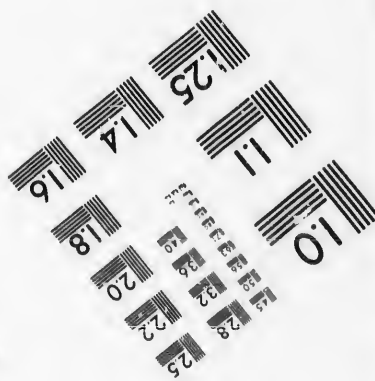
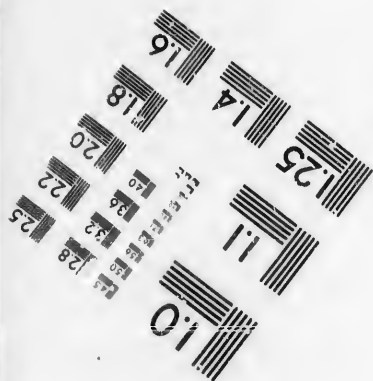
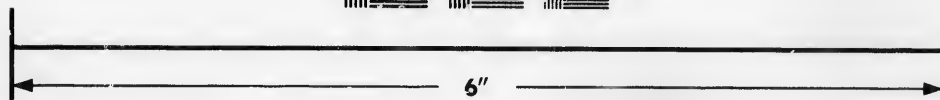
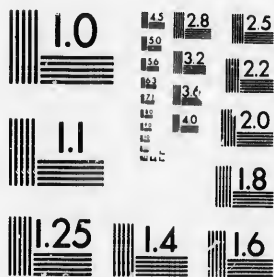


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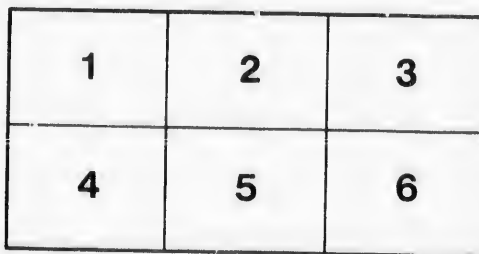
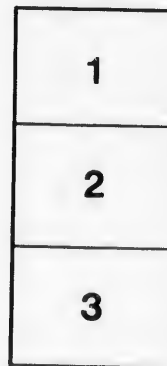
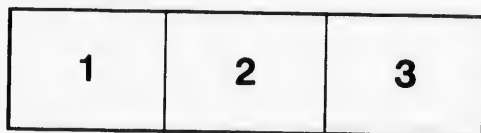
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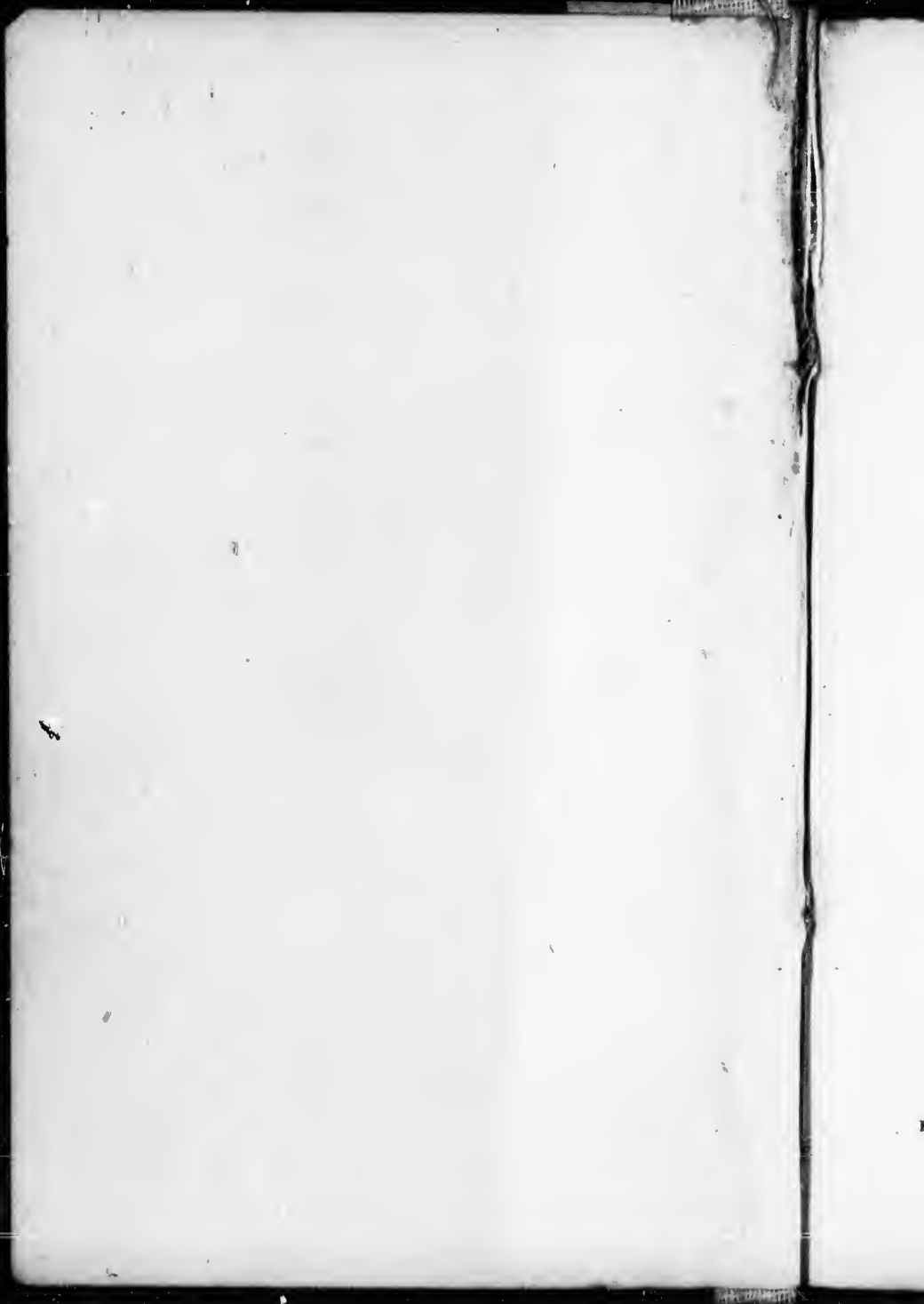
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A SUPPLEMENT TO THE PSALMS

IN COMMON USE IN

*The Church of England,*

AS CONTAINED IN

THE PRAYER BOOK.

---

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THE REV. CHARLES BANCROFT, M. A.,

MINISTER OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, MONTREAL.

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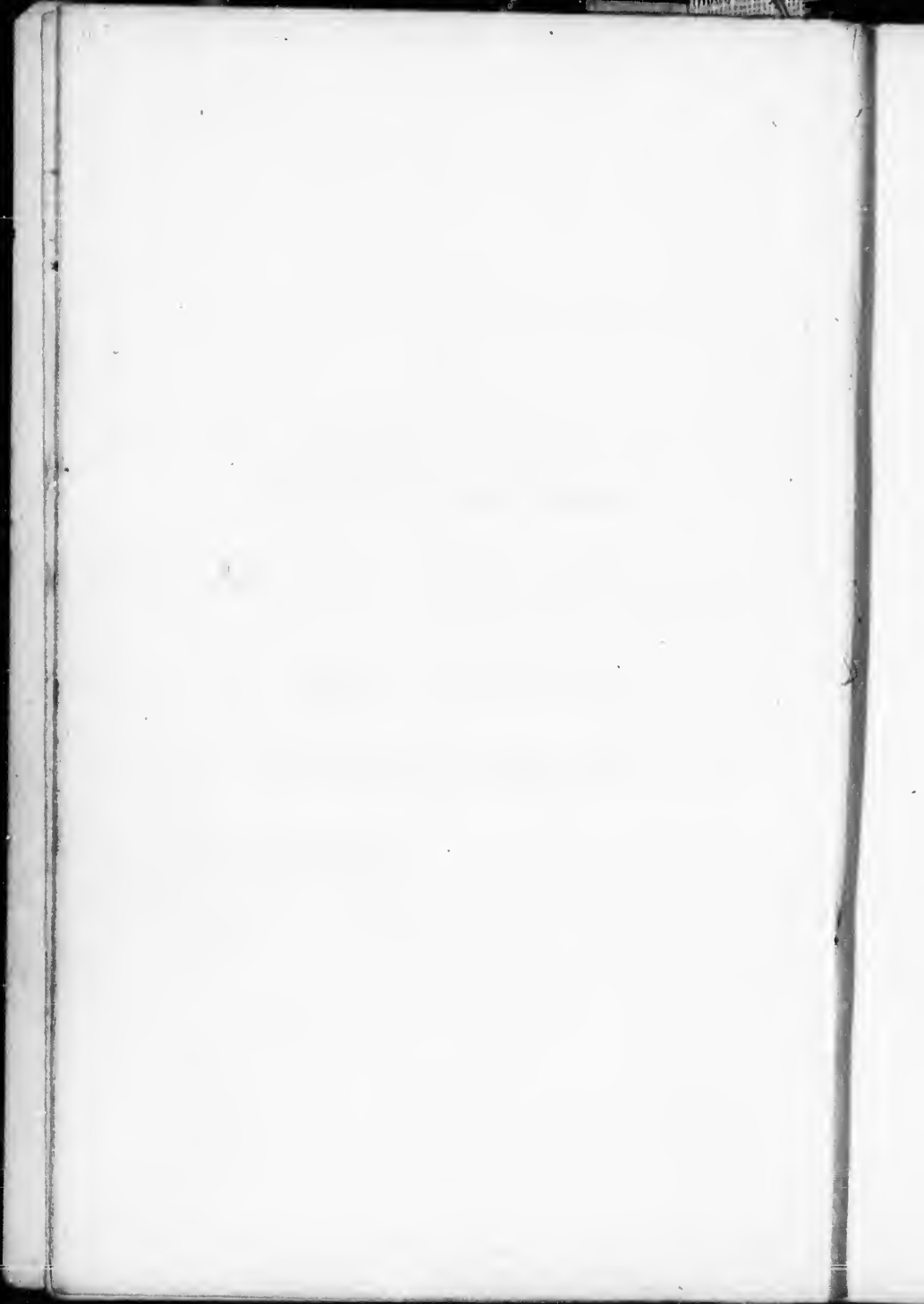
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## P R E F A C E .

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THIS little work has been undertaken by the Compiler at the repeated solicitation of many members of his Congregation, by permission of his venerated Diocesan, and with the approbation and advice of a number of his brethren of the Clergy.

The Hymns are intended chiefly as a Supplement to the Version of Psalms in common use in the Church of England. But a hope is entertained that they will also be found useful in Sunday and other Schools, and at the seasons of Family and Private Devotion.

In the arrangement of the Hymns, it will be perceived that attention has been paid to the order of Services prescribed in the Book

of Common Prayer, though without specifying every particular Sunday in the year.

There will be found an index of subjects at the close of the volume, in addition to the index of first lines.

In the selection of the Hymns, free use has been made of upwards of thirty Collections, and the best reading in every case sought.

With humble dependence upon the Divine blessing, they are committed to the Church at large, and, especially, to the Congregation of St. Thomas' Church, for whose more immediate use they have been selected.

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# H Y M N S.

## I. ADVENT.

### HYMN 1.

#### ADVENT OF CHRIS

- 1 COME, thou long expected Je  
 Born to set thy people free!  
 From our sins and fears release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints thou art;  
 Long desired of every nation,  
 Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born, thy people to deliver,  
 Born a child, yet God our King;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

### HYMN 2.

(C. M.)

#### CHRIST A COMPLETE SAVIOUR.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound! The Saviour comes!  
 The Saviour promis'd long!  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.

(2)

HYMN 3.

- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from darkest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyelids of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the riches of his grace  
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name!

HYMN 3.

(C. M.)

"The day spring from on high hath visited us."

*Luke 1. 78.*

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, O amazing love!  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break!  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!

HYMNS 4, 5.

(3)

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

HYMN 4.

(L. M.)

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

- 1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;  
The mountains to their centre shake;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same  
As once in lowliness He came;  
A silent Lamb before his foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,  
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm;  
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,  
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray  
A Pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,  
The Nazarene,—the crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

HYMN 5.

(S. M.)

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING TO JUDGMENT.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?



(4)

HYMN 6.

- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before his face,  
Astonished, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace ;  
His wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 6.

(C. M.)

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face—  
Oh, how shall I appear !
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought ;—
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh, how shall I appear !
- 4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord ;  
Let mercy set me free ;  
While in the confidence of prayer  
My heart takes hold of thee.

HYMNS 7, 8.

(5)

- 5 For never shall my soul despair  
Thy mercy to procure ;  
Since thy beloved Son has died  
To make that mercy sure !

HYMN 7.

(8. 7. 4.)

THE LAST DAY.

- 1 LO, He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain,  
Thousand thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train!  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus comes ; and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
They who set at nought, and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,  
High on thine exalted throne ;  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdoms for thine own !  
O come quickly !  
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

HYMN 8.

(7's.)

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

- 1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,  
Enter ere it be too late ;  
Many ask to enter there,  
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,  
And for ever bar the skies :  
Then, though sinners cry without,  
He will say, " I know you not."

(6)

HYMN 9.

- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim ;  
" Lord! we have profess'd thy name ;  
" We have eat with thee, and heard  
" Heavenly teaching in thy word."  
4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,  
Workers of iniquity ;  
Sad their everlasting lot ;  
Christ will say, " I know you not."

HYMN 9.

(P. M.)

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated;  
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
The dead which they contain'd before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.  
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding:  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.  
3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing:  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.  
4 Great God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated;  
Beneath His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

HYMNS 10, 11.

(7)

HYMN 10.

(8. 7. 4.)

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- 1 DAY of Judgment! day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Rocks the vast creation round.  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You, who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day, for thine!
- 3 But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,  
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;  
"See the kingdom I bestow!  
"You for ever  
"Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN 11.

(C. M.)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.

(8)

HYMN 12.

4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 12.

(C. M.)

THE SUFFICIENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

- 1 GREAT God ! with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And here my hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been,  
And from thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.
- 4 Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell ;  
Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 5 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight,  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

HYMNS 13, 14.

(9)

HYMN 13.

(L. M.)

THE BLESSINGS OF THE NEW COVENANT.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known :  
Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,  
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;  
The weary rest from all his pains ;  
The captive feel his bondage cease ;  
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies ;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O ! grant us grace, Almighty Lord !  
To read, and mark, thy holy word ;  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

HYMN 14.

(C. M.)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,  
Behold thy servants stand,  
To ask the knowledge of thy word,  
The guidance of thy hand !
- 2 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,  
Unfold its hidden store ;  
And teach us, as we read, to feel  
Its value more and more !

(10)

HYMNS 15, 16.

3 Help us to see a Saviour's love  
Shining in every page.  
And let the thought of joys above  
Our inmost soul engage!

4 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,  
Dwell richly in each heart,  
That from the safe and narrow way  
We never may depart!

HYMN 15.

(L. M.)

PROPHECY AND INSPIRATION.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word;  
His spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 16.

(C. M.)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace,  
Does all my grief assuage;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face,  
Almost in every page.

## HYMN 17.

(11)

3 Here consecrated water flows,  
 To quench my thirst of sin ;  
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows ;  
 No danger dwells therein.

4 This is the Judge that ends the strife,  
 Where wit and reason fail ;  
 My guide to everlasting life,  
 Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,  
 My roving feet command ;  
 Nor I forsake the happy road  
 That leads to thy right hand.

## HYMN 17.

(C. M.)

## THE LIGHT AND GLORY OF THE WORD.

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

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic, like the sun ;  
 It gives a light to every age ;—  
 It gives, but borrows none.

3 My God ! let endless thanks be thine,  
 For such a bright display  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day !

4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of Him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.

(L. M.)

nly fire.

look

(C. M.)



(12)

HYMNS 18, 19.

HYMN 18.

(L. M.)

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

- 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 O let the word they preach be thine,  
And cloth'd with energy divine:  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN 19.

(L. M.)

THE HERALDS OF CHRIST.

- 1 GO forth ye heralds of the word,  
Your heaven-born characters assume!  
Preach, where the ear has never heard,  
Tell the whole world that there is room.

## HYMN 20.

(13)

- 2 Tell them that saving grace is *free* ;  
Its dew, just like the morning's womb ;  
Ascend the mountain—range the sea !  
Lord, it is done, and yet there's room.
- 3 Go, where the slumb'ring sinner lies ;  
Roll off the covering of his tomb ;  
Bid him repent—awake—arise !  
Lord, it is done, and yet there's room.
- 4 Flee to the city lanes, and cry,  
That Mercy stays the rebel's doom ;  
Turn where the poor and vilest lie ;  
Lord, it is done, and yet there's room.
- 5 Then let again the trumpet speak,  
And every barren highway tread,  
Till heaven is full—my Love shall seek  
And gather in the ransom'd dead.

## HYMN 20.

(C. M.)

## MINISTERS WATCH FOR SOULS.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give ;  
Now let them, from the mouth of God,  
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands ;  
But what might fill an angel's heart—  
It filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego ;—  
For souls, which must for ever live,  
In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there ;  
And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how should we appear ?

(14)

HYMNS 21, 22.

- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see ;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 21.

(L. M.)

MEETING OF MINISTERS.

- 1 POUR out thy spirit from on high ;  
Lord, thine assembled servants bless ;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple where we stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by thee,  
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,  
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness from above,  
To bear thy people on our hearts  
And love the souls whom thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray and never faint ;  
By day and night strict guard to keep ;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign :  
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be thine.

HYMN 22.

(L. M.)

THE HERALDS OF CHRIST.

1. GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,  
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;  
The glorious jubilee proclaim,  
Where'er the human race is found.

## HYMN 23.

(15)

- 2 The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies;  
With care bind up the broken heart,  
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove;  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show  
That ye're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,  
Freely, in love, to others give;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,  
And by your labors, sinners live.

## HYMN 23.

(L. M.)

## VARIOUS ORDERS OF THE MINISTRY.

- 1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the *Apostle's* honor'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,  
And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,  
*Pastors* from hence and *teachers* rise;  
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,  
Still mark a long extended line.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And, fed by him, their graces live;  
Whilst guarded by his potent hand,  
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Through all the courses of the sun;  
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

(16)

HYMN 24.

- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow,  
Pastors and people shout his praise,  
Through the long round of endless days.

II. CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 24.

(C. M.)

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay:  
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
Th' impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song;  
Good will and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we repeat—  
"Glory to God on high!"  
Good will and peace are now complete;  
Jesus is born to die!

HYMNS 25, 26. (17)

HYMN 25. (7's.)

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King ;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;  
God and sinners reconciled !
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the virgin's womb !
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see !  
Hail th' incarnate Deity,  
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell,  
Jesus, now Emmanuel !
- 5 Risen with healing in his wings,  
Light and life to all he brings ;  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness,  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace.

HYMN 26. (c. m.)

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

- 1 WHILE angels thus, O LORD, rejoice,  
Shall men no anthem raise ?  
O may we lose these useless tongues,  
When we forget to praise !
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,  
And join the heavenly throng ;  
For angels no such love have known  
As we, to wake their song.

(18)

HYMN 27.

- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,  
And peace on earth is given ;  
For lo ! the incarnate Saviour comes,  
With news of joy from heaven !
4. Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,  
" The promised child is born ! "
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,  
By highest worlds is paid ;  
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd ;
- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,  
Where now our Saviour reigns  
To rival these celestial choirs  
In their immortal strains !

HYMN 27.

(7's.)

THE NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a child is born ;  
From the highest realms of heaven  
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder He shall bear  
Power and majesty : and wear  
On his vesture and his thigh,  
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel, He,  
The incarnate Deity,  
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,  
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet ;  
Yield to Christ the homage meet ;  
From his manger to his throne,  
Homage due to God alone !

