 There shews how he was slain,
 Op'ning his pierced hands.
 Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause,
 Of those who have transgressed his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
 Their laws and off'rings too ;
 None but the bleeding Lamb,
 The mighty work can do.
 He shall have all the praise, for he
 Hath liv'd, and died, and lives for me.

17.—S. M.

Christ, the way, &c.

1 I AM, saith Christ, the way ;
 Now if we credit him,

All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the truth;
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the life:
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

18.—L. M.—8 & 8.

The glory of Christ described by similitudes.

1 Go worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express,
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford,
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
 Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
 That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
 Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

Is he a tree ? the world receives
 Salvation from his healing leaves ;
 That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
 Is David's root and offspring too.

Is he a rose ? not Sharon yields
 Such fragraney in all her fields ;
 Or if a lily he assume,
 The vallies bless the rich perfume.

Is he a vine ? his heav'nly root
 Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
 O let a lasting union join,
 My soul to Christ the living vine !

Is he a head ? each member lives,
 And owns the vital pow'r he gives !
 The saints below and saints above,
 Join'd by his spirit and his love.

Is he a fountain ? there I bathe,
 And heal the plague of sin and death ;
 These waters shall my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is he a fire ? he'll purge my dross,
 But the true gold sustains no loss ;

Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

PAUSE.

- 10 Is Christ a rock ? how firm he proves !
The rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.
- 11 Is he a way ? he leads to God :
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.
- 12 Is he a door ? I'll enter in,
Behold the pastures large and green :
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 13 Is he design'd the corner stone,
For men to build their heaven upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 14 Is he a temple ? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r,
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray I'll turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star ? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;

I know his glory from afar,
I know the bright the morning star.

- 6 Is he a sun ? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies.
Where storms and darkness never rise ;
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns the Son of God.
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears,
His beauty we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

19.—C. M.—8 & 6.

The Name of Christ.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never failing treasury 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 ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

20.—P. M.—6 & 8.

The prophesying law.—Heb. iv. 2

- 1 ISRA'EL 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 their Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door.

Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once apply'd with pow'r,
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile our hearts to God.

3 The lamb, the dove set forth,
 His perfect innocence,
 Whose blood of matchless worth,
 Should be the souls defence;
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must 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 seem'd to say,
 "Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free;
 The type well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea;
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd

6 Jesus, I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in ev'ry age!
 O grant that I may faithful be,
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

21.—C. M.—8 & 6.

- 1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light,
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.
- 3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.
- 4 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.
- 6 Hail Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

22.—C. M.—8 & 6.

Never man spake like this man.—John vii. 46.

- 1 No man nor angel can compare,
With our all glorious Lord ;
To speak like him what seraph dare,
Or imitate his word.
- 2 Who can command the dead to rise,
With a prevailing power ?
Who can pour light on sightless eyes,
The sick to health restore ?
- 3 What mortal's word can legions tame,
Or furious winds control ?
Unstop deaf ears, or cure the lame,
Or make the wounded whole ?
- 4 One word from Jesus this performs,
And proves his love divine ;
His breath can still the roughest storms,
Leviathan confine.
- 5 None else could expiate my guilt,
Nor save one soul from hell,
Not all the blood of mortals spilt,
Since Adam did rebel.
- 6 Jesus has magnified the law !
Jesus is satisfied :
Jesus my guilt and mis'ry saw ;
Jesus for me has died.

7 Love such as his can ne'er be found ;
 His grace is rich indeed :
 Such words as his there's none can sound,
 Nor do as Jesus did.

23.—P. M.—1 F & 8.

The Glory of Christ.

- 1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes de
 (On whom in affliction I call ; [light,
 My comfort by day and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
 To feed in the pastures of love ? [sheep,
 Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
 Or cry in the desert for bread ? [see.
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen,
 The star that on Israel shone ;
 Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
 And where with his flock he has gone.
- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odours around ! [vine,
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams;
 On his cheeks does the beauty of excellence
 glow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfum'd with his breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace; [know,
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight,
 Thro' all the blest mansions on high;
 Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
 And praise him with fulness of joy.

10 He looks and ten thousands of angels re-
 And myriads wait for his word; [voice,
 He speaks and eternity fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

24.—P. M.—8 & 8.

What think ye of Christ?

1 **WHAT** think ye of Christ? is the test,
 To try both your state and your scheme;

How can you be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not,
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man or an angel at most,
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost;
 Nor guilty, so helpless am I,
 I could not confide in his word,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I could call him my Lord.

3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
 But place their own work in the van,
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can;
 When doings prove rather too light,
 A little they own they may fail,
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys:
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray;

Ah! what will profession like this,
Avail in that terrible day.

- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store ;
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all,

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

25.—P. M.—9 & 8.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 THE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity ;
But O my soul, reflect and wonder !
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear.
- 2 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound ;
Arise ye dead, and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around !

- Loud thunders rumbling thro' the concave,
 Bright-forked lightnings part the skies;
 The heavens are shaking, the earth is quaking,
 The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.
- 3 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
 No more their shining circuits run;
 The wheel of time stops in a moment,
 Eternal things are now begun.
 Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains,
 Over their tumbling bases roar;
 The raging ocean, all in commotion,
 Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.
- 4 Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble,
 Give up their dead both small and great,
 See the whole world both saints and sinners,
 Are coming to the judgment-seat.
 See Jesus on the throne of justice,
 Comes thund'ring down the parted skies,
 With countless armies of shining angels,
 With hallelujahs shout for joy.
- 5 Bright streams shine from his awful presence,
 His face ten thousand suns outshine;
 Behold him coming in power and glory,
 To meet him all his saints combine.
 Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning,
 Call in my saints from distant lauds,
 Those that my blood from sin hath ransom'd,
 Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

- 6 O come ye blessed of my father,
 The purchase of my dying love;
 Receive the crowns of life and glory,
 Which are laid up for you above.
 For your dear souls which have continued
 With me, and my temptations bore,
 I have provided for you a kingdom,
 To reign with me for evermore.
- 7 There's flowing fountains of living water,
 No sickness, pain, nor death to fear;
 No sorrows, sighing, no tears nor weeping,
 Shall ever have admittance there.
 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
 When justice calls them to the bar!
 Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
 Their everlasting doom to hear.
- 8 See justice now with indignation,
 Calling aloud for sinner's blood;
 Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
 And crucified the Son of God;
 Depart from me ye cursed sinners!
 My face you never more shall see;
 Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
 To dreadful woe and misery.
- 9 Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breasts,
 Behold them doom'd to hopeless sorrow,
 And never more to look for rest.

Come sinners, here's a faithful warning,
 Return to Jesus while you may ;
 For he is ready to forgive you,
 Or else you must depart away.

26.—C. M.

The absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
 Thou ruler of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice,
 Pronounce the sound, *Depart*.
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word,
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 O! wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love.
- 5 Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast ;
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.

- 6 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.
- 7 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again ;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her three-score years and ten.

27.—C. M.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renouuce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top.
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

28 — S. M.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked. Matt.
xxv. 41.

- 1 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 num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd 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.

29.—Metre 8, 6.

- 1 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 reprieve,
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 O ! 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 fail 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 !
 Ah ! write the pardon on my heart !
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace !

30.—C. M.

Death.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;
 Repent, thy end is nigh ;
 Death at the farthest can't be far ;
 Oh, think before thou die !

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,
 Thy sins how high they mount !
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
 How stands that dark account ?

- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or to hell;
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day, the gospel calls to day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.
- 6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be,
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All giv'n entirely free.

31.—C. M.

Death and heaven.

- 1 AND let this feeble body sail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the glorified saints,
And find its long sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain ;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come ;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravish'd eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise !
 I see a host of brethren bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there !
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And couq'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If Lord thou count me meet,
 With those enraptur'd hosts appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me find my friends again,
 In that eternal day.

32.—P. M, 8. 6. 7. 4.

1 Lo ! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes, the Judge severe.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

Hell, is trembling, earth is quaking,
Sinners shriek with awful fear;
Come to judgment,
Stand your awful doom to hear.

2 See the world in flames is burning,
Hills and mountains fly away;
Lo! the moon and stars are falling,
Comets blazing through the sky;
Thunders rolling,
Sinners now for help they cry.

3 From the general conflagration,
Mount the righteous up on high,
Gain the hope of their salvation,
Live with God no more to die;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the Lamb! they cry.

4 Stop, my soul, look back and wonder,
See the wicked left behind,
Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
For a moment's ease to find;
Doom'd to sorrow,
In the lake of hell confin'd.

33—P. M. 8. 7. 4.

1 SEE th' Eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;

- Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father One:
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear the awful doom.
- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,
At the sight of fiercer pain;
Ories and tears he now is venting
But he weeps and cries in vain;
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love:
O that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul,
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all;
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!
- 5 There I see my godly neighbours,
Who were once despised by me,
Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see:
Farewell, neighbours—
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee.

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- 6 Hail! ye hosts, that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, rattling of your chains!
Christ has now pronounc'd my sentence,
I'm to dwell in endless pains;
Down I'm rolling,
Never to return again.
- 7 Now experience plainly shows me,
Hell is not a fabled thing,
Now I see my friends in glory,
Round the throne they ever sing,
-I'm tormented
With an everlasting sting.

34.—S. M.

First Part.

- dor,
- 1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must the trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sounds,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies!

5 How shall I leave my tomb!
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse, or blessing meet!

6 Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there!

7 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest?

8 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else—depart to hell.

35.—C. M.

1 An early summons Jesus sends
 To call a child above;
 And whispers o'er the weeping friends,
 'Tis all the fruit of love.

2 To save the darling child from woe,
 And guard it from all harms,
 From all the griefs you feel below,
 I call'd it to my arms.

3 Ah, do not rashly with me strive,
 Nor vainly fast or weep;
 The child, though dead, is yet alive,
 And only fall'n asleep.

4 'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid,
 And feels no sorrow there;
 'Tis by a heavenly parent fed,
 And needs no more your care.

5 To you the child was only lent;
 While mortal it was thine;
 But now in robes immortal pent,
 It lives for ever mine.

36.—C. M.

1 BEHOLD that great and awful day
 Of parting soon will come,
 When sinners must be hurl'd away,
 And christians gather'd home.

2 Perhaps the parent sees the child
 Sink down to endless flames,
 With shrieks and howls and bitter cries
 Never to rise again.

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- 3 "O father ! see my blazing hands,
 Mother ! behold your child :
 Against you now a witness stands
 Amidst the flames confin'd !"
- 4 The child perhaps the parents view
 Go headlong down to hell :
 Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,
 And bid the child farewell !
- 5 The husband sees his piteous wife,
 With whom he once did dwell,
 Depart with groans and bitter cries,
 My husband ! fare you well !
- 6 But O ! perhaps the wife may see
 The man she once did love,
 Sink down to endless misery,
 Whilst she is crown'd above.

37.—C. M.

On the death of a child.

1. WAKE up my muse, condole the loss
 Of those that mourn this day ;
 Let tears run down on ev'ry face,
 And ev'ry mourner pray.
- 2 The tyrant death came rushing in,
 And thus his pow'r did show ;
 Out of this world this child did take,
 And laid its visage low.

- 3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please the parent's eye ;
The tender plant so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.
- 4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain ;
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.
- 5 The winding sheet doth bind its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast ;
To day 'tis seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last.
- 6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
The nations great and small,
And you and I before him stand,
Or at his presence fall.

738.—W. 73. L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!
- 2 But, O their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so,
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes,
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

39.—W. 110 b. 1. C. M.

Death and immediate glory.

- 1 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 had rather see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

40.—Part 2d—C. M.

- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day,
 For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert,
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
 With what religious fear;
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behavior here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.

5. If now thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near!
 And make my peace with God before
 I at thy bar appear.

41.—W. 110 b. 2. S. M.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

- 1 And must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes,
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine;
 And every shape, and every face,
 Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

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- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

42.—C. M.

An old Sinner dying in Despair.

- 1 BEHOLD the man, three score and ten,
Upon a dying bed,
Has run his race, and got no grace,
An awful sight indeed!
- 2 Poor man, he lies in sad surprise,
And thus he doth complain:
No grace I've got and I cannot
Recall my time again.
- 3 This is the truth, I spent my youth
In sinful sports and mirth,
Put far away the evil day,
And scarcely thought on death.
- 4 My conscience then could not refrain,
But gave me many a check;
But willingly I put him by,
His voice I did reject.
- 5 God's Spirit came once and again
To me from realms above;
Alas! but I would not comply;
I grieved the heavenly Dove.

- 6 In middle age, I did engage,
 In the affairs of life,
 Some wealth to gain that might sustain
 My children and my wife.
- 7 This wordly care did prove a snare,
 The Devil led me on ;
 And now, alas ! this is the case,
 My day of grace is gone.
- 8 My sins are all both great and small,
 Before my fixed eye,
 And I must go to dismal woe,
 To groan, to gasp, to die.
- 9 O dreadful hell, what tongue can tell
 The wrath that reigneth there !
 O *second death* ! I yield my breath,
 In horror and despair.
- 10 My glass is run, and I'm undone,
 No mercy can I find !
 And instantly the man doth die,
 And leave no hope behind !
- 11 An awful sight ! God grant it might
 A warning be to all.
 To seek his face for saving grace,
 And hearken to his call.

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43—8. & 7.

Death the King of Terrors.

DEATH, it is the king of terrors,
 And a terror to all kings;
 Oft it fills the mind with horror,
 Telling us of frightful things.
 Lands of darkness, shades of silence,
 Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie;
 Many thousands have I conquer'd—
 You, alas! must shortly die.

Never have I spared any—
 Children, husbands, nor their wives;
 Neither am I brib'd with money—
 Physic will not save their lives
 Kingdoms, counties, nor their cities:
 Kings, their princes, nor their slaves;
 None of them did I e'er pity—
 Soon I'll bring them to their graves.

There they lie without distinction:
 Thus I boast my thousands slain;
 Nor can they, without permission,
 Ever hope to rise again.
 Stop, O death! don't boast of victory!
 Hark, and hear what faith can say
 Of one Jesus, who on Calv'ry
 Died, and in the grave did lay.

4 See him rising, hear him crying,
 I, O death! have conquer'd you!

Though your looks are so dismaying,
 Yet my saints, I'll bring them through.
 Then the saints that are believing,
 May rejoice in Christ their King;
 Death's no more than a dark curtain,
 Drawn to let the saints go in.

- 5 There the saints sing hallelujah—
 They're complete in Christ their King—
 Ask the grave where is thy vict'ry ?
 Where, O Death ! thy monstrous sting ?
 If we're pardon'd by the Saviour,
 (Though the grave may us annoy)
 Death's the gate to endless pleasure,
 Road to everlasting joy.

44.—C. M.

A funeral thought.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
 Mine ears attend the cry—
 "Ye living men, come view the ground,
 "Where you must shortly lie."
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 "In spite of all your tow'rs ;
 "The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 "Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God is this our certain doom,
 And are we still secure ;

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Still walking downward to the tomb;
And yet prepar'd no more ?

- 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, though we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

45. — C. M.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 HE comes ! he comes ! to Judge the world,
Aloud th' archangel cries ;
While thunders sound from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes ;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground,
In living armies rise.
- 3 See on his thigh, his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell ;
Lo ! in his hand the Conq'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.
- 4 Princes and peasants here expect,
Their last, their righteous doom ;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.

- 5 "Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries!
While the long kindling wrath within,
Flashes from both his eyes!
- 6 And now with words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat,
The sentence of his grace.
- 7 "Well done, my good and faithful sons,
"The children of my love:
"Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones,
"Prepar'd for you above."

46.—C. M.

At the funeral of a young person.

- 1 **WHEN** blooming youth are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth imprest
With awful pow'r, I too must die,—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more,
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey ;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'ful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

47.—P. M.—8 & 6.

- 1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge shall come,
 To call thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now—
 Before thy gracious throne to bow—
 Though weakest of them all.
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 To have my worthless name left out,
 When thou for them shall call ?

- 8 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In that expected day:
 Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
 To still each unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 When'er the archangels trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of boundless grace.

48.—C. M.

The death and burial of a Saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms!
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.

4 The gray hairs of all the saints he blest,
 And shew'd us ev'ry bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying head.

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake ye nations under ground,
 Ye saints ascend the skies.

49.—L. M.

On Death.

1 Soon I shall hear the solemn call,
 (Prepar'd or not,) to yield my breath,
 And this poor mortal frame must fall,
 A helpless prey to cruel death.

2 Then look, my soul, look forward now,
 And anchor safe beyond the flood,
 Bow to the Saviour's footstool, bow,
 And get a life secure in God.

3 Before these fleeting hours are gone,
 I'll bid this mortal world adieu;
 And to the Lord I'll now resign
 My life, my breath, and spirit too.

- 4 Then welcome death, with all its force,
 No more I'll fear the gaping grave;
 Jesus my Lord, my last resource,
 Will reach his arm my soul to save.
- 5 He will not hide his smiling face,
 Nor leave me in that trying hour;
 I'll trust my soul upon his grace,
 And cheerful leave this mortal shore.

EXPERIMENTAL.

50.—P. M.—11's.

Redemption.

- 1 COME friends and relations, let's join heart
 and hand,
 The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
 Let's all walk together and follow the sound,
 And march to the place where redemption
 is found.
- 2 The place is not hidden, nor is it conceal'd,
 All mortals may know it, for 'tis now re-
 veal'd:
 The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go, [woe.
 And there find redemption from sorrow and
- And you, my dear brethren, who love my
 dear Lord, [his word,
 Who've witness'd free pardon, thro' faith in

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Let patience attend you wherever you be,
 In Christ, you've redemption, 'tis purchas'd,
 'tis free.

4 We read of commotions and sigus in the
 skies, [guise;
 The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in dis-
 And when you shall see all these tokens
 appear, [draws near.
 Then lift up your heads, your Redemption

5 O then the archangel the trumpet shall
 sound, [ground;
 And wake all the saints that sleep under the
 The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,
 To meet your redemption with joy and sur-
 prise.

6 And then loving Jesus our souls shall receive,
 From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve;
 Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be
 free,
 We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

7 Redeem'd from sin, and redeemed from death,
 Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from
 the earth, [woe,
 Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all
 We'll sing of Redemption wherever we go.

8 Redeemed from pain, and redeem'd from
distress. [press !
The fruits of Redemption no tongue can ex-
Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus' free
love,
We'll sing of Redemption in heaven above.

51.—C. M.

The Year of the Redeemed.

- 1 COME, welcome this new year of grace,
Proclaim'd through Jesus' blood ;
The happy year of our release,
To seal our peace with God.
- 2 We early wander'd from our God,
In the dark maze of sin ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To bring us back again.
- 3 We once could spurn at offer'd grace,
And slight a Saviour's charms ;
The year of the redeem'd is come.
To call us to his arms.
- 4 We hear the gospel's joyful sound,
Proclaim the jubilee ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To set the ransom'd free.
- 5 Ye aged saints who long have sigh'd,
To see this happy day,

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- The year of the redeem'd is come,
To wipe your tears away.
- 6 Ye Lambs of Christ, whose souls are bound
In love's eternal chain,
The year of the redeem'd is come,
And you with Christ shall reign.
- 7 Ye lovely youths, who late have known
The sweets of pard'ning grace,
The year of the redeem'd demands
Your noblest acts of praise.
- 8 You feel your souls encircled by
A reconciling God :
The year of the redeem'd proclaims
Salvation through his blood.
- 9 Now can you tell a scoffing world,
Their threats are all in vain ;
The year of the redeem'd is come,
To recompense your pain.
- 10 But O, ye careless, Christless souls,
Who scorn the happy few ;
The year of the redeem'd will come,
And take them all from you.
- 11 Then will you mourn and say at last,
We did instruction hate ;
The year of the redeem'd is past,
And now it is too late.

12 When Michael bursts the vaulted tomb,
 And bids the dead arise,
 We'll sing the year of the redeem'd,
 And lift our joyful eyes:

13 We'll sing a long eternity,
 On yonder blissful shore;
 The year of the redeem'd is come,
 And we shall sigh no more.

52.—P. M.—7 & 6.

The Christian's Looking-Glass.

1 Come all ye mourning pilgrims,
 Who feel your need of Christ,
 Surrounded by temptation,
 And by the world despis'd;
 Attend to what I tell you,
 My exercise I'll show;
 And then you may inform me
 If it's been so with you.

2 Long time I liv'd in darkness,
 Nor saw my dismal state,
 And when I was awaken'd,
 I thought I was too late.
 A lost and hopeless sinner,
 Myself I plainly saw,
 Expos'd to God's displeasure,
 Condemned by the law.

3 I thought the brute creation
Were better off than me ;
I spent my days in anguish,
No pleasure could I see.
Through deep distress and sorrow
My Saviour led me on,
Then shewed his love unto me,
When all my hope was gone.

4 But when I was deliver'd,
I scarcely could believe,
To think so vile a sinner
A pardon could receive ;
And when the solemn praises
Were flowing from my tongue,
Yet fears were often rising,
That I might still be wrong.

5 But when these fears were banish'd,
My tears began to flow
To think so vile a sinner
Should be beloved so ;
I thought my trials over,
And all my troubles gone,
That peace and joy and pleasure,
Would be my lot alone.

6 But I find now a warfare,
Which often brings me low,
The world, the flesh and Satan,
They do beset me so ;

Can one that is a Christian
 Have such a heart as mine?
 I fear I never felt the
 Effects of love divine.

7 And when I see young converts,
 How swiftly they go on,
 How shining their experience,
 They witness like the sun;
 How bold they speak for Jesus,
 How much they love his name,
 Though they are my delight, they
 Put my soul to shame.

8 I find I'm often backward,
 To do my master's will,
 Or else I want the glory
 Of what I do but ill.
 In duty I am weak, and
 Alas! I often find,
 A hard, deceitful heart, and
 A wretched, wand'ring mind.

Sure others do not know what
 Is often felt by me,
 Such trials and temptations,
 Perhaps they never see;
 For I'm the chief of sinners,
 I freely own with Paul,
 And if I am a Christian,
 I am the least of all.

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10 And now I have related
 The trials I have seen,
 Perhaps my brethren know what
 These sore temptations mean ;
 I've told you of my conflicts,
 Believe me, for 'tis true,
 And now you may inform me
 If it's been so with you.

53.—P. M.—11 & 12.

Invitation.

1. COME brethren and sisters, that love my dear
 Lord,
 I pray give attention and listen to his word,
 What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see
 What a tender, kind Saviour has done for
 poor me.
- 2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,
 I thought that in torments I soon should be
 cast ;
 No peace to the wicked, but all misery, [me.
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for
- 3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died ;
 All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied.
 The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice :
 The blood was applied, the witness and voice.
- 4 On my low bending knees, before God I did
 All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ; [fall,

The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth,

The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say;
O witness kind heaven, on this my birthday.

6 My soul it was humbled; I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have
found;

O Lord thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy [charms,
Let me die now like Simeon, with Christ in
my arms.

54.—C. M.

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?
Matt. xiv. 31.

1 COME, O my doubting soul attend,
Unto thy Saviour's call!

Come tell thy great almighty Friend,
Why is thy faith so small?

2 Why all these unbelieving fears?
Jehovah's arm is strong;

O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
And turn them to a song.

3 Is God thy shield, thy great reward,
Thy portion and thy all?

- Is Christ thy Captain, and thy Lord,
And shall thy hope be small ?
- 4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
And thus abuse his care ?
Why wilt thou grieve the heav'nly Dove,
And yield to every snare ?
- 5 In Jesus ev'ry grace is found,
Why wilt thou not believe ?
He hath a balm for ev'ry wound,
Why wilt thou not receive ?
- 6 His arm can conquer ev'ry foe,
His grace can sanctify ;
My heart replies, Lord be it so,
Let my corruptions die.
- 7 Sin is the cause of ev'ry fear,
O keep me from its power ;
Slay the accursed monster here,
That I may doubt no more.

55.—L. M.

A true Christian's Experience.

- 1 COME all ye saints and sinners near,
Listen awhile and you shall hear,
The wonders of almighty grace,
Which set me free to sing his praise.

- 2 This glorious Jesus from the sky,
Thus spake to me as he pass'd by,
"Awake, arise, depart and fly,
"Go hence, or you will surely die."
- 3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold,
The wonders I have never told;
Heav'n and hell within my view,
And my poor soul no refuge knew.
- 4 I heard of Jesus, who they say,
Could wash a sinner's guilt away;
But how to find him did not know,
Nor where to meet him here below.
- 5 My flesh did war against my soul,
Temptation did me much control;
The weeping saints I could not slight,
Who sought their Jesus day and night.
- 6 The scandal of his cross I see,
That scandal it would fall on me;
But still I thought I did behold,
I wanted Jesus more than gold.
- 7 I laid me down to take my rest,
Bemoaning much my dreadful case;
I thought I would for mercy wait,
But then I fear'd I'd come too late.
- 8 I little thought he was so nigh,
His speaking made me smile and cry;

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He said, " I'm come to you my love,
" I have a place for you above."

- 9 This glorious news I did believe,
My sins and sorrows did me leave ;
My soul enraptur'd in his love,
In hope to dwell with him above.
- 10 There shall I sit and sing and tell,
The wonders of Immanuel ;
Whilst all his saints their songs combine,
To praise his matchless love divine.

56.—L. M.

Tranquility.

- 1 AWAY my doubts, begone my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,
The wonders which my Saviour wrought,
O how delightful is the thought !
- 2 The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above,
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.
- 3 Pursue my thoughts this pleasing theme,
"Twas not a fancy nor a dream ;
"Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my eyes.

- 4 Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
 Long had my soul for comfort sought,
 Jesus was witness to my tears,
 And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.
- 5 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
 And cloth'd me with his righteousness;
 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
 And I rejoic'd as if in heaven.
- 6 How was I struck with sweet surprise,
 While glory shone before my eyes!
 How did I sing from day to day,
 And wish'd to sing my soul away!
- 7 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
 'Twas less than nothing in my view;
 Redeeming grace was all my theme,
 And life appear'd an idle dream.
- 8 I gloried in my Saviour's grace;
 I sung my great Redeemer's praise;
 My soul now long'd to soar away,
 And leave her tenement of clay.
- 9 The powers of hell in vain combin'd,
 To tempt or interrupt my mind;
 I saw and sung in joyful strains,
 The monster Satan held in chains.
- 10 These are the wonders I record,
 The marv'lous goodness of the Lord,

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O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace.

57.—C. M.

Spiritual Apparel. Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his grace to shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

- 8 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By him who diéd for thee!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

58.—L. M.

*Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of
the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."*

- 1 Assist my soul, my heav'nly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing;
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one through grace that's born of God.
- 2 No, it was not the will of man,
My soul's new heav'nly birth began;
Nor will nor pow'r of flesh and blood,
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.
- 3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heav'nly love alone confess'd;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.
- 4 O may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again;
That I while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.
- 5 May I thy praises daily shew,
Who hath created all things new;

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And wash'd me in a Saviour's blood,
To prove that I am born of God.

6 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
That thou wilt call me to thy home ;
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And die as one that's born of God.

8 Then shall my soul triumphant rise,
To its blest mansion in the skies ;
And in that glorious bright abode,
Sing there as one that's born of God.

59.—C. M.

Vanity of all things.

1 How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide out wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

60.—L. M.

Why art thou cast down? Ps. xlii. 5.

1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word!

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide!

3 When first before his mercy seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

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He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God,
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

61.—C. M.

Little Pilgrim.

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God—
All others go astray,
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will get to heaven at last.
- 3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous road to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread.
- 4 While the broad road where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;

And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

5 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

6 Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old;—
“The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
And lead them to the fold.”

7 Then I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

62.—11.

Experimental.

1 COME, brethren and sisters, assist me to
sing
The wonders of Jesus, my heavenly King;
Great things for my soul, yea, he surely has
done,
All glory to God for the gift of his Son.

2 I wander'd in darkness, a stranger to God,
Neglected his calls and despised his word;

In romance and novels I thought I should gain
some knowledge of pleasure, and honour obtain.

At length the gospel trumpet did sound in
my ears,
And thund'ring from heaven awaken'd my
fears,
The tears of repentance then freely did run,
For slighting the Saviour, I cry'd *I'm undone.*

My sins were arrang'd and before me ap-
pear'd,
The justice of God I then awfully fear'd,
fell on my knees and for mercy did cry,
Dear Lord, have *compassion—appear or I die.*

One evening while musing, these words
came with pow'r;
O do not be troubled, nor doubt any more;
Believe in your God, believe also in me;
In my father's house there's a mansion for
thee."

'Tis the voice of my Saviour, my soul then
did cry;
On Calvary he suffer'd, and for me did die;
His five bleeding wounds are now pleading for
me,
He's given me pardon, who hung on the tree!

7. Bless the Lord, O my soul ! for the work he
has done ;
A heav'nly peace in my soul is begun !
I'll give him the glory, while here I remain,
And when I rise immortal, I'll praise him
again.

63—C. M.

The Yoke of Christ,

1. Come, friends, let's hear, the voice of Christ,
Which says, "my yoke put on,"
And learn to wear it in your youth,
That we the race may run.
- 2 For Christ has said, "my burden's light,"
"My yoke is easy too ;"
Then let us leave all other yokes,
Keep this alone in view.
- 3 For yokes of men to bondage lead,
But this gives life and peace.
And while we wear this blessed yoke,
We feel our strength increase.
- 4 Then let us wear this heavenly yoke,
That we his rest may know ;
With Christ we'll draw, and with him work
The gospel truth to show.
- 5 For Christ's command, while we obey
Our soul's with joy to fill ;

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And grief is far from those who do
Our Master's blessed will.

Hence, brethren, let us all unite
To walk this heavenly way;
And wear this easy yoke of Christ.
In perfect harmony.

64.—Part 2d—C. M.

Bless'd be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

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,

65.— Part 2d—11s.

The young man's experience.

- 1 COME all ye young people of ev'ry nation,
Come listen awhile, and to you I will tell,
How I was first call'd to seek for salvation
In Jesus, my Lord, who redeem'd me from
I was not past sixteen when first I was call'd
To think of my soul and the state I was in,
I saw myself standing a distance from Jesus
Between him and me was a mountain of sin
- 2 The Devil perceiving that I was awaken'd
He strove to persuade me that I was too young
He said I'd get weary before my days end'd
And wish I had never so early begun : [part
Sometimes he'd persuade me that Jesus
While he was a setting the poor sinner free
That I was forgotten, an outcast like Esau,
That there was no mercy at all for poor me
- 3 But glory to Jesus, his love's not confin'd
To princes or persons of noble degree :

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love it is boundless, to all it's extended,
 died for poor sinners while nail'd to the tree.
 As while I lay groaning in deep lamentation,
 soul overwhelm'd with sorrow and pain ;
 drew nigh in mercy, look'd on me with pity,
 pardon'd my sins and his grace I obtain'd,

So now I've found favor in Jesus my Saviour,
 and all his commands I'm bound to obey ;
 I follow my Saviour in whom I've found favor,
 and he shall see cause for to call me away ; [you
 farewell, young people since I can't persuade
 leave off your follies and go with a friend ;
 follow my Saviour in whom I've found favor,
 days in his service I'm bound for to spend.

66.—Part 2d—8s.

None on earth do I desire besides thee.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 My prospects, sweet songs, and sweet flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me.
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 Not when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;

His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

67.—2d Part—8 & 7.

My soul's Experience.

1 I'll sing a song that doth belong
 To all the people round me;
 I'll spread the fame of Jesus' name,
 And tell how Jesus found me.

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"Twas in distress and wickedness,
 These words he spake unto me ;
 "O sinner come, in me there's room ;"
 O how these words ran through me !

I was like Paul, who was call'd Saul,
 In bitter persecution ;
 I did disdain being born again,
 I call'd it a delusion.
 I fought the saints without restraint,
 Too proud to cry for mercy ;
 Conviction strong did come along ;
 O how these things did pierce me !

I did not know which way to go,
 My sins were like a mountain ;
 And fill'd with woe, the tears did flow,
 My head was like a fountain.
 I thought I'd been so long in sin,
 I could not be forgiven ;
 Then Jesus came, O bless his name !
 And fill'd my soul with heaven.

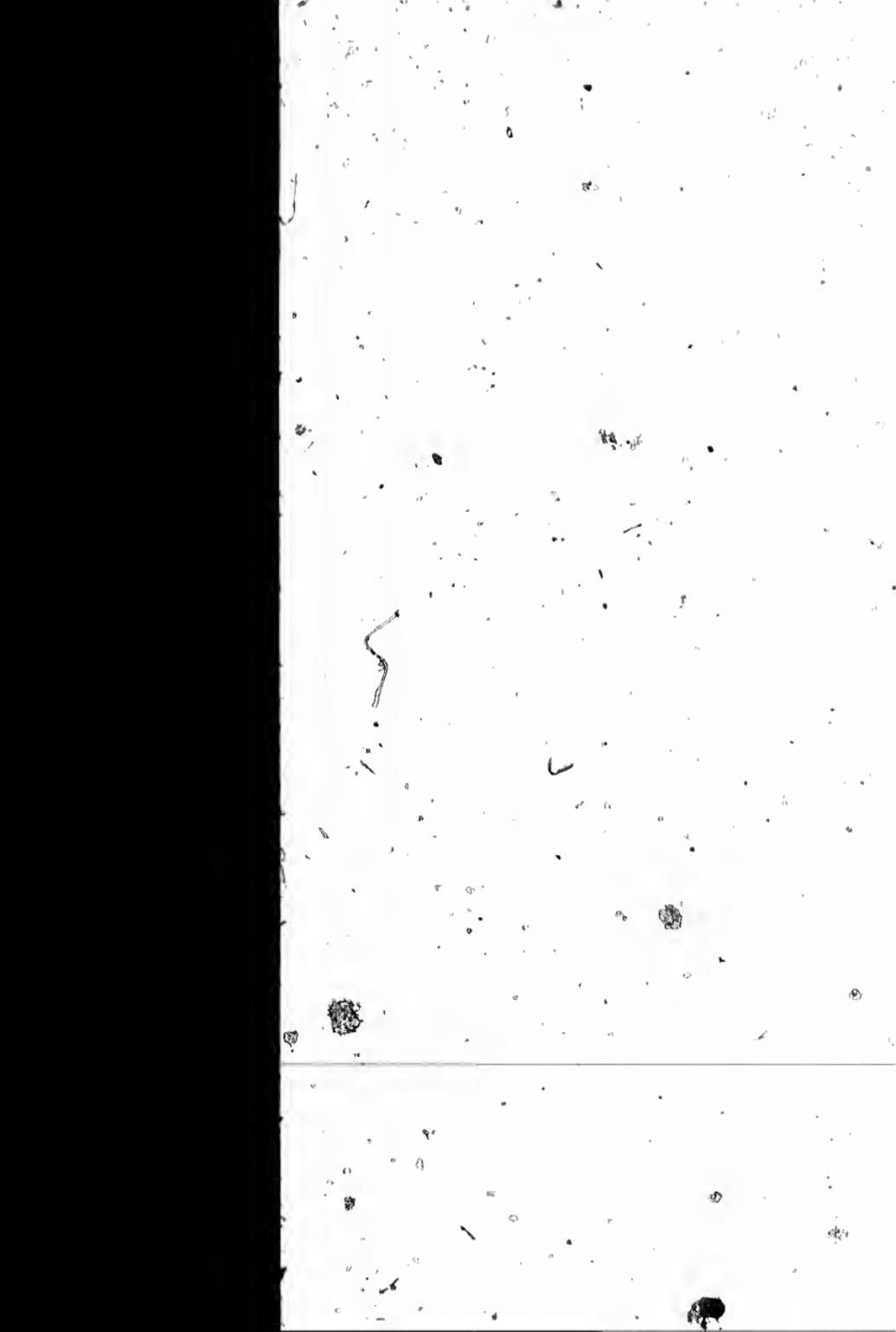
I raised my voice, and did rejoice,
 Sang glory, glory, glory ;
 Then I did learn Jesus was mine ;
 O what a pleasing story !
 I love the Lord, I love his word,
 I love all those around me ;
 Then, brethren dear, don't it appear,
 That Jesus Christ has found me !



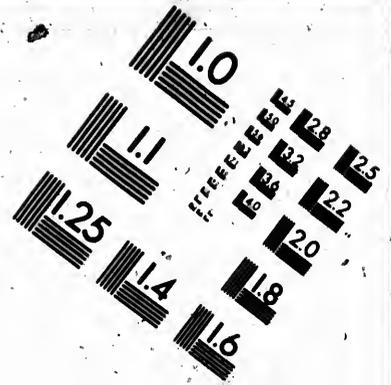
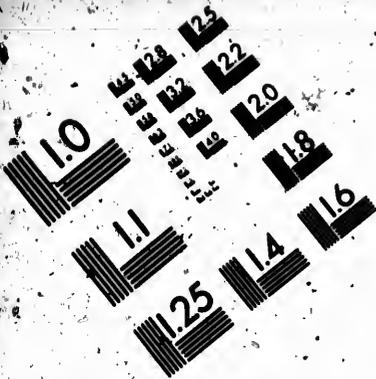




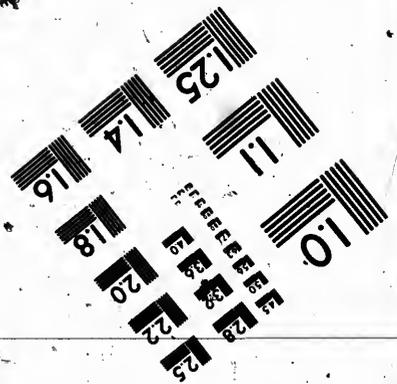
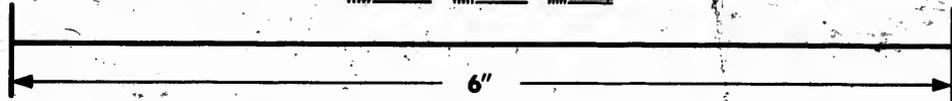
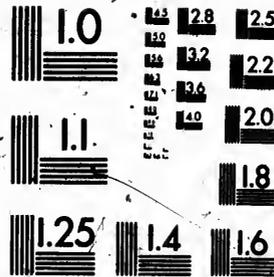








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68.—L. M.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Spirit ! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace !
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father, through 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 pow'r and glory work within,
And 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.

69.—C. M.

Farewell to all but Christ.

- 1 **FAREWELL** vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glory I despise ;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatt'ries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;

Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

- 3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea,
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.
- 5 There's love and joy that will not waste,
There's treasures that endure !
There's pleasures that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

70.—C. M.

*O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my
face to thee.—Ezra, ix. 6.*

- 1 LET me lie prostrate on the ground,
And veil my blushing face,
So deep, so dreadful is my wound,
I seek a hiding place.
- 2 'Twas sin that made this wound in me,
Then let me hate its name ;
'Twas sin, O whither shall I flee ?
I lie consum'd in shame.

- 3 Asham'd to lift my face to God,
So great my crimes appear :
I dread the vengeance of his rod,
His furious wrath I fear.
- 4 What am I in Jehovah's hand ?
The sacred page will tell :
He can at once my soul command,
And sink it down to hell.
- 5 Well may I tremble at his pow'r,
He's holy, just and wise :
Why has he spar'd me to this hour,
Whose guilt for vengeance cries.
- 6 Let his long suff'ring, love and grace,
Each grateful thought employ,
Which far more willingness displays,
To save than to destroy.
- 7 Jesus yet stands before the throne,
And pleads for sinners there ;
Then let me lean on him alone,
Till he subdues my fear.
- 8 By faith in him I now will come,
And lift my eyes to heav'n ;
He will my secret groans perfume,
And shew my sins forgiv'n.

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71.—P. M.—7's.

"Hear what he has done for my soul."

- 1 SAV'D by blood I live to tell,
What the love of Christ has done !
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son !
O I tremble while I think,
How secure I liv'd in sin !
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.
- 2 In the last distressing hour,
To my soul the Saviour spoke ;
Touch'd me by his spirit's power,
And my dang'rous slumber broke :
Then I saw and own'd my guilt,
Then my glorious Lord replied,
"Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
" 'Twas for such as thee I died."
- 3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart ;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part ?
"Thou hast greatly sinn'd," he said,
"But I freely all forgive ;
"I myself your ransom made,
"Now I bid thee rise and live."
- 4 Come my fellow sinners try,
Jesus' heart is full of love ;

Oh that you as well as I,
 May his wondrous mercy prove !
 He has sent me to declare
 All is ready, all is free ;
 Why should any soul despair,
 When he sav'd a wretch like me ?

72.—L. M.

Christ the apple-tree.

- 1 THE tree of life my soul hath seen,
 Laden with fruit and always green ;
 The tree of nature fruitless be,
 Compar'd with Christ, the fruitful tree.
- 2 This beauty doth all things excel,
 By faith I know, but ne'er can tell.
 The glory which I now can see,
 In Jesus Christ, the fruitful tree.
- 3 For happiness I long have sought,
 And pleasure dearly have I bought ;
 I miss'd of all, but now I see,
 'Tis found in Christ, the fruitful tree.
- 4 I'm weari'd with my former toil,
 Here I will sit and rest awhile ;
 Under the shadow I will be,
 Of Jesus Christ, the fruitful tree.
- 5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
 Nothing shall fright my soul away ;

Among the sons of men I see,
There's none like Christ, the fruitful tree.

- 3 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart, 'tis heav'nly wine,
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ, the fruitful tree.
- 7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive ;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ, the fruitful tree.

73.—P. M.—8 & 6.

The Pentecostial Hymn,

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossoms as 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 ;

- Haste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who comes to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find,
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And 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.
- 6 We feel that heav'n is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high ;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

- 8 There we will reign and shout and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home ;
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon shall we meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.
- 9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there:
 Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heav'nly land,
 Where we shall part no more.
- 10 There on that peaceful, happy shore,
 We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,
 In sweet redeeming love ;
 We'll shout and praise our conqu'ring King,
 Who died himself that he might bring
 Us rebels near to God.

74.—C. M.

- 1 A MANY a night, with sleepless hours,
 I laid upon my bed,
 Thinking about the way that leads
 To life and happiness.
- 2 Through tears and prayers, and groans and
 I was brought through at last ; [sighs,
 And oh ! what joy was in my soul,
 No tongue can ever tell !

- 3 My soul would mount on eagle's wings,
To view the world above;
For Christ the Lord did bless my soul
With joy and sweet surprise.
- 4 What happy seasons I have seen,
Since I've been freed from sin!
I can rejoice in thee, O God,
For all thy mercies given.
- 5 And now what trials we will meet,
In marching to Mount Zion;
It is a dark and thorny road
That pilgrims have to walk.
- 6 But let it not discourage us,
For Christ himself was tried;
But may it thus establish us
Into that narrow path.
- 7 Oh! let it all our powers engage,
To do our Master's will,
That we may win the glorious prize,
And gain the victory!

75.—2d Part—7 & 6.

The young convert.

- 1 **WHEN** souls are first converted,
They mount on wings above;
The world thinks they're distracted,
Because they're fill'd with love.

They fly from ev'ry evil,
They trust in God alone ;
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Beset them on each hand ;
Bestrew their path with evil,
To bar them from that land.
But Jesus still invites them,
Saying : " Follow, follow me ;
And I will fight your battles,
And gain your liberty."

3 " O why are you dismayed,
'Tis thus the Saviour cries ;
" While some are getting ready,
And just a going to rise ;
To rise above triumphant
In the bright world of joy,
Where all things are rejoicing,
There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
When all my sorrows end ;
When we arrive at heaven,
No more to part with friends,
I'll try to live a Christian,
While here on earth I stay ;
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
I'll watch and try to pray.

- 5 Then with the shining millions,
 Immortal we shall rise,
 And soar aloft to Jesus,
 And reign above the skies.
 Then sweet immortal anthems
 Our golden harps employ,
 And solace in the ocean
 Of everlasting joy.
-

FAITH AND REPENTANCE.

76.—S. M.

- 1 FATHER, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true :
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
 My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come then for Jesus' sake,
 And bid my heart be clean ;
 An end to all my troubles make,
 An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart
 But by believing thee ;
 And waiting for thy blood t' impart
 The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
 Jesus, thy grace bestow ;
 Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
 And make me white as snow.

77.—W. 120. b. 1. C. M.

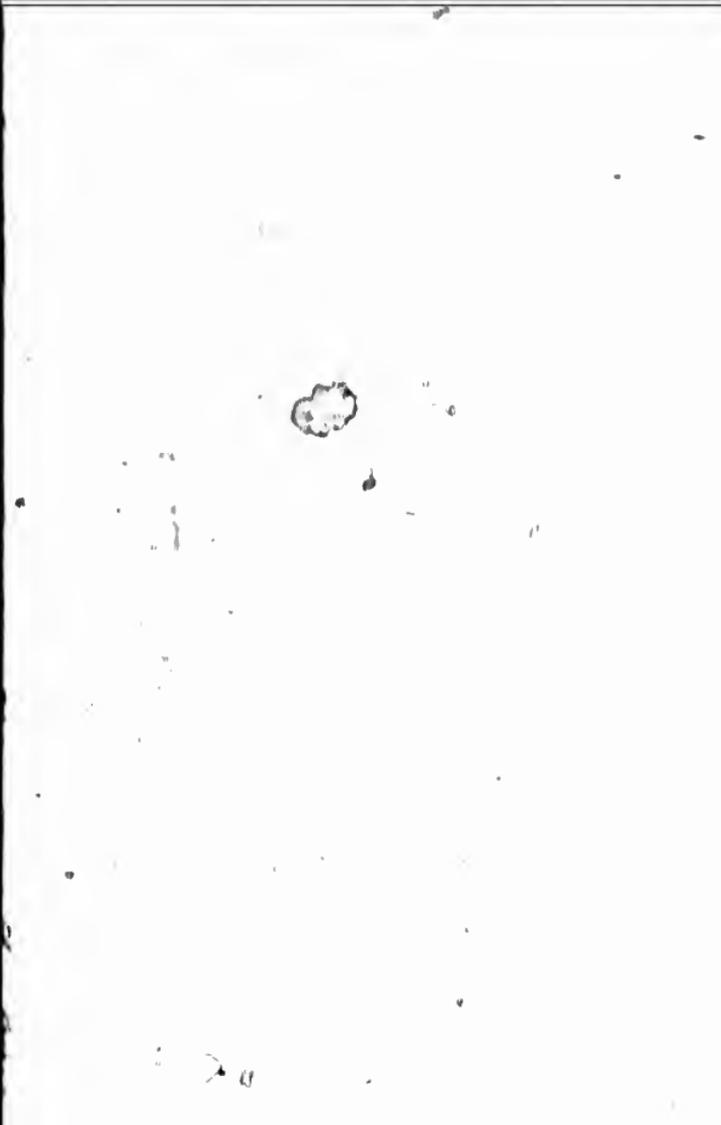
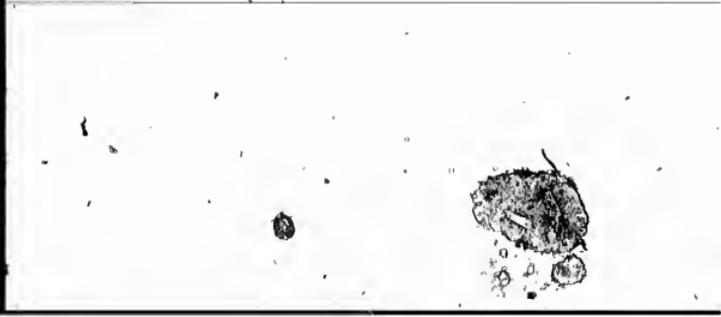
Faith of things unseen.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's Almighty word;
Abr'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' Eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

78.—C. M.

Promised land.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight;





- Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
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 forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Can here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

79.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Mourning Souls.

- 1 Poor mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation,

Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation ;
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
And they as nought in God's mount,
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah ! woe is me that I was born,
Or ever had beginning ;
I would have had untimely birth,
Or had no future being ;
Or else had died when I was young,
I might have been forgiven,
I might, like babes, with harmless tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble ;
Day after day I seek for peace,
But find my sorrows double ;
Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

4 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude my day of grace is o'er ;
Lord, hear my lamentation.-
For I am weary of my life,
Of pains and bitter crying ;

My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 But who is he that looketh forth,
Mild as the blooming morning?
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun!
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning!
Jesus can clothe my naked soul;
Jesus for me hath died,
And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

80.—P. M.—8 & 6.

Regeneration.

1 WAK'D by the gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Expos'd to dreadful woe;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
To which I then drew near!
I strove, alas! but all in vain!
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 I to the law then ran for help,
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found;

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While sin my burthen'd soul did pain,
The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.

- 4 God's justice then I did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
It was a heavy load ;
This solemn truth did still remain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live ;
But him I could not see :
I read my Bible, it was plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.
- 6 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see ;
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
I trust I then was born again,
In gospel liberty.
- 7 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints could glow with greater love,
Than what my soul enjoy'd ;
My soul did mount on eagles' wings,
And glory, glory, I did sing,
To Jesus my dear Lord.

- 9 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
 How Jesus sav'd my soul from hell,
 To sing redeeming love :
 Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
 The sinner now is born again,
 To dwell with Christ above.

81.—P. M.—6 & 8.

A baptismal Hymn to be sung at the Water.

- 1 Young converts on the banks
 Of these baptismal waters stand,
 They praising God, give thanks
 For leave t' obey his sweet command.
 They here step down, receive the crown,
 Baptiz'd beneath the flood,
 And as they rise, lift up their eyes,
 Singing glory to our God.
- 2 Behold them now rejoice ;
 See with what care they watch and pray,
 And with one heart and voice,
 To God their vows and homage pay.
 Then let us pray, the spirit may
 Descend and light around ;
 That high and low, and all may know,
 God's wisdom shall the world confound.
- 3 Sing glory to our King,
 Who has for us led in the way,
 We'll follow on and sing,
 Join'd in one harmonious lay ;

And give him praise to endless days,
 For worthy is the Lamb;
 Praise to receive, in him we live,
 All glory—glory to his name!

82.— L. M.

If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established. Isa. vii. 9.

- 1 ATTEND my soul and trembling hear,
 This awful truth demands your fear,
 Persisting still to disbelieve,
 No hope nor grace can you receive.
- 2 Attend to what th' Eternal saith,
 And pray incessantly for faith,
 Lest in an awful, hast'ning hour,
 You fall to be restor'd no more.
- 3 Pray for that faith which stands sincere,
 Which strives till death to persevere;
 That faith which treads the tempter down,
 Which apprehends the heav'nly crown.
- 4 That faith which gladdens all the heart,
 Cleansing the soul through every part,
 That faith which justifies, which draws
 The will t'obey Jehovah's laws.
- 5 That faith which works inspir'd by love,
 Shed by the Spirit from above;

- That faith which can the cross sustain,
And sing in poverty and pain.
- 6 Faith which can Satan's schemes destroy,
And fill the soul with constant joy,
Which sees its path in darkest night,
And keeps the heav'nly port in sight.
- 7 O precious faith!—May I be found
Establish'd on its happy ground:
Instruct me, Jesus, from above,
And build me up in faith and love.
- 8 Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the anchor of my soul;
I'm well secur'd on ev'ry side,
Fix'd firm in Christ, my rock, my guide.

83 — C. M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul?
Say why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?
- 2 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here,
Thy Maker, wise and good!

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- 3 He, to thy every trial knows
Its just restraints to give ;
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.
- 4 Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide ;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

84.—8 & 6.

Reformation.

- uide.
- 1 The Lord has now begun to move
With his kind Spirit on the youth,
Which causes them to mourn ;
Some find themselves in such a state,
They fear with them it is too late
To ever be forgiven.
- 2 O mourners, now you have begun
To seek the Lord while you are young,
Through teaching of his grace ;
Pray do not turn back to the world,
Lest you should be in darkness hurl'd.
And never see his face.
- 3 O, that the Lord would grant relief
To those dear souls that's full of grief,
For want of pard'ning grace ;
And set them free to sing his praise,
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And spend the rest of their few days
In holy acts of praise.

- 4 O! children, who have found the Lord,
Pray give attention to his word;
And what he saith, that do;
That you may grow in grace and truth,
And serve the Lord now in your youth,
Eternal life pursue.

85.—O. M.

A sinner convinced of his death and blindness.

- 1 HARD heart of mine, O that the Lord
Would this hard heart subdue;
O come thou blest life-giving word,
And form my soul anew.
- 2 I hear the heavenly pilgrims tell,
Their sins are all forgiv'n;
And while on earth their bodies dwell,
Their souls enjoy a heav'n.
- 3 While I, poor wretch, in darkness stand,
With guilt a heavy load;
And ev'ry breath, expos'd to land,
Beyond the grace of God.
- 4 The Christians sing redeeming love,
And talk of joys divine;
And soon they say in realms above,
In glory they shall shine.

But ah! 'tis all an unknown tongue, .
 I never knew that love;
 I cannot sing that heav'nly song,
 Nor tell of joys above.

I want, O God, I know not what;
 I want what saints enjoy;
 O let their portion be my lot,
 Their work be my employ.

Fain would I know that Saviour mine,
 And taste his bleeding love;
 With all the heav'nly pilgrims join,
 While I the desert rove.

Then O to those transporting realms,
 My soul would soar away;
 Where all the warriors wear their palms
 In everlasting day.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

86.—P. M.—7 & 6.

The good physician

1 How lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure the sin-sick soul.
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,

To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light compar'd to sin ;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within,
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combin'd,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace !
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
Then badé me look upon him ;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.
- 5 A risen living Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,

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At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

87.—7s. double, 8, 7.

raise for the blessings of Creation and Providence.

- 1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid
 God our souls and bodies made ;
 God on us, in gracious showers,
 Blessings every moment pours ;
 Compasses with angel-bands,
 Bids them bear us in his hands :
 Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd,
 Life and all descend from God.
- 4 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 by his light and heat ;
 Makes his sun on us to shine :—
 All our blessings are divine.
- 8 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 honour'd and ador'd:
God of all-creating grace!
Take the everlasting praise.

88. — L. M.

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 3—11.

- 1 **Blest** are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 **Blest** are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flow,
A healing balm for all their woe.
- 3 **Blest** are the meek who stand afar,
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And lead their cause against the great.
- 4 **Blest** 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 **Blest** are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

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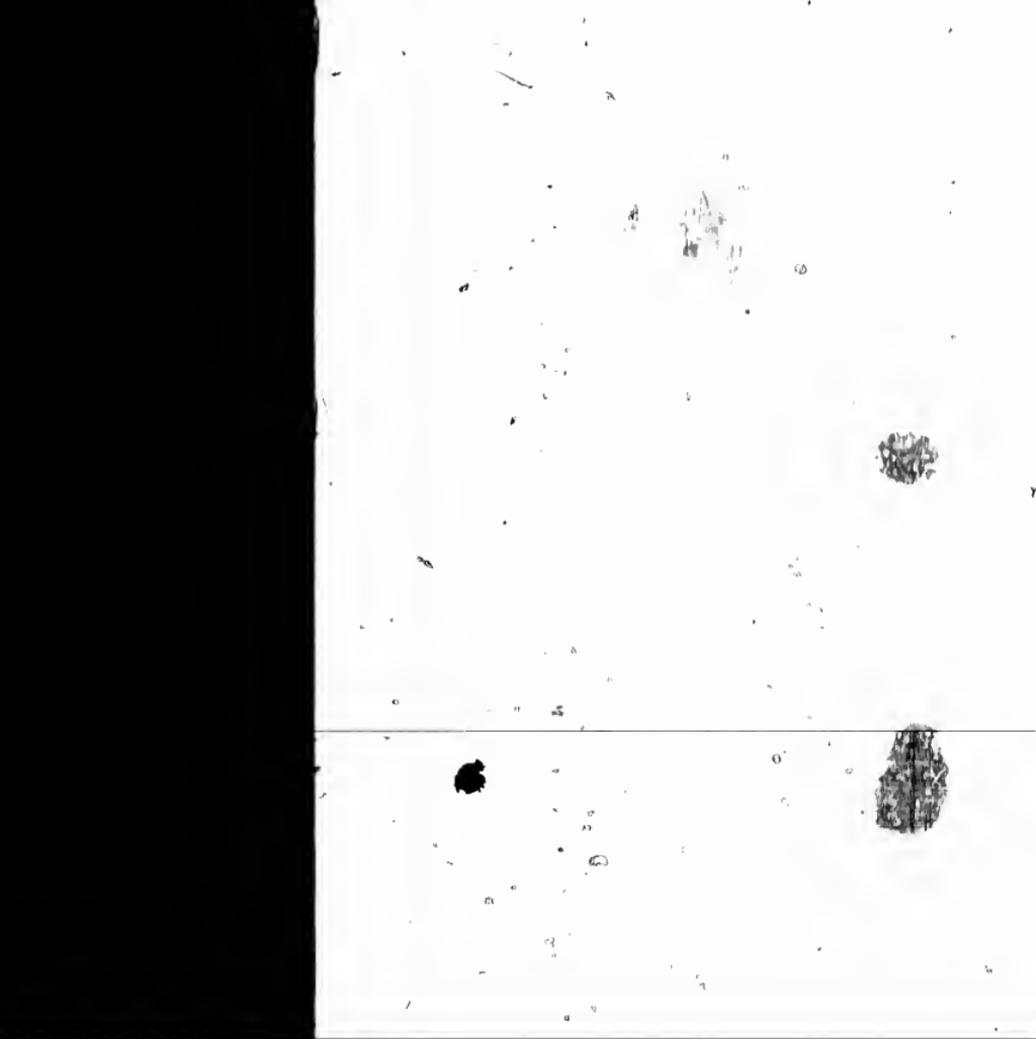
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- 6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blessed are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of living strife,
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

89.—12 & 11.

Hosannah to Jesus.

- 1 HOSANAH to Jesus, I'm filled with his praise ;
Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to
sing ; [ing,
No theme is so charming, no love is so warm-
It gives joy, and gladness, and comfort within,
- 2 Hosannah is ringing, O, how I love singing,
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his
name ;
The angels in glory repeat the glad story,
Of Jesus' love, which is made known to men.
- 3 Hosannah to Jesus' who died for to save us,
I'll serve him and love him wherever I go ;





He's now gone to heaven, the Spirit is given
To quicken and comfort his children below.

4 Hosannah forever, his grace like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over the land,
His love is unbounded to all its extended,
And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.

5 Hosannah to Jesus, my soul how it pleases
To see sinners falling, and crying to God ;
To see them now rising, 'tis truly surprising,
They found peace and pardon in Jesus' blood.

6 Hosannah is ringing, O how they are singing
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love ;
The sound goes to heaven, the Spirit is given,
It rolls through my soul from the mansion
above.

7 Hosannah to Jesus, my soul feels him
precious
In sweet streams of glory he comes from above
My heart is now glowing, I feel his blood flow-
I'm sure that my Jesus I truly do love. [ing,

8 Hosannah is ringing, the saints they are sing-
ing,
And marching to glory in bright royal bands ;
Come on, my dear brethren, let's all go to
heaven,
For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.

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9 Hosannah to Jesus, my soul sweetly rises ;
 I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,
 Where I shall see Jesus and dwell on his
 praises,
 And with him in glory eternally shine.

90.—L. M.

The effusion of the Spirit.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met ;
 Whilst on their heads the spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
 And pow'r to heal and pow'r to save !
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus armed he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north ;
 Go and assert your Saviour's cause ;
 "Go spread the myst'ry of his cross."
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low.
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 We by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;

While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

- 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue ;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

91.—C. M.

Light and Glory of the Word.

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

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92.—7s.

Grateful praise. Ps. ciii.

- 1 CHEERFULLY my soul shall praise
 God, whose mercy crowns my days,
 Who forgiveth all my sin,
 Cleanseth me from stains within,
 Hears my plaints, regards my sighs,
 And my daily need supplies.
- 2 He with loving kindness brings
 Life and healing in his wings,
 O my soul, beneath their shade,
 Thou shalt find eternal aid ;
 There reposing, ever praise
 God, whose mercy crowns thy days.

93.—L. M.

The Breaker is come up before them.

SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,
 Who bears the Breaker's wondrous name :
 Sweetname ! and it becomes him well,
 Who breaks down sin, guilt, death and hell.

A mighty breaker sure is he ;
 He broke my chains and set me free,
 A gracious breaker to my soul,
 He breaks, and O ! he makes me whole !

He breaks through ev'ry gloomy cloud,
 Which can my soul with darkness shroud !

He breaks the ev'ry crafty snare,
Which hellish bes for me prepare.

- 4 He breaks the gates of harden'd brass,
To bring his faithful word to pass;
And though with pond'rous iron barr'd,
The Breaker's love they can't retard.
- 5 Great Breaker! O thy love impart,
Daily to break my stony heart;
O break it, Lord, and enter in,
And break, O break the pow'r of sin.
- 6 Break out and shine upon my soul;
One look from thee will make me whole;
Break through my foes to my relief,
And break, O break my unbelief.
- 7 Break down my self-sufficient pride,
And let me at thy feet abide;
And there adore thee, mighty Lord,
Who never, never breaks thy word.
- 8 By thee I'll break through ev'ry foe,
And joyful on my way I'll go;
By thee I'll break death's cold embrace,
And mount to heav'n and see thy face.
- 9 There has my King pass'd on before,
And there forever I'll adore;
And in eternity I'll raise,
My song to this great Breaker's praise.

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94.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Christ our Advocate.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my troubled, weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee my God.
- 2 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie,
Sin and Satan cannot harm me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.
- 4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find,
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.
- 5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father and our God :
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
- 6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
"Father spare them; I have died;"
And the Father answers, saying,
"They are freely justified."

95.—S. M.—6 & 8.

God's word most excellent.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way !
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just ;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God how plain
Are thy directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.
- 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Savior and my God.

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96.—C. M.—8 & 6.

The meal and cruise of oil.

- 1 By the poor widow's oil and meal,
Elijah was sustain'd ;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.
- 2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die ;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour ;
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon his word and pow'r.
- 4 No barn or store-house they possess,
On which they can depend ;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.
- 5 Then let no doubts your mind assail,
Remember God has said,
"The cruise and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."
- 6 And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive ;
Supply'd by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.

- 7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save ;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

97.—L. M.

*Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body. Ps.
ciii. 1—7.*

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels.
Redeems the soul from hell and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years ;

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He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

98.—P. M.—8's.

The Christian Soldier.

A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my Captain, King and Head,
And under thee I still will fight,
The fight of faith with all my might.
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The ensign of our conquering Lord ;
The Christian Soldier's standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.

O make me Lord, what I should be,
To boldly face the enemy ;
That when alarm'd to call the Lord,
And pass the word to all the guard.
Grant me the weapons of thy word,
The spirit's pow'ful two-edged sword,
To slay my foes where'er they be,
And own the vict'ry won by thee.

Thou art my Lord, keep me I pray,
That I may run the heav'nly way ;

Nor from my duty e'er depart.
 But live in Christ with all my heart,
 Help me to walk in humbleness,
 March in the way of holiness,
 O make me pure and spotless too,
 And fit to stand the grand review.

4 That when our General shall come,
 With sound of trumpet not of drum,
 'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand,
 In full review at God's right hand ;
 And when our foes shall get the rout,
 And Jesus wheels them left about ;
 Then we'll march up the heavenly street,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

5 The war is o'er and we are free
 To join the blood-wash'd company ;
 Our wages shall be harps of gold,
 And joys of heaven which can't be told,
 There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
 The band of music we shall join ;
 And hallelujah's highest key,
 Shall be our theme eternally.

99.—P. M.—11's.

The Supper.