## HYMN 28.

(8. 7. 4.)

## GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth!  
 Ye who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth!  
 Come, and worship;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night!  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant-light.  
 Come, and worship;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

(7's.)  
 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions learn afar;  
 Seek the great Desire of nations!  
 Ye have seen his natal star.  
 Come, and worship;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

4. Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now revokes the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you, break your chains!  
 Come, and worship;  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

## HYMN 29.

(C. M.)

## JOY OF ANGELS AT THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the LORD came down,  
 And glory shone around.



- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
"Is born, of David's line,  
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
"And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
"To human view display'd,  
"All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
"And to the earth be peace;  
"God will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
"Begin and never cease."

## HYMN 30.

## NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

*Chorus.*

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- 1 Zion! the marvellous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!  
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

*Chorus.*

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo  
round;

How free to the faithful he offers salvation,  
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

*Chorus.*

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;  
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,  
One chorus resound through the earth and the  
skies:

*Chorus.*

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

III. OLD AND NEW YEAR.

END OF THE YEAR.

1 **THEE** we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we!

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

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

(22)

HYMNS 32, 33.

- 4 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang<sup>r</sup> everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead,  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on ev'ry breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God!

HYMN 32.

(c. m.)

THE BARREN FIG TREE.—*Luke 13: 6. 9.*

- 1 SEE, in the vineyard of the LORD,  
A barren fig-tree stands;  
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,  
Though planted by His hands.
- 2 From year to year the tree He views,  
And still no fruit is found;  
Then "Cut it down," the Lord commands,  
"Why cumberst it the ground?"
- 3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads;  
"The barren fig-tree spare,  
"Another year in mercy wait,  
"It yet may bloom and bear:
- 4 "But if my culture prove in vain,  
"And still no fruit be found,  
"I plead no more; destroy the tree,  
"And root it from thy ground."

HYMN 33.

(c. m.)

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

- 1 TIME hastens on; ye longing saints,  
Now raise your voices high;  
And magnify that sovereign love  
Which shows salvation nigh.

HYMNS 34, 35.

(23)

2 As time departs salvation comes,  
Each moment brings it near :  
Then welcome each declining day ;  
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 34.

(C. M.)

THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high !  
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love  
That shews salvation nigh !

2 Fast on the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year !

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !  
Ye mortal powers decay !  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 35.

(S. M.)

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

1 TOMORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand,  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines at thy command.

(24)

HYMN 36.

- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O make thy servants truly wise,  
And ready to obey.
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thine Almighty power  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;  
O be it still pursued !  
Lest slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly  
Swift as the morning light ;  
Lest life's young golden beams should die,  
In sudden endless night.

HYMN 36.

(C. M.)

REVIEW OF MERCIES.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 Oh how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart !  
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

## HYMN 37.

(25)

- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renew'd my face ;  
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity, to thee,  
 A joyful song I'll raise ;  
 But oh ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

## HYMN 37.

(C. M.)

## REFLECTION 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,  
 And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time 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.

## HYMN 38.

(7's D.)

## THE NEW YEAR.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hastened through the former year,  
 Many souls their course have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait ;  
 But, how little—none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies,  
 Darts and leaves no trace behind :  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise !  
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew :  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view !  
 Bless thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above !

## HYMN 39.

(C. M.)

## NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

- 1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,  
 Why heaves the secret sigh ?  
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,  
 Still unprepared to die.

## HYMN 40.

(27)

- (7's D.)
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved  
My anxious thoughts employ'd ;  
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,  
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair  
Chase from my lab'ring breast ;  
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,  
'That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine !  
And when thy sure decree  
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
O speed my soul to Thee.

## HYMN 40.

(L M.)

## NEW YEAR.

- 1 THE God of life, whose constant care  
With blessings crowns each opening year,  
My scanty span doth still prolong,  
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since to this day the changing sun  
Through his last yearly period run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
" Or through this year, or month, or day,  
" I shall retain this vital breath,  
" Thus far, at least, in league with death ?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God,  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,  
Make them and own them still as thine ;  
So shall they live secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.
- C. M.)



## HYMN 41.

(C. M.)

NEW YEAR.

SUPPLICATING DIVINE PROTECTION.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed;  
 Who through this weary pilgrimage  
 Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
 Before thy throne of grace;  
 God of our fathers! be the God  
 Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
 Our wandering footsteps guide;  
 Give us each day our daily bread,  
 And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,  
 Till all our wandering cease,  
 And at our Father's loved abode,  
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,  
 Our humble prayers implore;  
 And Thou shall be our chosen God,  
 And portion evermore.

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 MORNING AND EVENING.
 

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## HYMN 42.

(L. M.)

MORNING.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
 Thy daily course of duty run;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- (C. M.)
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;  
Each present day, thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,  
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear ;  
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part :  
Who all night long, unwearied sing,  
"Glory to thee, Eternal King."
- 5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir ;  
May your devotion me inspire ;  
That I like you my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—  
O may I never more do ill.
- 7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessing flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- (L. M.)

(30)

HYMNS 43, 44.

HYMN 43.

(7's.)

MORNING.

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone ;  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may we be thine to-day ;  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt and clear our sight ;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we labor, watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out and coming in  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us then at last ;  
Night and sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 44.

(L. M.)

MORNING.

- 1 ARISE my soul ! with rapture rise !  
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power !  
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;  
But may each swiftly flying hour  
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee !
- 3 But can it be ? that Power divine  
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze ;  
And countless worlds and angels join  
To swell the glorious song of praise :

(7's.)

- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,  
 When I, poor abject mortal, pray?  
 Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,  
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve thee all my days,  
 And may my zeal with years increase:  
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,  
 And all thy paths are paths of peace.

## HYMN 45.

(C. M.)

## MORNING.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes:  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
 To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
 The day renews the sound;  
 Wide as the heaven, on which he sits  
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
 My tongue shall speak his praise;  
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled,  
 Since the last setting sun;  
 And yet he lengthens out my thread,  
 And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy the light:  
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a peaceful night.

## HYMN 46.

(L. M.)

## EVENING.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light:  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Under thine own Almighty wings.

(L. M.)

(32)

HYMN 47.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :  
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply .  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing  
Glory to thee, eternal King!
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 47.

(C. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,  
Let flames of love arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift, more free than they.

## HYMNS 48, 49.

(33)

- 3 New time, new favors, and new joys,  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.

## HYMN 48.

(S. M.)

## EVENING.

- 1 THE day is past and gone ;  
The ev'ning 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 shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possest.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

## HYMN 49.

(7's.)

## EVENING.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee !
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

## HYMN 50.

(L. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 GREAT God! to thee my ev'ning song  
With humble gratitude I raise :  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And ev'ry onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ, my Lord ; his name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.

## HYMN 51.

(L. M.)

- 1 MY God how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;  
To thee I consecrate my days,  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMNS 52, 53.

(35)

HYMN 52.

(L. M.)

EVENING.

- 1 **THUS** far the Lord has 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.

HYMN 53.

(L. M. 6 LINES.)

DAILY DEPENDENCE.

- 1 **WHEN** streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
(O Sun of Righteousness divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine ;  
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,  
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King  
My morning sacrifice I bring ;  
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name ;  
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,  
And be my advocate with God.



- 3 As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be thou my counsellor and friend :  
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,  
And be thy pure example mine.
- 4 When pain transfixes every part,  
Or languor settles at the heart ;  
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,  
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest ;  
O great Physician ! see my grief,  
And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow  
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;  
And neither help nor hope appear,  
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;  
Lord, pity and supply my need,  
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour  
Its varied blessings in my store ;  
O keep me from the ills that wait  
On such a seeming prosp'rous state :  
From hurtful passions set me free,  
And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pard'ning mercy richly bless'd,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;  
And, as each morning sun shall rise,  
O, lead me onward to the skies,
- 8 And, at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMNS 54, 55.

(37)

HYMN 54.

(L. M.)

DAILY DEPENDENCE.

- 1 SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,  
My soul, adoring, turns to thee!  
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,  
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
Thee, victor of the grave and hell—  
Thee, source of life's eternal morn,
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To thee, my soul triumphant springs;  
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,  
To death and thee my thoughts I give,  
To death, whose power I soon must feel,  
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

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IV. EPIPHANY.

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HYMN 55.

(S. M.)

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!  
He reigns and triumphs here."

(38)

HYMN 56.

- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad :  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God !

HYMN 56.

(7's.)

TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 WHO are these that come from far,  
Led by Jacob's rising star ?  
Strangers now to Zion come,  
There to seek a peaceful home.
- 2 Lo! they gather like a cloud,  
Or as doves their windows crowd !  
Zion wonders at the sight,  
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 3 Zion now no more shall sigh,  
God will raise her glory high ;  
He will send a large increase,  
He will give his people peace.
- 4 Sons of Zion sing aloud !  
See her sun without a cloud !  
God will make her joy complete,  
Zion's sun shall never set.

HYMNS 57, 58.

(39)

HYMN 57.

(C. M.)

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God  
In latter days shall rise,  
Above the summits of the hills,  
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;  
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,  
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,  
His judgments truth shall guide ;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 For peaceful implements shall men  
Exchange their swords and spears ;  
Nor shall they study war again  
Throughout those happy years.
- 6 Come, O ye house of Jacob ! come  
To worship at His shrine ;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy graces shine.

HYMN 58. (11's and 10's.)

STAR OF THE EAST.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-  
ing,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of 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,—  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

## HYMN 59.

(8's. 7's. D.)

## PRIVILEGES OF THE GENTILES.

- 1 HAIL, thou source of ev'ry blessing,  
 Sov'reign Father of mankind!  
 Gentiles, now thy grace possessing,  
 In thy courts admission find:  
 Grateful, Lord, we fall before thee,  
 In thy church obtain a place;  
 Now by faith behold thy glory,  
 Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
- 2 Once far off, but now invited,  
 We approach thy sacred throne;  
 In thy covenant united,  
 Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.  
 Once reveal'd to heathen sages,  
 See the star of mercy shine;  
 Myst'ry, hid in former ages,  
 Mystery of love divine.

## HYMN 63.

(43)

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

## HYMN 63.

(L. M.)

## GATHERING OF THE GENTILES.

- 1 THE Heathen perish;—day by day,  
Thousands on thousands pass away!  
O Christians! to their rescue fly,  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,  
Yea, life itself, that they may live;  
What hath your Saviour done for *you*?  
And what for *Him* will ye not do?

(44)

HYMNS 64, 65.

3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,  
Call in the south, wake up the north ;  
Of every clime, from sun to sun,  
Gather God's children into one.

HYMN 64.

(L. M.)

SPIRIT ACCOMPANYING THE WORD.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race!
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word ;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order, in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every people call him Lord.

HYMN 65.

(L. M.)

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Jehovah's glorious name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 66.

(45)

HYMN 66.

(7. 6.)

BLESSINGS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater son ;  
Hail in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong,  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth :  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows, ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever ;  
That name to us is Love.



## HYMN 67.

(S. 7.)

## CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

- 1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,  
Rolling sadly through the sky?  
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,  
"Come, and help us, or we die!"
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,  
Christians hear their dying cry;  
And, the love of Christ constraining,  
Join to help them, ere they die.

## HYMN 68.

(L. M.)

## THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

- 1 HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh!  
'Tis God invites the fallen race:  
Mercy and full salvation buy,  
The rich, the free, the Gospel grace!
- 2 Ye nothing in exchange can give;  
Leave all ye have, and are, behind;  
Freely the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus join'd.
- 3 Draw nigh to us, thou God of might!  
Then shall our souls draw nigh to thee;  
And, bless'd with thy celestial light,  
Shall see thy Gospel full and free.
- 4 The living waters, Lord, impart,  
Our soul's refreshment here below:  
High may they spring within our heart,  
And to eternal ages flow!

## HYMN 69.

(L. M.)

"THY KINGDOM COME."—*Luke 11. 2.*

- 1 O LORD, thy Church, with longing eyes,  
For thine expected coming waits!  
When will the promis'd light arise,  
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

## HYMN 70.

(47)

- 2 Extend thy reign o'er every land,  
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,  
All nations bow to thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world !
- 3 Do thou, O Lord, our hearts renew,  
Our souls with heavenly wisdom bless,  
Man's rooted enmity subdue,  
And crown thy gospel with success !
- 4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,  
To wait for thine appointed hour ;  
And fit us, by thy grace, to share  
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

## HYMN 70.

(L. M.)

## FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 ARM of the Lord ! awake, awake !  
Put on thy strength ! The nation shake ;  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee !
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,  
"I am Jehovah, God alone."  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Zion's time of favour come !  
Oh bring the tribes of Israel home !  
And let our wand'ring eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold !
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,  
Exalt the Saviour's glorious name !  
Let every foe before him fall,  
Confess'd, ador'd, the Lord of all.

## HYMN 71.

(8, 7, 4.)

## EXTENSION OF THE CHURCH.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred Herald stands :  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands.  
Mourning captive !  
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful !  
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd !  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?  
Cease thy mourning :  
Zion still is well beloved !
- 3 God thy God will now restore thee !  
He himself appears thy friend !  
All thy foes shall flee before thee :  
Here their boasts and triumphs end.  
Great deliv'rance,  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble :  
All thy conflicts now are past :  
For thy shame thou shalt have double ;  
Days of peace are come at last :  
All thy warfare  
Ends in everlasting rest.

## HYMN 72.

(7, 6.)

## FOR THE JEWS.

- 1 OH that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
To heal his ancient nation,  
To lead his outcasts home !
- 2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane ?  
Return, O Lord, in pity,  
And build her walls again !

HYMNS 73, 74.

(49)

3 Let fall thy rod of terror,  
Thy saving grace impart ;  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fetter'd heart !

4 Let Israel, home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see ;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy Church to Thee !

HYMN 73.

(L. M.)

FOR THE JEWS.

1 DISOWN'D of heaven, by man oppress,  
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,  
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest,  
Still roam the scorning world around ?

2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race,  
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring ;  
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;  
The sever'd olive branch, again  
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMN 74.

(L. M.)

FOR THE JEWS.

1 GREAT God of Abrah'm! hear our prayer ;  
Let Abrah'm's seed thy mercy share :  
Oh may they now at length return,  
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.

- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old :  
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold :  
Remember too thy promised Word,  
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Though outcasts still, estrang'd from Thee,  
Cut off from their own olive-tree,  
Why should they longer such remain ?  
For thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,  
And write it in their inward parts :  
The veil of darkness rend in two,  
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 5 Oh haste the day, foretold so long,  
When Jew and Greek, (a glorious throng,)  
One House shall seek, one Prayer shall pour,  
And one Redeemer shall adore.

## HYMN 75.

(L. M.)

## FOR THE JEWS.

- 1 HIGH on the bending willows hung,  
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?  
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,  
And Zion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise ;  
Let harp and voice unite their strains :  
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;  
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,  
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood ;  
In every clime behold a home ;  
In every temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;  
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;  
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,  
And brethren ask the holy strain.

- 5 Then why on bending willows hung,  
 Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?  
 Why mute remains the sullen tongue,  
 And Zion's song delays to sing?

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## V. LENT.

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## HYMN 76.

(L. M.)

FOR GUARDIANSHIP AND GUIDANCE.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,  
 The darkness shineth as the light;  
 Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee,  
 O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;  
 No foes, nor violence I fear,  
 Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:  
 O let thy hand support me still,  
 And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,  
 My strength proportion to my day;  
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

## HYMN 77.

(7's.)

LITANY.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee  
 Low we bow the adoring knee;  
 When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes  
 O, by all thy pains and wo,  
 Suffer'd once for man below,  
 Bending from thy throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,  
 By thy human griefs and fears,  
 By thy fasting and distress  
 In the lonely wilderness :  
 By thy victory in the hour  
 Of the subtle tempter's power ;  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,  
 By thine agony of prayer,  
 By the purple robe of scorn,  
 By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn ;  
 By thy cross, thy pangs and cries ;  
 By thy perfect sacrifice ;  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,  
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
 By thy power from death to save ;  
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
 To thy throne in heaven restored,  
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

## HYMN 78.

(L. M.)

## PLEADING FOR PARDON.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!  
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin ;  
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

HYMNS 79, 80.

(53)

3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight :  
Thy holy joys my God restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

HYMN 79.

(L. M.)

RETURNING TO GOD.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of Grace will ne'er despise,  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song :  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 80.

(L. M.)

RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

1 MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee :  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.



(54)

HYMNS 81, 82.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence :  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 81.

(C. M.)

PENITENTIAL GRATITUDE.

- 1 RISE, O my soul, the hours review,  
When awed by guilt and fear,  
To heaven for grace thou dost not sue,  
And found no rescue here.
- 2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,  
Dispell'd each bitter care ;  
For heaven itself has lent its aid  
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God ! thy work fulfil,  
And, from thy mercy's throne,  
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,  
And to resist mine own :
- 4 So shall my soul each power employ  
Thy mercy to adore ;  
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,  
" One pardon'd sinner more !"

HYMN 82.

(L. M.)

REPENTANCE.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !  
O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

HYMN 83.

(55)

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest, till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God :  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 83.

(C. M.)

RETURNING TO CHRIST.

- 1 HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord !  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return ;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
O, take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove ?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak thy wond'rous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine !  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.

(56)

HYMNS 84, 85.

- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore ;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 84. (L. M. 6 LINES.)

TURNING TO GOD.

- 1 O 'TIS enough, my God, my God !  
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er ;  
No longer trample on thy blood,  
And grieve thy gentleness no more ;  
No more thy ling'ring anger move,  
Or sin against thy light and love !
- 2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,  
Nor let it all on me be shown—  
On me, the chief of sinners—me,  
Who humbly for thy mercy groan !  
Me to thy Father's grace restore,  
Nor let me ever grieve thee more !
- 3 Fountain of unexhausted love,  
Of infinite compassions, hear !  
My Saviour, and my Prince above,  
Once more in my behalf appear !  
Repentance, faith, and pardon give !  
O let me turn again, and live !

HYMN 85.

(C. M.)

NATURE OF PRAYER.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 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.

## HYMN 86.

(57)

- 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 watch-word at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning 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 hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

## HYMN 86.

(C./M.)

## ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.

(58)

HYMNS 87, 88.

- 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.

HYMN 87.

(L. M.)

THE EXCELLENCY OF PRAYER.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat!  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?  
2 Prayer makes the darken'd 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 Have you no words?—ah! think again ;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.  
5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent?  
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 88.

(C. M.)

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!  
What snares beset my way!  
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.

HYMN 89.

(59)

- 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, increase my hope,  
 When foes and fears prevail;  
 And bear my fainting spirit up,  
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
 And bid the tempter flee;  
 And let me never, never stray  
 From happiness and thee.

HYMN 89.

(C. M.)

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

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

## HYMNS 90, 91, 92.

## HYMN 90. (11s. and 10s.)

## THE MERCY SEAT.

- 1 COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish ;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrows, that heaven cannot cure.

## HYMN 91.

(L. M.)

## LEADINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 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 precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blessed ;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

## HYMN 92.

(C. M.)

## CHRIST PRECIOUS TO HIS PEOPLE.

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

HYMN 93.

(61)

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul!  
My transport and my trust :  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee do richly meet ;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
And, fearless with thy rod and staff  
Will pass the vale of death.

HYMN 93.

(C. M.)

CHRIST THE PORTION OF HIS PEOPLE.

- 1 FROM pole to pole, let others roam,  
And search in vain for bliss ;  
My soul is satisfied at home,—  
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne  
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,  
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
And give himself to me.
- 3 His grace and mercy fix my love,  
His blood removes my fear ;  
And, while he pleads for me above,  
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food :  
His Spirit is my guide :  
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,  
And all my wants supplied.



## HYMN 94.

(L. M.)

## CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous 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 cross of Christ my God :  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so bright a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small :  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## HYMN 95.

(S. M.)