1 A FOUNTAIN in Jesus, which runs always free,
 For washing and cleansing such sinners as we

Our sins, though like crimson, made white as
the wool,
No lack in the fountain, but always is full.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to
come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son ;
Rich bounties, rich dainties here we may re-
ceive,
A living forever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden refused the
call,
For they are not ready, nor willing at all,
To be stripp'd of their honour, and part with
their store, [poor.
For a feast that was given and made for the

4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say ;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the
blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is
mine.

5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich
kind,
A garment not woven but richly refin'd ;
Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the
King,
A plan of the Father in glory to sing.

100.—C. M.

- 1 **OH**, that I had a bosom friend,
To tell my secrets to !
On whose advice I might depend,
In everything I do.
- 2 **How** do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me ;
I seem a stranger quite unknown,
A son of misery.
- 3 **None** lend an ear to my complaint,
Nor mind my cries and tears,
None come to help me tho' I faint,
Nor my vast burden bears.
- 4 **While** others live in mirth and ease,
And feel no want nor woe ;
Through this dark howling wilderness
I full of sorrow go.
- 5 **O** faithless soul to reason thus,
And murmur without end !
Did Christ expire upon the cross,
And is not he thy friend ?
- 6 **Why** dost thou envy carnal men,
And think their state so blest !
How great salvation hast thou seen !
And Jesus is thy rest.

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- 7 What can this lower world afford,
Compared with Gospel grace!
Thy happiness is in the Lord,
And thou shalt see his face.
- 8 Can present griefs be counted great
Compared with future woes!
Will transient pleasures seem so sweet
Compar'd with endless joys!
- 9 How soon will God withdraw the scene
And burn the world he made;
Then woe to carnal, careless men:
My soul, lift up thine head.
- 10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,
Constant, and true, and good;
He will be with thee to the end,
And bring thee safe to God.
- 11 What then, my soul, hast thou to fear?
Or why shouldst thou repine,
Look up, behold redemption's near,
Rejoice, for heav'n is thine.
- 12 Why, O my soul, art thou so sad?
When will thy sighs be o'er!
Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad,
Rejoice, for evermore.



200

101.—P. M.—7's.

The converted thief.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST has pow'r alone
To subdue a heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One with vile blasphemous tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd as too many do,
With a Saviour in their view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be ;
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in Paradise.
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need ;
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

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- 7 But aware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief!
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

102.—C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy street is pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been!
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread,
To die and go from hence.
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

- 6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I here no more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heav'n shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song Free Grace.
- 9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still increase,
To praise the Father and the Son,
Who brought us home to bliss.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first began.

103.—Part 2d—C. M.

The goodness of God.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

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God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouth with good.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
 How slow thine anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word
 To cheer the souls he loves.

Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 But saints that taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

104.—Part 2d—L. M.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
 Where grace and truth do always meet,
 Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
 And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
 Where mercy meets a sinner's need,
 And opens wide a gracious store,
 Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark! don't you hear the heav'nly call
It soundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say, "'Tis not for me."

4 "Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts," he cries,
"Here's wine and milk, in large supplies,
Come now to me, and drink your fill,
'Tis free for whomsoever will.

5 "Come, now receive, I ask no pay,
But freely give it all away.
To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive.

105.—C. M.

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain,
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes and thy joys,
Like fellowship with God.

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

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- Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- When I am made in love to bear,
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.
- So when the icy hand of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath.
In fellowship with God.
- When I at last to heav'n ascend,
And gain my bless'd abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

106.—S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth,

- COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place ;
 Religion never was design'd,
 To make our comforts less.
- 3 Let those now learn to sing,
 Who never knew our God ;
 And fav'rites of the heav'nly King,
 Should speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas.
- 6 This pow'ful God is ours,
 Our Father and our love ;
 He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
 To carry us above.
- 6 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin,
 There from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise,
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
 Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found,
 Glory begun below,

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Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

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

O Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

107.—L. M.

Free Grace proclaimed.

COME trembling soul forget your fear,
For your eternal Friend is near;
O bow your souls before his face,
And share in his redeeming grace.

Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
And yet behold he calls again;
Once more in love he's come to try;
Say sinners, will you live or die.

Though long you have his grace abus'd,
And all his calls of love refus'd;
Yet even now he will forgive,
O sinners, hear his voice and live.

- 4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call you more?
Then think, O souls, how can you bear,
To sink in death and long despair?
- 5 O sinners hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain;
Leave all and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heav'nly charms.

108.—L. M.—8 & 8.

The loving kindness of the Lord.—Ps. lxxiii.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

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Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death.

Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.

109.—L. M.

These things I command you that ye love one another. John xv. 17.

Am I indeed born from above?
 Do I partake of Jesus' love?
 Then let me all my duty know,
 And love by my obedience shew.

Fain would I love His person more,
 And God in all His works adore;
 O may his love my heart inflame,
 With love to all that love His name.

Wherever I his image see,
 O let those souls be dear to me!
 Dear as the purchase of his blood,
 Dear as the favourites of God.

Jesus to us his love doth shew,
 And bids us love each other too;

But O how little love sincere,
Is found in great professors here !

5 What anger, pride and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should dwell !
O why should Satan thus devour
Religious glory and its power ?

6 Come Heavenly Spirit from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love ;
That we may say to all mankind,
See how those love whom Christ hath join'd.

110.—8 & 7.

Love.

1 THAT love which caused the light to shine,
To bring this world to order ;
That love which blesseth men in time
With air, and fire, and water ;
That love which bears with wicked men,
In all the wide creation ;
Is the same love which mov'd the Lamb,
To die for our salvation.

2 That love which fills the hosts above
With perfect consolation,
Among us, wretched, souls, it moves
In infinite compassion ;
And when the Lamb pour'd out his blood,
All nature made confession ;

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Earth, rocks, and graves, proclaim aloud,
Its pow'r to save creation.

4 Thus love and goodness shed its worth,
To save us from destruction ;
'Twas love that sent the Apostles forth
To give the world instruction.
The Holy Spirit on them came.
On pentecost's sweet hour ;
And churches were embodied then
By love's uniting power.

4 They by one spirit, were baptized
Into a heav'nly union ;
They ate and drank the love of Christ,
And this was their communion.
Having a purifying hope,
It gives them consolation ;
And in this love they were built up
A spiritual habitation.

5 Let us be followers of them,
And walk in imitation
Of such examples as pertain
To goodness, and salvation ;
Love one another all you can,
In love which self abases ;
O let the love of Jesus reign,
And fill the church with praises.

5 Let self and hatred quit the ground,
And pride, and all distraction ;

Let heav'nly charity abound,
 The bond of good perfection.
 And ev'ry one who hath this good,
 And follows Jesus hearty,
 Unites with all the saints of God,
 Without regard to party.

8 Let party selfishness depart,
 And leave the church forever;
 Let Jesus' love in ev'ry heart,
 Unite the saints together.
 Let Jesus' love, in ev'ry soul,
 Be held as a criterion;
 Let ev'ry thing, throughout the whole,
 Abide by this decision.

8 Let sinners now behold this love,
 And hear the proclamation,
 That Jesus in compassion moves
 To give their souls salvation;
 Let all the world believe the sound.
 And seek the great salvation,
 Let Jesus love in all abound,
 And fill the whole creation.

HOPE.

111.—L. M.

Prayer answered by crosses.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace:

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Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r,
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining pow'r
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd;
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith:

7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."





112.—C. M.

I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.
Job x. 1.

- 1 IN this extreme distress of soul,
How can I but complain !
I can no more my speech control,
No more from tears refrain.
- 2 Great is my anguish and my grief;
O whither shall I flee ?
Far is my soul from all relief,
No help on earth I see.
- 3 My spirits and my strength are gone,
And I from day to day
Sit quite disconsolate alone,
And sigh my hours away.
- 4 O grievous lot ! O heavy woe !
Must I this cross sustain
So long as I a feeling know,
So long as life remain ?
- 5 Why do my sorrows yet increase,
And flow on ev'ry side ?
Why is my soul depriv'd of peace ?
Of comfort why denied ?
- 6 Why am I chasten'd ev'ry day ?
My nights why spent in pain ?

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Why should deliv'rance longer stay,
Are all my prayers in vain ?

7 Why so mysterious are thy ways,
And dreadful in my sight ;
Shew me, that I may lisp thy praise,
And serve thee with delight.

8 O chase this darkness from my mind,
And raise my thoughts above,
That I may full salvation find,
And celebrate thy love.

113.—L. M.

*Trust and confidence ; or, looking beyond
present appearances.—Hab. iii. 17, 18.*

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
Let fear in me no more have place !
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face ;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no !
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil ;

The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Away each unbelieving fear,
 Let fear to cheering hope give place ;
 My Saviour will at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face :
 Though now my prospects all be crost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Still will I in my Jesus trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
 His promised mercy will I claim ;
 His gracious word shall bear me up,
 To seek salvation in his name ;
 Soon my dear Saviour, bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

114.—8 lines 7s.

1 DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears
 Fearful soul, be strong, be bold,
 Tarry till thy Lord appears.
 Never, never quit thy hold !
 Murmur not at his delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time :

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Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the coming of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word;
On his word my soul is cast,
(He cannot himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find;
Every one that asks shall have
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save;
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
Weak and helpless as I am;
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesus' name;
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast sav'd me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

115.—C. M.

For a Friendly or Benefit Society.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirits shall rejoice ;
Assembled here with one 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,
Whence none are ever turn'd away.
- 3 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!
- 4 The poor are thy peculiar care,
To them thy promises are sure :
Thy gifts "the poor in spirit" share ;
Oh may we always thus be poor!
- 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 hath bled ?

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- 7 Then may our union, here begun,
Endure forever, firm and free ;
At thy right hand may we be one,
One with each other, and with Thee ?

116.—P. M.—6 & 8.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.—Prov. viii. 12.

- 1 Now whilst I try my heart,
By this unerring word,
My conscience can assert,
I truly fear the Lord.
I cannot tread the paths of sin,
I long for holiness within.
- 2 Yes, holiness of heart,
I would more largely share,
I mourn with inward smart,
The evils that are there.
I hate my thoughts whenever vain,
I would from ev'ry sin abstain.
- 8 I hate this wretched pride,
These covetous desires ;
I'd have them crucified,
For Christ my heart requires.
Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,
O make me more sincere and true.
- 4 I'd live alone to thee,
I love t' obey thy word,

Well pleased that thou should'st be
 My Saviour and my Lord.
 To thee I now resign my heart,
 Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

117.—C. M.

The Backslider returning.

- 1 O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
 To leave my Jesus so!
 And now without his smiles I lie,
 And know not where to go.
- 3 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face,
 But did not think so soon,
 I should go mourning in distress,
 And all my comfort gone.
- 3 Not all the glory of this earth,
 Can do me any good;
 My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
 And groans to find my Lord.
- 4 O could I see his face again,
 I'd tell him all my woe,
 Confess how guilty I have been,
 To leave my Jesus so.
- 5 Then will I clasp him in my arms,
 And he shall have my heart;
 And earth, with all her treach'rous charms
 Forever shall depart.

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118.—P. M.—8 & 6.

Weary Pilgrim:

Ye weary heavy laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye travellers through this wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore,
Thro' chilling winds and beating rains,
The waters deep and cold ;
Though enemies surround you,
Take courage and be bold.

Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
Through the enchanted ground.
Dark cloudy nights and gloomy fears,
And dragons often roar,
Yet in the great Redeemer's strength,
We'll press to Canaan's shore.

We're often like the lonesome dove,
That mourns her absent mate ;
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows doth relate.
The wintry time will soon be gone,
The spring is coming on ;
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

Sometimes like mountains to the sky,
Black Jordan's billows roar,

Which makes us weary pilgrims fear
 We never shall get o'er ;
 But when as from mount Pisgah's top,
 We view the vernal plain,
 To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
 And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
 The borders of that land ;
 There trees of grace with heav'nly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand.
 The wintry time will soon be gone,
 Sweet summer doth appear ;
 The glorious day is rolling on,
 The great Sabbatic year.

6 O what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes ;
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies.
 Bright angels whisper me away,
 O come to glory, come !
 And I am waiting to be gone,
 To my eternal home.

7 By faith I view my glorious God,
 On his eternal throne,
 At his right hand the loving Lamb,
 His children's name to own.

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O that my faith were strong to rise
 And bear my soul away,
 I'd shout salvation thro' the skies,
 In one eternal day.

119.—P. M.—8 & 7.

The Believer's Inquiry.

- 1 LET us ask the important question,
 (Brethren be not too secure,)
 What it is to be a Christian,
 How we may our hearts assure !
 Vain is all our best devotion,
 If on false foundations built ;
 True religion's more than notion—
 Something must be known and felt.
- 2 'Tis to trust our well beloved,
 If his blood has wash'd us clean ;
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
 Though we feel it rise within.
 To believe that all is finish'd,
 Though so much remains t' endure ;
 Find the dangers undiminish'd ;
 Yet to hold deliverance sure.
- 3 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit,
 Prompting us to secret prayer ;
 To rejoice in Jesus' merit,
 Yet continual sorrow bear,

To receive a full remission,
Of our sins for evermore ;
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy every hour.

- 4 To be steadfast in believing,
Yet to tremble, fear and quake ;
Every moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak,
To be fighting, fleeing, turning,
Ever sinking, yet to swim,
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

120.—C. M.

O, that I were as in months past.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt,
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevail,
His love was all my song.

- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

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4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine ;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to the saints I often spoke,
 Of what his love had done ;
 But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening shades prevail,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his face ;
 I read—the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And makes my soul his prey,
 Yet Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
 O come without delay.

121.—C. M.

The song of Simeon ; or death made desirable.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
 O make our joys the same ?

- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child.
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 This is the Light, prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands:
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

122.—L. M.

The Christian's solace.

- 1 **THERE** is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
- 2 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 3 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

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Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
 Yonder's thy Captain and thy King,
 With pleasing smiles, he now looks down,
 And cries, "Press on, and here's thy crown."

"Prove faithful then, a few more days,
 Fight the good fight, and win the race,
 And then thy soul with me shall reign,
 Thy head a crown of glory gain."

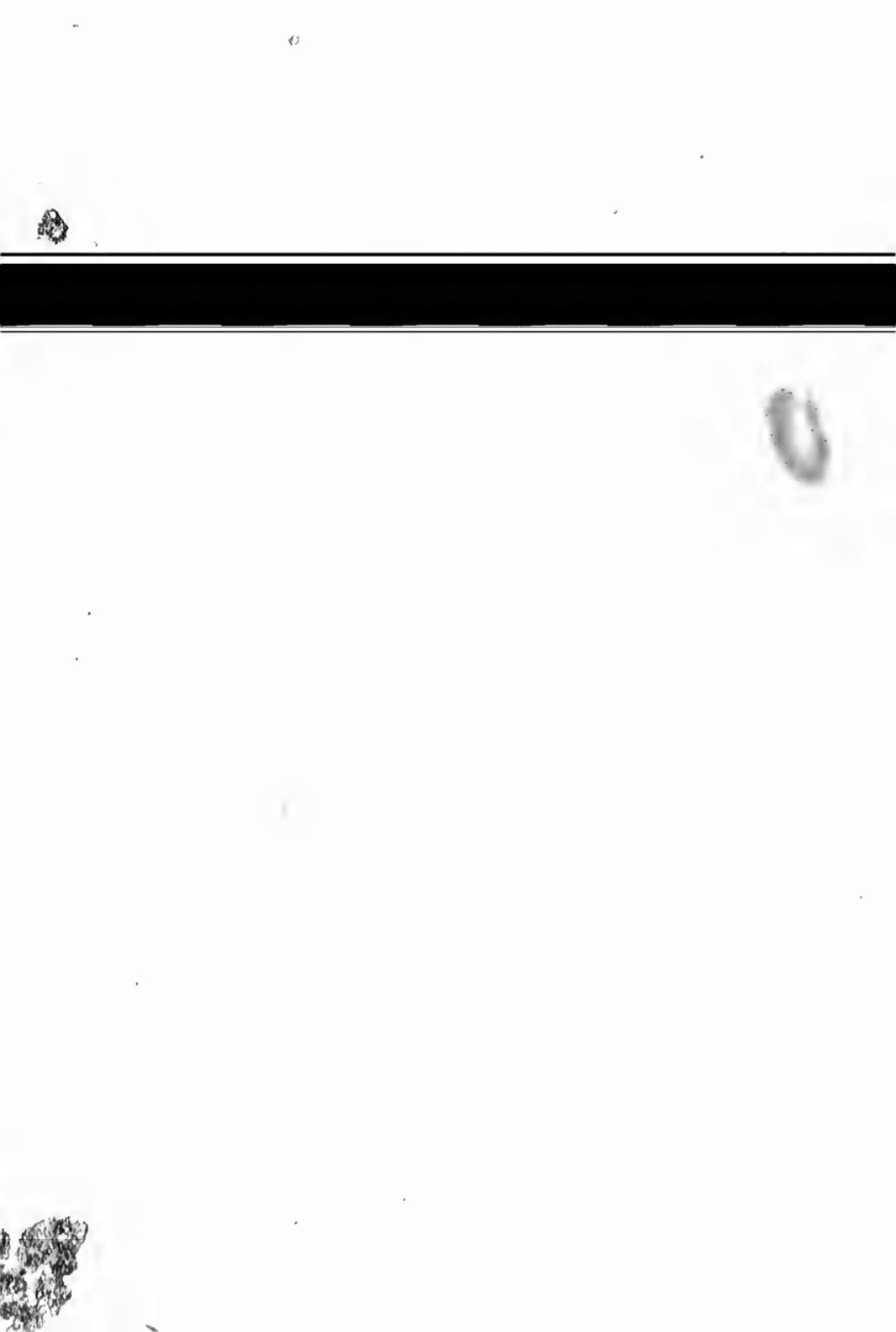
My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last joyful trump shall sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

123.—C. M.

*Hope of Heaven our Support under trials on
 Earth.*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wide 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 heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

124.—P. M.—7 & 7.

The Christian's Inquiry.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I his or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly sure can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love !
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is darkness, vain and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

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- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
Ye that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall,
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorr'd;
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it is begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more;
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

125.—8, & 7.

The pilgrim's hopes.

- 1 DARK and thorny is the desert,
Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
Yet, beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day.

Fiends, loud howling thro' the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go :
 And the fiery darts of Satan,
 Often bring their courage low.

2 O young pilgrims, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way ?
 Does your strength begin to fail you,
 And your vigor to decay ?

Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
 He will lead you to his throne ;
 He who dy'd his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll,
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole ;
 Round him are ten thousand angels
 Ready to obey command,
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There on flowery hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest :
 Love and joy and peace forever,
 Reign and triumph in your breast :
 Who can paint the scenes of glory,
 Where the ransom'd dwell on high ?
 There, on golden harps forever,
 Sound redemption through the sky.

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- 6 There's a million flaming seraphs,
 Who fly across the heav'nly plain,
 There they sing immortal praises,
 Glory, glory is their strain.
 But methinks a sweeter concert
 Makes the heav'nly arches ring,
 And the song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing.
- 6 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
 Such as monarchs never wore,
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
 Hail, ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

126.—C. M.

*Thou knowest my down sitting and my up rising ;
 thou understandest my thoughts afar off.—Psalm
 cxxxix. 2.*

THOU art acquainted with my heart,
 O thou omniscient God !
 Thou know'st my ev'ry wand'ring tho't,
 What devious paths I've trod.

O 'tis in vain for me to try,
 My num'rous thoughts to screen ;
 No sin escapes thy searching eye,
 Unnotic'd or unseen.

- 3 Then let me call my follies o'er,
 And mourn before the Lord,
 That I have liv'd to him no more,
 No more obey'd his word.
- 4 Lord, smite the flinty rock within,
 And let my sorrows flow ;
 And whilst I mourn and hate my sin,
 Do thou thy mercies shew.
- 5 O bring a pardon to my hand,
 A pardon bought with blood ;
 And may I never more offend,
 Nor sin against my God.

127.—L. M.

The Stony heart.

- 1 OH ! for a glance of heav'nly day,
 To take this stubborn heart away,
 And thaw with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things shew some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord an adamant would melt ;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.

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Thy Judgment's too unmov'd, I hear,
 Amazing thought which devil's fear;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combin'd,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But something yet can do the deed,
 And that dear something much I need;
 Thy spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

INVITING AND AWAKENING.

128.—C. M.

Go to the Ant. Prov. vi. 6. x. 5.

- 1 SEE how the little toiling ant;
 Improves the harvest hours;
 While summer lasts, through all her cells
 The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
 But youth of life's the prime;
 Best is this season for our work,
 And this the accepted time.
- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
 To-morrow, Folly cries;
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!
 To-day the sinner dies.

HYMN.

When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

129.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Expostulation.

1. Now the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinners bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.
2. Sinners can you hate this Saviour?
Can you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.
3. Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet;
Father, save them tho' they're bloodied,
Raise them to a heav'nly seat.
4. Sinners hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent, return and pray.
5. O be wise before you languish,
On the bed of dying strife!

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Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon the events of life!

Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me!

Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and O, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

Come, for all things now are ready:
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

130.—C. M.

An aged sinner awakened

1 O WHAT a wretched sinner, Lord!
I now begin to see,
The danger of the ways I've trod,
But know not where to flee.

2 Long have I turn'd my back on thee,
And slighted all thy grace;
Yet pity Lord, O pity me,
And let me see thy face.

3 O should I now yield up my breath,
I must go down to dwell,
In chains of everlasting death,
With sinners cast to hell.

4 Lord change my heart, or I am gone;
O give me life divine!
Though I am old, may I be born,
A heav'nly child of thine.

131.—L. M.

The sinner's complaint and confession.

1 O WHAT a harden'd wretch am I!
Will nothing melt my harden'd mind?
I hear that Christ is passing by,
But see him not, for I am blind.

2 His bowels yearn o'er wretched men,
And I am call'd to taste his love;
And yet my heart so hard in sin,
I neither feel, nor melt, nor move.

3 Long has he waited at my door,
And I a wretch as long despis'd;
And now if he should call no more,
In endless death I close my eyes.

4 And yet how careless am I still,
Surrounded with important scenes;
O Jesus, turn my rapid will,
Remove my guilt, and break my chains.

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132.—O. M.

An awakened sinner resolved to cast all on Christ.

- 1 O WHAT a burden'd soul I be,
A stranger to my God!
Yes, since I hear his grace is free,
On him I'll cast my load.
- 2 His name is love, I often hear,
And gracious is his throne;
Who knows but he may yet appear,
Before I am undone?
- 3 He is all goodness, or in hell
I'd sunk, ah! long ago,
But O! it is his blessed will,
To save my soul from woe.
- 4 Since long he's kept me from the grave,
And still holds out my days,
I must believe he's free to save,
If I would trust his grace.
- 5 I'll go with all my load of guilt,
And fall before his throne;
Believe his blood was for me spilt,
And trust in him alone.
- 6 Help my belief, almighty God,
And set my spirit free;
O wash me in the Saviour's blood,
And let me live with thee.

133.—L. M.

- 1 With aching heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries,
What shall I do, or whither flee,
To 'scape the vengeance due to me!
- 2 Till now I saw no danger nigh,
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
- 3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shew'd 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 growing years,
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy 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 Jesus' name!
To him I look and anxious cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

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134.—P. M.

1 COME ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power ;
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

Come, ye weary heavy-laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better ;
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !

On the bloody tree behold him !
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finish'd !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

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

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

135.—P. M.—8's.

1 Young people' all attention give,
 While I address you in God's name,
 You who in sin and folly live,
 Come hear the counsel of a friend.
 I sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
 And rang'd th' alluring scenes of life ;
 But never knew substantial joys,
 Till I obey'd my Saviour's voice.

2 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,
 And swept my load of guilt away,

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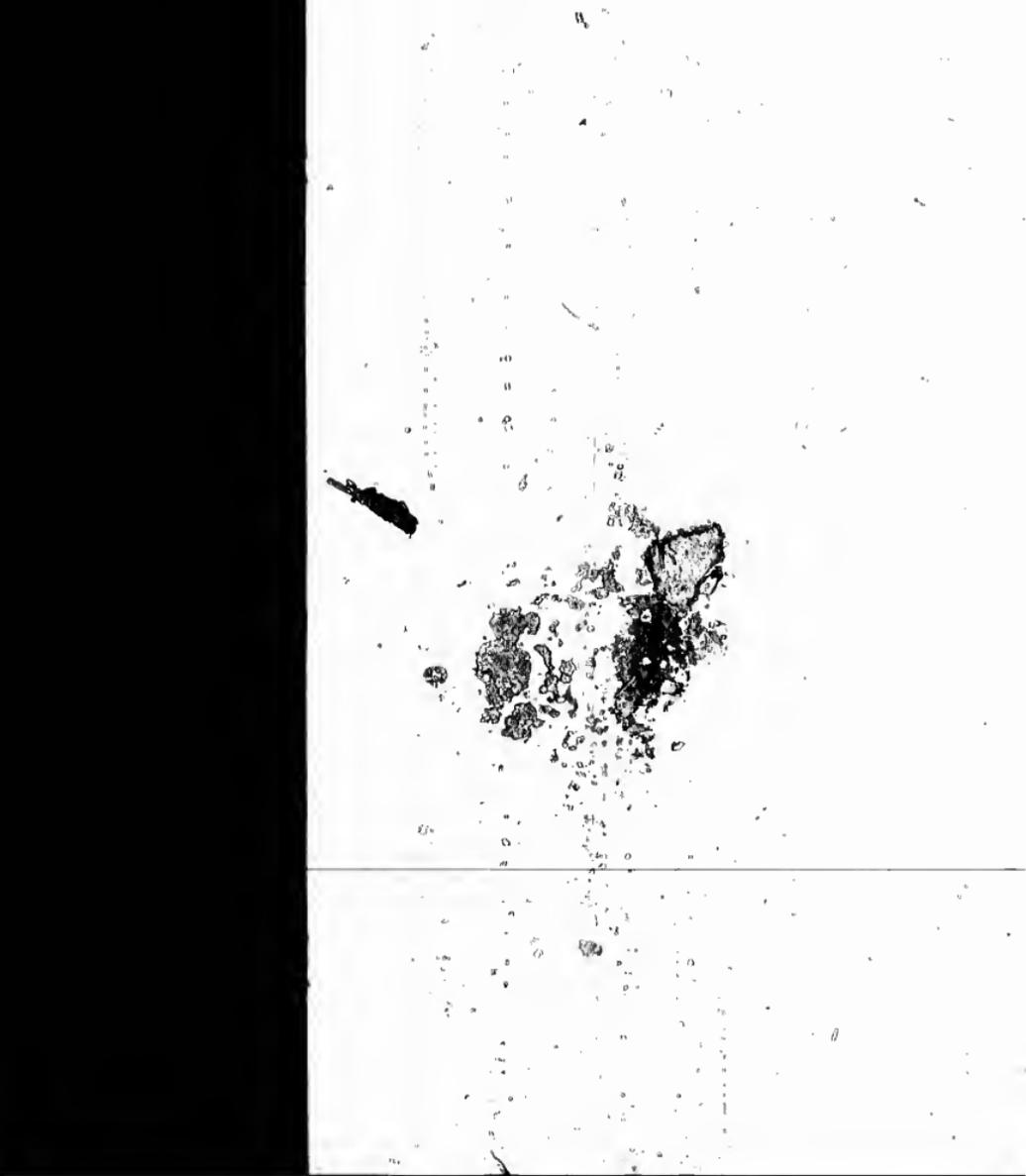
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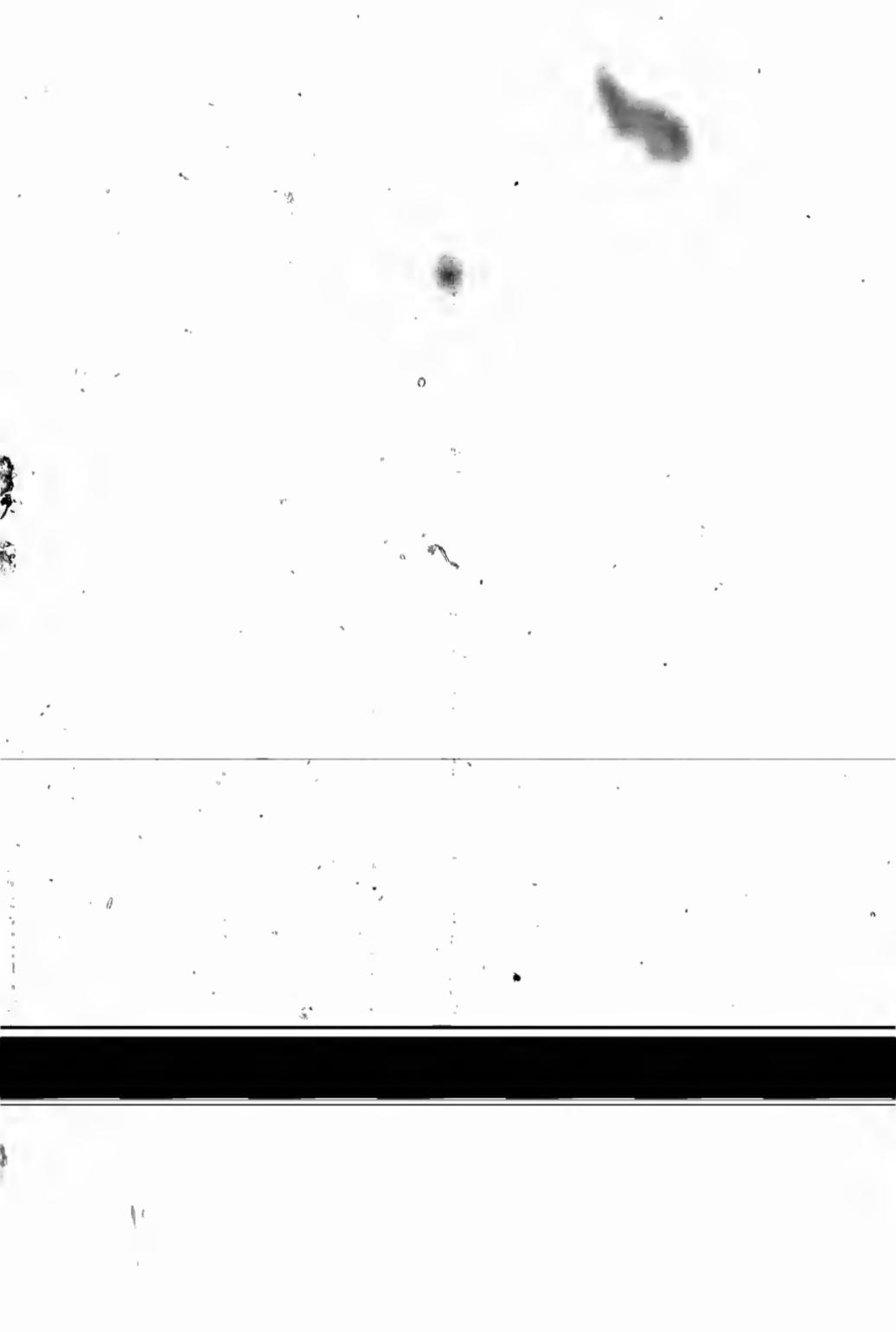
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
 And thus I found the good old way ;
 And now with trembling sense I view,
 Huge billows roll beneath your feet ;
 For death eternal waits for you,
 Who slights the force of gospel truth.

Youth like the spring will soon be gone,
 By rolling years or sudden death ;
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark.
 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks,
 Must wither like the blasted rose ;
 The coffin, earth and winding-sheet,
 Shall soon your active limbs enclose.

Ye heedless youth who widely stroll,
 The grave shall soon become your bed,
 Where darkness reigns and vapours roll,
 In solemn silence o'er your head.
 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
 And with a sigh move slow along ;
 Still gazing at the spears of grass,
 Which shall be o'er your bodies grown.

O! careless youth, this is the state,
 Of all who do free grace refuse ;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come lay your carnal weapons by ;
 No longer fight against your God ;





But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great reward.

136.—S. M.

Are there few that shall be saved?

- 1 DESTRUCTION'S dang'rous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living gate;
But they who will not leave their sin
Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
"So many surely can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end."
- 5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were saved in Noah's ark,
For many millions drown'd.

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Obey the gospel call,
 And enter while you may ;
 The flock of Christ is always small,
 And none are safe but they.

Lord, open sinner's eyes,
 Their awful state to see ;
 And make them, ere the storm arise,
 To thee for safety flee.

137 — L. M.

Christ's invitation to sinners; or humility and pride.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight,
 My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,

Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

138.—L. M.

Behold I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii. 20

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Saviour at thy door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O! lovely attitude! he stands,
With melting heart and outstretch'd hands;
O! matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 **Admit** him—for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
Admit him—or the hour's at hand,
When at his bar, denied you'll stand.
- 4 **Open** my heart, Lord, enter in—
Slay ev'ry foe, and conquer sin;
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, shall all be thine.

139.—C. M.

Exhortation to the old and young.

- 1 **DEAR** people all attention give,
And hear what I do say;

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I long your precious souls should live
In everlasting day.

- 2 Remember you are hastening on,
To death's dark gloomy shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.
- 3 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long my precious friends;
Where do you then expect to go?
Where will your souls then land?
- 4 Pray, meditate, before too late,
While in a gospel land;
Behold King Jesus at the gate,
Most lyingly doth stand.
- 5 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend?
Will you pursue the dangerous race,
Regardless of the end?
- 6 Will you pursue the awful road,
That leads to death and hell?
Will you rush on, bold foes to God!
With devils for to dwell?
- 7 Young women too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament, and cry.

- 8 Come old, come young, who feel your guilt,
The fountain's open'd wide ;
For you that precious blood was spilt,
That flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 9 There you may drink in endless joy,
And sing redeeming love,
Till golden harps your souls employ,
In praising Christ above.

140.—L. M.

The New Light.

1. COME all who are New-lights indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed ;
From Egypt's land we've took our flight,
For God has given us New-light.
- 2 Long time we with the wicked trod,
And madly ran the sinful road ;
Against the gospel we did fight,
Scar'd at the name of a New-light.
- 3 At length the Lord in mercy call'd,
And gave us strength to give up all ;
He gave us grace to choose aright,
A portion with despis'd New-lights.
- 4 Despis'd by man, upheld by God,
We're marching on the heav'nly way ;

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Loud hallelujahs we will sing,
To Jesus Christ, the New-light's king.

5 Though by the world we are disdain'd,
And have our names cast out by men ;
Yet Christ our Captain for us fights,
Nor death, nor hell, can hurt New-lights.

6 Come, sinners, with us New-lights join,
And taste the joys that are divine ;
Bid all your carnal mirth adieu,
Come join and be a New-light too.

7 Your carnal mirth you'll count a toy,
If once you know the heav'nly joy ;
No solid joys are known below,
But such as New-lights feel and know.

8 I know not any sect nor part,
But such as are New-lights in heart ;
If in Christ Jesus you delight,
I can pronounce you a New-light.

9 For since in Christ we all are one,
My soul would fain let strife alone ;
No prejudice can any fear,
No wrath in those that New-lights are.

10 Thus guarded by the Lord we stand,
Safe in the hollow of his hand ;

Nor do we scorn the New-light's name,
Christians are all New-lights—Amen.

- 11 Amen, Amen, so let it be,
Glory to God, this light we see;
New-light from Christ to us is given,
New-light will be our light in heaven.

141.—L. M.

Life, the day of grace and hope.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

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Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

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

142.—C. M.

An invitation to the gospel feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bount'ous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

The God to whom we're reconciled,
Invites your souls to come ;

The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

6 O come and with his children taste,
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore :
Approach, there yet is room.

143.—L. M.

The Gospel feast.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest,
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Since our Lord to you doth call,
The invitation is to all :
Come all the world, come sinner, then,
All things in Christ are ready now.

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- 3 Come all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest !
Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 The message from the Lord receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O Let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 His love is mighty for to heal,
His conqu'ring love consent to feel :
Yield to his love's redeeming pow'r,
And strive against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice,
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 7 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. |

144.—P. M. 5 & 6.

prayer for seriousness, in prospect of Eternity.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A sinful worm I cry ;

A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of bliss or dreadful pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, in sea I lie;
A point of time a moment's space,
Removes me from heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God my guilty soul convert,
And deeply on my wretched heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble ere it is too late,
And 'wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shall 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 bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

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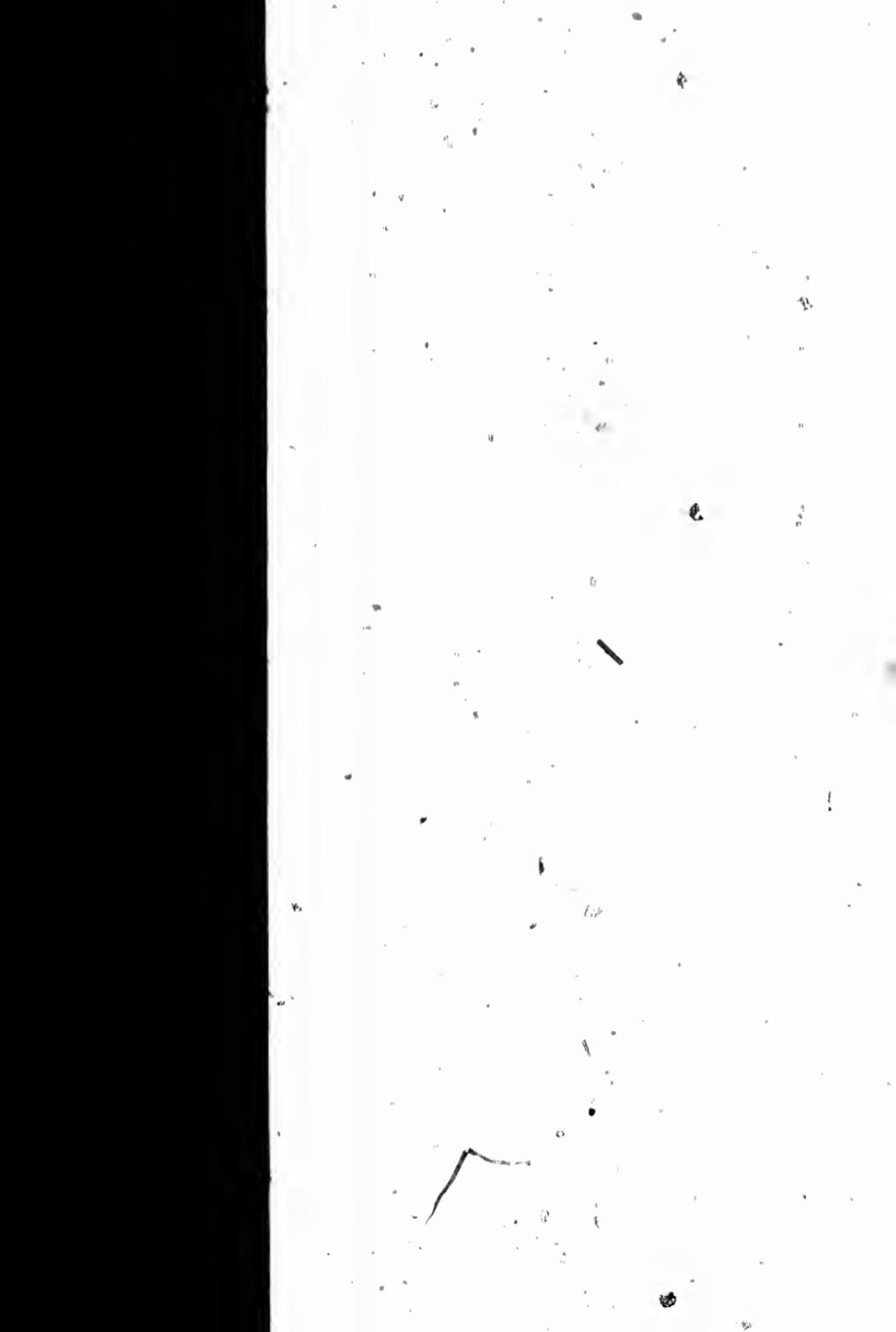
- 6 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

145.—C. M.

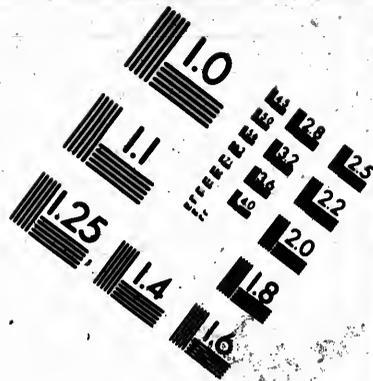
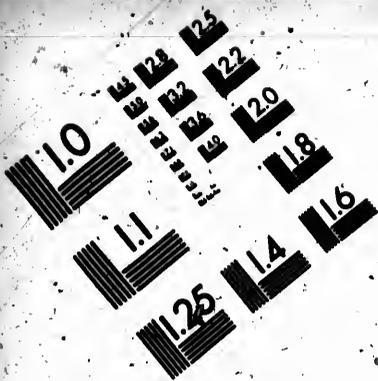
Warning to sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

- 1 WITH love of pity I look round,
Upon my fellow clay ;
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God ! what shall I say ?
- 2 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners ! come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
- 3 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.
- 4 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
If destitute of grace ;
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face.
- 5 O could you shun that dreadful sight.
How would you wish to fly,

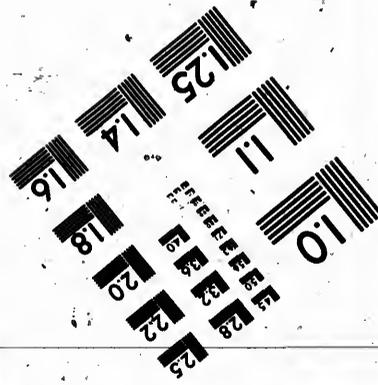
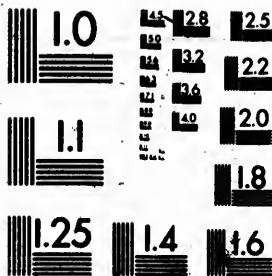








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To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye.

6. But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 7 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

146.—S. M.

Now the accepted Time.

- 1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

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147.—L. M.

The almost Christian.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there :
But wisdom shews a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take the cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

148.—C. M.

Christ inviting sinners to his grace.

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands,
And knocks at ev'ry door ;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
For to supply the poor.

- 2 " Behold, he saith, I bleed and die,
 " To bring poor souls to rest ;
 " Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
 " And be forever blest.
- 3 " Will you despise such bleeding love,
 " And choose the way to hell ?
 " Or in the glorious realms above,
 " With me forever dwell ?
- 4 " Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
 " And have your sins forgiv'n ?
 " Or will you make a wretched choice,
 " And bar yourself from heav'n ?
- 5 " Will you go down to endless night,
 " And be forever slain ?
 " Or dwell in everlasting light,
 " Where I in glory reign ?
- 6 " Come now dear soul, before I go,
 " While I am passing by ;
 " Say, will you bow to me or no ?
 " Say will you live or die ? "

149.—7.

Expostulation.

- 1 **SINNER**, art thou still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?

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Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day ?

2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd !
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgments stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?

4 Who his advent may abide ?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapp'd in flame ?

5 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,
Must behold the searching eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphem'd.

6 Where are now their haughty looks ?
Oh, their horror and despair ;
When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear !

7 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath ;

And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

- 8 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

150.—L. M.

Preparation.

- 1 THE broken bread, the blessed cup,
On which we now are call'd to sup.
Without thy help and grace divine,
Will prove no more than bread and wine.
- 2 But come, great master of the feast,
Dispense thy grace to ev'ry guest;
Direct our views to Calvary.
And help us to remember thee.
- 3 Let us with light and truth be bless'd,
That on thy bosom we may rest;
And at thy supper each may learn
Thy broken body to discern.
- 4 O that our souls may now be fed
With Christ himself the living bread,

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That we the cov'nant may renew,
And to our vows be render'd true !

151.—L. M.

- 1 THE night in which Christ was betrayed,
For us a plain example laid,
He to a private room retired,
With those he afterward inspired.
- 2 There the Lord's supper was prepared,
And Christ the Lord had with them shared,
Of which th' apostles did partake,
He thus an ordinance did make.
- 3 He rose and laid his garments by,
When tow'l and water were brought nigh,
To prove his love divinely sweet,
Proceeds to wash his servants' feet.
- 4 So after he had washed their feet,
Resumed his garments, took his seat ;
So we should love and kindness show,
To all our brethren here below.
- 5 Ye call me Master and your Lord,
Which is according to my word,
If I have done this unto you,
Ye ought to serve each other too.
- 6 Example give I unto you,
As I have done so ye should do,

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And if ye then my servants be,
Obey my word and follow me.

- 7 The Lord who did from heaven descend,
Bids us his doctrine to defend;
If we in all things faithful prove,
We shall obtain redeeming love.

152.—L. M.

- 1 THIS is my body, broken for sin;
Receive, and eat this living food:
Then take the cup, and drink the wine:
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
- 2 Do this, said Christ, till time shall end,
Meet at my table, and record
The mem'ry of your dying friend:
The love of your departed Lord.
- 3 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We share thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

153.—L. M.

On washing feet. John xiii. 2-17.

- 1 WHEN Jesus Christ was here below
He taught his people what to do;

And if we would his precepts keep,
We must descend to washing feet.

- 2 For on that night he was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Soon as his supper he did eat,
He rose and wash'd his brethren's feet.
- 3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose and laid his garments by;
And wash'd their, feet to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.
- 4 He wash'd them all to make them clean
But Judas still was full of sin;
May none of us, like Judas sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.
- 5 Peter said "Lord it shall not be,
"Thou shalt not stoop to washing me."
O that no christian here may say
I'm too unworthy to obey.
- 6 "You call me Lord, and Master too,
"Then do as I have done to you:
"All my commands and counsels keep,
"And show your love, by washing feet.
- 7 "Ye shall be happy if ye know
"And do these things, by faith, below;
"And I'll protect you till you die,
"And then remove you up on high.

154.—C. M.

- 1 To show how humble Christians ought
To one another be,
Christ with his own example taught,
As plainly we may see.
- 2 Though he was Lord and Master great,
Who giveth all commands,
He wash'd his own disciples' feet,
With his own blessed hands.
- 3 When thus their Master with them dealt,
And proved his love to them,
How must their drooping hearts have felt,
To meet with such esteem.
- 4 May they who worldly honor seek,
Learn what it is to be
Like Jesus, humble, truly meek,
From self-applauses free.
- 5 Such facts as these should have effect,
To bring the haughty low ;
The proudest heart should feel a check,
And deeply humbled too.
- 6 Thus Peter's mind was much impress'd,
He thought himself too mean ;
But also felt himself distress'd,
To have no part with him.

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Crucifixion

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- 7 "Till thou art wash'd, thou hast no part
With me," the Saviour said;
Then Peter cried, "with all my heart!
Wash thou my hands and head."

155.—L. M.

*Crucifixion to the world by the Cross of Christ.—
Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my 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 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 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.

156.—C. M.

To be sung at the Lord's Supper.

- 1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 3 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you ;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."
- 4 With humble faith and bleeding heart;
Lord, we accept thy love ;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above ?
- 5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praying powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

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- 6 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
 I'd give them all to thee !
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
 Should join the harmony.

 KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

157.—P. M.—6 & 8.

The Christian Church.

- 1 ALTHOUGH despis'd by men,
 A little feeble band,
 Protection we obtain
 From the Redeemer's hand.
 Though oft our foes do us devour,
 We stand upheld by Jesus' pow'r.
- 2 While on him we depend,
 And truly fear his name,
 He'll prove a faithful friend,
 And ne'er put us to shame ;
 He'll guard us safe thro' all the way,
 To the fair climes of endless day.
- 3 Our shepherd leads us on,
 While we obey his voice ;
 He guides us to his throne,
 And in him we'll rejoice :
 Though strait the way, we need not fear,
 If to the end we persevere.

- 4 Christ is our Leader call'd,
 The Christian name we bear ;
 This name we will extol,
 While in his grace we share.
 ✓ All party names we will disdain,
 The glorious name of Christ maintain.
- 5 His doctrine, too, we'll prize,
 This, as our rule observe,
 It is our only guide,
 Therefore we must not swerve,
 This doctrine will arise on high,
 When all the works of men shall die.
- 6 Ourselves we must deny,
 And daily take our cross ;
 From ev'ry evil fly,
 Or we shall suffer loss.
 Till victory we completely win,
 We will maintain the war with sin.
- 7 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
 And earthly comforts die,
 May the rich grace prevail,
 And bear our souls on high.
 There, while our glowing love shall flame,
 Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

158.—P. M.—6 & 8.

The increase of Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 ~~ALL~~ hail exalted Lord !
 The wondrous things foretold

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Of thee in sacred writ,
 With joy our eyes behold ;
 Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
 And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee, the hoary head
 Its silver honours pays,
 To thee the blooming youth
 Devotes its brightest days ;
 And ev'ry age their tribute bring
 And bow to thee, all-conq'ring King.

3 O haste victorious Prince,
 That happy, glorious day,
 When souls like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway :
 O may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Eternal be thy reign !
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear the gentle chain :
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

WISDOM OF GOD.

159.—C. M.—8 & 6.

Light shining out of darkness.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform .

- He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his righteous will.
- 4 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are fill'd 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 ev'ry 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.

160.—C. M.—8 & 6.

"The whole earth is full of thy glory."

- 1 JEHOVAH ! we adore thy name,
And bow before thy throne ;

Created nature all proclaim,
That thou art God alone.

- 2 The sun pours forth his radiant light,
Thy glory to display ;
How weak an emblem of thy sight,
Is his most piercing ray.
- 3 The starry hosts of heaven combine,
To sing aloud thy praise ;
And will forever, while they shine,
Their songs exulting raise.
- 4 Through vast immensity thine eye
Can instantly survey,
Ten thousand worlds that roll on high,
Which all thy word obey.
- 5 O ! how unspeakable thy love
To mortal man below :
Still may they all thy pity prove,
From whom all blessings flow.

MEETING AND PARTING.

161.—P. M.

At parting.

- 1 For a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain :
Give us if we live, ere long,
In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

162.—C. M.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 FAREWELL, my brethren all, farewell,
I leave you with the Lord,
O may you shun the paths of hell,
By cleaving to his word.
- 2 You are most near and dear to me,
I have you in my heart ;
Yet the best friends must severed be,
So you and I must part.
- 3 Although I leave you for a while,
I'll meet you once again ;
And if it be not in this world,
'Twill be on Canaan's plain.

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4 There we shall meet and never part,
 And see the King most glorious ;
 With harp in hand we all shall stand,
 And strike one note melodious.

5 My counsel unto you I give,
 That you do all stand fast,
 In the sweet doctrine you've receiv'd,
 Of being sav'd by grace.

6 In holiness of life and word,
 And evidence of this,
 Walk in the road the Lord hath said,
 And you shall never miss.

7 And let your hab'liments be these,
 Faith, hope and charity,
 Also a heav'nly garment is,
 The soft and blest humility.

8 And for the sword the word of God,
 With the helmet of salvation ;
 Then do not fear, but persevere,
 To heaven your habitation.

163.—P. M.—11's.

Farewell.

1. FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at
 hand,
 That we must be parted from this social band ;

Our several engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell loving Christians, farewell for
awhile, [smile;
We'll soon meet again if kind heav'n should
And while we are parted and scatter'd
abroad, [God.
We'll pray for each other and wrestle with

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
charg'd,
The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarg'd;
With singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may
roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed
for war,
Some trials await you, but Jesus is near;
And though you must walk through this dark
wilderness, [peace.
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to

5 The world, flesh, and Satan, and hell all
unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than
they,
Let this animate you to march on the way.

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6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken
heart, [part ;
O haste to know Jesus, and choose the good
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do mourn,
To think of your danger and you unconcern'd ;
I've heard of a judgment, where all must
appear ; [ing fear.
O there you'll stand trembling, with torment-

Your frolics and pastimes, in which you de-
light, [fright ;
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful
You'll think on those sermons which you've
heard in vain,
When hope's gone forever of hearing again.

Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all
around, [sound ;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

164.—8 & 7.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God,
Will you pray in faith with fervor,
While we strive to preach the word ?

All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down ;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners
Slumb'ring on the brink of woe ;
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to see them go ?
There are fathers, there are mothers,
And their children sinking down, &c.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider,
Who was once near heaven's door,
But, alas ! he's sold his Saviour,
And is worse than e'er before ;
But the Saviour proffers pardon,
If he will repent and turn, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us ?
(Moses' sister helped him ;)
Will you seek the trembling mourners,
Who is lab'ring hard with sin ?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found.
Sisters, &c.

5 Let us love our Lord supremely ;
Let us love each other too ;
Let us strengthen one another,
Till our Lord makes all things new,

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And when we get home to heaven,
 At his table we'll sit down ;
 Christ will gird himself, and serve us
 With sweet manna all around.

165.—L. M.

The parting hand.

1 My dearest friends in bonds of love,
 Whose hearts in sweetest union move,
 Your friendship's like a drawing band,
 Yet we must take the parting hand:
 Your comp'ny sweet, your union dear,
 Your words delightful to my ear,
 And when I see that we must part,
 You draw, like cords, around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
 Since we have met to sing and pray !
 How loath we've been to leave the place,
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my drooping mind !
 But duty makes me understand,
 That we must take the parting hand.

3 Then since it is God's holy will,
 We must be parted for awhile,
 In sweet submission all as one,
 We'll say, " Our Father's will be done,"

How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
 Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
 Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

- 4 I hope you'll all remember me,
 If you no more on earth I see ;
 An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
 That we may meet beyond the grave.
 O glorious day, O blessed hope !
 My heart leaps forward at the thought,
 When in that happy, happy land,
 We'll no more take the parting hand.

166.—8 & 7.

The Evangelist's Farewell.

- 1 Now my time is come for going,
 Now my heart begins to swell,
 While the silent tear is falling,
 Scarce can say, my friends farewell.
 Yet, farewell to each believer,
 Where my God commands I'll fly ;
 We must part, but not for ever,
 We shall meet above the sky.

- 8 While I range through distant regions,
 Far from friends I hold most dear ;
 While o'er souls, exposed to ruin,
 Oft I shed the anxious tear ;

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Still my mind with warm affection,
 Fondly will revert to you ;
 Time nor distance cannot sever
 Me from those I bid adieu,

3 Say you will your feeblest servant,
 On your faithful spirits bear ;
 When your faith and love are fervent,
 Will you mention me in prayer ?
 Surely, on my mind I'll bear you,
 Though we may far off remove ;
 Yet my spirit shall be with you,
 Till we take our seats above.

4 Now my soul, in hope exulting,
 Looks beyond death's chilly waves,
 Where the saints with whom I've parted,
 I shall meet beyond the grave ;
 There to meet o'er Jordan's billows,
 Safe within the promised land.
 I to God, in love commend you,
 And must give the *parting hand*.

167.—L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and with the sun,
 Your daily course of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay your morning sacrifice.

2 Blessed be God, who safe has kept,
 And has refresh'd us while we slept ;

Now help us, Lord, to watch and pray,
And serve thee faithfully to-day.

- 8 O Lord, illumine, direct our way,
In all we think, or do, or say;
That all our powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite!
- 4 Teach each of us thy will to know,
And do the same while here below,
So that when we from death awake,
We may of endless life partake.

168

1 Jesus, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above,
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love:
Farewell, brethren; farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been,
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin:
Farewell, brethren; farewell, sisters,
Soon we all shall meet at home.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home,

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And the presence of our Jesus
 Rest upon us every one:
 Farewell, brethren: farewell sisters,
 Soon we all shall meet above.

169.—C. M.

Met for worship.

- 1 **HERE** in the presence of our God,
 We've met to seek thy face;
 O let us feel th' eternal word,
 And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O may this be a happy hour,
 To ev'ry mourning soul;
 Display thy love, make known thy pow'r,
 And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O may a spark of heav'nly fire,
 Each stupid soul inflame,
 And sacred love our tongues inspire,
 To praise thy worthy name.
- 4 Let ev'ry soul the Saviour see,
 And taste his love divine;
 And ev'ry heart forever be,
 United, Lord, with thine.

170.—C. M.

- 1 **INDULGENT** Father, by whose care,
 I've pass'd another day,



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Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face ;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love ;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To enjoy thy smiling face.

171.—P. M.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us, &c.
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thank we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound !

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May the fruits of thy salvation.
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 Ever faithful, &c.
 To the truth may we be foud !

2 So whene'er the signal's giv'n,
 Us from earth to call away—
 Borne on angels wings to heav'n—
 Glad the summons to obey :
 May we ever, &c.
 Reign with Christ in endless day !

172.—L. M.

At Dismission.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word !
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let the truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

173.—7s & 8s.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing
 Bid us now depart in peace ;

Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase;
 Fill each breast with consolation;
 Up to thee our hearts we raise:
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
 Hallelujah!

174.—L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home:
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep.
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

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175.—C. M.

The preacher's Farewell.

- 1 BRETHREN, I bid you all farewell,
And from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell,
That you and I must part.
- 2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labour shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.
- 3 I trust I can to record call,
All you that hear me now,
I have declar'd God's counsel all,
As he did me endow.
- 4 I now depart, I leave you here.
I leave you with the Lord,
And may we all henceforth appear,
To be of one accord.
- 5 And if we part to meet no more,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
And never part again.
- 6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell ;
And triumph in his holy ways,
So brethren, *fare you well.*

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

176.—P. M.—10 & 10.

The Star in the East.

- 1 HAIL, the blest morn when the great Mediator,
Down from the region of glory descends;
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guards, the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
Star in the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
- 3 Say shall we yield him with costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountains and pearls from the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the
mines.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favour secure;
Richer by far is the souls adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

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177.—P. M.—11 & 11.

The Birth of the Saviour.

- 1 As shepherds in Jewry were guarding their
 sheep,
 Promiscuously seated as strangers to sleep,
 An angel from heaven presented to view,
 And thus he accosted the trembling Jew:
 Dismiss all your sorrows and banish your
 fears,
 For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.
- 2 Tho' Adam the first in rebellion was found,
 Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
 Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
 The loss you sustain'd by the serpent and Eve.
 Then shepherds, be tranquil, this instant arise,
 Go visit your Saviour and see where he lies.
- 3 A token I leave you whereby you may find
 This heav'nly stranger, this friend to man-
 kind.
 A manger's his cradle, a stall his abode,
 In swaddling bands wrapped, this babe is
 your Lord.
 Then, shepherd's be humble, be meek and be
 low,
 For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so.
- 4 This wonderful story no sooner they hear,
 Than thousands of angels in glory appear;

They join in the concert, and this was their
theme,

All glory to God, and good will towards men,
Then, shepherds, strike in, join your voice to
the choir,

And catch a full blaze of celestial fire.

5 Hosannah ! the angels in ecstasy cry,
Hosannah ! the wondering shepherds reply ;
Salvation, redemption are center'd in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.
Then shepherds, adieu, we commend you to
God.

Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

6 To Bethlehem's city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard ;
They enter'd the stable with aspect most mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and
child.

Then make proclamation, declare it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear of the
Lord.

OBEDIENCE.

178.—L. M.

For entire subjection to the will of God.

1 O THOU ! who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !

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Our wayward erring hearts incline,
To have no other will but thine.

- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control :
Mould every purpose of the soul :
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays,
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear ;
And each vain-glorious thought to quell ;
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.
- 5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail ;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength thine everlasting arm.
- 6 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

179.—P. M.—8 & 6.

The Christian Uniform.

- 1 DREST uniform, Christ's soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad ;

- Not purchas'd by their cost or care,
 But by their Prince bestow'd:
 Christ's soldiers eat the bread of God,
 Wear regimental dress;
 'Tis heav'nly white and fac'd with red,
 'Tis Christ our righteousness.
- 2 No art of man can weave this robe,
 'Tis of such mixture fine,
 Nor could the worth of all the globe,
 By purchase make it mine:
 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout,
 So curiously that none
 Can dress up in this uniform
 Till Jesus puts it on.
- 3 This vesture never waxes old,
 No spot thereon can fall;
 It makes the soldier strong and bold,
 And dutiful withal.
 Lord dress me in this robe each day,
 And it shall hide my shame;
 Shall make me fight 'gainst sin and pray,
 And bless my Captain's name.
- 4 How firm and bold Christ's soldiers are,
 When drest up in this robe;
 They look like men equipped for war,
 Or like the sons of God;
 Their shield is faith, their helmet hope,
 And thus they march Christ's road,

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Christ's spirit is their glitt'ring sword.
They act their part for God.

180.—P. M.—7's.

Rejoicing in hope. Is. xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 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.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad!
Christ our advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock, and blest
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
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 undismay'd go on.

6 Lord obed'ntly we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

184—8s.

- 1 THE morning sun rose bright and clear
On Abraham's tent it gaily shone ;
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All save the patriarch's heart alone.
While God's command arose to mind,
It forc'd into his eye a tear,
Although his soul was all resign'd,
Yet nature fondly linger'd there.
- 2 The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smil'd,
Joy o'er her face its lustre spread,
For near her sat her only child.
The charms that pleas'd a monarch's eye,
Upon her cheek had left their trace,
His highly augur'd destiny,
Was written on his heavenly face.
- 3 The groaning father turn'd away,
And walk'd the inner tent apart,
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whisper'd in his heart :
Oh ! must this son, to whom was giv'n,
The promise of a blessed land,

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Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Be slain by a fond father's hand ?

- 4 This son, for whom my eldest born,
Was sent an outcast from his home :
And in some wilderness forlorn,
A savage exile doom'd to roam !
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod ?
Shall he be backward to fulfil
The known and certain will of God !
- 5 Arise, my son, the cruet fill,
And store the scrip with due supplies.
For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice.
The mother rais'd a speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there,
She fear'd the desert drear and dry,
She fear'd the savage lurking there.
- 6 Abrah'm beheld and made reply,
On him from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, (we by faith rely :)
'Tis God's command and we must go.
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepar'd,
And with the third day's twilight shade,
Moriah's lofty hill appear'd.
- 7 The menials they at distance wait,
Alone ascend the son and sire,

- The wood on Israel's shoulder laid,
 The wood to build his funeral pyre.
 No passions sway'd the father's mind,
 He felt a calm, a death-like chill,
 His soul was chaste and all resign'd,
 Bow'd meekly, tho' he shudder'd still.
- 8 While on the mountain's brow they stood,
 With smiling wonder Isaac cries,
 My father, lo! the fire and wood,
 But where's the lamb for sacrifice!
 The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind,
 While Abraham answer'd low and calm,
 With steady voice, and look resign'd,
 God will himself provide the lamb.
- 9 But lo! the father bound his son,
 And laid him on the funeral pile,
 And then stretch'd forth his trembling hand,
 And took the knife to slay his child.
 While Abrah'm rais'd the blade full high;
 To execute his God's command,
 An angel's voice, as from the sky,
 Cry'd, Abraham, spare thine only son!
- 10 But let no pen profane like mine,
 On holiest themes too rashly dare,
 Turn to the Book of books divine,
 And read the precious promise there.
 Ages on ages roll'd away,
 At length the hour appointed came,

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When on the mountain Calvary,
God did himself provide the Lamb.

182.—L. M.

- 1 "EXCEPT a man himself deny,
His lust and pride doth mortify,
And take his cross and follow me,
He cannot my disciple be."
- 2 This is the doctrine of our Lord,
With which all Scripture doth accord ;
This is the axe laid at the root,
Which doth not carnal nature suit.
- 3 This is the strait and narrow way
That leads to life and endless day ;
Of which the Saviour of mankind
Thus said that few do ever find.
- 4 The will and pride of the old man,
Would fain devise another plan,
Than that which Jesus Christ hath given,
By which to raise us up to heaven.
- 5 But Christ himself to us doth say,
If he climb another way,
He must a thief and robber be,
Because he enters not by me.