## THE ONLY SACRIFICE FOR SIN.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

HYMNS 96, 97.

(63)

- 4 My soul looks back to see  
 The burden thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 96.

(L. M.)

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

- 1 WE sing the praise of him who died,  
 Of him who died upon the cross ;  
 The sinner's hope let men deride,  
 For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
 In shining letters, "God is Love."  
 He bears our sins upon the tree,  
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,  
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
 It takes its terrors from the grave,  
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of wo,  
 The measure and the pledge of love ;  
 'Tis all that sinners want below,  
 'Tis all that angels know above.

HYMN 97.

(C. M.)

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;  
 How vast the love that him inclined  
 To bleed and die for me !

(64)

HYMN 98.

- 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 'T is 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!

HYMN 98.

(8. 7.)

CONTEMPLATION OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
Fom the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'd sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Here it is I find my heav'n,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze:  
Love I much? I've much forgiv'n;  
I'm a miracle of grace!
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death:
- 5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,  
Till I taste thy whole salvation,  
Where unveil'd thy glories shine.

## HYMNS 99, 100.

(65)

## HYMN 99.

(L. M.)

## GETHSEMANE.

- 1 'TIS midnight—and, on Olwe's brow,  
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;  
'Tis midnight—in the garden now  
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,  
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;  
E'en the disciple that he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet he that has in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,  
Is borne the song that angels know ;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

## HYMN 100.

(L. M.)

## "IT IS FINISHED."

- 1 'T IS finish'd—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head and died ;  
'T is finished—yes, the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'T is finish'd—all that heaven decreed  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'T is finish'd—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 'T is finish'd—this, my dying groan,  
 Shall sins of every kind atone ;  
 Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
 By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'T is finish'd—heaven is reeonciled,  
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :  
 Peace, love, and happiness, again  
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'T is finish'd—let the joyful sound  
 Be heard through all the nations round ;  
 'T is finish'd—let the echo fly  
 Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

## HYMN 101.

(L. M. D.)

## CONTRITION AT THE CROSS.

- 1 FLOW fast, my tears! the cause is great ;  
 This tribute, claims an injured Friend:  
 One whom I long pursued with hate,  
 And yet He loved me to the end.  
 When death his terrors round me spread,  
 And aim'd his arrows at my head,  
 Christ interposed, the wound He bore,  
 And bade the monster dare no more.
- 2 Fast flow my tears ; yet faster flow,  
 Streams copious as yon purple tide ;  
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,  
 I urged the hand that pierced his side.  
 Keen pangs, and agonizing smart,  
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart ;  
 While justice, arm'd with power divine,  
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.
- 3 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,  
 Love breaks the heart, and drowns the eyes ;  
 His visage marr'd tow'rds heaven he rears,  
 And, pleading for his murderers, dies !  
 My grief nor measure knows, nor end,  
 Till He appears the sinner's friend,  
 And gives me in a happy hour,  
 To feel the risen Saviour's power.

HYMNS 102, 103.

(67)

HYMN 102.

(C. M.)

CRUCIFIXION.

- 1 FROM whence these direful omens round,  
Which heaven and earth amaze ?  
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?  
Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,  
And nature sympathize !  
The sun as darkest night be black !  
Their Maker, Jesus, dies !
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,  
His all-atoning blood !  
Is this the Infinite ? 't is he,  
My Saviour and my God !
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail  
For me this death is borne ;  
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,  
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;  
O save me, whom thou can'st to save,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain !

HYMN 103.

(L. M.)

A DYING SAVIOUR.

- 1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies,  
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !  
See from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Fast flows the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
And pours from every bleeding wound :  
The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

(68)

HYMN 104.

3 Oh! can I view this scene of wo,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,  
And yet my heart unmoved, remain  
Insensible to love or pain!

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
Thy power to warm this languid heart;  
Till all its thoughts and passions move,  
In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 104.

(L. M.)

CRUCIFIXION.

1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard,  
A loud and oft-repeated cry!  
My Saviour! every mournful word,  
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell  
On thee, th' immaculate, the just:  
The congregated hosts of hell  
Combined to shake thy filial trust.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,  
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;  
But when Jehovah veiled his face,  
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break!  
Let pealing anthems rend the sky!  
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!  
He died, that we might never die!

5 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye:  
If e'er I lose its strong control,  
Oh let that dying, piercing cry,  
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

HYMNS 105, 106.

(69)

HYMN 105.

(7's.)

CHRIST THE ROCK OF AGES.

- 1 ROCK of ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure ;  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eye-lids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

~~~~~  
VI. EASTER.

HYMN 106.

(7's.)

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say :  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply !
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won :  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.



(70)

HYMNS 107, 108.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like him, like him we rise ;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 107.

(S. M.)

REDEMPTION COMPLETED.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed !"  
Then is his work performed ;  
The mighty captive now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed !"  
He lives to die no more ;  
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed !"  
Then hell has lost his prey :  
With him is risen the ransomed seed,  
To reign in endless day.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed !"  
Attending angels hear ;  
Up to the course of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then wake your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord ;  
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

HYMN 108.

(C. M.)

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 1 THIS day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannahs sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue !

HYMNS 109, 110.

(71)

- 2 Ten thousand voices now shall join  
 To hail this welcome morn,  
 Which scatters blessings from its beams,  
 On nations yet unborn.
- 3 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain  
 To bind our Lord in death;  
 He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
 With his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conqu'ring chariot-wheels  
 Ascend the lofty skies,  
 While, broke beneath his powerful cross,  
 Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 Exalted high at God's right hand,  
 And Lord of all below,  
 Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
 And boundless blessings flow.

HYMN 109.

(L. M.)

- "I AM HE THAT LIVETH, AND WAS DEAD."  
 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die;  
 He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high;  
 He lives triumphant o'er the grave.  
 He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 He lives, to still his people's fears;  
 He lives, to wipe away their tears;  
 He lives, their mansions to prepare;  
 He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
 Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears;  
 And let your hearts with this revive,  
 That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

HYMN 110.

(C. M.)

- CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.  
 1 SINCE Christ our Passover is slain,  
 A sacrifice for all,  
 Let all, with thankful hearts, agree  
 To keep the festival:

(72)

HYMN 111.

- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,  
Of sin and malice fed ;  
But with unfeign'd sincerity,  
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being raised by power divine,  
And rescued from the grave,  
Shall die no more ; death shall on him  
No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins  
He once vouchsafed to die ;  
But that he lives, he lives to God  
For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,  
But graciously restored,  
And made, henceforth alive to God,  
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

HYMN 111.

(L. M.)

HOLINESS OF LIFE.

- 1 YE faithful souls who Jesus know,  
If risen indeed with him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's power declare :
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,  
By actions show your sins forgiven,  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
Seated at God's right hand again ;  
In all his Father's majesty,  
In everlasting power to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your destined place,  
And emulate the angel choir,  
And only live to love and praise.

HYMNS 112, 113, 114. (73)

HYMN 112. (L. M.)

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 1 "COME, see the place where Jesus lay,"  
For he hath left his gloomy bed;  
What angel rolled the stone away?  
What spirit brought him from the dead?
- 2 By his omnipotence he rose,  
By his own Spirit lived again;  
To crush for ever all his foes,  
To raise for ever ruined men.
- 3 Those who his image here partake,  
Though long in dust their flesh consume,  
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake  
To life eternal, from the tomb.

HYMN 113. (C. M.)

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 *Cor.* xv: 20.

- 1 CHRIST from the dead is raised and made  
The First Fruits of the tomb;  
For, as by man came death, by man  
Did resurrection come.
- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind  
Did guilt and death derive;  
So, by the righteousness of Christ,  
Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,  
Seek only how to get  
The things which are above, where Christ  
At God's right hand is set.

HYMN 114. (7's.)

THE RESURRECTION.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
Jesus scatters all its gloom;  
Day of triumph through the skies  
See the glorious Saviour rise!

(74)

HYMNS 115, 116.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade ;  
Drive your anxious cares away ;  
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears,  
Chase your unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave ;  
Doubt no more his power to save.

HYMN 115.

(C. M.)

CHRIST THE WAY, TRUTH AND LIFE.

- 1 THOU art the Way ;—to Thee alone,  
From sin and death, we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ;—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ;—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm ;  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;—  
Grant us to know that way ;  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Which leads to endless day !

HYMN 116.

(C. M.)

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,  
Appears each grace divine !  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.

HYMN 117.

(75)

- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
He, meek and patient, stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,  
Who labored for their good.
- 4 When in the hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,  
" Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,  
His image may we bear !  
Oh may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share.

HYMN 117.

(C. M.)

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,  
To whom a name is given,  
A name surpassing every name,  
That's known in earth or heaven ;—
- 2 Before whose throne shall every knee  
Bow down with one accord ;  
Before whose throne shall every tongue  
Confess that thou art Lord !
- 3 Jesus ! who in the form of God  
Didst equal honour claim,  
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,  
Didst stoop to death and shame ;—
- 4 O may that mind in us be form'd,  
Which shone so bright in thee ;  
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,  
From pride and envy free !

(76)

HYMNS 118, 119.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn  
To emulate thy love!  
So shall we bear thine image here,  
And share thy throne above.

HYMN 118.

(L. M.)

HOLINESS OF LIFE.

- 1 AND do we hope to be with him,  
Who on the cross resign'd his breath?  
Who died a victim, to redeem  
His people from eternal death?
- 2 Then should the question oft recur,  
What do we more than others do?  
How do we show that we prefer  
The things above, to those below?
- 3 Where is the holy walk that suits  
The name and character we bear?  
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits  
That show we are not what we were?
- 4 Allied to him who bore the cross,  
And call'd the people of the Lord,  
The world to us should seem but loss,  
And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,  
May we thy people, Lord, be found;  
Who seek a city yet to come;  
And cannot rest on earthly ground.

HYMN 119.

(8's 7's. D.)

JESUS WORTHY OF ADORATION.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!  
Holy Prophet, Priest, and King!  
Who didst suffer to release us,  
Who didst free salvation bring!  
Hail, thou glorious God and Saviour,  
Who hast borne our sin and shame;  
By whose merits we find favour,  
Life eternal thro' thy name.

## HYMN 120.

(77)

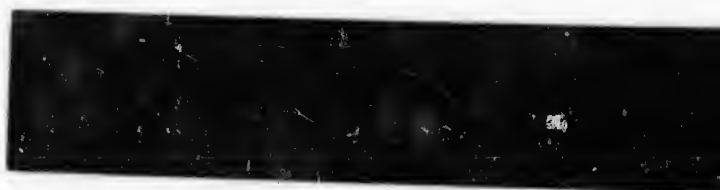
- (L. M.)
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid;  
 By Almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made;  
 All thy people are forgiven,  
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God,
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,  
 There for ever to abide;  
 All th' angelic hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side;  
 Join, my soul, those heav'nly Spirits,  
 Bring thy sweetest, noblest lays,  
 Join, to sing thy Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

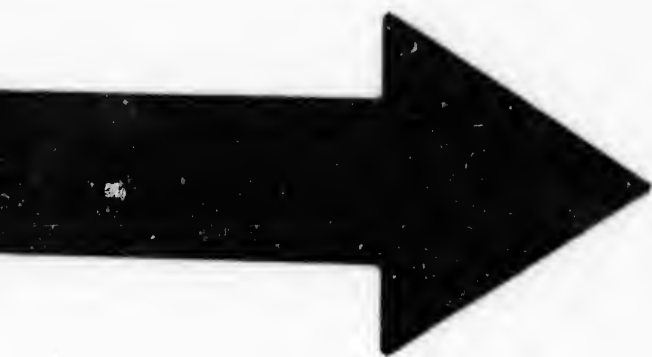
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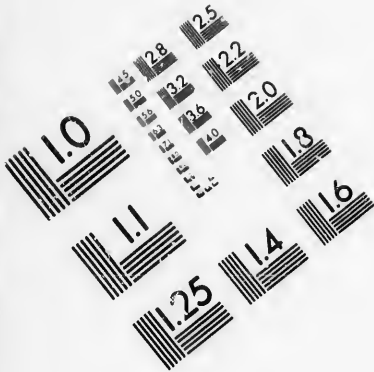
## CHRIST THE SHEPHERD OF HIS PEOPLE.

- (L. M.)
- 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.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread;  
 My stedfast 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.

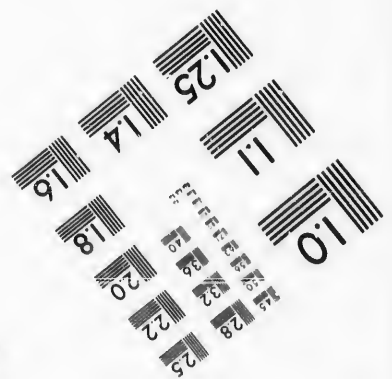
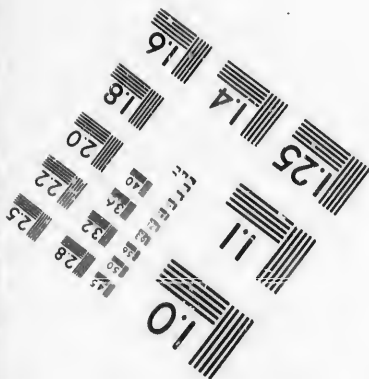
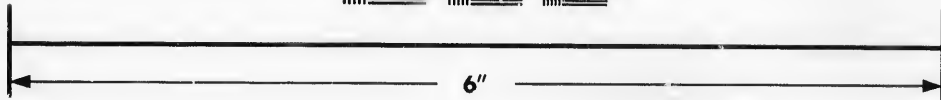
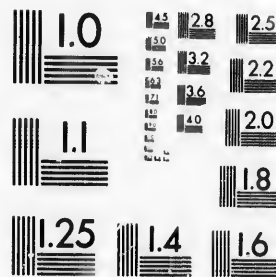








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## HYMN 121.

(L. M.)

## EXAMPLE OF CHRIST IN PRAYER.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air :  
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer,  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here :  
Then God the Judge shall own my name,  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

## HYMN 122.

(L. M.)

## RELIANCE UPON THE SAVIOUR'S MERITS.

- 1 NO more, great God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I eall my shame,  
And glory only in the cross.
- 3 Yes, Lord, I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;  
Oh may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake.

HYMNS 123, 124.

(79)

- 4 The best performance of my hand  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 123.

(L. M.)

HOLY SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly 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 ; for that 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 ev'ry 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 precepts 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.

HYMN 124.

(L. M.)

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

- 1 THE law commands, and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe ;  
But 'tis the Gospel must reveal  
Where lies our strength to do his will.

- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shows how vile our hearts have been ;  
Only the Gospel can express  
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce  
Against the man that fails but once !  
But in the Gospel Christ appears,  
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw  
Thy life and comfort from the law :  
Flee to the hope the Gospel gives :  
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

## HYMN 125.

(7's.)

## RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away !  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey !  
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Hark! the wond'ring angels raise  
Louder notes of joyful praise ;  
Let the earth's remotest bound,  
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Now ye saints lift up your eyes,  
See him high in glory rise !  
Hosts of angels on the road,  
Hail him, the Incarnate God !
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,  
See the Conqu'ror through them ride ;  
King of glory! mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,  
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres ;  
Raise, O earth, your noblest songs,  
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

HYMNS 126, 127.

(81)

HYMN 126.

(7's.)

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

- 1 HAIL the day which sees him rise  
Glorious to his native skies!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits :  
Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
Christ hath vanquished death and sin :  
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives !  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves.  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us he intercedes :  
His prevailing death he pleads ;  
Near himself prepares our place,  
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 5 What though parted from our sight,  
Far above yon starry height,  
May our warm affections rise,  
Following him beyond the skies.

HYMN 127.

(L. M.)

CHRIST DYING, RISING AND REIGNING.

- 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 Ye saints, approach ! the anguish view,  
Of him who groans beneath your load ;  
He gives his precious life for you,  
For you he sheds his precious 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 God forsakes the tomb ;  
 Up to his Father's court he flies ;  
 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 tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King,  
 " Born to redeem, instruct, and save !  
 Then ask, " O death where is thy sting !  
 " And where thy victory, O grave ! "

## HYMN 128.

(L. M.)

## CHRIST'S ASCENSION AND GLORIFICATION.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
 The powers of hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
 " Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
 " Ye everlasting doors, give way ! "
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
 He claims those mansions as his right ;  
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 " Who is the King of Glory, who ? "  
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

HYMNS 129, 130.

(83)

- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay,  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"  
 The Lord of boundless power possess'd,  
 The King of saints and angels too,  
 God over all, for ever bless'd.

VII. WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 129.

(C. M.)

THE COMFORTER IS COME.

- 1 HE 's come! let every knee be bent,  
 All hearts new joy resume;  
 Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,  
 "The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,  
 Could God on man bestow?  
 Angels for this rejoice above,  
 Let man rejoice below!
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul  
 Thy sacred influence feel;  
 Do thou each sinful thought control,  
 And fix our wav'ring zeal!
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey,  
 Those checks which we should know;  
 Thy motions point to us the way  
 Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 130.

(L. M.)

TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,  
 Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
 The thicker darkness of the mind.

(L. M.)

DN.

(84)

HYMN 131.

- 2 To our illumined eyes display  
The glorious truth thy word reveals,  
Cause us to run the heavenly way,  
The book unfold, and loose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings may we know  
The mysteries of redeeming love,  
The emptiness of things below,  
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze we stray,  
Spread, like the sun thy beams abroad,  
To show the dangers of the way,  
And guide our feeble steps to God.

HYMN 131.

(C. M.)

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!  
Christ, our ascended Lord,  
Sends down his Spirit from on high,  
According to his word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,  
New life creates within:  
He quickens sinners from the death  
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,  
And shews them unto men;  
The fallen soul His temple makes,  
God's image stamps again.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,  
With thy celestial fire;  
Come, and with flames of zeal and love  
Our hearts and tongues inspire!

HYMNS 132, 133.

(85)

HYMN 132.

(C. M.)

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come,  
Inspire these souls of thine ;  
Till every heart which thou hast made,  
Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift  
Of God, and fire of love ;  
The everlasting spring of joy,  
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st  
God's law in each true heart ;  
The promise of the Father, thou  
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy sacred love embrace ;  
Assist our minds, by nature frail,  
With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And give us peace within,  
That, by thy guidance blest, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death revived,  
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,  
Who art from both derived.

HYMN 133.

(C. M.)

HOLY SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE DESIRED.

- 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.

(86)

HYMN 134.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 And shall we, Lord, for 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 powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 134.

(S. M.)

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view, reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breast the flame  
Of never dying love.

HYMNS 135, 136.

(87)

HYMN 135.

(7's.)

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,  
Bend on us a pitying eye ;  
Animate the drooping heart,  
Bid the power of sin depart !
- 2 Light up every dark recess  
Of our hearts' ungodliness ;  
Show us every devious way,  
Where our steps have gone astray !
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,  
Humbly to implore relief ;  
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,  
All our deep disease to heal !
- 4 Other ground-work should we lay,  
Sweep those empty hopes away ;  
Make us feel that Christ alone  
Can for human guilt atone !
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,  
And pursue the heavenly race,  
Train'd in wisdom, led by love,  
Till we reach our rest above !

(s. m.)

HYMN 136.

(8. 7. 4.)

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the cloud of nature's night ;  
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !  
Raise us sinners  
From the power of sin and death !
- 2 Hear, O hear, our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit, God of Peace !  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Great distributor of grace !  
May we ever  
Feel and own thy heavenly sway !

(88)

HYMNS 137, 138.

- 3 Author of our new creation,  
Bid us all thine influence prove ;  
Make our souls thy habitation,  
Shed abroad the Saviour's love !  
Heavenly Teacher,  
Guide and bless us all our days.

HYMN 137.

(L. M.)

WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 BLESSED Spirit, one with God above,  
Thou source of life and holy love,  
O cheer us with thy sacred beams,  
Refresh us with thy plenteous streams !
- 2 Oh may our lips confess thy name,  
Our holy lives thy power proclaim !  
With love divine our hearts inspire,  
And fill us with thy holy fire !
- 3 O Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in one,  
Thy grace devoutly we implore !  
Thy name be prais'd for evermore.

HYMN 138.

(7's.)

INFLUENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,  
Let thy light around us shine !  
All our guilty fears remove,  
Fill us with thy peace and love !
- 2 Pardon to the contrite give,  
Bid the wounded sinner live ;  
Lead us to the Lamb of God,  
Wash us in his precious blood !
- 3 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,  
Comfort every troubled breast ;  
Life, and joy, and peace impart,  
Sanctifying every heart !

HYMNS 139, 140.

(89)

- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,  
Keep us in our heavenly way!  
Bring us to thy courts above,  
Realms of light and endless love!

(L. M.)

HYMN 139.

(P. M.)

WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 I WANT the Spirit of power within,  
Of love, and of a healthy mind;  
Of power to conquer inbred sin,  
Of love to Thee, and all mankind;  
Of health, that pain and death defies  
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 When shall I hear the inward voice,  
Which only faithful souls can hear?  
Pardon and peace, and heavenly joys,  
Attend the promised Comforter:  
O come, and righteousness divine,  
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

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

(7's.)

HYMN 140.

(L. M.)

WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

- 1 HERE be, O God, thy influence felt  
With searching, cleansing, quickening force,  
Till soul's of mill-stone hardness melt,  
And flow like waters from their source.
- 2 Convinced and humbled in the dust  
Beneath the burden of our guilt,  
We own thy law's dread sentence just,  
But plead the blood thy Son hath spilt.



(90)

HYMNS 141, 142.

- 3 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,  
And Christ, our Saviour, glorify,  
Then we, as children born of God,  
Will "Father! Abba! Father!" cry.

VIII. TRINITY.

HYMN 141.

(L. M.)

PRAYER TO THE TRINITY.

- 1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!  
Our prophet, priest, Redeemer, Lord!  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!  
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!  
Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

HYMN 142.

(L. M.)

INVOCATION OF THE TRINITY.

- 1 O HOLY, holy, holy, Lord!  
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name;  
For ever be thy name adored,  
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

## HYMN 143.

(91)

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day!
- 3 O Holy Spirit, from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!
- 4 O God triune! to thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

## HYMN 143.

(P. M.)

## PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

- 1 WE give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above :  
He sent his own  
Eternal Son,  
To die for sins  
That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by his blood  
From everlasting wo :  
And now he lives,  
And now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.

(92)

HYMNS 144, 145.

4 Almighty God ! to thee  
Be endless honors done ;  
The sacred Persons three,  
The Godhead only one :  
Where reason fails  
With all her powers,  
There faith prevails,  
And love adores.

HYMN 144.

(C. M.)

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

- 1 FATHER of glory ! to thy name  
Immortal praise we give,  
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honor to the Son,  
Who makes thine anger cease ;  
Our lives he ransomed with his own,  
And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be  
Immortal glory giver ;  
Whose influence brings us near to thee,  
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,  
Adore th' eternal God,  
And spread his honors—and their joys,  
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join  
One gen'ral song to raise ;  
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine  
In harmony and praise.

HYMN 145.

(C. M.)

PRAISE TO THE GODHEAD.

- 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace ;  
But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.

HYMN 146.

(93)

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne ;  
All glory to th' United Three,  
The Undivided One.

3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—  
That formed us by a word ;  
'Tis he restores our ruined frame—  
Salvation to the Lord !

4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies,  
Repeat the joyful sound ;  
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,  
In one eternal round.

(C. M.)

HYMN 146.

(S. M.)

THE HOLY TRINITY.

1 WHILE all the angel throng  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
Let earth repeat the joyful song,  
And echo to the sky.

2 Father, in whom we live,  
In whom we are and move,  
The glory, power and praise receive  
Of thine eternal love.

3 Incarnate Deity !  
Let all the ransomed race  
Render in thanks their lives to thee,  
For thy redeeming grace.

4 Spirit of holiness !  
Let all thy saints adore  
Thy sacred energy, and bless  
Thy heart-renewing power.

5 Eternal, glorious Lord !  
Let all the saints above—  
Let all the sons of men record  
And celebrate thy love.

(C. M.)

## HYMN 147.

(7's.)

PRAISE TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 1 GREAT the joy, the union sweet,  
When the saints together meet ;  
When, their theme of praise the same,  
They exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move ;  
He beheld the world undone,  
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;  
With our stubborn hearts he strove,  
Chas'd the mists of sin away,  
Turn'd our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,  
When the saints in glory meet ;  
Where the theme is still the same,  
Where they sing Jehovah's name.

## HYMN 148.

(P. M.)

THE TRI-UNE JEHOVAH.

- 1 TO God th' eternal Father's praise  
Oh, let us choral anthems raise ;  
His mercies o'er the earth are spread,  
'Tis he supplies our daily bread ;  
Oh, let us choral anthems raise  
To God th' eternal Father's praise.
- 2 The glories of Emmanuel's name,  
The riches of his grace proclaim ;  
He made atonement by his blood,  
To reconcile our souls to God ;—  
The riches of his grace proclaim ;  
The glories of Emmanuel's name.

HYMN 149.

(95)

- 3 The Comforter, the Holy Ghost  
Adore, with the celestial host ;  
He sanctifies our sinful hearts,  
And heav'nly truth and grace imparts ;  
Adore, with the celestial host,  
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost.
- 4 To Great, Tri-une, Jehovah's praise,  
Oh, let us choral anthems raise ;  
To future ages from the past  
Th' immortal God, the first and last ;  
Oh, let us choral anthems raise  
To Great, Tri-une, Jehovah's praise.

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CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

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HYMN 149.

(C. M.)

PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

- 1 LORD, when my raptured thought surveys,  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their source divine.
- 3 On me thy providence has shone  
With gentle, smiling rays ;  
O let my lips and life make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise.
- 4 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;  
O teach me to improve  
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart ;  
And crown them with thy love.

## HYMN 150.

(L. M.)

## PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heaven our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## HYMN 151.

(S. M.)

## PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!  
How wondrous is thy name!  
Thy glories how diffused abroad,  
Through all creation's frame!
- 2 Nature, in every dress,  
Her humble homage pays;  
And does a thousand ways express  
Her undissembled praise.

HYMN 152.

(97)

(L. M.)

- 3 My soul would rise and sing  
 Her great Creator too ;  
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
 And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend  
 The remnant of my days ;  
 And oft to God, my soul, ascend,  
 In grateful songs of praise.

HYMN 152.

(L. M.)

LANGUAGE OF THE HEAVENS.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
 And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 " The hand that made us is divine."

(S. M.)



## PRAISE FROM ALL CREATURES.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;  
 Let each enraptured thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's name ;  
 Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise,  
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens his vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God ;  
 Ye thunders, speak his power :  
 Lo ! on the light'ning's fiery wing,  
 In triumph walks th' eternal King ;  
 Th' astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
 To join the thunders of the skies,  
 Praise him who bids you roll ;  
 His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,  
 Ye feathered warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise  
 To him who shaped your finer mould,  
 Who tipped your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
 And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
 Let man, in God's own image made,  
 His breath in praise employ ;  
 Spread wide his Ma'ner's name around,  
 Till heaven shall echo back the sound  
 In songs of holy joy.

## HYMN 154.

(C. M.)

## THE CREATION.

- 1 GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord  
Of all this wondrous frame!  
Produced by thy creating word,  
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,  
'Twas instantly obey'd:  
And through thy goodness all things stand,  
Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;  
They all reflect thy light:  
For this in course the planets roll,  
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this the sun disperses heat  
And beams of cheering day;  
And distant stars, in order set,  
By night thy power display.
- 5 For this the earth its produce yields,  
For this the waters flow;  
And blooming plants adorn the fields,  
And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue  
This wise and noble end—  
That all we think, and all we do,  
Shall to thine honor tend.

## HYMN 155.

(7's.)

## PRAISE FOR THE WORKS OF CREATION.

- 1 HERALDS of creation cry  
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!  
Heaven and earth obey the call,  
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

(100)

HYMN 156.

2 For he spake, and forth from night,  
Sprang the universe to light :  
He commanded ; nature heard,  
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,  
Spirits perfected in love ;  
Sun and moon your anthems raise,  
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

HYMN 156.

(C. M.)

PROVIDENCE.

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,  
With never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his gracious will.

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

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

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

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

HYMNS 157, 158.

(101)

HYMN 157.

(L. M.)

The seasons crowned with goodness.—*Psalms* 65 : 11.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee, sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole :  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command,  
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 158.

(C. M.)

GOD, AS SEEN IN NATURE.

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies !

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn mine eye !  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures that borrow life from thee,  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

## HYMN 159.

(C. M.)

## GOD THE CREATOR.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings ;  
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky,  
How glorious to behold !  
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the gazing sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.

HYMNS 160, 161.

(103)

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
Shine through the worlds abroad ;  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder—God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace  
Our softer passions move ;  
Pity divine in Jesus' face,  
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN 160.

(7's.)

“ My times are in thy hand.”—*Psalms xxxi: 15.*

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All our times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.

2 He that form'd us in the womb,  
He shall guide us to the tomb ;  
All our ways shall ever be  
Order'd by his wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,  
All our pleasures, all our pains,  
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thy hand,  
Still to thee surrender'd stand,  
Know that thou art God alone,  
We and ours are all thy own !

HYMN 161.

(C. M.)

THANKS FOR PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind guardian of my days,  
Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.

(104)

HYMN 162.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Yet I adore thee, gracious Lord,  
For favors more divine ;  
That I have known thy sacred word,  
Where all thy glories shine.
- 4 When blest with that transporting view,  
That Jesus died for me,  
For this sweet hope, what praise is due,  
O God of grace, to thee ?
- 5 Now shall my joyful powers unite,  
In more exalted lays,  
Till I shall join the sons of light,  
In everlasting praise.

HYMN 162.

(C. M.)

BLESSINGS OF PROVIDENCE.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are !  
The rolling seasons as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,  
The mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

HYMNS 163, 164.

(105)

- 3 We own and bless thy gracious sway :  
Thy hand all nature hails ;  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 163.

(C. M.)

GUIDANCE OF PROVIDENCE.

- 1 GOD of our fathers ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are blest,  
Be with us through our pilgrimage ;  
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy shelt'ring wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease,  
And, at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,  
And portion evermore.

~~~~~  
REDEMPTION.

—————  
HYMN 164.

(C. M.)

NECESSITY OF DIVINE GRACE.

- 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God,



- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray :  
Reason debased can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'T is thine, Almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'T is thine the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darken'd eyes.
5. To chase the shades of death away  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'T is thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## HYMN 165.

(L. M.)

*Job ix : 30-33.*

- 1 **THOUGH** I should seek to wash me clean  
In water of the driven snow,  
My soul would yet its spot retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and wo :
- 2 The spirit, in his power divine,  
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,  
Expose the foulness of its sin,  
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,  
That men to answer him should dare ;  
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,  
They helpless stand before his bar.

- 4 There, must a Mediator plead,  
Who, God and man, may both embrace ;  
With God, for man to intercede,  
And offer man the purchased grace.
- 5 And lo! the son of God is slain  
To be this Mediator crown'd :  
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
In Him thy righteousness be found !

## HYMN 166.

(C. M.)

## PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION IN CHRIST.

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is !  
Our sin, how deep it stains !  
And Satan binds our captive minds,  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word ;  
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
And runs to this relief ;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord ;  
Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly ;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From stains of deepest die.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall :  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.

## HYMN 167.

(S. M.)

"How should man be just with God."--*Job ix : 2-6.*

- 1 AH, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God !  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We sink beneath his rod.

- 2 If he our ways should mark  
 With strict inquiring eyes,  
 Could we for one of thousand faults  
 A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !  
 Who can with thee contend ?  
 Or who that tries the unequal strife,  
 Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
 Their ancient seats forsake !  
 The trembling earth deserts her place,  
 Her rooted pillars shake !
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
 Contend with such a God ?  
 None, none can meet him, and escape,  
 But through the Saviour's blood.

## HYMN 168.

(C. M.)

*Titus iii: 4-7.*

- 1 MY grateful soul, for ever praise,  
 For ever love his name,  
 Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths  
 Of folly, sin and shame.
- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust  
 Which in our works we place ;  
 Salvation from a higher source  
 Flows to our fallen race.
- 3 'T is from the love of God through Christ,  
 That all our hopes begin ;  
 His mercy saved our souls from death,  
 And wash'd us from our sin.
- 4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,  
 His sacred fire imparts,  
 Removes our dross, and love divine  
 Enkindles in our hearts.

HYMNS 169, 170.

(109)

- 5 Thus raised from death, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We hope in glory to appear,  
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 169.

(C. M.)

SALVATION.

- 1 SALVATION ! Oh the joyful sound ;  
Glad tidings to our ears ;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! buried once in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
But now we rise by grace divine,  
And see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs :  
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,  
Thy name inspire our songs.

*Chorus, for the end of each verse.*

Glory, honor, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever !  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

HYMN 170.

(L. M.)

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

- 1 ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise  
Shall our transported voices raise !  
What ardent love and zeal are due,  
While heaven stands open to our view !

- 2 Once we were fall'n, and oh how low !  
 Just on the brink of endless wo ;  
 When Jesus, from the realms above,  
 Borne on the wings of boundless love.
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,  
 And spread around his heavenly light !  
 By him what wondrous grace is shown  
 To souls impoverish'd and undone !
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,  
 A bright inheritance as ours ;  
 Where saints in light our coming wait,  
 To share their holy, happy state !

## HYMN 171.

(L. M.)

## PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

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

**HYMNS 172, 173.**

(111)

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

**HYMN 172.**

(C. M.)

**PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.**

- 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  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine !
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**HYMN 173.**

(C. M.)

**LOVE OF CHRIST CELEBRATED.**

- 1 **TO** our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song !  
O may his love (immortal flame !)  
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach  
What mortal tongue display !  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

(112)

HYMN 174.

- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die!  
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue;  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 174.

(8. 7.)

REDEEMING LOVE.

- 1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing  
Tune my heart to grateful lays;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I'm come;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMNS 175, 176.

(113)

HYMN 175.

(C. M.)

SALVATION, OF GOD.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,  
On thee my hope depends,  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
Our good is all divine;  
The praise of every holy thought  
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live:  
Our God is *all in all*.

HYMN 176.

(C. M.)

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

1 OH for a thousand tongues, to sing  
The great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of our God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

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

3 Jesus subdues the power of sin;  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.



(114) HYMNS 177, 178.

- 4 He speaks ; and list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.

HYMN 177.

(C. M.)

CHRIST THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain, in his day ;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 178.

(L. M.)

THE CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 1 WHAT various lovely characters  
The condescending Saviour bears !  
All human virtues, all divine,  
In him unite, with splendour shine.

## HYMN 179.

(115)

(C. M.)

- 2 The Corner-stone on which we build ;  
The balm by which our souls are heal'd ;  
The morning-star, whose cheering ray  
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.
- 3 He is our Rock and our Defence,  
Nor earth nor hell can force us thence ;  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
Who with our prayers, presents his own.
- 4 He is the burden'd sinner's rest,  
Our prophet, and Atoning Priest ;  
To him, as our exalted King,  
We homage pay, our offerings bring.
- 5 He is our Captain and our Guide,  
The Friend, the Husband of the bride ;  
The Counsellor, the Prince of Peace,  
The Lord our strength and righteousness.
- 6 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Who does his flock in safety keep ;  
The Conqueror He, the Judge of men,  
The Faithful Witness, the Amen.

## HYMN 179.

(L. M.)

## LOVE OF CHRIST.

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(L. M.)

- 1 O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God !  
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood !  
Give us to know thy love !—then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee !  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
Thy pledge of love for ever there !
- 3 How can it be, thou Heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst man to glory bring,  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
And deck them with a glorious crown ?

(116)

HYMN 180.

- 4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue, to tell  
Thy love—immense, unsearchable !
- 5 First-born of many brethren, Thou !  
To Thee both earth and heaven must bow ;  
Help us to Thee our all to give !  
Thine may we die ; thine may we live !

HYMN 180.

(8. 7.)

DIVINE LOVE.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown !  
Jesus, thou art all compassion ;  
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart !
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast !  
Let us all in thee inherit—  
Let us find—thy promis'd Rest !  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be ;  
End of faith, as its beginning ;  
Set our hearts at liberty !
- 3 Finish, Lord, thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless may we be ;  
Let us see our great salvation  
Perfectly secur'd by thee ;  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

HYMNS 181, 182.

(117)

HYMN 181.

(P. M.)

CHRIST OUR PROPHET, PRIEST AND KING.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names  
 Of wisdom, love, and power,  
 That ever mortals knew,  
 That angels ever bore :  
 All are too mean to speak his worth,  
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God !  
 Our tongue would bless thy name :  
 By thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came ;  
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Has shed his blood and died ;  
 My guilty conscience needs  
 No sacrifice beside.  
 His precious blood did once atone ;  
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 O thou Almighty Lord,  
 Our conqu'ror and our King,  
 Thy seeptrè and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace I sing ;  
 Thine is the power, O make us sit  
 In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

HYMN 182.

(C. M.)

CHRIST OUR HIGH PRIEST.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our High Priest above ;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 And overflows with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame ;  
 He knows what sore temptations mean,  
 For he has felt the same.

- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
 And in his measure feels afresh  
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
 But raise it to a flame ;  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and his power ;  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
 In the distressing hour.

## HYMN 183.

(L. M.)

JESUS, A PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING.

- 1 JESUS, the *Prophet* of thy Church,  
 Whose word with heavenly wisdom glows,  
 Unveil our hearts, direct our search,  
 To gain the knowledge it bestows !
- 2 Oh, let thy solemn call awake  
 Each soul to penitence and prayer,  
 The chains of sin and sorrow break,  
 And write thy sacred precepts there !
- 3 Jesus our *Priest*, whose boundless love  
 Has made atonement for our guilt,  
 And now before the throne above  
 Offers the blood which thou hast spilt.
- 4 To us thy power and love reveal,  
 Thy pardon to our souls convey,  
 Their fears remove, their sickness heal,  
 And wash their deadly stains away !
- 5 Jesus, our *King*, with conq'ring might  
 Ride on, thy glorious work complete,  
 Put all our enemies to flight,  
 And cast them down beneath thy feet !

## HYMNS 184, 185.

(119)

- 6 To every frail and feeble soul  
 New life and energy impart ;  
 Teach us to bow to thy control,  
 And rear thy throne in every heart !

## HYMN 184.

(L. M.)

CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN OF THE SOUL.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
 In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
 The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found ?  
 And is no kind physician nigh,  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 3 Yes, there's a great physician near ;  
 Look up, my fainting soul, and live !  
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
 Such help as nature cannot give !
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !  
 'Tis only that dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain—and heal thy wo.

## HYMN 185.

(C. M.)

CHRIST THE LORD OF ALL.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye Martyrs of your God,  
 Who from his altar call ;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

(120)

HYMNS 186, 187.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall,  
There join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 186.

(L. M.)

WORTHY THE LAMB.

- 1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,  
In earth and heaven the Lord of all;  
Let all the powers of earth obey,  
And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;  
Creation's voice, the note prolong;  
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign—  
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

HYMN 187.

(C. M.)

FAITH.

- 1 O LET triumphant faith dispel  
The fears of guilt and wo!  
If God be for us, God the Lord,  
Who, who shall be our foe?

HYMNS 188, 189.

(121)

- 2 He who his only Son gave up  
 To death, that we might live,  
 Shall he not all things freely grant,  
 That boundless love can give ?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse ?  
 'T is God hath justified :  
 Who now his people shall condemn ?  
 The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath risen again,  
 Triumphant from the grave :  
 At God's right hand for us he pleads,  
 Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 188.

(S. M.)

FAITH.