183.—12 & 9.

The Israelite's March.

1 The old Israelites knew what they must do,
 If fair Canaan they ever possess'd;
 They must still keep in sight of the pillar of
 light,

Which led them to the promised rest:
 That the camp on the road could not be their
 abode,

But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
 Then all glad of a chance for a further advance
 They must take up their baggage and go.

2 I am thankful indeed for that heavenly
 head

Which before me hath hitherto gone;
 For the pillar of love which forward doth
 move.

And which gathers our souls into one.
 Now the sin-hating throng are advancing along
 Into closer communion they flow;
 So now all that will stand on the promised
 land,

They must take up their cross and must go

3 Here the way is all new, as it opens to view
 And behind is a foaming Red Sea.
 So that none need to speak of the onions and
 leaks,

Or to talk about garlicks to me:

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am engaged in pursuit, and must have the
good fruit,

Which in Canaan's rich vallies doth grow;
Although millions of foes should rise up and
oppose,
I will take up my cross and will go.

Altho' scatter'd around on this wilderness
ground,

With good manna a while we've been fed;
But this won't always do, we must rise and go
through,

And must have the unleavened bread.
Now the morning doth dawn for the camp to
move on,

And the priests with their trumpets do blow;
When the trumpet doth sound then my joys
do abound,

And for one I'm determin'd to go.

Altho' some in the rear preach terror and
fear,

And complain of the trials they meet;
And old Jordan before with great fury doth
roar,

I'm resolv'd I will never retreat. [few,
e are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are
And the sons of old Anak are tall; [back,
et while I see a track, I will never look
But go on at the risk of my all.

6 On Jordan's near side, I can never abide,
 For no place of repose I can see;
 'Till I come to that spot, and inherit that lot,
 Which the Lord God shall give unto me:
 It is union I seek with the pure and the meek,
 So an end to all discord and strife;
 Since I've fixed my eyes on the heav'nly prize
 I'll go on at the risk of my life.

7 If I'm faithful and true, and my journey
 pursue,
 I shall stand on the promised shore:
 Then shall thankfully see what a blessing
 me
 Was the mortifying cross which I bore,
 Then as loss is my gain, I shall never complain
 But as long as I'm able to crawl,
 With the resolute few I'm resolv'd to go thro'
 And to suffer the loss of my all.

8 All my honour and health, my pleasure and
 wealth,
 I am willing should now be at stake;
 And if Christ I obtain, I shall count it great
 gain,
 For the sacrifice which I shall make,
 When I all have forsook, like a bubble 'twixt
 look,
 From the midst of the glorified throng;
 O then let us agree, and from bondage be free
 And to Zion be marching along.

Self-denial

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184.—C. M.

Self-denial; or Taking up the Cross. Mark. vii 33.
Luke ix. 28.

- 1 ASHAM'D of Christ? my soul disdain,
The mean ungen'rous thought;
Shall I disown the friend whose blood,
To man salvation brought!
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heav'n to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay:
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views,
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

PENITENTIAL AND PRAYER.

185.—P. M.—8's.

On Prayer.

- 1 ALL who seek a throne of grace,
Find one may in every place,
To those who love a life of prayer,
God is present ev'ry where.
- 2 The shady grove, and burning plain,
The blooming field, and swelling main,
Alike are sweet in secret prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.
- 3 In pining sickness or in health,
In poverty or growing wealth ;
The humble soul delights in prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.
- 4 When Zion mourns, and comforts fail,
And all her foes do scoff and rail,
'Tis then a time for secret prayer,
For God is present ev'ry where.
- 5 When some backslide and others fall,
And few are found that strive at all,
The faithful find in secret pray'r,
That God is present ev'ry where.
- 6 O then my soul, in ev'ry strait,
To the Almighty come and wait ;

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Who sees, and ev'ry sigh doth hear,
And he will answer all true pray'r.

186.—8.

Joseph made known to his Brethren.

WHEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd ;
From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind ;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasten'd to show himself kind.

How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told ?
I'm Joseph, your brother, (he said)
And still to my heart you are dear ;
You sold me, and thought I was dead ;
But God for your good sent me here.

Though greatly distressed before,
When charged with purloining the cup ;
They now were confounded much more —
Not one of them durst to look up ;
Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did ?

And will he our household maintain?
O this is a brother indeed!

- 4 Thus pierc'd by my conscience, I came
(And laden with guilt) to the Lord;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word:
At first he look'd stern and severe;
What anguish then pierc'd my poor heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed depart."
- 5 But oh! what surprize, when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face,
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded with grace
"Poor sinners, I know thee full well;
"By thee I was wounded and slain;
"I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.
- 6 "I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
"And crucified'd often afresh;
"But let me henceforth be esteem'd.
"Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh.
"My pardon I freely bestow,
"Thy wants I will fully supply,
"I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
"And soon will remove thee on high.
- 7 "Go publish to sinners around,
"(That they may be willing to come)

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"The mercy which now thou hast found,
 "And tell them that yet there is room."
 O! sinner, the message obey,
 No more vain excuses pretend;
 But come without further delay,
 To Jesus our brother and friend.

187.—L. M.

On the great duty of Prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances 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 darkest 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,
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;
 But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
 Words flow apace when you complain,

- And fill your fellow creature's ears,
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Was half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

188.—L. M.

Look again.—Jonah ii. 4.

- 1 SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look and look again.
- 2 How oft deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside!
And Jonah-like, has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.
- 3 Ah! bring a wretched wand'rer home!
And to thy footstool let me come;
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.
- 4 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain;
But wait, and look, and look again.

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- 6 Do Satan's darts thy soul molest !
Does dark desertions fill thy breast !
Art thou almost with sorrow slain !
Yet wait, and look, and look again.
- 6 Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy !
And thund'ring tempests drown thy joy.
And canst thou not one smile obtain !
Yet wait, and look, and look again.
- 7 Look to the Lord, his word, his throne ;
Look to his grace, and not your own ;
There wait and look, and look again,
You shall not wait and look in vain.
- 8 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home ;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

189.—L. M.

A Penitent pleading for pardon.

- 1 SHew pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free !
May not a sinner trust in thee !
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass,
The pow'r and glory of thy grace :

Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul, from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul was sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

190.—L. M.

The Penitent.

1 **PITY** a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A mass of sin and unbelief.

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2 Lord, in thy house, I read there's room :
And vent'ring hard, behold I come :
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Among thy children, room for me !

3 For sinners, Lord, thou can'st to bleed ;
And I'm a sinner vile indeed !
Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;
O, magnify that grace in me.

191.—L. M.

The Throne of Grace.

1 THERE is in heaven a mercy-seat,
The guilty sinner's safe retreat,
And poor backsliders vile and base.
Find shelter at the Throne of Grace.

2 Here pard'ning mercy, rich and free,
Bestow'd on wretched men like me !
Through all its streams we sweetly trace,
When prostrate at the Throne of Grace.

3 Here saints their heavenly Father meet,
And bow and worship at his feet,
And view his reconciled face
Forth beaming from the Throne of Grace.

4 Here wrestling souls find peace and rest,
Reclining on their Saviour's breast,

Gain strength to run the heavenly race,
And victory at the Throne of Grace.

- 5 Before the Lord, my soul, appears
And live in constant, humble prayer ;
And safe in thy prepared place
We'll praise him for a Throne of Grace.

192.—C. M.

The danger and vanity of the world.

- 1 VAIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys ;
I would not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer hold your toys.
- 2 Too long I held you in my arms,
And courted every snare ;
But now I see your flatt'ring charms
Will end in dark despair.
- 3 You flatter with a vain applause,
And promise future joy ;
When all your treasures are but dross,
Your bliss an empty toy.
- 4 Careless I trod your giddy maze,
And thought that all was well ;
But now I see those carnal ways
Lead to the gates of hell.

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- 5 Bless'd be the Lord who laught my soul,
 How near the gulf I stood !
 And now while mortal moments roll,
 I'll seek substantial good.

193.—L. M.

To prepare for worship.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
 And fit us to approach our God ;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead us to thy bless'd abode.
- 2 Hast Thou imparted to our souls,
 A living spark of holy fire ?
 Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
 Make us to burn with pure desire.
- 3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let us now our Saviour see ;
 Oh ! soothe and cheer each burden'd heart,
 And bid our spirits rest in thee.

194.—L. M.

A soul under awakening.

- 1 LONG have I trod the way to hell,
 And vainly dream'd that all was well ;
 But now I feel my sins a load,
 And I a stranger to my God.

88

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- 2 I groan and turn at ev'ry breath,
And vain would fly from sin and death;
But ah! these bars of unbelief,
Chain down my soul from all relief.
- 3 Far from my help my friends do stand,
While foes conspire on ev'ry hand;
Where shall I hide, where shall I flee
For help, O Jesus, but to thee?
- 4 To thee I'd come, O help I pray,
And take this unbelief away;
Thou Son of God, thou Prince of Peace,
Give my imprison'd soul release.

195.—S. M.

A prospect of Christ's Church.

- 1 BEHOLD a lovely vine,
Here in the desert ground;
The blossoms shoot and promise fruit,
And tender grapes are found.
- 2 Its circling branches rise,
And shade the neighb'ring land;
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,
With clusters in her hand.
- 3 This city can't be hid,
It's built upon a hill;

The daz'ling light, it shines so bright,
It doth the valleys fill.

Ye trees which lofty stand,
And stars, with spark'ling light,
Ye christians hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight.

Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream,
Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.

Ye beasts that feed at home,
Or roam the valleys round,
With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound.

Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays?
O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.

Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace:
The blessed dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

196.—P. M. 7s. & 6s.

1 Drooping souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious—

- If you do in Christ believe,
You will find him precious ;
Jesus now is passing by,
And he calls you to him,
He has died for you and me,
O, then come and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows the healing fountain ;
See the purple swelling tide,
Boundless as the ocean—
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying ;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.
- 3 Gospel grace is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Hence he says, " Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden."
Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Yet, if you on him believe,
All shall be forgiven.
- 4 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him ;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I will love him.
Come, my Saviour, come and smile.
Smiling moves my burden ;

I am guilty, poor and vile,
Yet thou canst me pardon.

5 Streams of mercy, how they flow!
Surely now I feel it:

Half has never yet been told—

O could I reveal it!

Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,

O, the wondrous story?

I was lost, but now I'm found,

Glory, glory, glory!

6 If no greater joys were known

In the starry region,

I would try to travel on,

In this pure religion.

Heaven's here, and heaven's there,

Glory here and yonder!

Brightest angels join with me,

To adore and wonder.

197.—S. M.

1 How can I vent my grief?

My Comforter is fled;

By day I sigh without relief,

And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoy'd my Lord,

Liv'd happy in his love;

Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 But, O! alas my soul,
Where is my comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold?
Ah! why to idols bow?

4 How little did I think,
When first I did begin
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

5 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

6 My confidence is gone;
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.

7 I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet;
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand or keep my seat.

8 My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past;

I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

9 Trembling to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.

10 I'll mortify my pride;
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

198.—S. M.

Penitence.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief,
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

199.—L. M. B.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry 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 thy 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 pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

200.—L. M.

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings, iii. 5.

- 1 AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;

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I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength ;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign ;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

201.—S. M.

Wants of the Christian.

1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never faint ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Nor wish my suff'rings less.

2 I want a true regard,
A mind of steady frame,
Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

- 3 I want a just concern
 For thine eternal praise,
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.
- 4 I want with all my heart
 Thy pleasure to fulfil,
 To know myself, and what thou art,
 And what's thy righteous will.
- 5 I want—I know not what—
 I want my wants to see,
 I want—alas! what want I not,
 When Christ is not in me?
- 6 Come, Lord, my wants supply,
 Ten thousand blessings bring,
 No longer let thy servant sigh,
 Help me thy praise to sing.

202.—8 & 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high;
 Lest for want of thy assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry plant look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, with love, and truth ;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to the youth ?
- 6 Some, in whom our souls delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they shew.
- 7 Younger plants, the sight—how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nip'd them in the bud.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou can'st make them bloom again ;
O ! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 9 Let our mutu'l love be fervent ;
Make us prevalent in prayer ;

Let each one esteem thy servant—
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony hearts to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

203.—O. M.

Longing for conformity to God.

- 1 O COULD I find a humble place
But near the lowly Lamb!
How would my soul extol his grace,
And sing his precious name!
- 2 Lord, bring my heart so near to thee,
While through this world I rove,
That I may ev'ry moment be
Transported with thy love,
- 3 O let me walk with thee, my God,
And find thee always nigh;
Give me to eat immortal food,
And I shall never die.
- 4 I want that grace, which may be felt,
That will my soul inflame;
I want this harden'd heart to melt;
At the Redeemers name.

5 I want all self to be subdu'd
 And pride no more to reign;
 I want, O God, my soul renew'd
 And never sin again.

6 I want my will to be resign'd
 To the Redeemer's ways,
 And ev'ry power of soul inclin'd
 My God to love and praise.

7 I want my soul bound up in God,
 And feel his nature mine,
 To feast upon immortal food,
 And drink of joys divine.

8 This, this, O! blessed God, alone,
 Is what I do implore:
 O let me and Thyself be one,
 And I shall want no more.

204.—12 & 8.

Exhortation to Constancy in prayer.

1 DEAR sisters and brothers, who love one
 another,
 And have done for years that are gone;
 How often we've met in sweet heavenly union,
 Which opens the way to God's Throne.
 With joy and thanksgiving, we'll praise him
 that's lov'd us
 While running the bright shining way;

Though we part here in body, we're bound to
one glory.

And bound for each other to pray.

2 There's Jesus, and Joseph, Elias, and Moses,
That pray'd, and God heard from his throne;
There's Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and David,
And Solomon, Stephen, and John;
There's Simeon, and Anna, I know not how
many,

That pray'd as they journey'd along;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough
irons,

Yet praises and glory they sung.

3 Some tell us that praying, and, also, that
praising,

Is labour that's all spent in vain;

But we have such witness, that God hears with
swiftness,

From praying we will not refrain
There's old father Noah, and ten thousands
more,

That witnessed God heard them pray;

There's Samuel, and Hannah, Paul, Silas, and
Peter,

And Daniel, and Jonah, will say,

4 That God by his Spirit, and angels did visit
Their souls and their bodies, whilst praying;

Why should we be praising, while others are
 praising
 And glorifying God in a flame?
 God grant we may inherit that same praying
 spirit,
 Now, while we are fighting below,
 That when we've done praying we shall not
 cease praising,
 But round God's bright throne we shall bow.

205.—S. M.

Giving the whole heart.

- 1 AND can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 My Jesus to receive!
 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more;
 I sink by dying love compell'd
 And own the conqueror.
- 2 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer! take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine;
 Come and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove;
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
 With all thy weight of love.

- 4 My one desire be this,
 Only thy 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.

206.—S. M.

The pool of Bethesda.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move;
 And others round me stepping in,
 Their efficacy prove!
- 3 O would the Lord appear
 My malady to heal!
 He knows how long I've languished here
 And what distress I feel.
- 4 But whither can I go?
 There is no other pool,
 Where streams of healing virtue flow
 To make a sinner whole.

5 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

6 No; he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

207.—C. M.

Short and fervent prayer the best. Mat. vi. 7, 8.

1 LORD in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne;
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou knowest the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessing nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep th' attention up
And make devotion sweet.

208.—P. M. 8.

1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair;

Not all the gay pageants on earth,
 Can with this dead body compare !
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,
 In love with that beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother bereft
 Of all that could burthen his mind,
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind !
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

3 His heart is afflicted no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again !
 No anger, henceforward, or shame
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 The passions are vanish'd away.

4 His languishing head is at rest,
 Its aching and thinking are o'er ;
 This quiet immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more !
 His heart is no longer the seat
 Of sickness and torturing pain,

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It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 His eyes he so seldom could close,
(By sorrow forbidden to sleep,)
Seal'd up in a lengthy repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
Those fountains can yield no supplies,
Whose hollows from waters are free,
The tears are all wip'd from his eyes,
And evil he never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in this prison of earth;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

209.—C. M.

The Effort.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;

- Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sharply prest ;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be, thou my shield and hiding-place !
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, " Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh, wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame ;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 " Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
" My promis'd grace receive ;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will,
I can, I do believe.

210.—C. M.

Prayer for young persons.

- 1 Bearow, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

- 2 Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love;
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast:
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public pray'r is made,
O join the public pray'r!
For you the secret tear is shed;
O shed yourselves a tear!
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The spirit's pow'r to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

211.—C. M.

Brotherly love. Ps. cxxxiii.

- 1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,

In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above:
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

21 C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

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- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchman at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
The turning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold ! he prays ! "
- 6 In prayer, on earth the saints are one ;
They're one in word and mind,
When, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hath trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

213.—L. M.

Pray without ceasing.

- 1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God design'd to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites.
He spake as prompted from within.
The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray in faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merit must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

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214.—L. M.

A psalm for the Lord's day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more,
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wish'd below ;
 And ev'ry power find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

215.—C. M.

Prayer for Divine help.

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

216.—L. M.

Luke x. 42.

- 1 THE one thing needful, that good part
 Which Mary chose with all her heart.

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I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.

2 But oh! I'm blind and ignorant,
The Spirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.

3 O Lord my God, to thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way,
How I may have my sins forgiv'n,
And safe and surely get to heav'n.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel mystery,
Which shows the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price:
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

6 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God!
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart so fast to thee,
That we may never parted be.

217.—O. M.

The morning of a Lord's day.

1 EARLY my God without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;

My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling spring at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temples shine;
My God repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Nor life itself with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Then, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

218.—C. M.

Secret prayer.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye,
Sees through the darkest night;

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In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey,
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire,
Thy incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love,
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

5 Mercy good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the ~~total~~ sum ;
Mercy through Christ, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

219.—L. M.

Prayer for ministers. 2 Cor. vi. 7. 1 Thess. v. 12, 13.
Heb. xiii. 18.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be !

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge,
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let these words be thine,
To them the sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them aright to sow the seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains,
And light thro' distant realms be spread
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

220.—6—8s.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten. Rev. iii. 19.

- 1 God of my life, how good, how wise
Thy judgments on my soul have been,
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin:

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How different now thy ways appear,
Most merciful, when most severe.

Since first the maze of life I trod
Hast thou not hedged about my way,
My worldly vain designs withstood,
And robb'd my passions of their prey,
Withheld the fuel from the fire
And cross'd my every fond desire.

How oft didst thou my soul withhold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim ;
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my grovelling appetite.

Thou would'st not let the captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will :
Thy love forbade my rest below,
Thy patient love pursued me still ;
And forc'd me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at thy friendly blow ?
Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent,
From every seeming good below ;
Thrice happy loss, which makes me see,
My happiness is all in thee.

221.—L. M.

- 1 **WHEN** Jesus dwelt in feeble clay,
Prayer was his solace and delight;
'Twas thus he spent the busy day,
And still employ'd the silent night.
- 2 Oppress'd with sorrows, not his own,
But laden with our guilt and grief,
He bowed before his Father's throne,
And there he sought and found relief.
- 3 Each fleeting hour he pass'd away
In sweet communion with his God;
Oh! let us learn of him to pray,
And tread the path which Jesus trod.

222.—4 8s & 2 6s.

- 1 **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 I arm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

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- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
 O 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!
 O save me, or I die!
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart!
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblameable in grace;
 Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness t' appear
 Before thy glorious face.

223.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Grateful Recollection.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry 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;

Blessed mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I'm come ;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 5 O ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be ;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

224.—C. M.

The successful resolve—I will go in unto the King.
Esther, iv. 16.

- 1 Come humble sinner in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

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- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin,
 "Hath like a mountain rose;
 "I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 "Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 "And there my guilt confess,
 "I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 "Without his pard'ning grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
 "Whose sceptre pardon gives,
 "Perhaps he may command my touch,
 "And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 "Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
 "But if I perish I will pray,
 "And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
 "I am resolved to try;
 "For if I stay away, I know
 "I must forever die."

225.—P. M.—6 & 8.

The Beggar's prayer.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door;

No hand, nor heart, dear Lord, but thine,
Can help, or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain;
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more.
Thou knowest from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few;
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begged before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

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- 6 Though crumbs are much too good,
 For such a worm as I,
 No less than children's food,
 My soul can satisfy;
 O do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,
 The bounty to conceal,
 From others who like me,
 Their wants and mis'ry feel;
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy ways thou Only Wise,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies,
 Above this earth extend:
 Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
 But God accepts a beggar's prayer.

226.—L. M.

A good Conscience. Acts xxiii. 1. xxiv. 16. 2 Cor. 1.
 12. 1 Pet. iii. 16.

- 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
 Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
 Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
 And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere;
 Come make your constant dwelling here;

Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
Oh, make these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then should my eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors, near:
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.
- 5 Nay, should the frame of nature fall,
And flames surround this earthly ball;
Even then, my soul without dismay
The mighty ruin would survey.
- 6 Yes, far beyond these lower skies,
New worlds salute my longing eyes;
Blest worlds! where peace her throne maintains
And everlasting glory reigns.

227.—7s.

Public Worship.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

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- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford :
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope !
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a faithful God and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee !

228.—C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

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

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs.
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

229.—L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.—Eph.
iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know and taste and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

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- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged soul possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth and length,
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know;
 Be everlasting honours done,
 By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

230.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Blind Bartimeus.

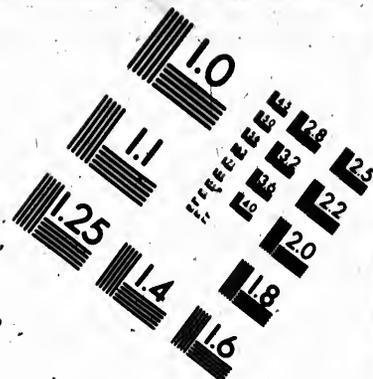
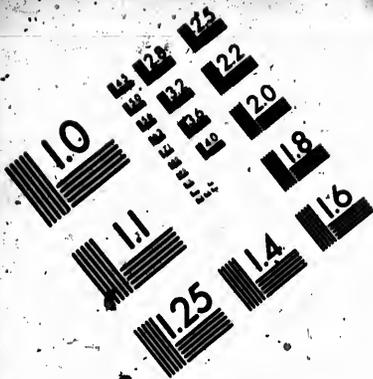
- 1 MERCY, O thou Son of David!
 Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
 Many by thy grace are sav'd,
 O wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid!
- 2 For his crying many chid him,
 But he cried the louder still;
 Till his gracious Saviour bid him
 Come, and ask me what you will.
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging us'd to live,
 But he ask'd and Jesus granted
 Alms, which none but Christ could give.
- 4 Lord remove this grievous blindness,
 Turn my darkness into day;



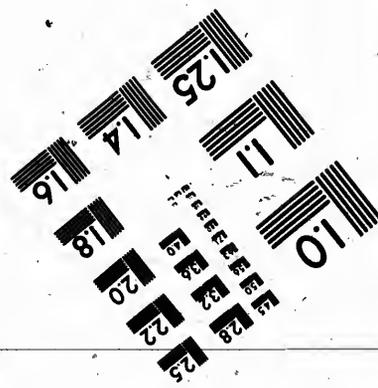
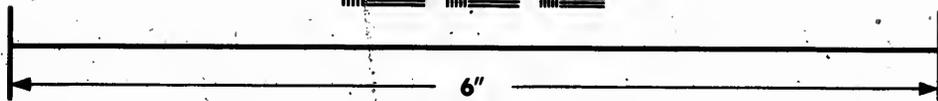
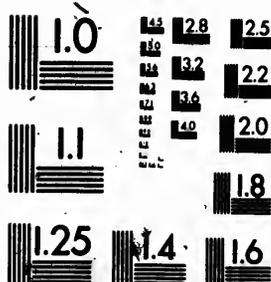








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Straight he saw ; and drawn by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me ;
Surely they would come unto him ;
He would cause them all to see.

231.—S. M.

The awakened Sinner.

- 1 O AM I born to die,
With a polluted soul !
Ah ! hurry'd to eternity,
As swift as time can roll.
- 2 I just begin to see,
Ah ! Lord, what shall I do ?
How shall a wretched sinner flee,
From everlasting woe ?
- 3 I dare no longer stay,
So nigh the jaws of hell ;
Yet how to go or find the way,
To Christ I cannot tell.

- 4 They say that he is kind,
And pities dying men ;
But how shall I this Jesus find ?
O tell me where or when.
- 5 They say he don't deny
The trembling soul's request ;
And those who on his word rely,
Have found immediate rest.
- 6 O Lord, though I am vile,
Receive me as I am ;
Let heaven's immortal goodness smile
On me, through Christ the Lamb.

232.—C. M.

Breathing after holiness.—Ps. cxix.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.
- 2 O send the spirit down to write
The law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,

- Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this heart 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 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

233.—P. M.—7 & 6.

The Backslider's prayer.

- 1 Jesus, let thy pitying eye,
 Call back my wand'ring heart ;
 False to thee like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shewn ;
 Turn and look upon me Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart ;

Give me through thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart ;
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown ;
 Turn and look upen me Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me Saviour from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life and happiness, and love,
 Smile in 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.

4 Pray, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live ;
 Gasping at the point to die,
 " Father," thou saidst, " forgive !"
 O, how glorious was the word,
 When thou expiring saidst " 'tis done !"
 O, my loving, bleeding Lord !
 This breaks my heart of stone.

234.—L. M.

1 Jesus and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of thee !
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless days.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star :
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright morning-Star ! bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
 No when I blush—be this my shame,
 That I no more adore his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me !
- 7 His institutions will I prize,
 Take up the cross—the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.

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235.—8 & 7.

The mourning Soul.

- 1 MOURNING souls, in sorrow sinking,
 Laden down with guilt and fear :
 While in silence, pensive thinking,
 All your sins in view appear,
 Warnings, calls, and invitations,
 Counsels slighted, stand in view ;
 Sins nnumber'd, vile transgressions,
 Pierce your hearts with sorrow through,
- 2 O'er creation as you wander,
 Nature, silent, seems to mourn ;
 If on God one thought you ponder,
 Vengeance seems a just return.
 If to him you cry for pardon,
 Through the Saviour's precious blood,
 How your heart with sin is harden'd,
 Not one cry ascends to God !
- 3 If with hope to soothe your sorrow,
 You his word peruse with care,
 All condemns you, all with horror
 Bids you seek no refuge there !
 Nothing but a Saviour's merit,
 E'er can plead your wretched case ;
 Nothing but a contrite spirit,
 E'er can give your conscience peace.
- 4 Then to God, in calm submission,
 Yield your all before his throne ;

Plead your lost, undone condition ;
 Say " not mine, thy will be done :"
 Here I am, my, sorrows urge me,
 Grace alone can satisfy ;
 Christ has died—from sin O purge me,
 Here I plead, and here I'll die.

5 Let not fear, or cruel doubting,
 E'er dissuade you when you call ;
 Every self-dependence routing,
 To your Saviour yield up all.
 Though no being else befriend you,
 Human aid your sorrows mock,
 " Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,
 Rise, take up thy bed, and walk."

RESURRECTION.

236.—C. M.

Comfort to those who seek a risen Jesus.—Matt
 xxviii. 5, 6.

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away ;
 And bow with pleasure down to see,
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
 Such wonders love can do :

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Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death,
The Conq'ror could retain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears,
His once dishonour'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like this shall every saint,
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

237.—S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r:
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ th' eternal king.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call us henceaway,
And take his wand'ers home.
- 5 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

238.—P. M.—7 & 7s.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 ANGELS roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey,
See he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom!
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;

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Let the earth's remotest bound,
Hear the joy inspiring sound.

- 3 Now ye saints lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of glory mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.
- 5 Praise him all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres,
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captur'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

239.—C. M.—8 & 6.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ the glorious Saviour died,
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 6 But floods of tears can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

240.—P. M.—6 & 8.

Made nigh by blood.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;

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Before the throne my Saviour stands ;
My name is written on his hands.

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

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
'Receiv'd on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry !
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

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.

To God I'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning 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.



241.—O. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd 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!

242.—P. M.—8 & 7.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd! it is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

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- 2 "It is finish'd!" O what pleasure,
 Doth these charming words afford;
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 - Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finish'd! It is finish'd!"
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows,
 Of the prophesying law!
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd!
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 "It is finish'd! It is finish'd!"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant,
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
 "It is finish'd! It is finish'd!"
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasant theme;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

243.—L. M.

The Son of Man lifted up.

- 1 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!
- 2 Come saints and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand tears for you!
A thousand drops of richest blood!
- 3 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!
- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
- 6 Say, "live forever, wondrous King!"
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster! "Where's thy sting!
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!"

244.—7 & 6.

- 1 COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,

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Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down ?
What is this that grieves you ?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking might relieve you.

3 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden ;
Sweating blood from every pore,
Crying " O my father."

4 See him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying ;
See, he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

5 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen ;
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

6 Soon he's raised from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory :
O what glory shone around !
Hallelujah, glory.

7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame ?
Sisters, dont you love him ?

Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.

- 8 Soon we'll meet to part no more
Soon we'll be in heaven,
There to join with those above
And for ever praise him.

245.—P. M.—8 & 6.

Christ's Crucifixion.

- 1 THE Son of man they did betray,
He was condemned and led away!
Think! O my soul, on that dread day,
Look on Mount Calvary;
Behold him lamb-like led along.
Surrounded by a wicked throng;
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon a shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
From ev'ry wound a stream of blood,
Came flowing down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock,
And laughed at his pain.

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3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold in agonies he dies!
 O sinners hear his mournful cries,
 See his tormenting pains;
 The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight;
 The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
 All nature mourn'd in dread affright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
 He cries for help; but oh! there's none!
 He treads the wine-press all alone,
 His garments stain'd with blood.
 In lamentation hear him cry,
 Eloi lama sabacthani;
 Tho' death may close these languid eyes,
 He soon will mount the upper skies,
 The conquering Son of God.

The Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts like steel around him stand,
 Mocking they say come save the land,
 Come try thyself to free.
 A soldier pierced him when he died,
 Then healing streams flowed from his side,
 And thus my Lord was crucified,
 And justice then was satisfied,
 Sinners, for you and me.

- 6 Behold he mounts the throne of state,
 He fills the mediatorial seat,
 While angels bowing at his feet,
 In loud hosannahs tell,
 How he endur'd exquisite pain,
 And led the monster death in chains;
 Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains;
 He conquer'd death and hell

246.—L. M.

The agony of Christ.

- 1 COME all ye chosen saints of God,
 That long to feel the cleansing blood,
 In pensive pleasure join with me,
 To sing of sad Gethsemane.
- 2 Gethsemane, the olive-press;
 (And why so call'd let Christians guess)
 Fit name, fit place; where vengeance
 strove,
 And gripp'd and grappled hard with love
- 8 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
 And sigh'd and groan'd and pray'd and
 fear'd,
 Bore all incarnate God could bear,
 With strength enough and none to spare.

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- 4 The pow'rs of hell united press'd,
 And squeez'd his heart, and bruise'd his
 breast,
 What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,
 When sweat and blood forc'd thro' the
 skin
- 5 Dispatch'd from heav'n, an angel stood
 Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood;
 Ador'd by angels and obey'd,
 But lower now than angels made.
- 6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight;
 Justice exacts its utmost mite;
 This victim vengeance will pursue:
 He undertook and must go through.
- 7 Three favor'd servants left not far,
 Were bid to wait and watch the war;
 But Christ withdrawn, what watch they
 keep
 To shun the sight they sunk in sleep.
- 8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
 As if he sought some help from man;
 Or wish'd at least they would condole,
 (Twas all they could) his tortur'd soul.
- 9 Whate'er he sought for, there was none;
 Our captain fought the field alone;

Soon as the chief to battle led,
That moment ev'ry soldier fled.