- 1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,  
 Where'er it is bestow'd !  
 It boasts of a celestial birth,  
 And is the gift of God !
- 2 Jesus it owns a King,—  
 An all-atoning Priest :  
 It claims no merit of its own,  
 But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,  
 When fill'd with deep distress ;  
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,  
 And that divinely free ;  
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son  
 To work this faith in me !

HYMN 189.

(L. M.)

NATURE OF FAITH.

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's evidence  
 Of things unseen by mortal eye ;  
 It passes all the bounds of sense,  
 And penetrates the inmost sky.



- 2 Things absent it can set in view,  
 And bring far distant prospects home ;  
 Events long past it can renew,  
 And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar  
 The heavenly region it surveys,  
 Embraces all the blessings there,  
 And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,  
 Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,  
 O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,  
 And still possess our souls in peace.
- 5 By faith, we pass the vale of tears  
 Safe and serene, though oft distress'd ;  
 By faith, subdue the king of fears,  
 And go rejoicing to our rest.

## HYMN 190.

(C. M.)

## DEAD FAITH.

- 1 DELUDED souls ! that dream of heaven,  
 And make their empty boast  
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
 While they are slaves to lust !
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,  
 If faith be cold and dead ;  
 None but a living power unites  
 To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 The faith which new-creates the heart  
 And works by active love,  
 Will bid all sinful joys depart,  
 And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 God from the curse has set us free  
 To make us pure within ;  
 Nor did he send His Son to be  
 The minister of sin.

HYMNS 191, 192. (123)

HYMN 191. (C. M.)

SALVATION NOT OF WORKS.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men  
On their own works have built ;  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word ;  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,  
To justify us now ;  
Since to convince, and to condemn,  
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !—  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 192. (L. M.)

THE VALUE OF CHRIST AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 1 NO more, my God,—I boast no more,  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain, I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !

(124)

HYMNS 193, 194.

- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 193.

(C. M.)

THE POWER OF FAITH.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares ;  
Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power,  
The healing balm to give ;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live
- 3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 4 It shows the precious promise, sealed  
With the Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, there unshaken would I rest,  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
To endless glory rise.

HYMN 194.

(7's.)

CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the waves of trouble roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O, receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my hope from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

## HYMN 195.

(P. M.)

## THE CHRISTIAN'S SECURITY.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ;
- 2 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
 " I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
 " I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
 to stand,  
 " Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 " When through the deep waters I call thee  
 to go,  
 " The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow ;  
 " For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
 " And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 " When through fiery trials thy pathway shall  
 lie,  
 " My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
 " The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
 " Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 5 " The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,  
 " I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
 " That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to  
 shake,  
 " I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

(126)

HYMNS 196, 197.

HYMN 196.

(S. M.)

SALVATION BY GRACE.

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

HYMN 197.

(7's.)

SONGS OF PRAISE.

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

## HYMN 198.

(127)

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

## HYMN 198.

(S. M.)

## THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

- (7's.)
- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name!
  - 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For us whose sins he bore!
  - 3 Ye pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing;  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,  
In Christ th' Eternal King!
  - 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
  - 5 There shall our raptur'd tongues  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## HYMN 199.

(S. M.)

JESUS THE LIGHT AND PEACE OF HIS PEOPLE.

- 1 LIGHT of the anxious heart,  
Jesus, thy suppliants cheer;  
Bid thou the gloom of guilt depart,  
And shed thy sweetness here.
- 2 Happy the man whose breast  
Thou mak'st thy residence,  
From God's right hand a radiant guest,  
Unseen by fleshly sense.
- 3 Brightness of God above,  
Unfathomable grace,  
Vouchsafe a present fount of love  
To cleanse thy chosen place.
- 4 To thee whom children see,  
The Father ever blest,  
The Holy Spirit, one and three,  
Be endless praise address.

## HYMN 200.

(L. M.)

GLORY AND GRACE IN CHRIST.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;  
Hosannah to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4 Oh! may I reach that happy place  
Where he unveils his lovely face!  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 201.

(C. M.)

RETURNING TO ZION.

- 1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliv'rer sing:  
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath made;  
How peaceful and how plain,  
The simplest trav'ler need not err:  
Nor seek the path in vain.
- 3 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 4 Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 5 March on in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still:  
With joyful hope still fix your eye  
On Zion's heavenly hill.

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INVITATION AND WARNING.

HYMN 202.

(S. M.)

Rev. xxii: 17-20.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, Sinner come!  
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims,  
To all his children, Come!



(130)

HYMN 203.

- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come!  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, I quickly come:  
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

HYMN 203.

(C. M.)

WONDERS OF GOD'S LOVE.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise;  
For he is good, supremely good;  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,  
'Tis here our hope relies;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,  
With bliss divinely free.

HYMNS 204, 205.

(131)

6 Great God, to thy almighty love  
 What honors shall we raise?  
 Not all th' angelic songs above  
 Can render equal praise.

HYMN 204.

(8, 7, 4.)

SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 This is your accepted hour!  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power;  
 He is able, he is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye thirsty, come and welcome!  
 God's free bounty glorify,  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace which brings us nigh,  
 Without money, come to Jesus Christ and buy!
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is, to feel your need of him:  
 This he gives you: 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Lo, th' Incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood!  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude:  
 None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

HYMN 205.

(7's.)

EXPOSTULATION WITH SINNERS.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why?  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with himself to live;  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands;  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross his love, and die?

(132)

HYMNS 206, 207.

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why?  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself that ye might live.  
Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
He who all your lives hath strove,  
Woo'd you to embrace his love:  
Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
O, ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 206.

(L. M.)

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,  
Who gently knocks in mercy's hour;  
In lovely attitude he stands,  
With melting heart and bleeding hands.
- 2 The Friend of sinners?—yes, 'tis he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary;  
Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
And let the heav'nly stranger in.
- 3 Oh! then, his fullness thou shalt see,  
And "sup with him and he with thee;"  
Refusing still, the hour's at hand,  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

HYMN 207.

(L. M.)

THE SINNER ENTREATED.

- 1 RETURN, O wand'rer, now return,  
And seek thine injured Father's face:  
Those new desires which in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,  
He hears thy deep repentant sigh :  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no intruding ear is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wand'rer, now return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live :  
Go to his feet ; and grateful, learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wand'rer, now return,  
And wipe away the falling tear :  
Thy father calls—" No longer mourn !"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

## HYMN 208.

(P. M.)

## PEACE FOR THE TROUBLED SOUL.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene the note of wo ;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow :  
Behold the precious balm is found,  
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,  
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;  
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,  
Safe in the mercy of thy God :  
Thy God's thy Saviour! glorious word !  
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord !

## HYMN 209.

(L. M.)

## WEARY SINNERS INVITED TO REST.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin opprest,  
Come, and accept the promis'd rest :  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

(134)

HYMNS 210, 211.

- 2 Burden'd with guilt, a painful load,  
Oh come and bow before your God!  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here Mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;  
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

HYMN 210.

(7's.)

THE SINNER INVITED AND WARNED.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise:  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 211.

(7's.)

THE SINNER EXHORTED.

- 1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,  
Jesus waits his life to shed.

## HYMN 212.

(135)

- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,  
See the bright and living path :  
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,  
From this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life secure without delay,  
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still,  
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :  
Jesus calls from death and night,  
Jesus waits to shed his light.

## HYMN 212.

(S. S. M.)

## THE BROAD AND THE NARROW ROAD.

- 1 STRIVE, for the way is strait  
In which the Saviour trod ;  
And narrow is the gate  
That leadeth up to God.  
Cut off the ensnaring hand,  
Pluck out the ensnaring eye  
Turn ye at God's command ;  
Sinners, why will ye die ?
- 2 Strive, for there are but few  
Who find the living way ;  
And why, alas ! will you  
Still blindly go astray ?  
O shut the crowded gate,  
Though wide it seem, and fair  
'Twill bring you, soon or late,  
To anguish and despair.
- 3 Strive, ere life's setting sun  
Shall sink in thickest gloom :  
Strive, night is coming on,  
Ye hasten to the tomb.  
Ask, mercy shall be given :  
Seek as for hidden gold ;  
Knock, and the Lord of heaven  
The gates will wide unfold.

## HYMN 213.

(7's.)

## THE INVITATION OF CHRIST.

- 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,  
 All who groan beneath your load !  
 Jesus calls his wanderers home ;  
 Hasten to your pard'ning God.  
 Come ye guilty souls oppress'd,  
 Answer to the Saviour's call,  
 "Come, and I will give you rest !  
 "Come, and I will save you all !"
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,  
 We thy kindest word obey ;  
 Faithful let thy mercies prove ;  
 Take our load of guilt away !  
 Fain we would on thee rely,  
 Cast on thee our sin and care,  
 To thine arms of mercy fly,  
 Find our lasting quiet there.
- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,  
 Burden'd with our sinful load,  
 Burden'd with this unbelief,  
 Burden'd with the wrath of God ;  
 Lo we come to thee for ease,  
 True and gracious as thou art !  
 Now our groaning souls release,  
 Write forgiveness on our heart !

## HYMN 214.

(C. M.)

## THE YOUNG EXHORTED.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
 In smiling crowds draw near ;  
 And turn from every mortal charm,  
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you ;  
 And lays his radiant glories by,  
 Your friendship to pursue.

## HYMN 215.

(137)

- (7's.)
- 3 The soul that longs to see his face,  
Is sure his love to gain ;  
And those that early seek his grace,  
Shall never seek in vain.
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move  
If once compared with thee !  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see.
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice ;  
And here, true bliss I find.

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CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CONFLICT.

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## HYMN 215.

(C. M.)

## THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

- (M.)
- 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 thy 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 Blest Saviour ! introduc'd by thee,  
Have I my race begun ;  
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet,  
I'll lay my honours down.



(138)

HYMNS 216, 217.

HYMN 216.

(L. M.)

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

- 1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone ;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power,  
Is ever new, and ever young ;  
Shall firm endure while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;  
While such as trust their native strength,  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 217.

(8. 7. 4.)

FOR THE DIVINE GUIDANCE.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

HYMN 218.

(139)

- (L. M.)
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 218.

(S. M.)

PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN GRACES.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
 On thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my prayer :  
 Give me on thee to wait,  
 Till I can all things do ;  
 On thee, almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
 A self-renouncing will,  
 That tramples down and casts behind,  
 The baits of pleasing ill :  
 A soul inured to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
 Ready to take up and sustain  
 The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,  
 A quick, discerning eye,  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly ;  
 A spirit still prepared,  
 And arm'd with jealous care,  
 For ever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer.
7. 4.)

(140)

HYMN 219.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less ;  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,  
To thee and thy great name ;  
A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 219.

(C. M.)

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled :  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

## HYMNS 220, 221.

(141)

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

## HYMN 220.

(S. M.)

## CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify ;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfil—  
Oh may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live ;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely ;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

## HYMN 221.

(C. M.)

## RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admired its follies too,  
But grace has set me free.

(142)

HYMN 222.

- 2 Those follies now no longer please,  
No more delight afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice  
Shall fix my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
Yet worthless still, myself I own,  
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 222.

(7. 6.)

PRESSING TOWARD HEAVEN.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Tow'rd heaven, thy destin'd place !  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
To seats prepar'd above !
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source ;  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face ;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

## HYMNS 223, 224.

(143)

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims cease to mourn ;  
 Press onward to the prize !  
 Soon your Saviour shall return,  
 'Triumphant in the skies.  
 Yet a season, and ye know,  
 Happy entrance shall be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchange'd for heaven.

## HYMN 223.

(7's.)

## REJOICING IN HOPE.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As we journey, let us sing ;  
 Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God  
 In the ways the fathers trod ;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,  
 Christ our advocate was made ;  
 Pardon'd now, no more we roam,  
 Christ conducts us to our home.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

## HYMN 224.

(L. M.)

## FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

- 1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,  
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
 Bright pattern of the Christian Life.

(144)

HYMN 225.

- 2 Oh! how benevolent and kind!  
How mild, how ready to forgive!  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will  
Was his employment and delight;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labors of his life were love;  
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.
- 5 But, ah! how blind, how weak we are!  
How frail, how apt to turn aside!  
Lord, we depend upon thy care;  
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be;  
Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 225.

(L. M.)

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let night disown each radiant star;  
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon  
Let morning blush to own the sun;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;  
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;  
And, O, may this my portion be,  
My Saviour not ashamed of me!

## HYMN 226.

(S. M.)

## THE JOY OF TRUE RELIGION.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song of sweet accord,  
As ye surround the throne!
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place:  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The sons of God have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry!  
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN 227.

(L. M.)

## HEAVEN SEEN BY FAITH.

- 1 AS, when the weary trav'ler gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives, if o'er the plains  
He sees his home, though distant still;



(146)

HYMNS 228, 229.

- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for sorrows past ;  
Nor any future conflict fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to thine abode ;  
Assured thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labors of the road.

HYMN 228.

(C. M.)

THE JOYS OF TRUE RELIGION.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 3 These are the joys which satisfy  
And purify the mind ;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,  
O, thou who art the Lord's,  
Resign to those who know him not,  
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 229.

(7's.)

*" Lovest thou me ? " — John xxi : 21.*

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,  
Of 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, this 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,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild :  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself thy child ?
- 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 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !  
Thou who art thy people's sun,  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love Thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

## HYMN 230.

(8, 7.)

## LOVE.

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
 For the bliss thy love bestows ;  
 For the pard'ning grace that saves me,  
 And the peace that from it flows :  
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;  
 This dull soul to rapture raise ;  
 Thou must light the flame, or never  
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wand'rer, far astray ;  
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
 From the paths of death away ;  
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express :  
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

## HYMN 231.

(C. M. D.)

## WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
 Of jealous godly fear,  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near !  
 I want the first approach to feel,  
 Of pride, of vain desire,  
 To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire !

## HYMN 232.

(149)

- 7.)
- 2 From Thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the fleshy heart,  
 The tender conscience give!  
 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make!  
 Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake!
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,  
 That moment, Lord, reprove;  
 Return me to thy narrow way,  
 Uphold me with thy love!  
 O, may the least omission pain  
 My well-instructed soul,  
 And drive me to the blood again  
 Which makes the wounded whole!

## HYMN 232.

(L. M.)

## FOR SANCTIFICATION.

- 1 FROM my own works at last I cease,  
 For God alone can give me peace;  
 Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
 Of my own strength I must despair.
- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal;  
 I see my sin, but cannot feel  
 True sorrow, till thy Spirit show  
 My unbelief, the source of wo.
- 3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,  
 Thou only can'st good gifts impart;  
 I therefore will my heart resign  
 To Thee; O cleanse and seal it thine!
- 4 With humble faith on Thee I call,  
 My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All!  
 I wait, O Lord, to hear Thee say,  
 "My blood hath wash'd thy sins away."

(150)

HYMNS 233, 234.

- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,  
Make my infected nature pure ;  
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
And give thyself unto my heart.

HYMN 233.

(C. M.)

FOR CONTENTMENT.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne, let this,  
My humble prayer, arise ;
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee :
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 234.

(C. M.)

FOR A RENEWED HEART.

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from guilt set free,—  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me ;—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone ;
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within ;—
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And fill'd with love divine,  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine !

## HYMNS 235, 236.

(151)

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love!

## HYMN 235.

(L. M.)

## CONTENTMENT.

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonor 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 past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 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.

## HYMN 236. (L. M. 6 LINES.)

Jesus, a compassionate High Priest.—*Heb.* iv: 15.

- 1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who, not in vain  
Experienc'd every human pain:  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way  
 To flee the good I would pursue,  
 Or do the sin I would not do ;  
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend,  
 And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while ;  
 My Saviour marks the tears I shed ;—  
 For "Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead."
- 4 And oh ! when I have safely pass'd  
 Through every conflict but the last,  
 Still Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
 My dying bed !—for thou hast died :—  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tears away !

## HYMN 237.

(C. M.)

## HOPE IN TROUBLE.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
 And mourns the present pain,  
 How sweet to think of peace at last,  
 And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,  
 And dread a Father's will ;  
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
 And would not suffer still !
- 3 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys  
 The paths to realms of light,  
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
 And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is, that hope with ardour glows  
 To see Him face to face,  
 Whose dying love no language knows  
 Sufficient art to trace.

## HYMNS 238, 239.

(153)

- 5 O let me wing my hallow'd flight  
 From earth-born woe and care,  
 And soar beyond these clouds of night,  
 My Saviour's bliss to share!

## HYMN 238.

(L. M.)

## SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

- 1 LORD! unafflicted, undismay'd,  
 In pleasure's path how long I stray'd,  
 But thou hast made me feel thy rod!  
 And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.
- 2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,  
 I bless thy hand that caused the smart;  
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
 But saved me from eternal wo!
- 3 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,  
 Thy precepts I had still despised,  
 And still the snare in secret laid  
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.
- 4 I love thy chast'nings, O my God,  
 They fix my hopes on thy abode;  
 Where, in thy presence fully blest,  
 Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

## HYMN 239.

(7's.)

## TRIALS.

- 1 'T IS my happiness below,  
 Not to live without the cross;  
 But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;  
 But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscribed upon them all;  
 This is happiness to me.



(154)

HYMNS 240, 241.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should be a cast-away ?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 240.

(C. M.)

RESIGNATION.

- 1 THOU boundless Source of every good,  
Our best desires fulfil,  
And help us to adore thy grace,  
And mark thy sov'reign will !
- 2 In all thy mercies, may our souls  
Thy bounteous goodness see ;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts  
Estrange our hearts from thee !
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,  
To own thy hand, O God,  
And in submissive silence learn  
The lessons of thy rod !
- 4 In every changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give us a meek and humble mind,  
A mind at peace with thee !
- 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,  
Free from distracting care ;  
For death is life, and labour rest,  
If thou art with us there.

HYMN 241.

(C. M.)

DESIRES AFTER RENEWED HOLINESS.

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame—  
A light, to shine upon the road  
Which leads me to the Lamb !

## HYMN 242.

(155)

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord!  
Where is the soul-refreshing view,  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove! return  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins which 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.

## HYMN 242.

(C. M.)

## HABITUAL DEVOTION.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes still'd:  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.

(156)

HYMN 243.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lour,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gath'ring storms shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 243.

(L. M.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here :"—  
This may distress the worldling's 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 the thought 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 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.

- 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.

## HYMN 244.

(11's.)

" I would not live alway."—*Job* vii : 16.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after 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 alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
 Temptation without, and corruption within :  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ;—no—welcome the tomb,  
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
 'There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the 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 !

## HYMN 245.

(s. m.)

*Philippians* ii. 12-13.

- 1 HEIRS of unending life,  
 While yet we sojourn here,  
 O let us our salvation work  
 With trembling and with fear.

(158)

HYMN 246.

- 2 God will support our hearts  
With might before unknown ;  
The work to be perform'd is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 3 'T is he that works to will,  
'T is he that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too !

HYMN 246.

(P. M.)

*Habakkuk* iii. 17-19.

- 1 **ALTHOUGH** the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield ;  
Yet will I trust me in my God,  
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,  
And by his grace be heal'd.
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parch'd by scorching beam ;  
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy ; for, though his frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,  
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,  
And round the empty stall ;  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies ;  
There God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
Nay, triumph in his love ;  
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind he makes and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

## HYMNS 247, 248.

(159)

## HYMN 247.

(7's.)

*Rev. vii : 9, &c.*

- 1 WHO are these in bright array ?  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar, night and day  
 Tuning their triumphant song ?  
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
 "Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
 "Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;  
 "New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Seal'd with his eternal name :  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might  
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
 Shall to living fountains lead :  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels their fears ;  
 And, for ever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

## HYMN 248.

(P. M.)

## MERCY DIVINE.

- 1 BY faith we are come to our permanent home :  
 By hope we the rapture improve ;  
 By love we still rise, and look down on the skies :  
 For the heaven of heavens is love.
- 2 What a rapturous song, when the glorified throng,  
 In the spirit of harmony join !  
 Join all the glad choirs, hearts voices, and lyres,  
 And the burden is mercy divine.

(160) HYMNS 249, 250.

- 3 Hallelujah they cry, to the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM;  
To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

~~~~~  
DEATH AND ETERNITY.  
—————

HYMN 249. (C. M.)

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a mournful 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 towers;  
“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?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace  
To raise our souls to thee,  
That we may view thy glorious face  
To all eternity.

HYMN 250. (C. M.)

*Job* xiv : 1, 2, 5, 6.

- 1 FEW are thy days, and full of wo,  
O man, of woman born!  
Thy doom is written : “Dust thou art,  
“To dust thou shalt return.”

## HYMN 251.

(161)

- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state  
 In flowers that bloom and die,  
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form  
 That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Determined are the days that fly  
 Successive o'er thy head ;  
 The number'd hour is on the wing,  
 That lays thee with the dead.
- 4 Great God ! afflict not, in thy wrath,  
 The short allotted span,  
 That bounds the few and weary days  
 Of pilgrimage to man.

## HYMN 251.

(I. M.)

## THE FEAR OF DEATH OVERCOME.

- 1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death—  
 Lord, help me to surmount the fear ;  
 That when I must resign my breath,  
 Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart—  
 In me let every sin be slain ;  
 From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,  
 From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,  
 Closely the ends of life pursue,  
 Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,  
 And honour Thee in all I do !
- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,  
 Where in thy light I light shall see :  
 The soul may freely dare to die,  
 That longs to be possess'd of Thee.
- 5 Say Thou art mine, and chase the gloom  
 Thick hanging o'er the vale of death :  
 Then shall I fearless meet my doom,  
 And as a victor yield my breath.



(162)

PSALMS 252, 253.

HYMN 252.

(C. M.)

COMFORT IN THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

- 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 relics to the tomb?  
There the Redeemer's body lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints He bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord our flesh 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.

HYMN 253.

(C. M.)

DYING IN THE LORD.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,  
For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

## HYMNS 254, 255.

(163)

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;  
 How kind their slumbers are !  
 From sufferings, and from sins released,  
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
 They're present with the Lord ;  
 The labors of their mortal life  
 End in a large reward.

## HYMN 254.

(P. M.)

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away !  
 What is this absorbs me quite ;  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !  
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring !  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
 O grave, where is thy victory !  
 O death, where is thy sting !

## HYMN 255.

(C. M.)

## DEATH THE LOT OF ALL.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head,  
 Is equal warning given :  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the heaven !

(164)

HYMN 256.

- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,  
And lurks in every flower!  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly to the tomb;  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead!
- 6 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given:  
The forms which underneath thee lie,  
Shall live, for hell or heaven!

HYMN 256.

(S. M.)

*Job xiv : 11-14.*

- 1 THE mighty flood that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again :
- 2 So days, and years, and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth never more return  
Back to the sphere of light :
- 3 And man, when in the grave,  
Can never quit its gloom,  
Until the eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find, in death,  
 A hiding-place with God,  
 Secure from wo and sin ; till call'd  
 To share his bless'd abode !

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,  
 Through toil, and care, and grief,  
 Till my appointed course is run,  
 And death shall bring relief.

## HYMN 257. (12's and 11's)

## FAREWELL TO A FRIEND DEPARTED.

1 THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not  
 deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass thy  
 tomb ;  
 The Saviour has passed through its portals be-  
 fore thee,  
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
 the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer be-  
 hold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by  
 thy side ;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-  
 fold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour  
 hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion  
 forsaking,  
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered  
 long ;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on  
 thy waking,  
 And the sound thou didst hear was the Sera-  
 phim's song.

(166)

HYMNS 258, 259.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not  
deplere thee,  
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy  
guide ;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
thee,  
And death hath no sting since the Saviour  
hath died.

HYMN 258.

(C. M.)

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

- 1 O FOR an overcomin ; faith,  
To cheer my dying hours ;  
To triumph o'er the monster death,  
And all his frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing,—  
“Where is thy boasted victory, grave ?  
O death, where is thy sting ?”
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;  
Death has no sting beside :  
The law gives sin its damning power ;  
But Christ my ransom died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid ;—  
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,  
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 259.

(8. 7.)

MOURNERS COMFORTED.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,  
O'er the grave of those you love ;  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.

## HYMN 260.

(167)

- 2 While our silent steps are straying,  
 Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade,  
 Glory's brightest beams are playing  
 Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving  
 From the hand of God most high,  
 In his glorious presence living,  
 They shall never—never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,  
 Sickness there, no more can come ;  
 There no fear of woe, intruding,  
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish  
 O'er the grave of those you love ;  
 Far removed from pain and anguish,  
 They are chanting hymns above.

## HYMN 260.

(C. M.)

## THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint  
 The moment after death,  
 The glories that surround the saint,  
 When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;  
 We scarce can say, "He's gone !"  
 Before the willing spirit takes  
 Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
 To trace her heavenward flight ;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil  
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
 They are supremely blest ;  
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,  
 And with their Saviour rest.

(168)

HYMNS 261, 262.

- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,  
His presence always view ;—  
And if we *here* their footsteps trace,  
*There* we shall praise Him too.

HYMN 261.

(L. M.)

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

- 1 HOW bless'd the righteous when he dies  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,  
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears ;  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies ;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
" How bless'd the righteous when he dies !

HYMN 262.

(C. M.)

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

- 1 WHEN those we love are snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
That friendship must demand.

HYMN 263.

(169)

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 With awful power imprest  
 May this dread truth, "I too must die,"  
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more;  
 Behold the opening tomb;  
 It bids us use the present hour,  
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene  
 May every heart obey!  
 Nor be the faithful warning vain  
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,  
 Whose arm alone can save;  
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 263.

(C. M.)

THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven declares  
 To those in Christ who die!  
 "Released from all their earthly cares,  
 "They 'll reign with him on high."
- 2 Then why lament departed friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 Death 's but the servant Jesus sends  
 To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd we 're secure,  
 Death hath no sting beside;  
 The law gave sin its strength and power;  
 But Christ, our ransom, died!
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
 When in the grave he lay;  
 And, rising thence, their hopes he raised  
 To everlasting day!



(170) HYMNS 264, 265.

- 5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,  
To Christ, our life, we 'll sing,  
"Where is thy victory, O grave?  
"And where, O death, thy sting!"

HYMN 264. (L. M.)

A FUNERAL HYMN.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Break from thy throne, illustrious morn!  
Attend, O Earth, his sovereign word:  
Restore thy trust; to life new-born,  
He must ascend to meet his Lord.
- 3 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the lovely sleepers here,  
And angels watch their soft repose.
- 4 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed:  
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

HYMN 265. (C. M.)

DEATH DREADFUL TO THE WICKED.

- 1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day,  
To those that have no God,  
When the poor soul is forced away  
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;  
But guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downward from the skies,  
To darkness, fire, and pain.

## HYMNS 266, 267.

(171)

- 3 He is a God of sovereign love,  
That promised heaven to me,  
And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.
- 4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand ;  
Then come the joyful day ;  
Come death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

## HYMN 266.

(L. M.)

## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

- 1 AS the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day ;  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod :  
O mourner ! such, the Lord declares,  
Such are the children of our God !

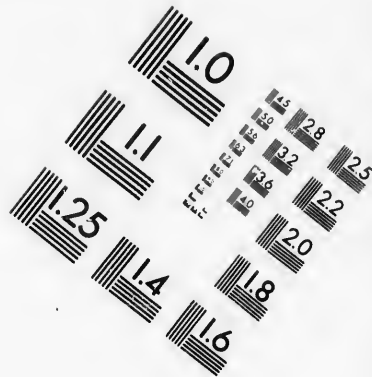
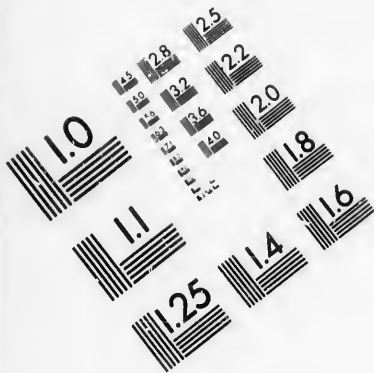
## HYMN 267.

(C. M.)

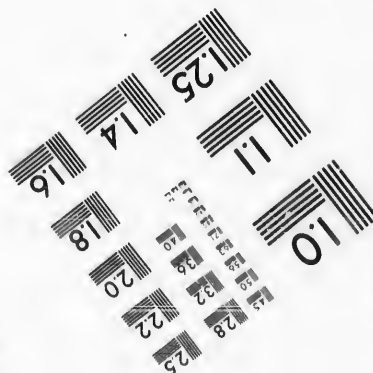
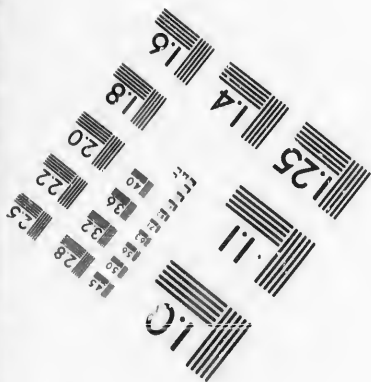
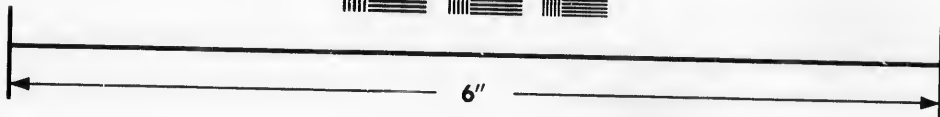
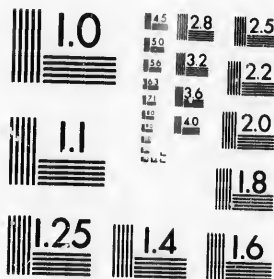
## DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

- 1 How short the race our friend has run,  
Cut down in all *his* bloom !  
The course but yesterday begun  
Now finish'd in the tomb !
- 2 Thou joyous youth ! hence learn how soon  
Thy years may end their flight :  
Long, long before life's brilliant noon  
May come death's gloomy night.





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(172)

HYMNS 268, 269.

- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,  
To-day his voice regard ;  
To-morrow, mercy's open gate  
May be for ever barr'd.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,  
Thy youthful love to gain ;  
" The soul that early seeks my face  
Shall never seek in vain."

HYMN 268.

(L. M.)

THE TOLLING BELL.

- 1 OFT as the bell with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul ;  
Let each one ask himself, " Am I  
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
Soon as it fails at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee ;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sins, and in me live.
- 5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

HYMN 269.

(C. M.)

THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry ;  
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

## HYMN 270.

(173)

- 2 What though the arm of conquering death  
Does God's own house invade?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be number'd with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged, and the young,  
The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute th' instructive tongue,—
- 4 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;  
"My church shall safe abide;  
For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,  
This promise is our trust;  
And this shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.

## HYMN 270.

(L. M.)

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PARTING HOUR.

- 1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
And faith, rekindling all its power,  
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 A beam from heaven is sent, to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.

(174)

HYMNS 271, 272.

4 O Lord, that we may thus depart,  
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,  
Impress thy image on our heart,  
And teach us now to walk with thee!

HYMN 271.

(C. M.)

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er—  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 272.

(S. M.)

REST FOR THE WEARY SOUL.

- 1 OH! where shall rest be found!  
Rest for the weary soul:  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.



## HYMN 273.

(175)

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death.
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

## HYMN 273.

(C. M.)

## THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
Their couch was wet with tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came :—  
'They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
His zeal inspir'd their breast,  
And, following their Incarnate God,  
Possess the promis'd Rest.

(176) HYMNS 274, 275.

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shew the same path to heaven.

HYMN 274. (C. M.)

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

- 1 SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,  
In sweet assemblage join,  
All nature's charms would droop and die,  
Jesus, compared with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,  
And vain her blooming store ;  
Her brightness languishes to shade,  
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But, ah ! how far from mortal sight  
The Lord of glory dwells !  
A veil of interposing night  
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise  
On strong immortal wing,  
And reach thy palace in the skies,  
My Saviour and my King !
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,  
And there, (divine employ !)  
The triumphs of thy love repeat  
In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day  
O'er all the blissful place ;  
Who would not drop this load of clay  
And die to see thy face ?

HYMN 275. (C. M.)

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

## HYMN 276.

(177)

- (c. M.)
- e eye,  
e,
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?
  - 3 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end ?
  - 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And all I love in Christ below  
Shall join the glorious band.
  - 5 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
My soul still pants for thee :  
Then shall my labors have an end  
When I thy joys shall see.

## HYMN 276.

(c. M.)

## THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

- (c. M.)
- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
  - 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,  
And discord there shall cease ;  
And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
Adorn the realms of peace.
  - 3 The soul from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its power no more ;  
But, clothed in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.
  - 4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright !)  
The exalted Saviour shines ;  
And beams ineffable delight  
On all the heavenly minds.

- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
 Join in immortal songs ;  
 And endless honors to his name  
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
 Our feeble notes inspire ;  
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
 We join the angelic choir.

## HYMN 277.

(c. m.)

2 *Corinthians* iv : 18.

- 1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys  
 Detain our hearts and eyes,  
 Regardless of immortal joys,  
 And strangers to the skies !
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
 They fade upon the sight ;  
 And quickly will their brightest day  
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain !  
 With conscious sighs we own ;  
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,  
 O'er shade the smiling noon.
- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly  
 Above these gloomy shades,  
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
 Or reason's feeble ray,  
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,  
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
 To guide our upward aim !  
 With one reviving touch of thine  
 Our languid hearts inflame.

HYMN 278.

(179)

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

~~~~~  
 THE CHURCH.  
 ———

HYMN 278.

(S. M.)

LOVE TO THE CHURCH.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The house of thine abode,  
 The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd  
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!  
 Her walls before thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
 And graven on thy Hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons,  
 My voice or hands deny,  
 These hands let useful skill forsake,  
 This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget  
 Her welfare, or her wo,  
 Let every joy this heart forsake,  
 And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall:  
 For her my prayers ascend:  
 To her my cares and toils be given,  
 Till toils and care shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heavenly ways,  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.

(C. M.)

(180)

HYMNS 279, 280.

7 Jesus, thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

. HYMN 279.

(C. M.)

THE CHURCH OF GOD SECURE.

- 1 THY Church, O Lord, secure shall stand,  
Amidst the raging foe ;  
Call'd from the world by thy command,  
Thy mighty pow'r shall know.
- 2 Thy Church shall in its deep distress  
The manna's sweetness know ;  
And in the dreary wilderness,  
Streams from the Rock shall flow.
- 3 Triumphant borne beyond the flood,  
To Canaan's heav'nly shore,  
Thy Church, redeem'd by Jesus' blood,  
Shall reign for evermore.
- 4 Unite us to that Church, O Lord,  
In faith and love divine ;  
To walk according to thy Word,  
Now and for ever thine !

HYMN 280.

(S. M.)

THE ARK OF GOD.

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soar'd the earth around,  
But not a resting place above  
The cheerless waters found ;

HYMN 281.

(181)

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,  
On restless wing to roam ;  
All the wide world, to either pole  
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door ;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire ;  
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 281.

(P. M.)

THE CHURCH IN GLORY.

1 WITH joy shall I behold the day  
That calls my willing soul away,  
To dwell among the bless'd :  
For lo! my great Redeemer's power  
Unfolds the everlasting door,  
And points me to his rest.

2 Even now, to my expecting eyes  
The heaven built towers of Salem rise ;  
Their glory I survey ;  
I view her mansions, that contain  
The angel host, a beauteous train,  
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,  
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,  
Borne on immortal wing ;  
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,  
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ  
Before th' Almighty King.

- 4 The King a seat hath there prepared,  
 High, on eternal base uprear'd,  
 For his eternal Son ;  
 His palaces with joy abound ;  
 His saints, by him with glory crown'd  
 Attend and share his throne.
- 5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head  
 Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,  
 For evermore shall dwell :  
 Let me, blest seat! my name behold  
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,  
 And bid the world farewell.

## HYMN 282.

(C. M.)

*Hebrews xii : 18, 22, 24.*

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
 Not to the thunder of that word  
 Which God on Sinai spoke :
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
 The city of our God ;  
 Where milder words declare his will,  
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
 Of angels clothed in light !  
 Behold the spirits of the just  
 Whose faith is changed to sight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there  
 Whose names are writ in heaven ;  
 Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
 Their sins, through Christ, forgiven !
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,  
 But one communion make ;  
 All join in Christ, their vital Head,  
 And of his love partake.



HYMNS 283, 284.

(183)

HYMN 283.

(C. M.)

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,  
Who have obtain'd the prize ;  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joys celestial rise !
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing,  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King  
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 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.
- 5 O Jesus, be our constant guide !—  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in heaven !

HYMN 284.

(S. M.)

CHRISTIAN UNION.

- 1 BLEST is the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love :  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one ;  
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,  
How keen, how deep the pain !  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

## HYMN 285.

(C. M.)

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

- 1 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.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk with Him !  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 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.

## HYMN 286.

(S. M.)

## ALL ONE IN CHRIST.

- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread :  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their Head.

## HYMN 287.

(185)

2 Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy and ill-will,  
Be banished far away ;  
And all in Christian bonds unite,  
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above ;  
Where no discordant sounds are heard,  
But all is peace and love.

## HYMN 287.

(L. M.)

ON OPENING A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

1 **HERE**, in thy name, eternal God,  
We build this earthly house for thee :  
O make it now thy fixed abode,  
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live ;  
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling place,  
And when thou hearest, Lord forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim,  
The blessed gospel of thy Son ;  
Still by the power of his great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,  
Hosanna to their heavenly King ;  
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,  
Hosanna, let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign,  
Here to abide, no transient Guest ?  
Here will our great Redeemer reign,  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

(186)

HYMNS 288, 289.

- 6 Thy glory never hence depart :  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;  
Thy kingdom come in every heart,  
In every bosom fix thy throne.

HYMN 288.

(7's.)

ON OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 1 LORD of hosts ! to thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise :  
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed  
With thy word the heavenly bread :  
Here in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand  
While the sea shall gird the land ;  
Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply :  
Hallelujah !—hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

HYMN 289.

(L. M.)

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

- 1 AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,  
On earth establish thine abode ?  
Then look propitious from thy throne,  
And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thine honor raise,  
Long may they echo in thy praise ;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

HYMNS 290, 291.

(187)

- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,  
 With all the graces of his train ;  
 While power divine his word attends,  
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,  
 When God the nations shall survey,  
 May it before the world appear,  
 Thousands were born for glory here.

~~~~~  
 BAPTISM.  
 ———

HYMN 290.

(C. K.)

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee !  
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe,  
 And let these little infants be  
 Baptiz'd into thy death !
- 2 O let thine unction on them rest,  
 Thy grace their souls renew ;  
 And write within their tender breast  
 Thy name and nature too !
- 3 Thy faithful servants let them prove,  
 Begirt with truth divine,  
 And sharers in thy dying love,  
 And followers of thine !
- 4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
 That we thy life may prove,  
 Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
 And of thy crown above !

HYMN 291.

(L. M.)

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost—come from on high ;  
 Baptizer of our spirits thou !  
 The sacramental seal apply,  
 And witness with the water now.

(188)

HYMNS 292, 293.

- 2 Exert thy gracious power divine,  
And sprinkle now th' atoning blood ;  
May Father, Son and Spirit, join  
To seal this child a child of God.

HYMN 292.

(C. M.)

CHRIST RECEIVING CHILDREN.

- 1 THE gentle Saviour calls  
Our children to his breast ;  
He folds them in his gracious arms,  
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 " Let them approach," he cries,  
" Nor scorn their humble claim ;  
" The heirs of heaven are such as these,  
" For such as these I came."
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee,  
Imploring, that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

HYMN 293.

(8. 7.)

THE SAVIOUR BLESSING CHILDREN.

- 1 SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share.
- 2 Now, *these little ones* receiving,  
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm—  
There, we know—thy word believing—  
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,  
Let *them* be the Lion's prey ;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way :

## HYMNS 294, 295.

(189)

- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
 Let *them* find a resting place ;  
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

c. m.)

## HYMN 294.

(l. m.)

## BAPTISM OF AN INFANT.

- 1 O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,  
 We bring our infant to thy throne ;  
 Give it within thy heart a place,  
 Let it be thine and thine alone.
- 2 Remove from it each stain of guilt,  
 And let this child be sanctified ;  
 Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,  
 And all its native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not for it, earthly bliss,  
 Or earthly honors, wealth or fame :  
 The sum of our request is this—  
 That it may love and fear thy name.
- 4 This infant, we by faith commit  
 To thy kind love and guardian care :  
 We lay it at the Saviour's feet,  
 He will not let it perish there.

. 7.)

## HYMN 295.

(s. m.)

## BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ arise,  
 And put your armor on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
 And in his mighty power,  
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
 Is more than conqueror.

(190)

HYMNS 296, 297.

- 3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued,  
And take to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,  
And stand complete at last.

HYMN 296.

(C. M.)

THE SOLEMN VOW.

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

~~~~~  
CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 297.