- 10 Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!
Hid from all creatures' piercing eyes;
Angels astonish'd view the scene,
And wonder yet, what all could mean.
- 11 Oh mount of olives, sacred grove!
Oh garden, scene of tragic love!
What bitter herbs thy beds produce,
How rank their scent, how rich their juice!
- 12 Rare virtues now those herbs contain,
The Saviour suck'd out all their bane;
My mouth with these, if conscience cram,
I'll eat them with the paschal lamb.
- 13 Oh Kedron, gloomy brook, how foul
Thy black polluted waters roll!
No tongue can tell [but some can taste]
The filth that into thee was cast.
- 14 In Eden's garden there was food,
Of ev'ry kind for man while good;
But banish'd thence, we fly to thee
O garden of Gethsemane!

247.—L. M.—8 & 8.

The Crucifixion.

- 1 Now from the garden to the cross,
Let us attend the Lamb of God;

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Be all things else accounted dross,
Compar'd with sin atoning blood.

2 See how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest case;
Sinners have bound the Saviour's hands,
And spit in their deliverer's face.

2 With thorns his temples gor'd and gash'd,
Send streams of blood from ev'ry part;
His back with knotted scourges lash'd,
But sharper scourges tear his heart.

4 Nail'd naked to the cursed wood,
Expos'd to earth and heav'n above,
A spectacle of wounds and blood;
A prodigy of injur'd love!

6 Hark how his doleful cries affright,
Affected angels, while they view,
His friends forsake him in the night,
And now his God forsakes him too.

6 O! what a field of battle's here!
Vengeance and love their pow'r oppose,
Never was such a mighty pair,
Never were two such desperate foes.

7 Behold that pale, that languid face,
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes;

Behold in sorrow and disgrace,
Our conquering hero hangs and dies !

- 8 Ye that assume his sacred name,
Now tell me what can all this mean,
What was it bruise'd God's harmless Lamb?
What was it pierced his soul but sin.
- 9 Blush, Christian blush; let shame abound;
If sin affect thee not with woe.
Whatever spirit's in thee found,
Christ's spirit sure thou dost not know.

248.—L. M.

- 1 EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd 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 hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I—I, alone have done the deed !
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
- 4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;

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To heal me, thou hast borne my pain ;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

6 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.

6 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.

7 Too much to thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for thee :
Let all thy love, and all thy grief
Grav'n on my heart for ever be !

7 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God ;
And love with softest pity join'd,
For those who trampled on thy blood.

9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast :
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

249.—C. M.

Christ's agony in the garden. Luke xxii. 39—46.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
Where Jesus prostrate laid ;

His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down,
In agony he prayed.

2 "Father remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will ;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner! see
These precious drops that flow :
The heavy load he bore for thee
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey ;
And when temptations sore draw near,
Awake to watch and pray.

250.—L. M.

1 "'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 fought, the vict'ry won.

2 '*Tis finish'd!*—all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd as was design'd,
In thee the Saviour of mankind.

3 '*Tis finish'd!*—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;

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The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 *'Tis finish'd!*—man is reconcil'd
To God, and powers of darkness spoil'd;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 *'Tis finish'd!*—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd!—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky!

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

251.—6 lines 8s.

1 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 great 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 med'cine 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 all in all.

252.—6 8s.

- 1 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 noon-day 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 wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

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- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

253.—L. M.

Conflict and Temptation.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
 Out of the depths to Thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm ;
 Defend me from each threatening ill,
 Control the waves, say, "peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

254.—C. M.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear,
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abraham found: he raised the knife
God saw, and said "Forbear!
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life,
Behold the victim there."

3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But, hark! the foe's at hand;
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepared a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

- 5 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

255.—O. M.

Humble Reliance upon God.

- 1 My God! my Father, blissful name!
O may I call the mine;
May I with sweet assurance claim,
A portion so divine!
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good, and just, and wise,
O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5. If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart.

6 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak erring sight,
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My God, my Father, be thy name,
My solace and my stay ;
O wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

256.—S. M.

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

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

3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care begone.

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- 4 What, though thou rulest not !
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well !
- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose, and to command ;
 So shalt thou wondering own his way
 How wise, how strong his hand !
- 6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caus'd thy needless fear.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
 O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
- 8 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

257.—P. M.—11 & 11.

Precious promises.—2 Pet. iii. 4.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid by your faith, in his excellent word ;

What more can he say than to you he has
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled!

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's veil, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
I now am thy God and will still give thee
aid,

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Uphold by my righteous omnipotent hand

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with you thy troubles to blot,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply,
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only desire
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine

6 Even down to old age all my people shall
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love; [

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And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

258.—P. M.—10 & 11.

I will trust and not be afraid.

BE GONE unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
form ;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and he will provide ;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

His love in time past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.

- 4 Being willing to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
 When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me to put me to
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptations, or pain? he told me no less,
 The heirs of salvation I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation, must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter the cup no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
 His way was much rougher and darker than
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's

259.—S. M.—6 & 8.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

- 1 The Lord my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supply'd;

- Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?
 He leads me to the place
 Where heav'nly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.
- While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear, [sbade,
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark
 My Shépherd's with me there.
- In sight of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- The bounties of thy love,
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

260.—S. M.

Commit thy way unto the Lord. Ps. xxxvii.
 1 Pet. v. 7.

1 **COMMIT** thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,

To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven's commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on :
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

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

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

7 Thou every where hast way,
And all things serve thy might ;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

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8 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand?
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st,
 Who, who shall stay thy hand?

 UNION WITH CHRIST.

261.—L. M.

Reception into Christian fellowship. Gen. xxiv. 31.

- 1 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord
 Enter in Jesus' precious name,
 We welcome thee with one accord,
 And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
 We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
 Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
 We'll share each other's hope and fears,
 And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
 Receive assurance of our love:
 O may we all together meet
 Around the throne of God above.

262.—P. M.—8 & 8.

The Heavenly Union.

- 1 From whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ;
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in the paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth for to part.
Since we shall ere long meet again
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,
No longer confin'd to our clay,
O'erwhelmed in the oceans of love.
- 6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing alleluia, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

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263.—O. M.

The loveliness of brethren dwelling in unity.

- 1 WHEN Christians all in friendship meet,
And in their Lord agree;
They feel the love of Jesus sweet,
In bonds of unity.
- 2 They then forget their party zeal,
And all divisions cease;
The law of God they would fulfil,
And ever dwell in peace.
- 3 Like lambs or doves, they peaceful rest,
And no contentions there;
And all of Jesus' mind possess,
His lovely image bear.
- 4 O could we see them joined in one
How would our rapture rise;
We would proclaim, the work is done
And dry our weeping eyes.
- 4 O Lord, send down thy heavenly love;
Give every soul the flame;
And all professions quickly move
To union in thy name.

264.—L. M.

The Christian and the Cross.

- 1 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now ador'd,



- That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.
- 2 I'm not asham'd to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone is lin'd with blood;
O may I tread the steps he trod.
- 3 I'm not asham'd his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were;
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too.
- 4 I'm not asham'd to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.
- 5 I'm not asham'd to be despis'd,
By those who ne'er religion priz'd;
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.
- 6 This world's vain honours will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Saviour's not asham'd of me.

265.—C. M.

Reign of Christ.

- 1 HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone;

And all the nations of the world,
Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound ;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,
Raise the dear cross on high ;
And from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly,
To sound the Saviour forth ;
And faith and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.

5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow ;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray,
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

266.—P M.—6 & 9.

The convert.

1 O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,

- And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace.
Of a soul in its earliest love ?
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When at first I believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name !
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see ;
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,
I was carri'd above,
All my sin and temptation and pain ;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

7 I then rode on the sky,
 Freely justifi'd I,
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
 My glad soul mounted higher,
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the world it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possest,
 I was perfectly blest,
 And was fill'd with the fulness of God !

267.—11's.

Love and Union.

1 FROM whence doth this love and this union
 arise,
 That knits, and so fastens our souls in such ties,
 That hatred and malice are conquered by love,
 So that nature and distance these ties can't re-
 move.

2 In the garden of nature it cannot be found ;
 It grows and increases on *Immanuel's* ground ;
 From the veins of the Saviour it flows ever
 sweet ;
 And we drink it most plenty at Jesus' feet.

3 When in heavenly places, together we sit,
Where the elders, and brethren, and sisters,
are met,

This love glows so sweetly in every heart,
We feel so united we're loth for to part.

4 The time so unnotic'd, it passes away,
We scarcely can miss a whole night or a day,
The union we feel and the love we enjoy
Is such, that our souls can never be cloy'd.

5 We preach and we pray, and we talk and
we sing,

We tell our experience again and again;
We talk about parting but still we remain,
In love so united we cannot contain.

6 Each brother and sister their tythes must
bring in, [thing;
Each one then does tell of some wonderful
Our love then increases to a glorious flame,
And we give all the glory to GOD and the
LAMB.

268.—C. M.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all
the creation.*

1 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 lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

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

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

269.—4 lines 11 syl.

1 THE Christians of old all united in one,
 As the sheep in his fold, were never alone ;
 As birds of a feather, they flock to their nest,
 And shelter'd together, in Jesu's dear breast.

2 However employ'd, their joy was all the same,
 They never were absent, in praising the Lamb,
 Their soul's recreation, to sing of his praise.
 And publish salvation, by Jesus' free grace.

- 3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more,
 Though not many could read, yet all could
 adore ;
 No help from the college or school they re-
 ceived,
 Content with his knowledge in whom they
 believed.
- 4 No riches had they, but the riches of grace,
 No fondness for play, or craving men's praise,
 No moments of leisure, in trifling employs,
 Possessed of the treasures, in God to rejoice.
- 5 Sound men in their own eyes, were children
 again,
 And children were all wise, and social as men ;
 The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
 Their hearts were all cheerful, their courage
 within.
- 6 United in the Lord, their Saviour to love,
 They liv'd and adored, like the angels above ;
 To keep in his favour, their lives they laid
 down,
 And now with their Saviour, inherit the crown

270.—S. M.

Unity.

- 1 Let strife forever cease,
 And envy quit the field ;

Come join and live in love and peace,
And to the Gospel yield,

- 2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain,
Let ev'ry member, ev'ry hour,
Submit to Jesus' reign.
- 3 When bitter words arise,
Then Satan has his ends;
We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amidst his chosen friends.
- 4 Then why should we contend,
For meat and drink and dress,
And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh?
- 5 No more we'll feed the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise;
But search with care to find the beam
That lurks within our eyes.
- 6 Unto the world we'll prove,
That we disciples are;
They shall behold us walk in love,
And say the Lord is there.

271.—P. M.—7 & 6.

The Jewels of the Lord.

- 1 YE jewels of my master,
Who shine with heavenly rays.

Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze,
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd;
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood.
Go on ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue;
And at a humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I behold your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers,
In pure devotion roll;
And gems immortal growing,
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image,
Imprest on ev'ry face.
- 4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices,
In pure devotion join'd;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;

Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In the auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumb'rous clay ;
He'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom,
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound ;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands ;
Lo you're redeem'd forever,
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels drest,
Bore all the tribes of Israel,
Inscri'd upon his breast ;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God be kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo,
Around the sacred hill ;

And sweet immortal anthems,
 The vocal regions fill ;
 In everlasting beauty,
 The shining millions stand,
 Safe on the Rock of Ages,
 Amid the promis'd land.

- 9 We'll range the wide dominion,
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures,
 Be lost in love profound.
 While all the flaming harpers,
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujah's rolling,
 From the unnumber'd throng.

MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

272.—C. M.

- 1 LORD in the morning I will send
 My pray'r to reach thine ear ;
 Thou art my father and my friend,
 My help forever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
 Near the in perfect peace ;
 Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
 To pray and never cease.

- 3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide —
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.
- 4 So shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My hope, my trust, joy and relief
Shall be in thee alone.
- 5 Thus let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away,
Till ev'ning shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

273.—L. M.

Evening hymn.

- MNS.
- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bles-ings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've 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;
- 7.

Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed, his vigils keep;
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
Nor pow'rs of darkness me molest:
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly throngs,
Praise him, to whom all praise belongs.

274.—O. M.

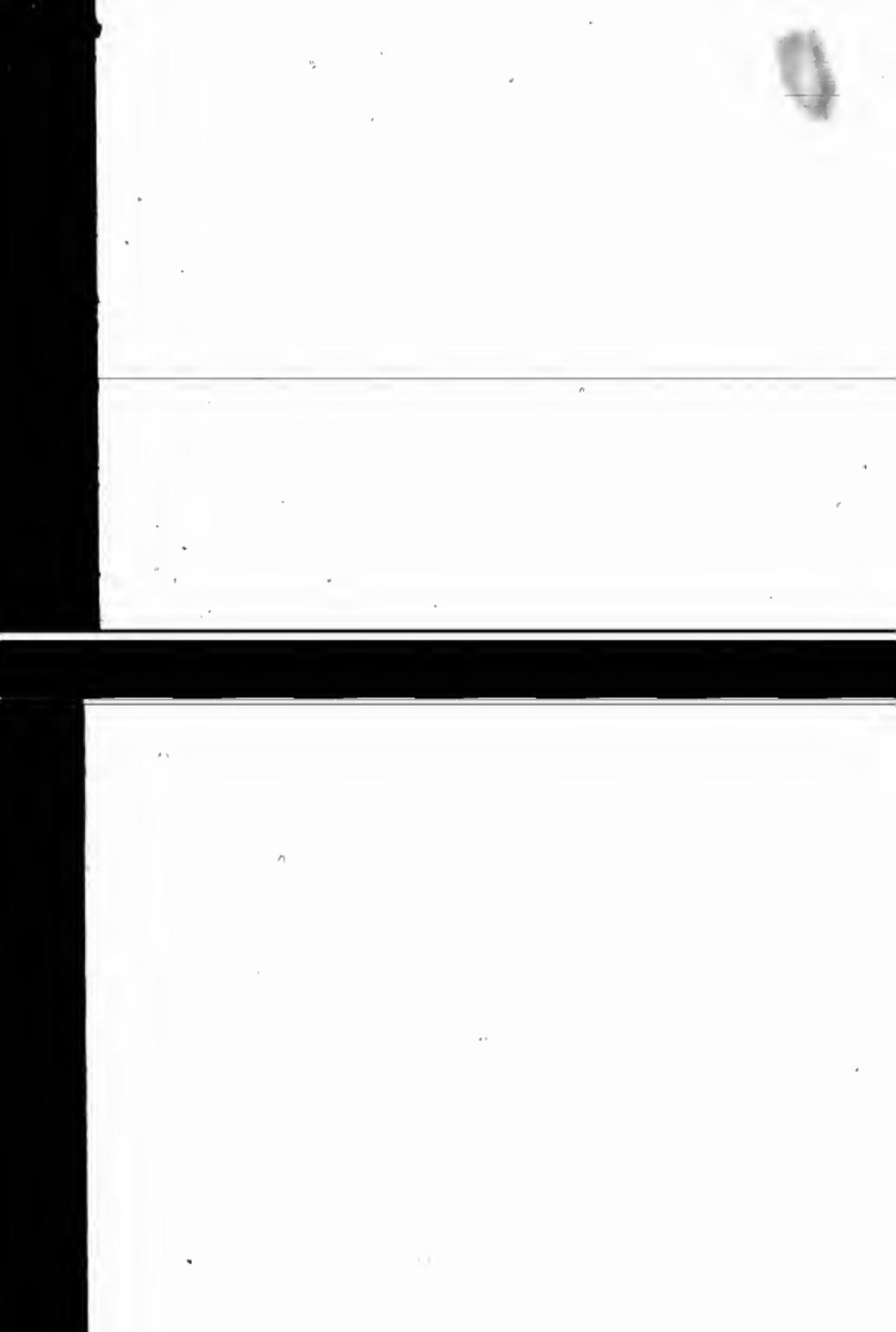
Lord's day morning.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand :
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there,
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of right'ousness ;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

275.—M. 7s.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our soule as noon-day clear,
Banish ev'ry doubt and fear ;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Rising up and sitting down,
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.



- 4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.

276.—L. M.

A morning Hymn.

- 1 God of the morning at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice,
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep the heav'nly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.
- 5 Lord thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightning our beclouded eyes;

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Thy threatning's just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

277.—6—8s.

*And when thou layest down, and when thou risest
up. Deut. vi. 7.*

- 1 Off as I lay me down to rest,
O may thy reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While in the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 2 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long,
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to thy church above.

278.—S. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;

- O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

279.—C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

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

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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 op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shews that he is 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,
 T' embrace my dear Lord !

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
 The wings of love and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

 WARFARE.

280.—L. M.

Peace after a storm.

When darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears ;
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will:
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

281.—P. M.—7 & 6.

Longing for Heaven.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love!

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- When shall I be deliver'd,
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before ;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er ;
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Thro' grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die ;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And O my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray ;
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you want more knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though oft'ner you request ;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet,
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entomb'd millions
 From their cold beds arise,
 Our ransom'd dust revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on ;
 And soar to the blest mansions,
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
 The Saviour's face behold !
 Our feet no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold !
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing !
 Our tongues shall chant the glory
 Of our immortal King !

282.—O. M.

1 With tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,

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My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been ;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.
- 3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest ?
- 4 Break, sovereign grace, oh break the charm,
And set the captive free :
Reveal, Almighty God, thy arm,
And haste to rescue me.

283.—C. M.

Before sermon.

- 1 The saints appear, to tread the courts,
Of their dear God below ;
Behold the multitude resorts,
To hear the trumpet blow.
- 2 Lord God ! appear for our relief,
What can we do alone ?
Come, Saviour, banish unbelief,
And take us for thine own.

- 3 Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee,
Assist us, Lord, we pray ;
O may thy Spirit present be ;
O Lord thy pow'r display.
- 4 Jesus, let us thy gospel hear,
Teach us to know thy voice ;
Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear,
And all thy saints rejoice.
- 5 Come, Lord, nor let us be dismay'd ;
Lord, here thy people pray ;
And let thy mercy be display'd
Amongst us here this day.
- 6 May sinners hear thy pow'ful call,
And thy salvation see ;
So shall our hearts, both one and all,
Sing songs of praise to thee.

284.—L. M.

The narrow way.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n 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 baseness,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are true.

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- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of this world and sin;
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin nor sorrow shall be there.
- 4 No! nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling-souls; may I be one!
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in this way be found.
- 5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 6 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Until I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 7 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love would I receive.
- 8 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."

285.—C. M.

Walking with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ;
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So, shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So, purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

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286.—C. M.

- 1 Go on, ye pilgrims, while below,
In the pure paths of peace :
Determin'd nothing else to know,
But Jesus and his grace.
- 2 Observe your Leader, follow him !
He through this world has been
Often revil'd, but like a lamb
Did ne'er revile again.
- 3 O take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies ;
And learn, the only way to heav'n
Through self denial lies.
- 4 Remember you must watch and pray,
While travelling on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.
- 5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,
Which feeds a heavenly mind ;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.
- 6 Go on, rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before ;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

- 7 Then you shall reach the promis'd land,
 With all the ransom'd race;
 And join with all the glorious band
 To sing redeeming grace.

287.—8 & 7.

Christian Courage.

- 1 Come Christian Brethren, courage take,
 Though foes and fiends assail you,
 Although despis'd for Jesus' sake,
 Let not your courage fail you.
 The path, our glorious Saviour trod,
 Was mark'd through tribulation;
 Then for his sake fresh courage take,
 And fight for your Salvation.
- 2 How many saints have gone before,
 Disdaining to surrender;
 Laid down their lives for Jesus' sake,
 And died his bold defender.
 And shall we then expect the prize,
 For which our souls are waiting,
 Without our share of sorrows here,
 Those wordly follies hating?
- 3 What have we here, to render dear
 This life, unknown to pleasure;
 Since Jesus' love, warm from above,
 Unfolds a boundless treasure.

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The shining armies of pure delight,
 Are waiting to receive us :
 And death (our king !) shall pleasure bring,
 By coming to relieve us.

8 That peace that reigns within our hearts,
 (Though men may cry delusion)
 To us sweet happiness imparts,
 In spite of persecution.
 Though Satan rage and men engage,
 His friends as one assail you;
 Still boldly fight, in love unite,
 And vict'ry ne'er will fail you.

5 A few more days of sorrow here,
 Those mortal bands will sever ;
 And we before the Lord appear,
 To reign with him forever.
 Then why should we distracted be,
 Since nothing here can harm us ?
 If heart and hand we valiant stand,
 Worldlings cannot alarm us.

288.—O. M.

1 ALAS what hourly dangers rise !
 What snares beset my way ?
 To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears :

My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stay
From happiness and thee.

289.—7s. 6s.

1 COME, all ye weary trav'lers,
Come, let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ, our King ;
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, it is true,

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But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

- 2 At first when Jesus found us
He called us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin ;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them
By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness ;
Where we might soon have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life, and joy and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase.
Confess your Lord and Master,
And run at his command ;
And hasten on your journey
Unto the promised land.
- 5 In faith, and hope and patience,
We now are going on

- The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone ;
In peace and consolation
We're going to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people
For ever be our choice.
- 6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
While we do march along ?
Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong ?
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse ?
Oh, leave your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.
- 7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell ;
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you the way to hell :
We're sorry thus to leave you
We'd rather you would go ;
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow.
- 8 Oh, sinners ! be awaken'd
To see your dismal state,
Repent and be converted,
Before it be too late.
Turn to the Lord by praying,
And daily search his word ;

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And never rest contented
Until you find the Lord.

- 9 Now to the King immortal
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We mean to spend our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan,
The shining world above,
With everlasting praises
To sing redeeming love.

290 — L. M.

*Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord
thy God led thee. Deut. viii. 2.*

- 1 Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth thus thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

291.—L. M.

Why does the cause of Christ run so low?

- 1 ALAS! alas! why is it so,
That Jesus's cause should run so low?
Is love so cold and faith so weak,
That few for Jesus now can speak?
- 2 Where is the love and heavenly zeal,
That Christians formerly did feel,
When they did meet and joyfully tell
The love of their Emmanuel?
- 3 Is there no virtue in his cause,
That we do not obey his Laws?

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Or, is there now no saving taste
In Jesus love and pard'ning grace ?

4 Once Zion's gates did much rejoice,
When many met with heart and voice,
And fill'd her courts with songs of praise,
And glory crown'd the heavenly lays.

5 Young converts then did praise the Lord,
They sung his praise with one accord ;
While older Christians caught the flame,
And spake the glory of his name.

6 Short is the time that's roll'd away,
Since we did see a glorious day,
When many did to Jesus bow ;
But where are those professors now ?

7 Many that did with zeal set out,
And for a while did live devout,
Have turn'd aside to right and left,
But few in Zion's ways are left !

8 Once Christians did religion feel,
Abroad, at home, or in the field,
And when they saw each other's face,
Their theme was all redeeming grace.

9 But now so worldly grown that they
But seldom find a heart to pray ;
The Christian is but here and there,
That daily seeks the Lord by pray'r.

10 Cut short these days, O Lord and come
 And bring us humble round thy throne,
 And we again shall love thy laws,
 Again espouse thy bleeding cause.

292.—L. M.

*The Spirit's aid entreated, that we may grow
 grace. 2 Peter iii. 18.*

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
 For all thine influence from above,
 To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies,
 Brought down this plant of paradise,
 And gave its heavenly glories forth,
 To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 But why does that celestial flower
 Open, and cease, and shine no more!
 Where are its balmy odours fled,
 And what remains its beauteous head?
- 4 Too plain alas! the languor shews
 The unknown soil in which it grows:
 Where the black frosts and beating storm
 Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging sun, thy beams display
 To drive the frosts and storms away;

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Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.

293.—8 & 7.

Pure Religion.

Of all Religions that are found,
Whose forms do lead their subjects round,

In all this earthly region :
There is one better than the rest,
Which properly is call'd the best :
And that is *pure Religion.*

To visit widows with relief,
And save the fatherless from grief
In time of their affliction :
And then, against temptations hurl'd,
To keep unspotted from the world,
Is *real pure Religion.*

There's many people who profess
To have religion more or less,
And talk of sins forgiven ;
Who say, they walk the heav'ly road,
And say they feel the love of God,
And think they're heirs of heaven.

But if they gratify their pride,
They will be covetous beside,
And pattern after sinners :
To set their hearts on things below,

- And talk as other worldings do,
 'Tis only *vain religion*.
- 5 But thanks to God, I find a few,
 Who good sincerity do shew
 To follow after Jesus:
 They joyfully forsake their pride,
 And lay their vanities aside,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.
- 6 And now if they have earthly store,
 Which God has left them less or more,
 They give it up with freedom:
 Like ancient Paul who suffer'd loss,
 They gladly now endure the cross,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.
- 7 They bring their thoughts to judgment now,
 And thus they make their actions bow
 To Jesus, their Redeemer;
 They know, if they're defil'd with sin,
 And if they have not Christ within,
 'Twill not be *pure Religion*.
- 8 All those who count all things as loss,
 And willingly take up the cross,
 To gain a heav'nly mansion:
 Although by sinners they're despised;
 They're precious in the Saviour's eye,
 For they have *pure Religion*.

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My precious friends, let us be strong,
 And take the cross, and run along;
 And leave the world's confusion :
 That we may gain the heav'nly prize,
 And see the Saviour with our eyes :
 The end of *pure Religion*.

0 Professors say we are too strict,
 And some good things they contradict;
 Which strikes against the worlding ;
 And now, because we live to God,
 There's many call us very odd,
 Despising *pure Religion*.

1 But while we walk this heav'nly road,
 This way of truth which leads to God,
 In which we find such freedom ;
 We'll bear reproach for Jesus' name,
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.

2 Although for Christ we suffer loss,
 We find such virtue in his cross,
 The beauty of his Kingdom ;
 O let us count all things as loss,
 And like the dung, or as the dross,
 For the sake of *pure Religion*.

294. C. M. double.

Forgiveness of others. Matt. vi. 12—15.

1 O God ! my sins are manifold,
 Against my life they cry

And, all my guilty deeds foregone,
 Up to thy temple fly :
 Wilt thou release my trembling soul,
 Which to despair is driven !—
 "Forgive !" a blessed voice replied,
 "And thou shalt be forgiven !"

- 2 My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell,
 They spurn me in their pride ;
 They render evil for my good,
 My patience they deride :
 Arise, O King ! and be the proud
 To righteous ruin driven !—
 "Forgive !" an awful answer came,
 "As thou would'st be forgiven !"
- 3 Seven times, O Lord, I pardon'd them ;
 Seven times they sinn'd again :
 They practise still to work my woe,
 They triumph in my pain ;
 But let them dread my vengeance now,
 To just resentment driven !—
 "Forgive !" the voice of thunder spake,
 "Or never be forgiven !"

295.—O. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb ?

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And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name !

- 2 Are there no foes for me to face !
Must I not stem the flood !
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God ?
- 3 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease !
Whilst others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas !
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
And faith presents it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
With robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

296. — S. M.

The Christian's charge.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,

A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
Oh may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And thy poor servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
A second death I'll die.

297.—L. M.

Choosing the better part.

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uneven path I stand :
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

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- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

298.—C. M.

Faith's review and expectation.

- 1 Amazing grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who owns me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

299.—C. M.

State of Nature and of Grace—1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 Not the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves nor slanders shall obtain,
The Kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin,
Poor in a world of misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name,
And the good spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r,
To keep thy just commands!

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We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

300.—C. M.

Pressing on in the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12-14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge the way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high :
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

301.—7 & 6.

The way to heaven.

- 1 Call'd to a sense of duty,
I would obey the call ;
And for the sake of Jesus,
I freely give up all ;
My former vain enjoyments,
Of pleasure, pride and gain,
That I in Jesus' kingdom
A mansion may obtain.
- 2 How often have I struggled
To hold some foolish sin ;
Yet, to the heavenly kingdom
I meant to enter in ;
But now I am persuaded
That nothing else will do ;
But Jesus for my portion,
And holy joys pursue.
- 3 Let all the world's gay beauty,
And Satan's flatt'ring bait,
With all their pride and grandeur,
Around my soul await ;
The far superior beauty
Through faith I see ahead ;
And I am bent upon it,
This holy way to tread.
- 4 Come, who will travel with me
The way that leads to heaven ?

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- And follow none but Jesus
 The way which he hath given ;
 And take his word for counsel,
 His spirit for a guide ;
 And make a full surrender
 Of ev'ry thing beside ?
- 5 Come on, my precious brethren,
 And travel on with me ;
 We'll seek for *heavenly treasure*,
 Until we find the sea
 Of sweet, unbounded riches,
 Of life, and love, and peace ;
 Where beauty never withers,
 And glory ne'er shall cease.
- 6 What though the world reproach us,
 And say we're mean and poor ;
 No matter what we suffer,
 If we can reach the shore ;
 'Twill make the glory sweeter,
 And raise our praises higher ;
 And we shall be completer,
 When purified by fire.

302.—S. M.

Pride.

- 1 INNUMERABLE foes
 Attack the child of God ;
 He feels within the weight of sin,
 A greivous galling load.

- 2 Temptations too, without,
Of various kinds assault ;
Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And make him often halt.
- 3 From sinners and from saints,
He meets with many a blow ;
His own bad heart creates a smart
Which only God can know.
- 4 But though the hosts of hell
Be neither weak nor small ;
One mighty foe deals dangerous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.
- 5 'Tis *pride*, accursed pride,
That fiend by God abhor'd ;
Do what we will it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The hearts uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.
- 7 Awake, yea, while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills, we find
The hand of heaven not slack ;

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- Pride* only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd,
When not perceiv'd tis worse;
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment, while I write,
I feel its power within;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill,
That wounded thee, though thou wast free
And grieves thy spirit still.
- 13 Our condescending God
To whom else should we go?
Remove our *pride* whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.
- 14 Thy garden is the place;
Where *pride* cannot intrude;
For should it dare to enter there,
'T would soon be drown'd in blood.

303.—P. M.—6 & 8.

The Heavenly Mariner.

- 1 THROUGH tribulations deep,
The way to glory is,
This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas,
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n.
- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in :
But still my little ship outbraves,
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I in my distress,
My anchor, hope, can cast,
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use ;
I tug and toil and strive ;
Through storms and calms for many a day,
I make but very little way.

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But when a heavenly breeze
 Springs up and fills my sail,
 My vessel goes with ease
 Before the pleasant gale,
 And runs as much an hour or more,
 As in a month or two before.

Hid by the clouds from sight,
 The sun doth not appear,
 Nor can I in the night
 Behold the moon or star ;
 Sometimes for days and weeks or more,
 I cannot see the sky or shore.

As at the time of noon,
 My quadrant FARTH I take,
 To view my CHRIST, my sun !
 If he the clouds should break.
 I'm happy when his face I see,
 I know then whereabouts I be.

The BIBLE is my chart,
 By it the seas I know ;
 I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show ;
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle points forever true.

I keep aloof from pride,
 Those rocks I pass with care ;

I studiously avoid
 The whirlpool of despair;
 Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
 Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
 Or near some coast am drove,
 The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove;
 The Scripture is the line which I
 Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost,
 Himself vouchsafes to steer:
 And I through all my voyage will
 Depend upon my steersman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which dreadful proves to most,
 For all this passage go.
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm
 God himself is at my helm.

13 When through this gulf I get,
 Though rough, it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet,
 To bring me into port;
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

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304.—P. M.—8 & 7.

The wandering Pilgrims.

WAND'RING pilgrims, mourning Christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
 Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sins are much distress'd ;
 Christ has sent me to invite you
 To a rich and costly feast ;
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
 Come, the sweet provision taste.

If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case ;
 Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
 He will give you gospel grace.
 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days,
 Only come to Christ and ask him ;
 He will guide your feet always.

If your heart is unbelieving,
 Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
 Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
 Till the troubled waters move.
 If no man appears to help you,
 All their efforts moves but talk :
 Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,
 Rise, take up your bed and walk.