(L. M.)

SELF DEDICATION.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell thy goodness all abroad.



## HYMN 298.

(191)

- 2 O happy bond ! that seals my vows,  
To him who merits all my love ;  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done ;  
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine ;  
Help me, through grace, to follow on,  
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,  
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest ;  
Who with the world would grieve to part,  
When call'd on angel's food to feast ?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## HYMN 298.

(L. M.)

## EXHORTATION TO EARLY PIETY.

- 1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God :  
Behold, the days come hastening on,  
When you shall say, " My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;  
Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

(192)

HYMNS 299, 300.

HYMN 299.

(C. M.)

RELIGION ALL-IMPORTANT.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below ;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage  
Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
Or for an early tomb.
- 3 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
And be my stubborn will subdued,  
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear ;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.

HYMN 300.

(C. M.)

EARLY PIETY.

- 1 YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower, though offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'T is easier far if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
For sinners who grow old in sin  
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young ;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.

HYMNS 301, 302.

(193)

- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our hearts we now resign ;  
'T will please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 301.

(L. M.)

SELF DEDICATION TO GOD.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine ;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place,  
Among the children of thy grace ;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all ;  
Lord, let me live and die to thee  
Be thine through all eternity.

HYMN 302.

(C. M.)

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

- 1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardor glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engraved :
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days ;  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways :

(194)

HYMN 303.

- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,  
In age will give thee rest :  
O then, improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blest !

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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

—————

HYMN 303.

(L. M.)

*Luke xiv : 17.*

- 1 MY God, and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them thy sweet mercies know !
- 2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes !  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
Was not for you the victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let thy table honor'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests !  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes !
- 5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord  
In countless numbers let them come,  
And gather from their Father's board,  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb !

- 6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun!

## HYMN 304.

(L. M.)

## INSTITUTION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes—
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 This is my body—broke for sin—  
Receive and eat the living food:  
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:  
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
- 4 Do this, he cried, till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying friend;  
Meet at my table and record  
The love of your departed Lord.
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;  
We show thy death, we sing thy name;  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

## HYMN 305.

(C. M.)

## THE GOSPEL FEAST.

- 1 COME, let us lift our voices high,  
High as our joys arise,  
And join the songs above the sky,  
Where pleasure never dies.

- 2 Jesus, our Friend, invites us here,  
 To this triumphal feast ;  
 And brings immortal blessings down  
 For each redeemed guest.
- 3 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,  
 The tribute of our tongues ;  
 But themes so infinite as these  
 Exceed our noblest songs.

## HYMN 306.

(L. M.)

## BEFORE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,  
 That name in heaven and earth adored,  
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise  
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,  
 Are weak, and languishing, and low ;  
 Far, far above our humble songs,  
 The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,  
 And worship at his sacred feet,  
 O let our warm affections move,  
 In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,  
 But long to know and love thee more ;  
 And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,  
 Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
 To see thy wondrous love display'd ;  
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential wo,  
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;  
 And thy forgiving love impart,  
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

## HYMNS 307, 308.

(197)

## HYMN 307.

(C. M.)

## BEFORE THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at distance stood ?  
And, to effect this glorious change,  
Did Jesus shed his blood ?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,  
To bear our souls above !  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming love !
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,  
To praise our heavenly King !  
O may that love which spread this board,  
Inspire us while we sing ;
- 4 " Glory to God in highest strains,  
" And to the earth be peace ;  
" Good-will from heaven to men is come,  
" And let it never cease !"

## HYMN 308.

(C. M.)

*Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.*

- 1 THOU, God, all glory, honor, power,  
Art worthy to receive ;  
Since all things by thy power were made,  
And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,  
Honor, and wealth, to gain,  
Glory and strength ; who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain !
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,  
And ransom'd us to God,  
From every nation, every coast,  
By thy most precious blood.

(198)

HYMNS 309, 310.

- 4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb be given.

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THE LORD'S DAY.

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HYMN 309.

(C. M.)

DELIGHT IN THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to th' Anointed King,  
To David's Holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ! descend, and bring  
Salvation from the throne !
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God the Father's name,  
To save our sinful race !
- 5 Hosannah, in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise !  
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 310.

(L. M.)

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Lord's day has begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.



- 2 This day may our devotions rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies ;  
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,  
Which none but they who feel it know!
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains ;  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away ;  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

## HYMN 311.

(L. M.)

## THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our longing souls aspire  
With lively faith and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
Fain would we leave the weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

## HYMN 312.

(S. M.)

## THE SABBATH WELCOME.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

(200)

HYMN 313.

- 2 The King himself comes near  
To feast his saints to-day;  
Here may we sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where Jesus is within,  
Is better than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Till it is call'd to soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 313.

(P. M.)

MORNING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,  
And hail this sacred day;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay:  
Welcome the day that God hath bless'd,  
The type of heav'n's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of Life arose;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquish'd all our foes:  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!  
Heaven with hosannahs rings,  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings:  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.

## HYMNS 314, 315.

(201)

- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,  
Ascend thy conqu'ring car ;  
While justice, truth, and love,  
Maintain thy glorious war :  
This day let sinners own thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away !

## HYMN 314.

(S. M.)

## THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST DESIRED.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;  
Let my religious hours alone :  
From flesh and sense I would be free,  
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire  
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,  
When I can see thy glories shine,  
I 'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,  
To cheer me in this barren land ;  
And in thy temple let me know  
The joys that from thy presence flow.

## HYMN 315.

(C. M.)

## DELIGHT IN THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
Let young and old rejoice :  
To him be vows and homage paid,  
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord :  
How dreadful is this place !  
With meekness let us hear his word  
With rev'rence seek his face.

(202)

HYMN 316.

- 3 This is the homage he requires ;  
The voice of praise and prayer ;  
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,  
Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call  
Propitious from the skies,  
The Lord, the maker of them all,  
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through 'Jesus' Christ his Son,  
From sin he grants release ;  
According to their faith 't is done,  
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 316.

(P. M.)

SANCTIFICATION OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 GREAT God! this sacred day of thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers ;  
Gladly we now to thee resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours :  
O may our souls adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne !
- 2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore ;  
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
And, where thou art, intrude no more :  
O may thy grace our spirits move,  
And fix our minds on things above !
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
And bid thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart :  
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;  
Then shall our souls adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

## HYMNS 317, 318.

(203)

## HYMN 317.

(L. M.)

## LORD'S DAY, MORNING.

- 1 MY opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of thy returning day;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest;  
Eternal King! erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch, in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

## HYMN 318.

(C. M.)

## THE REST OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 SWEET day of rest, blest hallowed hours,  
The gift of heavenly love,  
O may my heart with all its powers  
Be fixed on things above.
- 2 Devoutly to thy hallow'd courts  
May I with ardor press,  
And hear thy word and sing thy praise,  
And seek for promised rest.
- 3 Prostrate before thy presence there  
May I my sins confess,  
Nor quit the footstool of thy grace  
Till thou with pardon bless.

## HYMN 319.

(C. M.)

EVENING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,  
To shed its quick'ning beams;  
And yet how slow devotion burns;  
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend,  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end:—
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine.
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,  
Shall all our powers employ;  
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,  
And take our fill of joy.

## HYMN 320.

(7's.)

A DAY IN THE COURTS OF THE LORD.

- 1 TO thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there;  
While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

HYMN 321.

(205)

- 3 While I hearken to thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ;  
And at evening let me say,  
" I have walk'd with God to-day."

HYMN 321.

(L. M.)

THE CLOSE OF THE SABBATH.

- 1 ANOTHER day has passed along,  
And we are nearer to the tomb :  
Near to join the heavenly song,  
Or hear the last eternal doom.
- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,  
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there :  
For these blest hours, the world I leave,  
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 3 The time how lovely and how still ;  
Peace shines and smiles on all below ;  
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,  
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 4 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul  
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love :  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 5 Nor will our days of toil be long,  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

(206)

HYMNS 322, 323.

HYMN 322.

(L. M.)

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise :
- 2 There will the gracious Saviour be,  
To bless the little company ;  
There to unveil his smiling face,  
And bid his glories fill the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word :  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN 323.

(C. M.)

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne  
And our confessions pour,  
O may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;  
True penitence impart :  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
Oh let our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies :  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.



## HYMNS 324, 325.

(207)

## HYMN 324.

(C. M.)

*Sol. Song, iv : 16.*

- 1 ONCE more we come before our God,  
Once more his blessing ask ;  
Oh may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task !
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send,  
From heaven, in Jesus' name,  
To make our waiting minds attend,  
Our souls anew to frame ;—
- 3 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake ;  
Say to the south-wind, Blow !  
Let every plant the power partake,  
And all the garden grow ;—
- 4 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers,  
The cold with warmth divine ;  
And as the benefit is ours,  
Be all the glory thine !

## HYMN 325.

(C. M.)

FOR A BLESSING ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak our faith is found,  
Our knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain ;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
Do our false hearts retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !  
How negligent our fear !  
How low our hope of joys above !  
How few affections there !

(208)

HYMNS 326, 327.

- 4 Great God! thy sov'reign power impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation on our heart,  
And make us learn thy grace!
- 5 Shew our forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high!  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

HYMN 326.

(L. M.)

BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;  
Prepare us to receive thy word;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear :—
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread;—
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear!
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy will;  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day!

HYMN 327.

(L. M.)

BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 O MAY the Power which melts the rock  
Be felt by all assembled here!  
Or else our service will but mock  
That God whom we profess to fear,

## HYMN 328.

(209)

- 2 How long hath He bestow'd his care  
On this indulg'd, ungrateful land !  
How oft, in times of danger near,  
Preserv'd us by his sovereign hand !
- 3 Here peace and liberty have dwelt ;  
The glorious gospel brightly shone ;  
And oft our mightiest foes have felt  
That God hath made our cause his own.
- 4 But ah ! both heaven and earth have heard  
Our vile requital of his love :  
We, whom like children He has rear'd,  
For all his care unthankful prove.
- 5 See ! He uplifts his chastening rod ;—  
O ! where are now the faithful few,  
Who tremble for the ark of God,  
And know what Israel ought to do ?
- 6 Lord, hear thy people every where,  
Who meet this day to weep and pray :  
Our sinful land in mercy spare,  
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

## HYMN 328.

(L. M.)

## BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 NOW may the Gospel's conqu'ring power  
Be felt by all assembled here !  
So shall this prove a joyful hour,  
And God's own arm of strength appear.
- 2 Lord ! let thy mighty voice be heard :  
Speak in the Word, and speak with power ;  
So shall thy glorious Name be feared,  
By those who never feared before.
- 3 Oh pity those who live in sin,  
And save them from the sinner's doom :  
Open the ark, and take them in,  
And save them from the wrath to come !

(210)

HYMNS 329, 330.

- 4 So shall thy people joyful be ;  
The angels, too, will louder sing :  
And all ascribe the praise to Thee ;  
To Thee, the Everlasting King.

HYMN 329.

(8, 7, 4.)

BEFORE SERMON.

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed :  
Let each heart thy grace inherit ;  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,  
Which thy word 's design'd to give !  
Let us all thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive :  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live.

HYMN 330.

(c. m.)

AFTER SERMON.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground ;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound !
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love ;—
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy ;  
But let it yield an hundredfold,  
The fruits of peace and joy ;—

HYMNS 331, 332.

(211)

- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
 Thy quick'ning grace bestow,  
 That all, whose souls thy truth receive,  
 Its saving power may know !

HYMN 331.

(L. M.)

AFTER SERMON.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father! bless the word,  
 Which through thy grace, we now have heard ;  
 O may the precious seed take root,  
 Spring up, and bear abundant fruit !
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
 Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :  
 Grant, Lord! that we who worship here  
 May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 332.

(8, 7, 4.)

ENDING SERVICE.

- 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,  
 Trav'ling through this wilderness !
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound ;—  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found !
- 3 So, whene'er the signal given  
 Calls us from this earth away,  
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day !

(212) HYMNS 333, 334, 335.

HYMN 333.

(8, 7, 4.)

AFTER SERMON.

1 MAY the power that brings salvation,  
Still exerted in the word,  
By its quick'ning operation,  
Life impart and joy afford!  
Life to sinners;—  
Joy to those who know the Lord.

2 Hark the voice of love, proclaiming  
Mercy through a Saviour's blood!  
Vain the schemes of human framing;  
This alone is own'd of God,  
'Tis the Gospel  
Points to heaven, and shews the road.

HYMN 334.

(L. M.)

DISMISSION.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;  
Help us to feed upon thy word:  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And may thy Spirit in us live!

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;  
Blot out our sins with Jesus' blood;  
Each weary, contrite soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace!

~~~~~  
THE SICK.  
—

HYMN 335.

(C. M.)

SICKNESS.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.

## HYMN 336.

(213)

- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command ;  
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,  
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries—  
"Remove thy sharp rebukes,"  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies  
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my fathers were ;  
May I be well prepared to go,  
When I the summons hear.
- 5 But if my life be spared awhile,  
Before my last remove ;  
Thy praise shall be my business still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

## HYMN 336.

(L. M.)

## SICKNESS.

- 1 WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,  
Past mercies teach me where to fly :  
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,  
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 2 To all the various helps of art  
Kindly thy healing power impart ;  
Bethesda's bath refused to save,  
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.
- 3 All med'cines act by thy decree,  
Receive commission all from thee ;  
And not a plant which spreads the plains,  
But teems with health, when Heaven ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,  
At Heaven's command restored the blind ;  
And Jordan's waters hence were seen  
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

- 5 But grant me nobler favors still,  
Grant me to know and do thy will ;  
Purge my foul soul from every stain,  
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue ?  
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,  
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer  
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,  
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes ;  
To me thy boundless love extend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,  
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed ;  
His blood procures our fallen race  
Admittance to the throne of grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,  
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,  
His blood is all-sufficient found  
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin ?  
What venom gives such pain within ?  
Thou great Physician of the soul,  
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.
- 11 Oh ! if I trust thy sovereign skill,  
And bow submissive to thy will,  
Sickness and death shall both agree  
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

## HYMN 337.

(C. M.)

## RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

- 1 MY God thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days ;  
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,  
But to renew thy praise.



- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love  
 Did this weak frame sustain,  
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,  
 And nature sunk in pain.
- 3 Thou when the pains of death were felt,  
 Didst chase the fears of hell;  
 And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips  
 Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4 Back from the borders of the grave  
 At thy command I come:  
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight  
 To my eternal home.
- 5 Where thou determin'st mine abode,  
 There would I choose to be;  
 For in thy presence death is life,  
 And earth is heaven to me.

## HYMN 338.

(C. M.)

## RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

- 1 WHEN we are raised from deep distress,  
 Our God deserves our song;  
 We take the pattern of our praise  
 From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave  
 Are open'd wide in vain,  
 If he that holds the keys of death  
 Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,  
 Then no disease withstands;  
 Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,  
 And fly, as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,  
 He can our frame restore,  
 And cast our sins behind his back,  
 And they are found no more.

(216)

HYMN 339.

- 5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,  
"Thou ever good and just ;  
"Thy power can rescue from the grave,  
"Thy power is all my trust !"
- 6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears ;  
Now to his praise I 'll spend my breath,  
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 339.

(L. M.)

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

- 1 MY God, since thou hast raised me up,  
Thee I 'll extol with thankful voice ;  
Restored by thine almighty power,  
With fear before thee I 'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,  
To thee I cried, and thou didst save ;  
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,  
My life didst rescue from the grave.
- 3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,  
With me sing praises to the Lord ;  
Call all his goodness to your mind,  
And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short : his love,  
Which is our life, hath certain stay ;  
Grief may continue for a night,  
But joy returns with rising day.
- 5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,  
In happier hours I now will give,  
And strive that in my grateful verse,  
His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The blest and undivided Three ;  
The one sole giver of all life,  
Glory and praise for ever be.

## FOR THE SEA.

## HYMN 340.

(L. M.)

## ON SAILING.

- 1 LORD, in thy name we spread the sail,  
And ask from thee the prosp'rous gale ;  
And on our hearts, where'er we go,  
Oh, let thy Spirit's wind but blow !
- 2 If on the morning's wings we fly,  
We shall not pass beyond thine eye ;  
The wand'rer's pray'r thou bend'st to hear,  
And faith exults to know thee near.
- 3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,  
Oh, hide us safe in Jesus' ark ;  
When in the tempting port we ride,  
Oh, keep us safe at Jesus' side.
- 4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,  
Still guide us to the heav'nly shore ;  
And grant our dust in Christ to sleep,  
Far, or at home, or in the deep !

## HYMN 341.

(P. M.)

"Save, Lord ! or we perish."—*St. Matt.* viii : 25.

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest  
is streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is  
gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to  
cherish,  
We fly to our Maker : "Save, Lord ! or we  
perish."

(218)

HYMN 342.

- 2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from thy  
pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we  
perish."
- 3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is  
raging,  
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to  
cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or we  
perish."

HYMN 342.

(L. M.)

SEEKING PEACE.

- 1 I ASKED the Sea, when musing o'er  
Its silent depths and boundless shore,  
If on its waves I could not find  
Some lasting comfort for my mind.
- 2 Or if with all its hidden store,  
Of jewels, pearls and golden ore,  
I could not purchase from above  
That *peace* for which I vainly rove.
- 3 The ocean heard my useless cry,  
And lifted up his hands on high,  
Not on my waves can peace be found  
Nor through my caverns traversed round.
- 4 I rise and fall at His command,  
Who holds me in his powerful hand:  
O never wilt thou comfort feel,  
Until his word says, "*Peace, be still.*"

HYMNS 343, 344. (219)

HYMN 343. (L. M.)

"Then they willingly received him into the ship, and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

1 WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest,  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

3 Thou framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest thine own ark,  
Amid the howling wintry sea;  
We are in port if we have thee.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HYMN 344. (C. M.)

AT SEA OR LAND.

1 LORD! for the just thou dost provide,  
Thou art their sure defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,  
And breathe the tainted air  
In burning climates, far from home,  
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,  
Makes every country please:  
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,  
And smooth'st the rugged seas!

(220)

HYMN 345.

- 4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,  
Defied the pilot's art:  
When terror in each face appear'd,  
And sorrow in each heart ;
- 5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,  
To snatch me from the grave :  
I found thine ear not slow to hear,  
Nor short thine arm to save !
- 6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,  
The storms obey'd thy will,  
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,  
And every wave was still !
- 7 For this, my life, in every state,  
A life of praise shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be my fate,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

~~~~~  
FOR SUNDAY AND OTHER SCHOOLS.

HYMN 345.

(C. M.)

A BLESSING INVOKED.