If like Peter you are sinking,
 In the seas of unbelief,

Wait with patience, always praying,
 Christ will send you sweet relief;
 He will give you grace and glory,
 All your wants shall be supplied;
 Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
 Rise, and cross the swelling tide.

- 5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
 Christ will guard you through the gloom,
 Down he'll send a heavenly convoy,
 To convey you to his home;
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
 Free from ev'ry want and care,
 Come, O! come, my blessed Saviour,
 Fain my spirit would be there.

305.—7, 8 & 8.

The way of the Cross.

- 1 WHY will ye not, O Christians,
 Your wicked self deny?
 Why will you run such hazard
 Yourself to gratify?
 To hold the worldly spirit fast,
 Against the truth's instruction,
 Will shut you out of heaven at last,
 And land you in destruction.
- 2 Think not, it is too little
 To wear a modest dress;
 Consider what is needful,
 And lay aside the rest:

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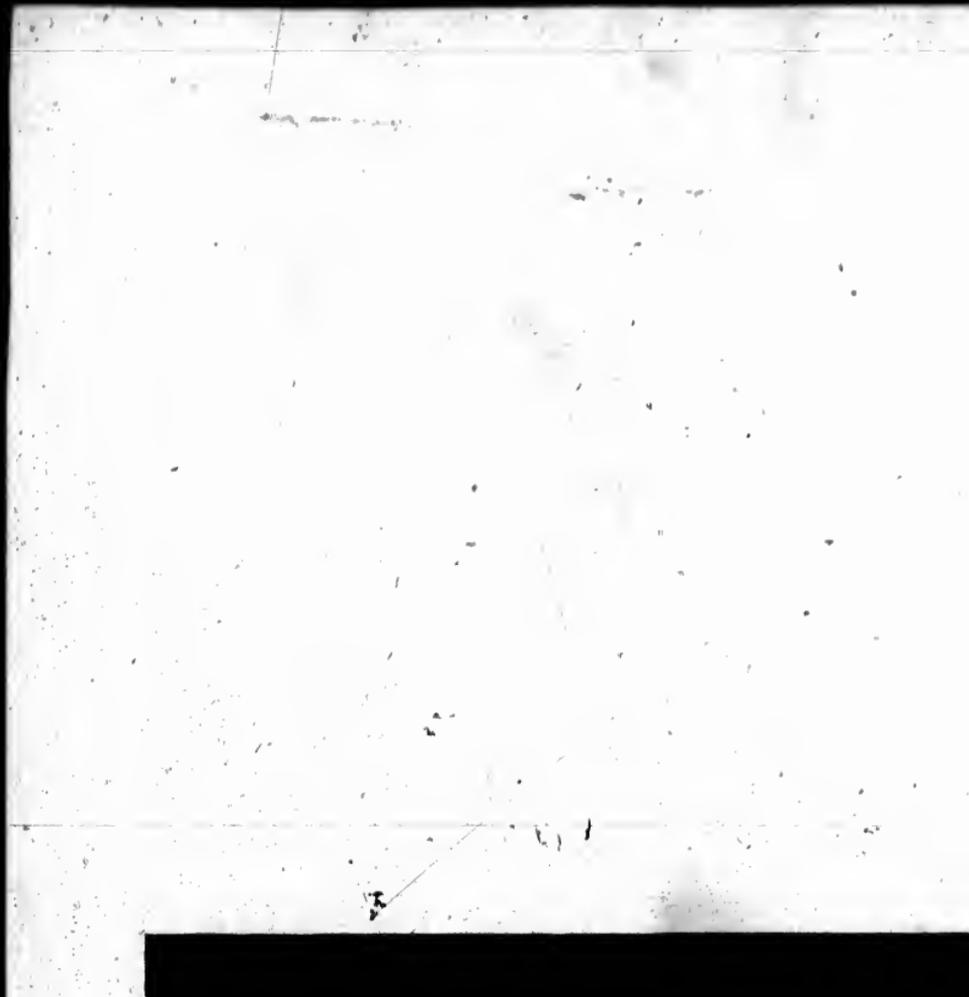
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And take the rule of Jesus Christ,
By which yourself to measure ;
And always choose to help the poor,
Before an earthly treasure.

3 Lay by all carnal weapons,
By which men are destroy'd ;
For safety and protection
Trust wholly in the Lord,
And never lift your hands to swear,
Lest God should be offended :
In tender conscience now forbear,
Whatever is pretended,

4 Refuse all worldly honours,
Which ever man bestow ;
Thou canst not be a worldling,
And Christ's disciple too :
Come out and leave the wicked throng,
In political confusion ;
O, come ye out from Babylon,
From Egypt, and from Sodom.

5 Do not begin a law-suit,
To force your right away :
But if your debtors wrong you,
Go, tell the Lord, and pray,
And shake your hands from usury,
And shew your moderation ;
Extortioners, and usurers,
Are under condemnation.



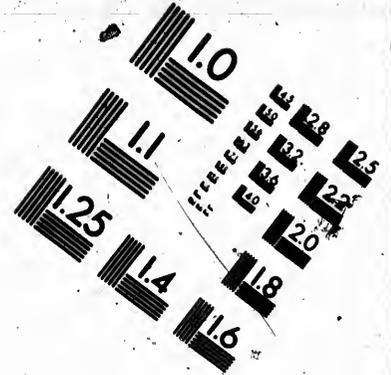
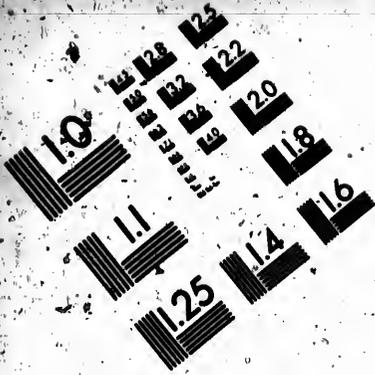




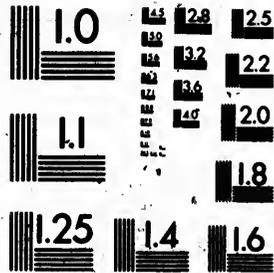








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- 6 And never join with sinners,
 Their company to keep;
 For if you yoke up with them
 Your souls may fall asleep.
 Come leave all worldly sinful joy,
 They yield no satisfaction;
 And let the truth your minds employ,
 'Till you obtain perfection.

306.—C. M.

Tribulation.

- 1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
 Must fix this firm and sure,
 That tribulation, more or less,
 They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt;
 'Tis God's own wise decree,
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
 Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,
 And unbelief within;
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
 And then how proud we grow;
 'Till sad desertion makes us droop:
 And down, we sink as low.

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5. Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart,
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path :
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true,
We shall be conq'rors all ere long,
And more than conq'rors too.

307.—L. M.

- 1 I AM a stranger here below,
And what I am 'tis hard to know,
I am so vile, so prone to sin,
I fear that I'm not born again.
- 2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me think that I am wrong.
- 3 I find myself out of the way,
My thoughts are often gone astray,
Like one alone I seem to be.
Oh is there any one like me ?

- 4 It's seldom I can ever be
Myself as I would wish to be ;
What I desire I can't attain,
And what I hate, I can't refrain.
- 5 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry,
I fear at last that I shall fall,
Or, if a saint, the least of all.
- 6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in the way ;
Thus fill'd with doubts I ask to know,
Come, tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 7 So by experience I do know,
There's nothing good that I can do ;
I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.
- 8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If not free grace, then I am lost.

308.—S. M.

- 1 Give me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.

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2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

309.—H. M.

*A brief description of the Children of God in a
dialogue.*

1 What poor despised company
Of travellers are these;
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a king;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?

Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprized.

- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah ! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because it is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God ;
None other can be found.

310.—L. M.

A Hymn for young converts.

- 1 **WHEN** converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing ;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

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- 2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ that can't be told ;
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.
- 8 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain :
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring ;
Ring with melodious, joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel.
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.
- 6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night ;
Their hearts that did with music ring,
Are now untuned in ev'ry string.
- 7 O! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast ?
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?
- 8 Come, take up arms, and face the field,
Come, gird on harness, sword, and shield,

Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

- 9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines ;
For Christ, the Lord has swept the field,
And we're determined not to yield.

311.—2, 6s—9.

1 AH! where am I now !
When was it, or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace !
I am brought into thrall ;
I am strip'd of my all ;
I am banish'd from Jesus's face !

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside ;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight ;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4 Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart ;
But whatever was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For a veil has come over my heart.

5 Ah! wretch that I am !
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within ;
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and sin.

6 Nothing now can relieve ;
Without comfort I grieve ;
I have lost all my peace and my power :
No access do I find
To the friend of mankind :
I can ask for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I see,
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turned out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,

Through a desert of sorrows I rove :
 How great is my pain
 That I cannot regain
 My Eden of Jesus's love !

9 I never shall rise
 To my first paradise,
 Or come my Redeemer to see :
 But I feel a faint hope,
 That at last he will stoop,
 And his pity shall bring him to me.

312.—P. M.—6 & 8.

Strength from Heaven.

1 By whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 No sword or spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King
 Who sent him to the fight,
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invader's camp,

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With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpet made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

4 O ! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord ;
 My soul hath quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side !
 Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.

313.—P. M.—7's.

1 BRETHREN while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,
 One who loves us to the end ;
 Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news shall come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
 Lay to take us unawares ;

Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart ;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child; your Father calls—come home.

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet ;
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within ;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these :
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—come home.

314.—P. M. 7 & 8.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know
 Sanctifying every loss.
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain and toil ;
 These spring up and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :

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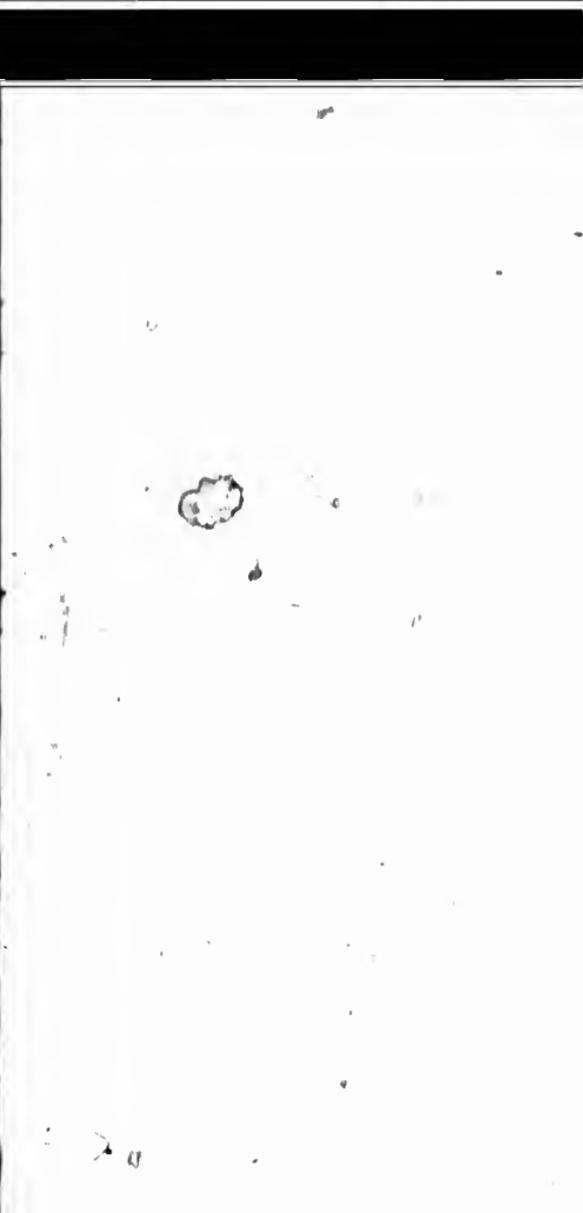
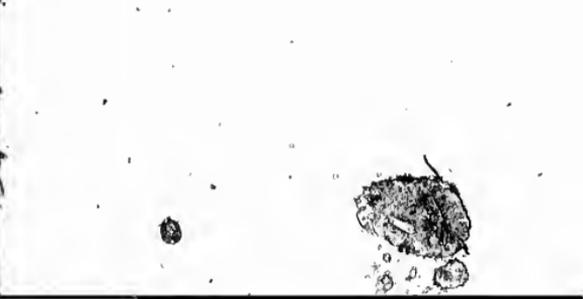
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Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to pray'r,
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way ;
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away ;
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
 But the true born child of God,
 Must not, would not, if he might.

315.—C. M.

- 1 UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
 Which to salvation led,
 I listn'd long, with anxious mind,
 To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
 I fear'd that I was wrong ;
 For I was stupid, dead and cold,
 Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd
 And made my burden light ;
 Then for a moment I believ'd,
 Supposing all was right.





4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay,
Through what distresses they had walk'd
Before they found the way.

5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease ;
I wish'd for all my fears again.
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart ;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas ! " I now must give it up."
I cried in deep despair ;
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear !"

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
" Trust simply on my word," he said,
And leave the rest to me."

316—C. M.

I When any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too !"

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2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee !

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
 Thou art the Christ of God ;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd,
 By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart ;
 No love but thine can make me blest,
 And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has this question stirr'd,
 " If I will also go ?"
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer—No !

317.—10 & 11.

The Christian's warrant.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends all should fail, and foes all unite,
 Let one thing secure us whatever betide,
 The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head ;
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 shall not be lost ;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey, like Abra'm of old ;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure
guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide,

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will pro-
vide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will pro-
vide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;

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In this, our strong tower, for safety we'll hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through,
Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ' on our
side,

We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide

318.—S. M.

Christian watchfulness.

- 1 My soul I be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin' are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down,
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

319.—C. M.

The distressed soul.

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 I'd say, how flesh and sense rebel,
What inward foes combine
With this vain world and pow'rs of hell,
To vex this heart of mine.
- 4 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints.
The language of their groans.
- 6 Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there!

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320.—H. M. 6, 8.

The Christian salutation.

- 1 PEACE be unto this house,
The Son of Peace draw near ;
But has thy Master's Son
A tabernacle here ?
If so, then I will here remain,
If not, adieu, I'll go again.
- 2 My Master sent me here,
His Son a bride to find,
If to him you appear,
If to him you are kind ;
If so, come, go with me to-day,
If not, I'll go another way.
- 3 Lord, send thy Spirit forth,
Incline the heart also ;
Lord, grant Rebecca's voice,
"I with the man will go ;"
'Twould make thy servants all rejoice,
To hear one speak with such a voice.

321.—C. M.

Christian virtues ; or the difficulty of conversion.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;

- 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd ;
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.]
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
That vile idolatry ;
And every member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

322.—C. M.

Death and eternity.

- 1 Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death,

Think how a grasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath !

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few ;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 And must my body faint and die ?
And must this soul remove ?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above !

4 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

323.—L. M.

Honesty.

1 GREAT God, thy holy law commands
Strict honesty in our demands ;
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,
To practise falsehood or deceit.

2 Have we no righteous debt deny'd,
From views dishonest or through pride ?
Nor vex'd the poor with long delay,
And made them groan for want of pay !

3 O! if our honesty be gone,
 And leave our faith and hope alone;
 If honesty be banish'd hence,
 Religion is a vain pretence.

324.—L. M.

- 1 **THOUGH** in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow;
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there;
 To recollect their stations here,
 How much they heard, how much they knew.
 How much among the wheat they grew?
- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case,
 They perish'd under means of grace,
 To them the word of life and faith
 Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
 Strangers might think we all were wheat;
 But to the Lord's all searching eyes
 Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spared for various ends;
 Some for the sake of praying friends;
 Others the Lord, against their will,
 Employs his counsel to fulfil.

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- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong
 His plan will not require them long ;
 In harvest when he saves his own,
 The tares shall into hell be thrown.
- 7 Most awful thought ! and is it so ?
 Must all mankind the harvest know ?
 Is every man a wheat or tare ?
 Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

325.—O. M.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

- 3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn ;
 What are thy hopes ?—how sure, how fair ?
 What is thy great concern ?

- 4 Behold, another year begins ;
 Set out afresh for heaven ;

Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

326.—C. M.

On mortality.

- 1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time :
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
 From creatures, earth and dust !
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desire recall ;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all,

327.—C. M.

1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
 To practise on the mind ;
 With flattering looks it tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue it deceives
 The aged and the young ;
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 It makes his fetters strong.

3 It pleads for all the joy it brings,
 And gives a fair pretence ;
 But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
 And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
 Grew the forbidden food ;
 Our mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

328.—L. M.

The Harvest.

- 1 **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.)
- 2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow in wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow.
- 3 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is ev'ry man a wheat or tare?
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare.
- 4 Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell—O! doleful sound!

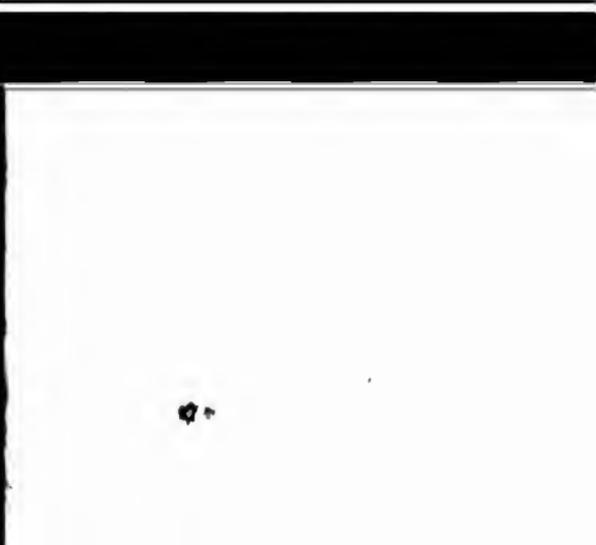
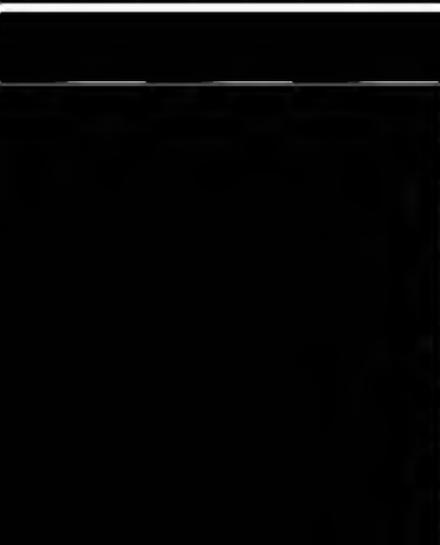
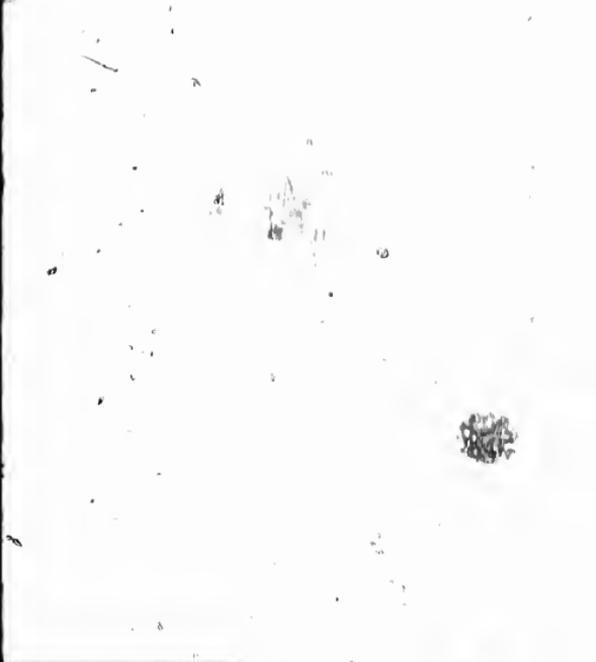
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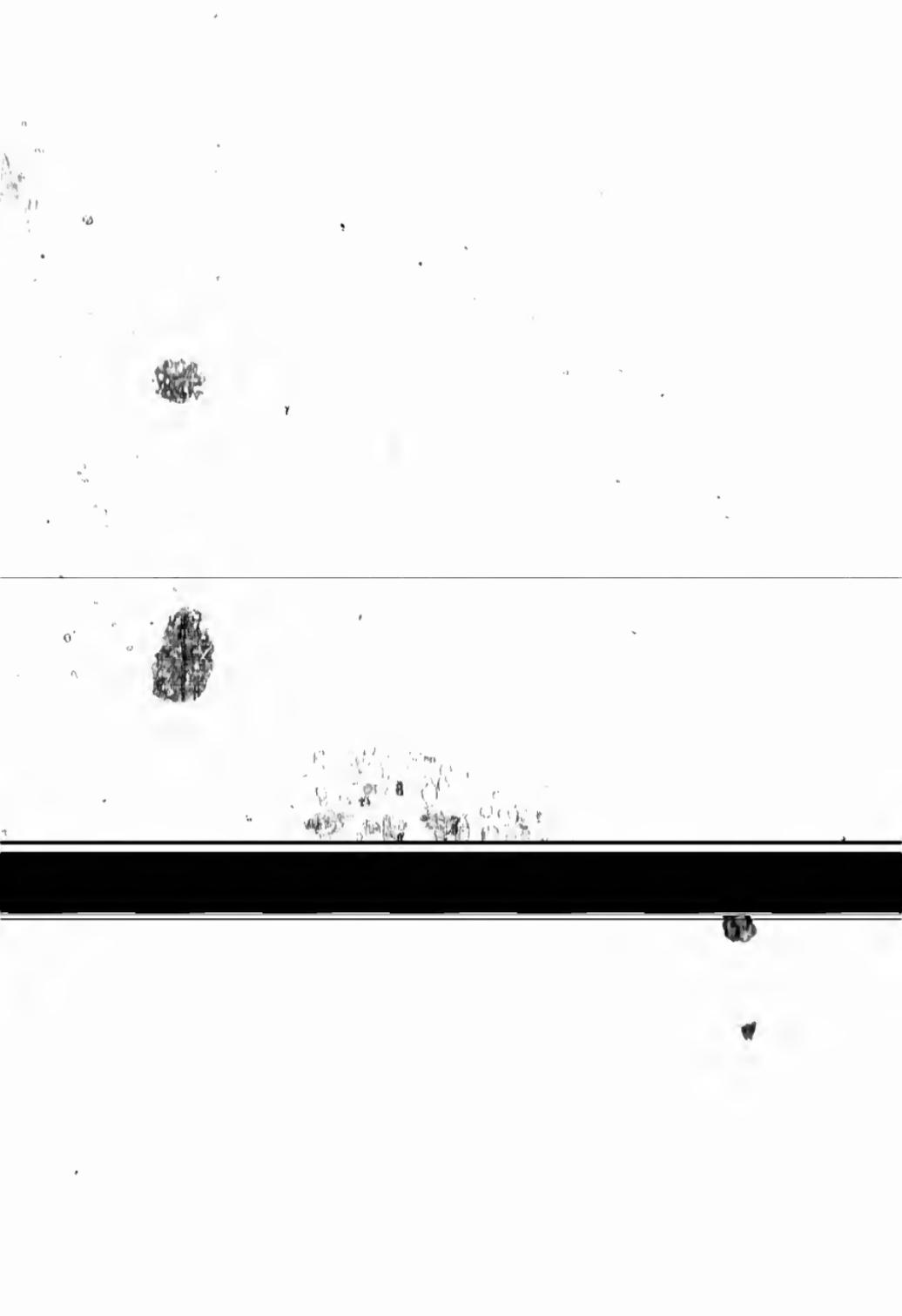
A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- 1 **THERE** is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;

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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 offspring.

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught,
To 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 inclin'd,
Withhold the hurtful food:
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

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331.—C. M.

Presumption and despair.

- 1 I HATE the tempter and his charms ;
I hate his flatt'ring breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, " how easy 'tis
" To walk the road to heav'n ;"
Anon he swells our sins and cries,
" They cannot be forgiv'n."
- 4 He bids young sinners " yet forbear
" To think of God or death ;
" For prayer and devotion are
" But melancholy breath."
- 5 He tells the aged, " they must die,
" And 'tis too late to pray ;
" In vain for mercy now they cry,
" For they have lost their day."
- 9 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit ;
And drags the sons of Adam down,
To darkness and the pit.

332.—C. M.

Assurance of heaven ; or a saint prepared to die.

- 1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home,
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heaven'ly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design ;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feebled soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

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333.—P. M.—8 & 6.

The complainer reformed.

- red to die.
- 1 I SET myself against the Lord,
Despis'd his spirit and his word,
And wish'd to take his place;
It vex'd me sore that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.
- ught
aith,
- 2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain,
Another's learning small:
This spoke too fast, and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud, and one too low,
The other had no call.
- day,
- 3 With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,
And others talked too long;
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd so weak, and some so swift,
That all of them were wrong.
- d
- 4 I thought they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys;
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.
- e

- 5 Kindred and neighbours all were bad,
 And no true friends were to be had—
 My rulers too were vile;
 At length I was brought clear to see,
 The fault did mostly lie in me,
 And had done all the while.
- 6 My horrid load of guilt and shame,
 (Being conscious too I was to blame,)
 Did wound my frightened soul;
 I've sinn'd so much against my God,
 I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
 How can I be made whole.
- 7 But there's a balm in Gilead,
 And a Physician to be had,
 A balsam too most free;
 Only believe on God's dear Son,
 Through him the victory is won;
 Christ Jesus died for thee.
- 8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea;
 What! to expire for such as me?
 Yes, 'tis a truth divine;
 My heart did melt, my soul o'errun,
 With love to see what God had done,
 For souls so mean as mine.
- 9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
 The joyful news, and praise the name
 Of Jesus Christ my King;

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I know no sect, Christians are one,
 With my complaints I now have done,
 And God's free grace I sing.

- 10 Glory to him who gave his Son,
 To die for crimes which I have done,
 And made salvation mine;
 For as we sold ourselves for nought,
 So without money we are bought,
 A blessed truth divine.

334.—P. M.—11's.

- 1 How happy, how glorious, how joyful to
 feel,
 The love that's immortal, with heav'nly zeal,
 The love that is perfect, the love that is
 pure, [endure.
 That we may with patience all things well
- 2 I want to feel little, more simple, more mild,
 More like my blest Master, and more like a
 child,
 More humble, more thankful, more lovely in
 mind,
 More watchful, more prayerful, more loving
 and kind.
- 3 I want to love wisdom which comes from
 above,
 I want to be harmless and more like a dove,

- I want my heart cleansed from sin's filthy
stain, [gain.
Have Godlike contentment which is a great
- 4 I want to be stripped from all human pride,
All anger and malice I would lay aside ;
From sin and from bondage I would be set
free,
And live my dear Saviour, live only to thee.
- 5 I want my affections set on things above,
I want my heart fill'd with the purest of love,
I want my faith stronger, my anchor hope
sure,
And like a good soldier, all hardness endure.
- 6 While suff'ring, enduring, in duty believe,
Forgiving if any my spirit should grieve ;
Rememb'ring at all times what Jesus did say,
And set out anew and begin ev'ry day.
- 7 Come love and sweet union for you I do call,
I want to feel more love, yea more love
to all ;
O come my beloved, come hasten to me,
That into thy glory I changed may be.
- 8 Come brothers and sisters, come aged and
youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth,

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Come fill up your vessels with union and love,
And on our blest journey let's joyfully move.

9 My faith and my hope, and my love and my
zeal,

I want in subjection to God's holy will ;
My light I want clearer that beholders may
see, [agree.

How faith and good works in sweet union

10 My union I want with the Father and Son ;
I want that perfected which Christ has begun,
With love and sweet union, which soothes
ev'ry care, [bear.

And with my dear brethren all burdens to

11 When time is no more, and from earth we
remove,

To dwell in the regions of pure light above ;
With saints and with angels we'll praise him
again,

And sing hallelujah forever, amen.

335.—P. M. 4 lines, 11's.

Remember Lot's Wife. Luke xvii. 32.

1 YE careless professors, who rest on your lees
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and

[ease,
Now God says, "Arise and escape for your life,
"And look not behind you,-Remember Lot's wife.

2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive ;

'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe
While dangers are pending, "Escape for your
life,

"And look not behind you, Remember Lot's
Wife."

3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray
And tell you no dangers are found in the way
He means to deceive you : "Escape for your life

"And look not behind you, Remember Lot's
Wife."

4 How many poor souls has the serpent beguiled
With specious temptations how many defil'd
Then be not deluded : "Escape for your life,

"And look not behind you, Remember Lot's
Wife."

5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord ;
Forsake then the world, "and escape for your life

"And look not behind you, Remember Lot's
Wife."

6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose
For hell, you must part with the blessings
of life,

And then, if not now, you'll Remember Lot's
Wife.

336.—S. M. 6, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 If Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.
- 2 He says he loves to see
A broken hearted one;
He loves that sinners, such as we,
Should mourn for what we've done.
- 3 'Tis not enough to say,
'We're sorry, and repent,'
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.
- 4 Repentance is to leave
The sins we lov'd before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.
- 5 Lord make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take *all* our sins away.
- 6 And since the Saviour came,
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame
We would at once begin.

337.—L. M.

The striving of the Spirit.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,—
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control!
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity;
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee,
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou quit thyself away,
Then hope may never see thee.

338.—L. M.

- 1 There is a school on earth begun,
Instructed by the Holy One;
He calls his pupils there, to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love.
- 2 The school book is the Scripture true;
The lessons are forever new;
In this the pupils are agreed,
It is a blessed school indeed.
- 3 'Tis here the blind may learn to see;
Then come, ye blind, the school is free;
And here the lame may learn to walk;
The dumb may also learn to talk.
- 4 'Tis here the deaf may learn to hear;
Then come ye deaf and lend an ear;
Listen to Jesus' pleasant voice,
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.
- 5 Come, brethren, you who are at school,
Attention pay to ev'ry rule;
Here may we learn the happy art
Of loving God with all our heart.

339.—S. M.

- 1 Religion's form is vain,
While we deny its power;
What will the hypocrite obtain
At Judgment's tremendous hour?

- 2 Now he may credit gain,
And in his affluence roll ;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.
- 3 Then O, what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away !
- 4 Lord search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere ;
And bid hypocrisy depart
And keep my conscience clear !

340.—C. M.

- 1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly :
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, O ! the wolf is nigh !
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every straggling 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.

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- 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 O 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.

341.—P. M. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 4, 8, 4, 8.

- 1 How bright appears the morning star,
With grace and truth beyond compare—
The royal root of Jesse:
O! David's son, of Jacob's line,
My soul belov'd and king benign,
Thou'rt come from heav'n to bless me.
Precious, gracious,
Fair and glorious, e'er victorious.
Is my Saviour,
Nought but he can please me ever.
- 2 How doth my needy soul rejoice
That Christ whom I so richly prize,
Is Lord of life and glory;



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At last he'll bring me to that place,
 Where all the wonders of his grace
 Shall be disclos'd before me
 Amen, Amen !
 Come, Lord Jesus, come release me ;
 O come speedy,
 Lord, to meet thee make me ready.

342.—P. M. 7s & 7s.

Lord, in thy courts.

- 1 Man in his first creation,
 In Eden God did place,
 The public head and father
 Of all the human race ;
 'Twas by the subtle serpent,
 He was beguil'd and fell,
 And by his disobedience,
 Was doom'd to death and hell.
- 2 Death was pronounc'd against him
 Death was the penalty,
 The law of God was broken,
 And must fulfilled be :
 But man the helpless creature,
 Unable to perform
 The smallest jot or tittle
 To build his hopes upon.
- 3 Whilst in this situation,
 Behold the promise made ;

The offspring of the woman
Shall bruise the serpent's head,
In gaining of this victory,
Man only was to feel
The malice of the serpent,
In bruising of his heel.

4 The scripture it was given,
In spirit and in truth,
In darksome types and shadows,
The Saviour was set forth ;
No sacrifice and offerings
Upon the altar slain,
No blood of goats and heifers
Could take away the stain.

5 Lo ! at the time appointed,
Jesus unveil'd his face ;
Assum'd our human nature
And suffer'd in our place :
He suffered on Mount Calv'ry,
Yes, there he ransom'd us
From sin and Satan's power,
And all the penal curse.

6 They plac'd him in a sepulchre,
It being near at hand ;
The grave it could not hold him,
Nor death's cold iron band :
He burst the bars asunder,
He pull'd their kingdom down ;

He overcame our enemies,
And wears a starry crown :

7 Now at his resurrection,
To many he appear'd ;
And said to his disciples,
Go tell what you have heard—
Go tell them I have risen,
And death can do no more,
I'm going to my father,
To dwell forevermore.

8 He came to his disciples
And found them all alone,
And gave them their commission,
To make his Gospel known ;
Go preach it to all nations,
Baptize them in my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem,
'Twas there I suffer'd shame.

9 Go preach it to all nations,
That they may hear and know ;
Go preach a free salvation,
That men to heav'n may go :
In ev'ry sore temptation,
Kind succor I will send,
And lo ! I will be with you,
Until the world shall end.

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343 —S. M.

A hosanna for the sure foundation.—Ps. cxvii. 22-27.

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest,
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless the holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

344.—P. M.—8, 7.

Plain dealing with a backsliding heart.

- 1 STUPID soul, to folly cleaving,
Why hast God no more thy heart;
Why art thou thy mercies leaving,
Why must thou with Jesus part?
- 2 Is there in this world existing,
Aught with Jesus to compare?
Yea, can heaven itself produce one,
Half so lovely, half so fair!
- 3 Ah! look back upon the season,
When thy soul the Saviour chose
For thy portion, and thy spirit
Did with his salvation close.
- 4 Ah! remember thine espousal:
Didst thou not with Christ agree,
Leaving all thy former lovers,
His and his alone to be?
- 5 In his love thy power's exulting,
What did all below appear?
Was there aught seem'd worth possessing,
Worthy of a hope or fear?
- 6 When thy heart, by grace instructed,
Learnt the world to disesteem,
And to Christ for all resorted,
Was there not enough in him?

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- 7 Yes, thou know'st thy joyful spirit,
Knew no unfulfill'd desire ;
Longing still, and still receiving,
Fuel for the heav'nly fire.
- 8 Why then, tell me, now so lifeless ?
Why this heav'nly fountain leave ?
Why to broken cisterns seeking,
Cisterns that no water give ?
- 9 Doth not disappointment follow,
Ev'ry step that leads from God ?
Have not piercing thorns and briars,
Shewn their points through all the road ?
- 10 Recollect 'tis thus the Saviour,
Says he will thy soul reclaim,
Weep now, and with supplication,
Humbly pray in Jesus' name.

345.—S. M.

- 1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall we sustain
The children of his love:
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

346.—11a.

I would not live always.

1 I would not live always, I ask not to stay,
Where storm and storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live always, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;

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E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live always; no—welcome the
tomb, [gloom;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

347—C. M.

Our bodies frail, and God our preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger they do see,
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first ;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

348.—C. M.

The world crucified.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;
What are its charms to me ?
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more can they afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

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- 4 Creatures, no more divide my choice !
 I bid you all depart !
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will,
 For if thou hadst not loved me first,
 I had refused thee still.

349.—Metre 7, 8.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait
 But but how little— can know.
- 2 Spared to see another year,
 Let thy blessing meet us here ;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive ;
 Sun of Righteousness, arise !
 Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes :

Let our prayer thy pity move;
Make this year a time of love.

- 8 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

350 — L. M.

The Pharisee and Publican. Luke xviii.

- 1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee,
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of graces he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows:
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee:

I have no merit of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy son.

351.—7s.

Receiving a Christian friend.

- 1 WELCOME, friend, in that great name,
Whence our every blessing flows !
Enter and increase the flame,
Which in all our bosoms glows.
- 2 Sent of God, we *thee* receive :
Hail the providential guest !
If in Jesus we believe,
Let us on his mercies feast.
- 3 Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is,
By his death to life restor'd,
Misery we exchange for bliss.
- 4 Bliss to carnal minds unknown :
O 'tis more than tongue can tell !
Only to believers shown :
Glorious and unspeakable.
- 5 Christ our Brother and our Friend,
Shews us his eternal love :
Never shall our triumphs end,
'Till we take our seats above.
- 6 Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare ;

For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there.

352.—L. M.

*Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to
come. Heb. xiii. 14.*

- 1 "We've no abiding city here;"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth were this to be our home;
But let this truth our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion's its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

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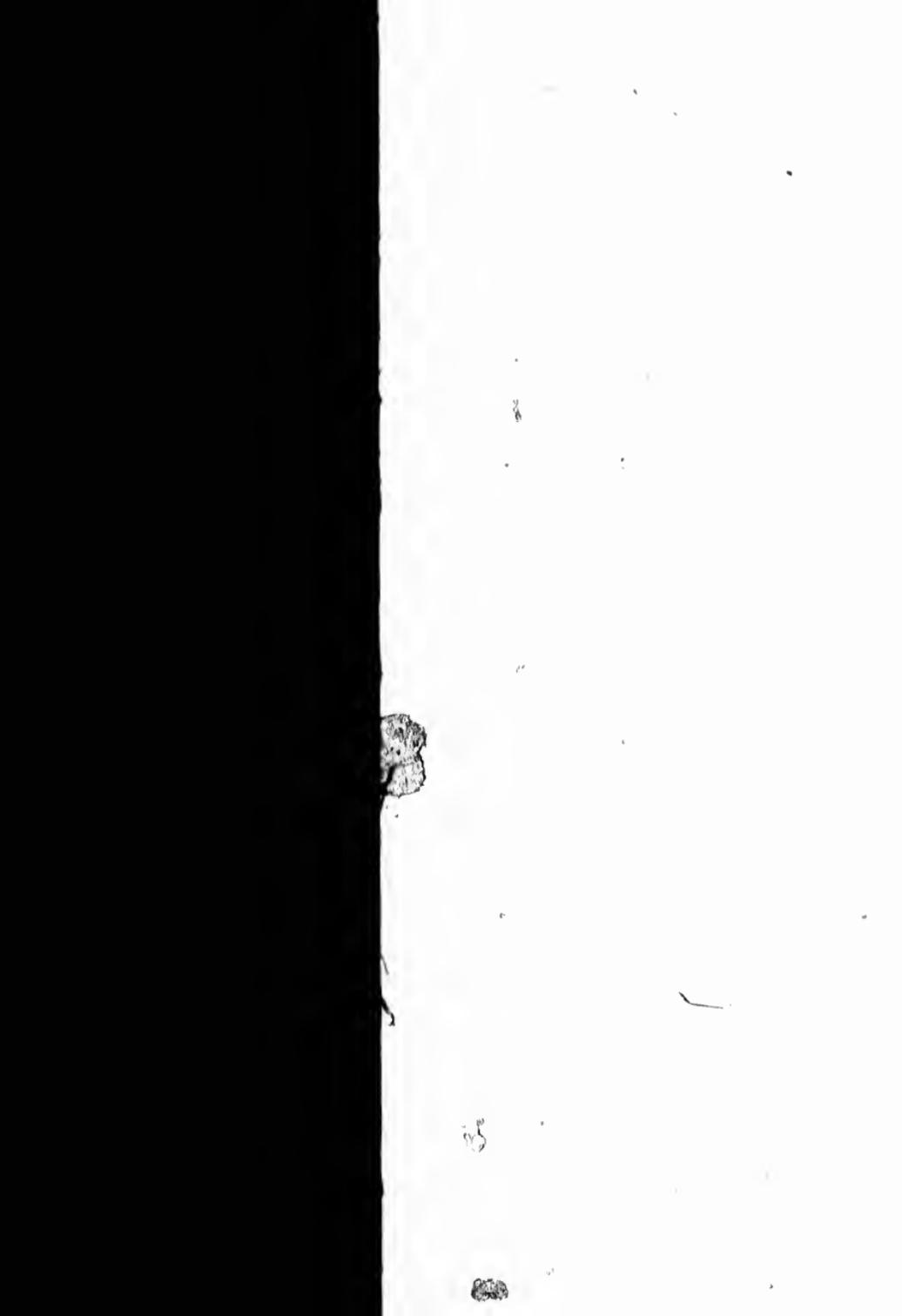
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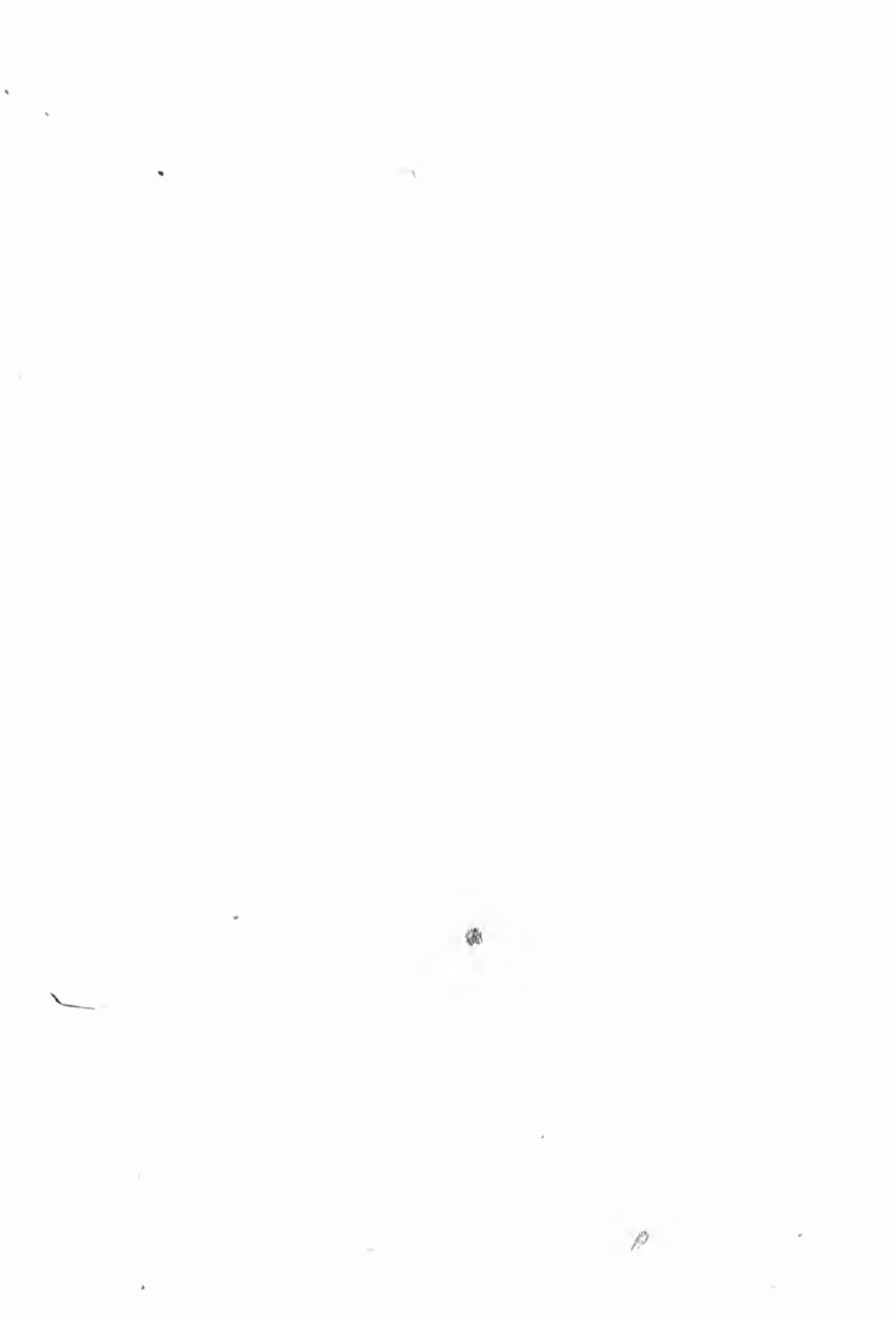
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
 The time my God appoints is best :
 While here, to do his will be *mine*,
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

353.—L. M.

Christ our strength.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day,
 Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
 When I am weak, then am I strong,
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the work alone,
 When new temptations spring and rise,
 We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
 Met the Philistines to his cost ;
 Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
 Made feeble grasp, and lost his eyes.





354.—L. M.

The tender mercy of God.

- 1 JESUS, I'll sing of thy free grace,
Thy boundless love and mercy trace;
Thy merits shall be all my plea;
Thy *tender mercies*, O how free!
- 2 In nature's darkness, thou didst find
Me, naked, filthy, poor, and blind:
In that sad state, didst pity me;
Thy *tender mercies* O how free!
- 3 My soul didst rend from Satan's snare,
From death, and bondage, and despair,
And brought me into liberty;
Thy *tender mercies* O how free!
- 4 My soul has felt redeeming love,
And tasted joys that's from above,
Jesus, to thee the glory be,
Thy *tender mercies*, O how free!
- 5 When troubles roll upon my soul,
Still I thy goodness do behold;
They serve to bring humility;
Thy *tender mercies*, O how free!
- 6 Whene'er I rove in ways of sin,
Where oft through folly I have been;
Thy pity leads me back to thee;
Thy *tender mercies*, O how free!

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- 7 When thou thy face from me dost hide,
 To humble me and kill my pride ;
 Thy love unchangeable I see !
 Thy *tender mercies*, O how free !
- 8 Fear not, my soul, then for to tell
 How Jesus did thee save from hell,
 But speak aloud thy mystery,
 His *tender mercies*, O how free !
- 8 What though the world should me condemn,
 My Jesus I will recommend,
 Who died for me on Calvary ;
 Thy *tender mercies*, O how free !
- 0 Through all my journey here below,
 My soul God's praises forth shall show ;
 And then above eternally
 I'll sing his tender mercies free.

355.—8 & 7.

Gloom of Autumn.

- 1 Hail ye sighing sons of sorrow,
 View with me the autumnal gloom ;
 Learn from thence your fate to-morrow !
 Dead, perhaps, laid in the tomb !
 See all nature fading, dying,
 Silent all things seem to mourn ;
 Life from vegetation flying,
 Brings to mind the mould'ring arm.

- 2 Oft autumnal tempests rising,
 Make the lofty forest nod ;
 Scenes of nature, how surprising :
 Read in nature, nature's God.
 See the God, the great Creator,
 Lives eternal in the sky,
 While we mortals yield to nature,
 Bloom a while, then fade and die.
- 3 Death and war my mind depresses,
 Autumn shows me my decay ;
 Brings to mind my past distresses,
 Warns me of a dying day.
 Autumn makes me melancholy,
 Strikes dejection through my soul,
 While I mourn my former folly,
 Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.
- 4 Lo ! I hear the air resounding
 With expiring insect's cries ;
 Ah ! their moans, to me how wounding
 Emblems of my wretched sighs !
 Hollow winds about are roaring,
 Noisy waters round me rise,
 While I sit my fate deploring,
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
- 5 What to me are autumn's treasures,
 Since I know no earthly joy ?
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasures,
 Time must youth and health destroy.

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Pleasures once I fondly courted,
 Shar'd each bliss that youth bestows;
 But see that where then I sported,
 Now embitters all my woes!

- 6 Age and sorrow since have blasted
 Every youthful pleasing dream;
 Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,
 Oh how short their glories seem?
 As the annual frosts are creeping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 So my friends are yearly dropping,
 Through old age and dire disease.
- 7 Former friends, how oft I've sought 'em,
 Just to cheer my drooping mind;
 But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
 Driv'n before the dreary wind.
 When a few more years I've wasted,
 When a few more springs are o'er,
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,
 I shall live *to die no more.*
- 8 Fast my sun of life's declining,
 I must sleep in death's dark night;
 But my hope, pure and refining,
 Rests in future life and light.
 Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,
 Christ will burst the silent tomb;
 Then the saints shall, upwards flying,
 Rise into immortal bloom!

356.—S. M.

Fruitless Fig Tree.

- 1 Here stands a barren tree,
That's cumber'd long the ground;
Though many branches on it be,
No fruit on it is found.
- 2 Deceitful here it grows,
Encircled all around
With many leaves and thousand blows,
But still no fruit is found.
- 3 Oft has the husbandman
Been digging it around,
And prun'd it with a gentle hand;
But still no fruit is found.
- 4 And when he did appear
To cut this barren down,
He spared it another year;
And still no fruit was found.
- 5 The husbandman doth say,
"Why cumber's it the ground?
"Henceforth fruit shall not grow on thee
"For I will cut thee down!"
- 6 Kind husbandman, draw near,
Nor yet upon it frown;
But spare it still another year,
Till thereon fruit is found.

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- 7 Ye barren trees, prepare
 To let your fruit abound, [swear
 Least God should rouse his wrath and
 "On thee fruit shan't be found.

357.—C. M.

Christ ascending to his Father and God and ours
 John xx. 17.

- 1 In raptures let our hearts ascend,
 Our heavenly seats to view,
 And grateful trace that shining path
 Our rising Saviour drew.
- 2 "Up to my Father and my God,
 "I go (the Conqueror cries);
 "Up to your Father and your God,
 "My brethren, lift your eyes."
- 3 And doth the Lord of glory call
 Such worms his brethren dear?
 And doth he point to heaven's high throne,
 And shew our Father there?
- 4 And doth he teach my sinful lips
 That tuneful sound, my God?
 And breathe his spirit on my heart
 To shed his grace abroad?
- 5 O world, produce a good like this,
 And thou shalt have my love:
 Till then, my Father claims it all,
 And Christ who dwells above

- 6 Dear Jesus, call this willing soul,
That struggles with its clay;
And fain would leave this weary load
To wing its airy way.

358.—L. M.

Charity to the poor.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor:
Whose soul by sympathizing love
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and death,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

359.—O. M.

Godly and ungodly. Psalm i.

- 1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;

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Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 (He like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so th' impious and unjust ;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.)
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand,
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

360.—6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

The gospel jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bounds,
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransom'd sinners home !

2 Exalt the son of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood,
 To all the world proclaim :
 The year of Jubilee, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love ;
 The year of Jubilee, &c.

4 The Gospel trumpet sounds !
 Let all the nations hear !
 And earth's remotest bounds
 To the throne appear ;
 The year of Jubilee, &c.

361.—P. M.—8 & 7.

The Good Shepherd.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour
 Come and bid our jarring cease ;

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- Come, O come, and reign forever,
 Christ our love, and Prince of peace ;
 Visit now thy precious Zion,
 See thy people mourn and weep ;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.
- 2 Many follow men's inventions,
 And submit to human laws ;
 Hence divisions and contentions,
 Sully the Redeemer's cause.
 Hence we suffer persecution,
 While the foolish virgins sleep ;
 All is uproar and confusion,
 Come good Shepherd lead thy sheep.
- 3 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas, few agree ;
 Jesus let us hear thee call us,
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;
 Then we'll rush thro' what encumbers,
 Ev'ry hind'rance overleap !
 Fearing not their force or numbers,
 Come. good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 4 Lord in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth ;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
 That shall teach us all thy truth :
 On the gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;

Love's our bond, and Christ our centre,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

- 5 Come good Lord with courage arm us,
Persecution we'll not fear;
Nothing Lord we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near;
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
- 6 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying fear not little flock,
"I myself am your foundation,
"Ye are built upon this rock;
"Shun the paths of vice and folly,
"Lest you sink into the deep;
"Look to me and be ye holy,
"I delight to feed my sheep."
- 7 Christ alone our soul shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame;
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he and he will keep;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

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362.—O. M.

Communion of Saints.

- 1 LET saints below in concert join
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
 Are swiftly borne away ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide !
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

363 —O. M.

But now, O LORD, Thou art our Father. Isa. lxiv. 8.

- 1 OUR Father sits on yonder throne
 Amid the hosts above ;

He reigns throughout the world, alone,
He reigns, the God of love.

2 He knew us, when we knew him not,
Was with us, though unseen ;
His favour came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.

3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,
(Whatever foe assails,)
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.

4 He gives us hope, that we shall be
Ere long with him above :
That we shall all his glory see,
And celebrate his love.

5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice,
To all his dispensations bow,
And in his name rejoice.

6 How sweet to hear him say at last,
"Ye blessed children come ;
"The days of banishment are past,
"And heaven is now your home."

364.—L. M.

Trusting in Christ.

1 My hope, my All, my Saviour, thou,
To thee, lo ! now, my soul I bow ;

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I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find these, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way ;
Protect me through my life's short day :
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me ;
As I have need, my Saviour be,
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp, me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r ;
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone,

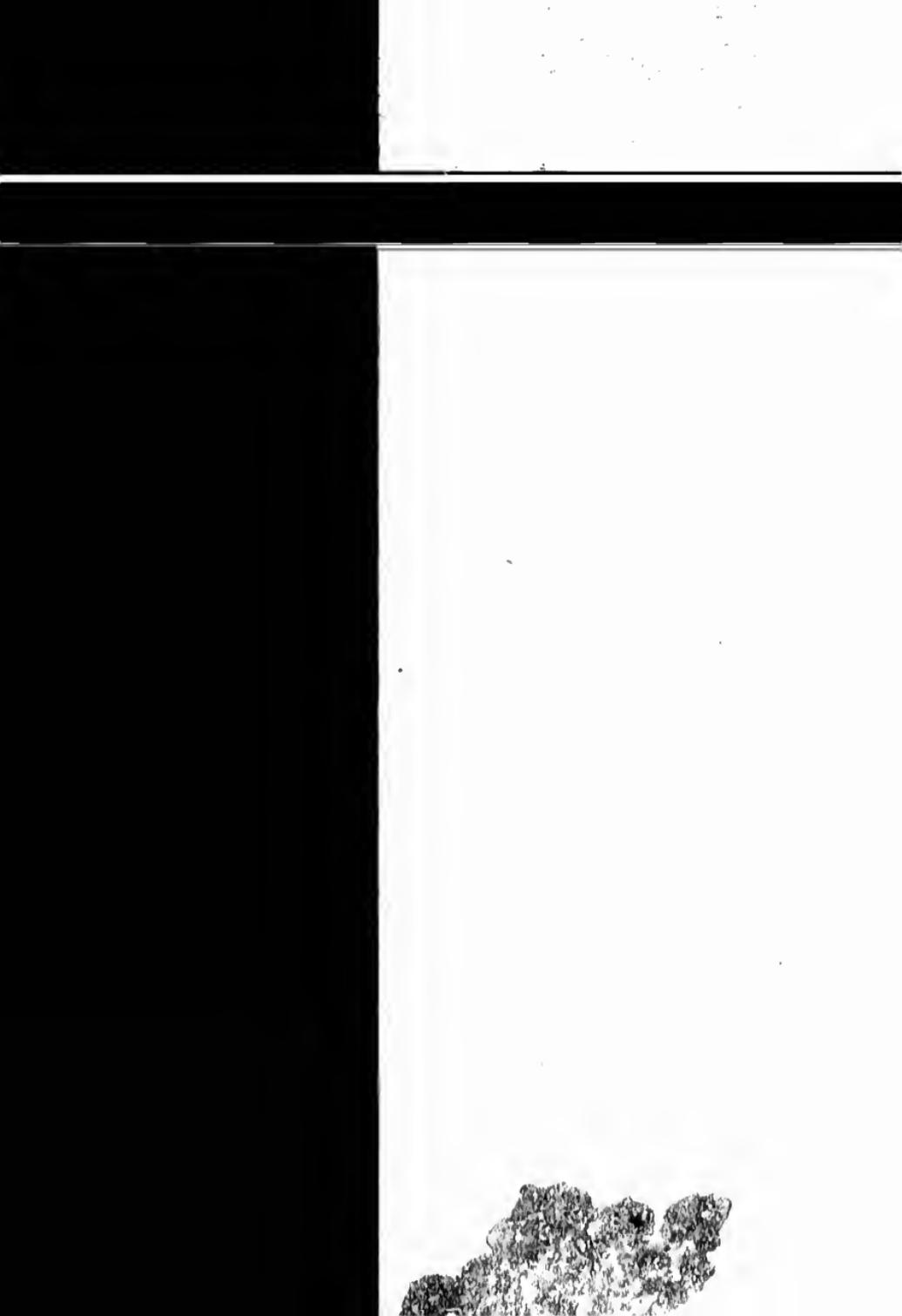
5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more :
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

365.—C. M.

*By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea
we wept, when we remembered Zion.*

Psa. cxxxvii. 1.

1 O Zion, when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.





- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;
To Zion all the ransom'd come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends
Are, like myself, in fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet shall we behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captives' portion sweet
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

366.—L. M.

The Happiness of God's Israel. Deut. xxxiii. 22.

- 1 O ISRAEL, blessed beyond compare!
Unrivall'd all thy glories are
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord;
His shield is thine, and thine his sword;

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Review in ecstasy of thought
The grand redemption he has wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
Opens thy passage through the sea ;
He through the desert is thy guide,
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host ;
Their glories which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit ! teach our tongue
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,
Proportion'd to the sweeter name,
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

367.—8 & 7.

Christian fellowship and union.

1 **COME**, my Christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come, unite, and walk together,
Christ, the Saviour, gives command.
Lay aside this party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more,
Come, unite, and bliss inherit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2 We'll not bind a brother's conscience,
 This to God alone is free,
 Nor contend on non-essentials,
 But in Christ united be,
 Here's the word, the grand criterion,
 This shall all our doctrine prove ;
 Christ the centre of our union,
 And the bond is Christian love.

3 Here my hand, my heart and spirit,
 Now in fellowship I give ;
 Now we'll love and peace inherit,
 Show the world how Christians live.
 Now we're one in Christ our Saviour,
 Male nor female, bond nor free ;
 Christ is all in all for ever,
 And we're happy, Lord, in thee.

4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
 Praise, give thanks, and shout and sing,
 Now we'll strengthen one another,
 And adore our Heavenly King.
 Now we'll join in sweet communion,
 Round the table of our Lord ;
 Lord, confirm our Christian union,
 By thy spirit and thy word.

5 Now the world will be constrained
 To believe in Christ our King ;
 Thousands, thousands be converted,
 Round the earth his praises ring.

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Happy day! O joyful hour!
 Thank the Lord, his name we bless;
 Send thy word, my Lord, with power,
 Fill the world with righteousness.

SPECIAL USE.

368.—L. M.

At table.

1. ALL things are now the gift of God,
 And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood,
 While the good spirit shows us how
 To use, and to enjoy them too.
- 2 If peace and plenty crown my days,
 Then help me, Lord, to sing thy praise!
 If bread of sorrow be my food,
 Those sorrows work my real good.
- 3 Be present at our table, Lord!
 Be here, and ev'rywhere ador'd!
 Thy people bless, and grant that we
 May feast in paradise with thee.

369.—11 syl.

1. GREAT God thy feeding hand,
 Shows 'tis everywhere;

While both rich and poor
 Can have a blessed share.
 Nor is thy gospel's power
 Left far behind,
 To feed and nourish the soul
 Of all mankind.

- 2 Whoso eateth my flesh
 And drinketh my blood,
 Can ne'er hunger nor thirst,
 The fountain is good.
 Come you who have tried,
 And found it a good cure ;
 'Tis he who provides,
 And makes the promise sure.

370.—P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

- 1 AUTHOR of life divine,
 Who hast a table spread,
 Furnished with mystic wine,
 And everlasting bread:
 Preserve the life thyself hast giv'n,
 And feed, and train us up for heav'n.
- 2 Our needy souls sustain
 With fresh supplies of love,
 Till all thy life we gain,
 And all thy fulness prove,
 And strengthened by thy perfect grace,
 Behold without a veil thy face.

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371.—Q. M.

Equity and justice. Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 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 neighbours do,
Have we done still the same?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?
- 3 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

372.—P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Christ our Guide. Ps. xlvii. 14.

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy pow'ful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, thy crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow,

- Let thy fiery, steady pillar
 Lead us all our journey through.
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 2 Feed us with the heav'nly manna
 In this barren wilderness
 Be our sword and shield and banner
 Be our robe of righteousness.
 Fight and conquer
 All our foes by sov'reign grace.
- 4 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises,
 We will ever give to thee.

END OF THE HYMNS.

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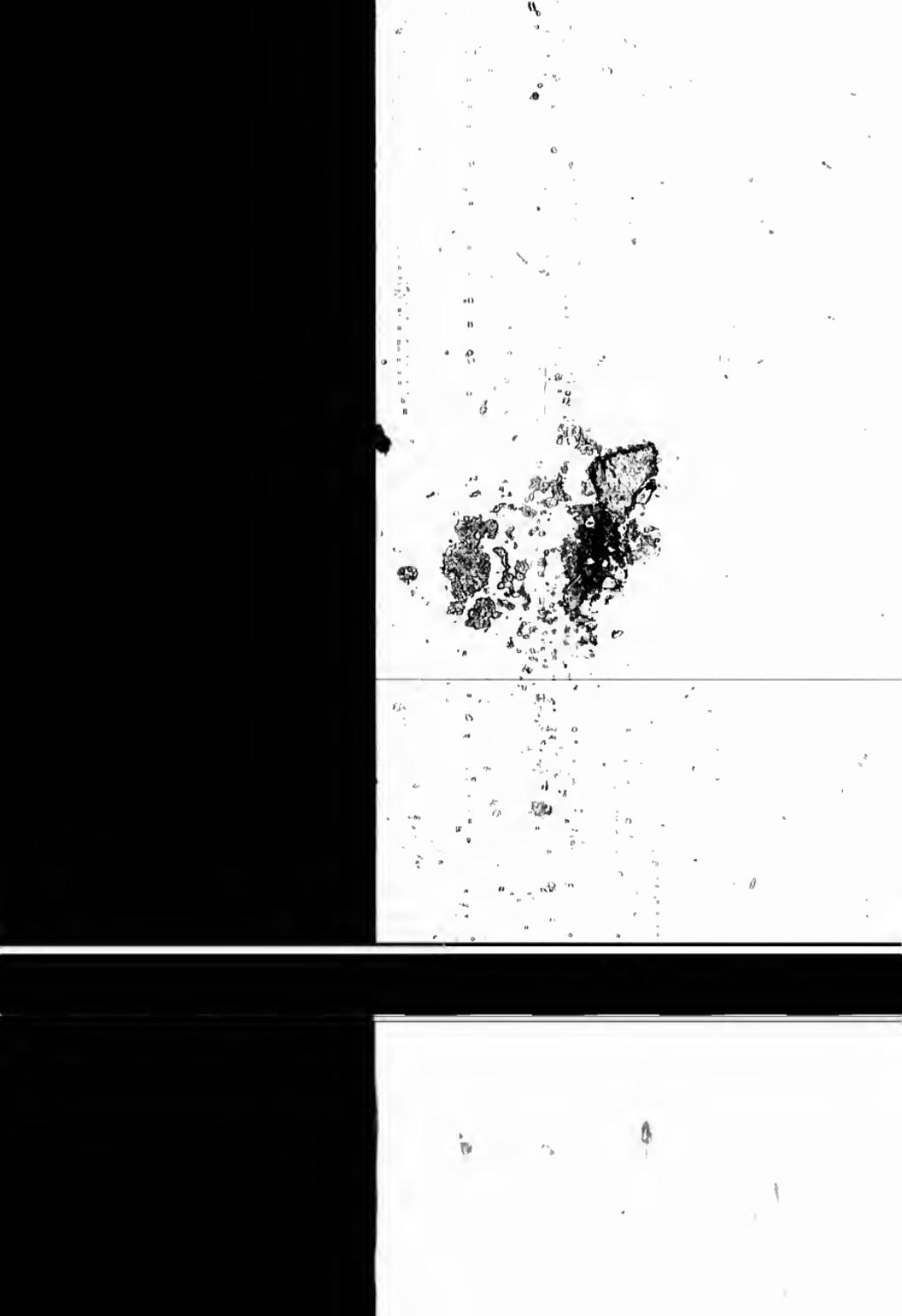
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