- 1 MERCY, descending from above,  
In softest accents pleads ;  
O may each tender bosom move,  
When mercy intercedes !
- 2 Children our kind protection claim ;  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work ! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek their Saviour's face.

HYMNS 346, 347. (221)

- 4 Almighty God! thine influence shed  
To aid this blest design ;  
The honor of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 346. (7's.)

PRAISE FROM CHILDREN.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live ;  
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,  
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain,  
To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
He reclaims the sinner lost ;  
Children's minds may he inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 347. (P. M.)

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

*Children.*

- 1 COME let our voices join,  
In one glad song of praise ;  
To God, the God of love,  
Our grateful hearts we raise :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your praise belongs :  
His love demands your earliest songs.

*Children.*

- 2 Now we are taught to read,  
The book of life divine ;  
Where our Redeemer's love,  
And brightest glories shine :

*Congregation.*

To God alone the praise is due,  
Who sends his word to us and you.

*Children.*

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls,  
Our wand'ring feet are brought ;  
Where prayer and praise ascend,  
And heavenly truths are taught :

*Congregation.*

To God alone your off'rings bring ;  
Here in his church his praises sing.

*Children.*

- 4 For blessings such as these,  
Our gratitude receive ;  
Lord, here accept our hearts,  
'T is all that we can give :

*Congregation.*

Great God, accept their infant songs ;  
To thee alone their praise belongs.

*Both.*

- 5 Lord, bid this work of love  
Be crown'd with meet success ;  
May thousands yet unborn,  
This institution bless ;  
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,  
Now, and through all eternity !

## HYMN 348.

(S. M.)

## FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace,  
Love through our borders found :  
In all our little palaces  
Prosperity abound.



## HYMN 349.

(223)

- 2 God scorns not humble things :  
*Here*, though the proud despise,  
 The children of the King of kings  
 Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught  
 From glory be cast down,  
 But all through faith and patience brought  
 To an immortal crown.

## HYMN 349.

(L. M.)

## SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

- 1 FROM year to year in love we meet,  
 From year to year in peace we part ;  
 The tongues of thousands uttering sweet  
 The bosom-joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on, and year by year,  
 We change, grow up, or pass away ;  
 Not twice the same assembly here  
 Have hail'd the children's festal day.
- 3 Death, ere another spring, shall strike  
 Some in our union, mark'd to fall ;  
 Be young and old prepared alike,  
 The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 This sole occasion then is ours ;  
 This day we ne'er again shall see ;  
 Lord God, awaken all our powers  
 To spend it for eternity.
- 5 Our times, our lives, are in thine hand ;  
 On Thee for all things we rely ;  
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,  
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 6 Meanwhile our falling ranks renew ;  
 Send children, teachers, in our place,  
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,  
 More like thy Son, from race to race.

## HYMN 350.

(C. M.)

AT A CHARITY SERMON FOR SCHOOLS.

- 1 FATHER of Mercy! hear our prayers  
For those who do us good ;  
Whose love for us a place prepares,  
And kindly gives us food.
- 2 Each hand and heart that lends us aid,  
Thou dost inspire and guide ;  
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,  
Who for the poor provide.
- 3 Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,  
Thy praise we'll ever sing ;  
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,  
But thou th' unfailing spring.
- 4 For those whose goodness founded this,  
A better house prepare ;  
Receive them to thy heavenly bliss,  
And let us meet them there!
- 5 Let all the pleasing pains they share  
Be crown'd with wish'd success ;  
The present age applaud their care,  
And future ages bless.
- 6 So shall the helpless who remain  
Expos'd as we before,  
Increasing still our humble train,  
With louder songs adore.

## HYMN 351.

(7's.)

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

- 1 CHILDREN once were heard to sing,  
When so many silent were ;  
Glad they welcom'd Israel's King,  
And hosannas fill'd the air.
- 2 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,  
If we try our song to raise !  
Children we, like those of old,  
Taught like them to lisp thy praise.

## HYMN 352.

(225)

- 3 Jesus, hail! we sing to thee,  
 Welcome to thine House of Prayer;  
 Let our hearts thy temple be!  
 Lord, set up thy kingdom there!
- 4 Make us wise, thy name to know,  
 Let us feel thy power and love,  
 Ours to serve thee here below,  
 And to dwell with thee above;
- 5 There to sing hosannas loud,  
 There a Saviour's praise to sing,  
 Mix with yonder joyful crowd,  
 And for ever praise our King!

## HYMN 352.

(L. M.)

PRAYER, BY CHILDREN, FOR DIVINE INSTRUCTION.

- 1 GREAT Saviour! who didst condescend  
 Young children in thine arms to take,  
 Still prove thyself the children's friend,  
 And save us for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 Lord, by the guidance of thy hand,  
 We now within thy house appear;  
 And in thine awful presence stand,  
 To hear thy Word, and join in prayer.
- 3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,  
 Let the instruction we receive  
 With fruits of righteousness abound:  
 Oh let us to thy glory live!
- 4 Wide in the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
 Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide:  
 That we, directed by thy truth,  
 May never from thy precepts slide.
- 5 To read thy Word, our hearts incline;  
 To understand it, light impart:  
 O Saviour! let us all be thine!  
 Take full possession of each heart.

(226)

HYMNS 353, 354.

HYMN 353.

(L. M.)

BY THE CHILDREN OF A CHARITY SCHOOL.

*Boys and Girls.*

- 1 IN cheerful notes of artless praise,  
Would we our feeble voices raise ;  
And celebrate with one accord  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord.

*Boys.*

- 2 Great God ! thy universal love  
Is sung by all thy saints above ;  
And we thy children here below  
The greatness of thy love would show.

*Girls.*

- 3 When cheerless poverty had spread  
Its threatening clouds around our head,  
Soon did our gracious God appear,  
And gave us an asylum here—

*Boys and Girls.*

- 4 Our lives protected by thy care,  
Our feet preserv'd from every snare ;  
Our minds directed to the road  
Which leads our souls through Christ to God.

HYMN 354.

(L. M.)

ANNIVERSARY SERMON FOR A CHARITY SCHOOL.

*Children.*

- 1 O THOU ! who from the mouth of babes  
And infant tongues, didst perfect praise,  
Almighty Father ! hear the song ;  
Which we, thy helpless servants, raise.

*Congregation.*

- 2 How blest are they ! who, early taught  
To know and love the Word of Truth,  
Far from the haunts of sinners spend  
The tranquil morning of their youth.

*Children.*

- 3 And blest are they whose care forbids  
The youthful Christian's feet to stray,  
Unfolds the Book of God, and there  
To heaven through Christ still points the way.

*Congregation.*

- 4 Hear, Lord! thy servants' prayer! and still  
Let the full tide of bounty flow;  
That thousands yet unborn may learn  
Thy will, and all thy mercy know!

## HYMN 355.

(8. 7. 4.)

## CHILDREN EXHORTED.

- 1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story  
Of the Lamb that once was slain;  
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:  
Shall he plead with you in vain!  
O receive him,  
And salvation now obtain.
- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,  
So displeasing in his sight;  
Jesus loves the pure and holy,  
They alone are his delight;  
Seek his favor,  
And your hearts to him unite.
- 3 All your sins to him confessing,  
Who is ready to forgive;  
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,  
On his precious name believe;  
He is waiting,  
Will you not his grace receive.

## HYMN 356.

(L. M.)

## FOR SCHOOLS.

- 1 GREAT God, thy power what tongue can tell?  
What force thy sov'reign word withstand?  
Yet thou dost stoop with men to dwell,  
And give thy blessings through their hand.

- 2 'Tis ours to feed these lambs of thine  
 And train their footsteps on to heaven :  
 We hail with joy the charge divine,  
 And freely give as thou hast given.
- 3 O fount of love, all-gracious God !  
 What can we offer but thine own ?  
 For we are thine, redeem'd with blood—  
 The precious blood of Christ thy Son.
- 4 On these, on us, thy grace bestow,  
 The contrite heart, the lowly mind,  
 The love of God in Christ to know,  
 The wisdom from above to find !

## HYMN 357.

(C. M.)

TO BE SUNG BY THE ORPHANS.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise  
 Above our utmost need !  
 Incline thine ear unto our cry,  
 And hear the orphan plead.
- 2 Bereft of all a mother's love,  
 And all a father's care,  
 Lord, whither shall we flee for help ?  
 To whom direct our prayer ?
- 3 To thee we flee—to thee we pray ;  
 Thou shalt our father be ;  
 More than the fondest parent's care,  
 We find, O Lord, in thee !
- 4 Already thou hast heard our cry,  
 And wiped away our tears :  
 Thy mercy has a refuge found,  
 To guard our helpless years.

## HYMN 358.

(C. M.)

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose  
 So early from the dead ;  
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed,  
 And waste my hours in bed ?

## HYMNS 359, 360.

(229)

- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke  
The powers of death and hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
To pray and hear the word ;  
And I will come with cheerful feet  
To learn thy will, O Lord.
- 4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray ;  
And so prepare for heaven ;  
O may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven.

## HYMN 359.

(L. M.)

FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee !  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below :  
Not all my pleasures and my play  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
The texts and doctrines of thy Word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

## HYMN 360.

(C. M.)

EVENING SONG FOR CHILDREN.

- 1 AND now another day is gone,  
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
My comforts ev'ry hour make known  
His providence and grace.

- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste !  
 My sins how great their sum !  
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
 And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
 Let angels guard my head ;  
 And through the hours of darkness keep  
 Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,  
 Since thou wilt not remove :  
 And, in the morning, let me rise,  
 Rejoicing in thy love.

## HYMN 361.

(C. M.)

## PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

- 1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,  
 How many poor I see !  
 What shall I render to my God  
 For all his gifts to me ?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,  
 Yet God hath given me more ;  
 For I have food while others starve,  
 Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children, in the street,  
 Half naked I behold ;  
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,  
 And cover'd from the cold !
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell  
 Where they may lay their head,  
 I have a home wherein to dwell,  
 And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,  
 And curse, and lie, and steal,  
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,  
 And do thy holy will.



- 6 Are these thy favours, day by day,  
 'To me above the rest?  
 Then let me love thee more than they,  
 And try to serve thee best.

## HYMN 362.

(L. M.)

## SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON GOD AND DEATH.

- 1 THERE is a God that reigns above,  
 Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas;  
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
 And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law, which he has writ  
 'To teach us all what we must do;  
 My soul to his commands submit,  
 For they are holy, just, and true.
- 3 There is a Gospel of rich grace,  
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw;  
 Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,  
 For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,  
 Nor can I tell how soon 'twill come;  
 A thousand children, young as I,  
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,  
 Before the day of grace is fled;  
 There's no repentance in the grave,  
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell  
 'To north or southward, there it lies;  
 So man departs to heaven or hell,  
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

## HYMN 363.

(C. M.)

## PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,  
 The justice and the grace,  
 That join'd in council to restore  
 And save our ruin'd race.

(232)

HYMN 364.

- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,  
And from his glory fell ;  
And we, his children, thus were brought  
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, that sent his Son  
To take our flesh and blood ;  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross ;  
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave,  
Behold him rais'd on high :  
He pleads his merits there, to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And, by his power Divine,  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,  
And, with a sov'reign voice,  
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 O may I then with joy appear  
Before the Judge's face ;  
And, with the bless'd assembly there,  
Sing his redeeming grace !

HYMN 364.

(7's.)

HOLY BIBLE.

- 1 HOLY Bible ! book divine !  
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !  
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;  
Mine, to teach me what I am.

HYMN 365.

(233)

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
 Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
 Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
 If the Holy Spirit bless;  
 Mine, to show by living faith  
 Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
 And the rebel sinner's doom;  
 O thou precious book divine!  
 Holy Bible! thou art mine!

HYMN 365.

(S. M.)

FOR SINCERITY.

- 1 I OFTEN say my prayers,  
 But do I ever pray?  
 Or do the wishes of my heart  
 Suggest the words I say?
- 2 I may as well kneel down  
 And worship gods of stone,  
 As offer to the living God  
 A prayer of words alone.
- 3 For words without the heart  
 The Lord will never hear;  
 Nor will he ever those regard  
 Whose prayers are insincere.
- 4 Lord, teach me how to pray,  
 And what to ask of thee,  
 That when I'm kneeling in thy  
 I may not thoughtless be.
- 5 Teach me to pray in faith,  
 Relying on thy word,  
 That when I pray in Jesus' name,  
 I always shall be heard.

## CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

## HYMN 366.

(C. M.)

FOR A CHARITY SERMON.

- 1 HIGH on a throne of light, O Lord!  
Dost thou exalted shine;  
What can our poverty bestow,  
Since all the world is thine.
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The children of thy grace,  
Whose humble names thou wilt confess,  
Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them may'st thou be clothed and fed,  
And visited and cheered;  
And in their accents of distress,  
Our Saviour's voice be heard.
- 4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,  
Lord, at thy feet we lay;  
Grace will the humble gift receive,  
And grace at length repay.

## HYMN 367.

(C. M.)

FOR A CHARITY SERMON.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love!
- 2 Oh may our sympathizing breast  
That gen'rous pleasure know,  
Freely to share in other's joy,  
And weep for other's woe!
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts, the pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.

HYMNS 368, 369.

(235)

- 4 On dying men so Jesus look'd,  
 Enthron'd above the skies,  
 And, when he saw their lost estate,  
 Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,  
 On wings of mercy flew,  
 We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd  
 Should love each other too.

HYMN 368.

(8, 7.)

A SERMON FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

- 1 " WHEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,  
 Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;  
 To the poor belongs the treasure  
 Of the scatter'd ears behind—  
 This thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 2 " When thine olive-plants increasing,  
 Pour their plenty o'er the plain ;  
 Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,  
 But not search the boughs again—  
 This thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 3 " When thy favour'd vintage flowing,  
 Gladdens thine autumnal scene ;  
 Own the bounteous hands bestowing,  
 But the vines the poor shall glean—  
 So thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless."

HYMN 369.

(c. m.)

FOR BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

- 1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love !  
 To thee our souls we raise ;  
 And to thy-sovereign bounty rear  
 A monument of praise.

- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life,  
 With many a cheering ray :  
 Kindly restrains each rising grief,  
 Or wipes the tears away.
- 3 When sunk in guilt, our souls drew nigh  
 The borders of despair,  
 Grace interposed ; thy blood proclaimed  
 A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,  
 For all the grace we see ?  
 Alas ! the goodness worms can yield,  
 Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,  
 Our cheerful feet repair ;  
 And with the gifts thy hand bestows,  
 Relieve the mourners there.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,  
 The orphan's shall be glad ;  
 The hung'ring soul, we'll gladly point  
 To Christ the living bread.

## HYMN 370.

(C. M.)

FOR A CHARITY SERMON.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart  
 Feels all another's pain ;  
 To whom the supplicating eye  
 Is never raised in vain :
- 2 Whose breast responds with gen'rous warmth,  
 A stranger's wo to feel ;  
 Who weeps in pity o'er the wound  
 He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love  
 His feet are never slow ;  
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
 A brother in a foe.

## HYMNS 371, 372.

(237)

- 4 To him protection shall be shown ;  
 And mercy from above,  
 Descend on those who thus fulfil  
 The Christian law of love.

## HYMN 371.

(L. M.)

FOR A CHARITY SERMON.

- 1 HELP us, O Lord! thy yoke to wear,  
 Delighting in thy perfect will ;  
 Each other's burdens learn to bear,  
 And thus thy law of love fulfil.
- 2 Who sparingly his seed bestows,  
 He sparingly shall also reap ;  
 But whoso plentifully sows,  
 The plenteous sheaves his hands shall heap,
- 3 Teach us, with glad and cheerful hearts,  
 As Thou hast bless'd our various store,  
 From our abundance to impart  
 A liberal portion to the poor.
- 4 To Thee our all devoted be,  
 In whom we breathe, and move, and live :  
 Freely we have received from Thee ;  
 Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 5 And while we thus obey thy Word,  
 And every call of want relieve,  
 Oh ! may we find it, gracious Lord!  
 More bless'd to give than to receive.

## HYMN 372.

(C. M.)

AT A CHARITY SERMON.

- 1 RICH are the joys which cannot die,  
 With God laid up in store ;  
 Treasures beyond the changing sky,  
 Brighter than golden ore,

(238)

HYMN 373.

- 2 The seeds which piety and love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair fertile fields above  
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite, my willing hands can give,  
At Jesus' feet I lay;  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 373.

(L. M.)

FOR A FEMALE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

- 1 OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,  
In Him our spirit shall rejoice;  
Assembled here with sweet accord,  
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.
- 2 Since He regards our low estate,  
And hears his handmaids when they pray,  
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,  
Where none are ever turn'd away.
- 3 The poor are his peculiar care,  
To them his promises are sure;  
His gifts "the poor in spirit" share;  
O may we always thus be poor!
- 4 God of our hope, to Thee we bow,  
Thou art our refuge in distress;  
The Husband of the widow Thou,  
The Father of the fatherless.
- 5 May we thy law of love fulfil,  
To bear each other's burdens here;  
Suffer and do thy righteous will,  
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst Thou not give thy Son to die  
For our transgressions, in our stead?  
And can thy goodness aught deny  
To those for whom thy Son hath bled?



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

## HYMN 374.

(L. M.)

## ON THE APPOINTMENT OF A MINISTER.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name  
 Of Jesus our exalted Head ;—  
 Come as a Servant ; so *He* came,  
 And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a Shepherd ; guard and keep  
 This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;  
 Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
 The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a Watchman ; take thy stand  
 Upon thy tower amidst the sky,  
 And when the sword comes on the land,  
 Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide  
 A band of pilgrims on their way,  
 That, safely walking at thy side,  
 We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,  
 Charged his whole counsel to declare ;  
 Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
 While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a Messenger of peace,  
 Fill'd with the Spirit, fired with love ;  
 Live to behold our large increase,  
 And die to meet us all above.

(240)

HYMNS 375, 376.

HYMN 375.

(8. 7.)

FAST DAY.

- 1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliv'rance rise :
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,  
Let that blood our guilt efface ;  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 376.

(C. M.)

FAST DAY.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord! before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend!  
'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone  
Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame!  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name!

## HYMN 377.

(241)

- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
 Convert us by thy grace ;  
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
 And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,  
 We will not sink in fear ;  
 Secure of all-sufficient aid,  
 When God, our God, is near.

## HYMN 377.

(L. M.)

## PUBLIC MERCIES AND DELIVERANCES.

- 1 SALVATION doth to God belong,  
 His power and grace shall be our song ;  
 From him alone all mercies flow,  
 His arm alone subdues the foe !
- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear  
 Propitious to his people's prayer ;  
 And though deliverance he may stay,  
 Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,  
 Still saved by thine Almighty hand,  
 The tribute of its love to bring  
 To thee our Saviour, and our King.
- 4 Till every public temple raise  
 A song of triumph to thy praise ;  
 And every peaceful private home,  
 To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight  
 To walk as in thy glorious sight ;  
 Still in thy precepts and thy fear,  
 Till life's last hour, to persevere.

FOR A GENERAL ORDINATION.

*See Hymns 18-23.*

AT THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

*See Hymns 288-290.*

FOR THE CHURCH SOCIETY.

*Hymns under Epiphany and for charitable occasions.*

END OF THE HYMNS.

## DOXOLOGIES.

(L. M.)

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

(L. M.)

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

(L. M.)

(6 LINES.)

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be glory in the highest given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven ;  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

(C. M.)

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

## DOXOLOGIES.

(S. M.)

TO God the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, glory be,  
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
 To all eternity.

(7's.)

HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One!  
 Glory, as of old, to thee,  
 Now, and evermore shall be!

(8. 7.)

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
 As it was, and is, be given  
 Glory through eternal days.

(8. 7. 4.)

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,  
 God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, join'd in glory  
 On the same eternal throne:  
 Endless praises  
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

(P. M.)

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,  
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,  
 Be highest glory given,  
 As 'twas through ages heretofore,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore,  
 By all in earth and heaven.

DOXOLOGIES.

(245)

(P. M.)

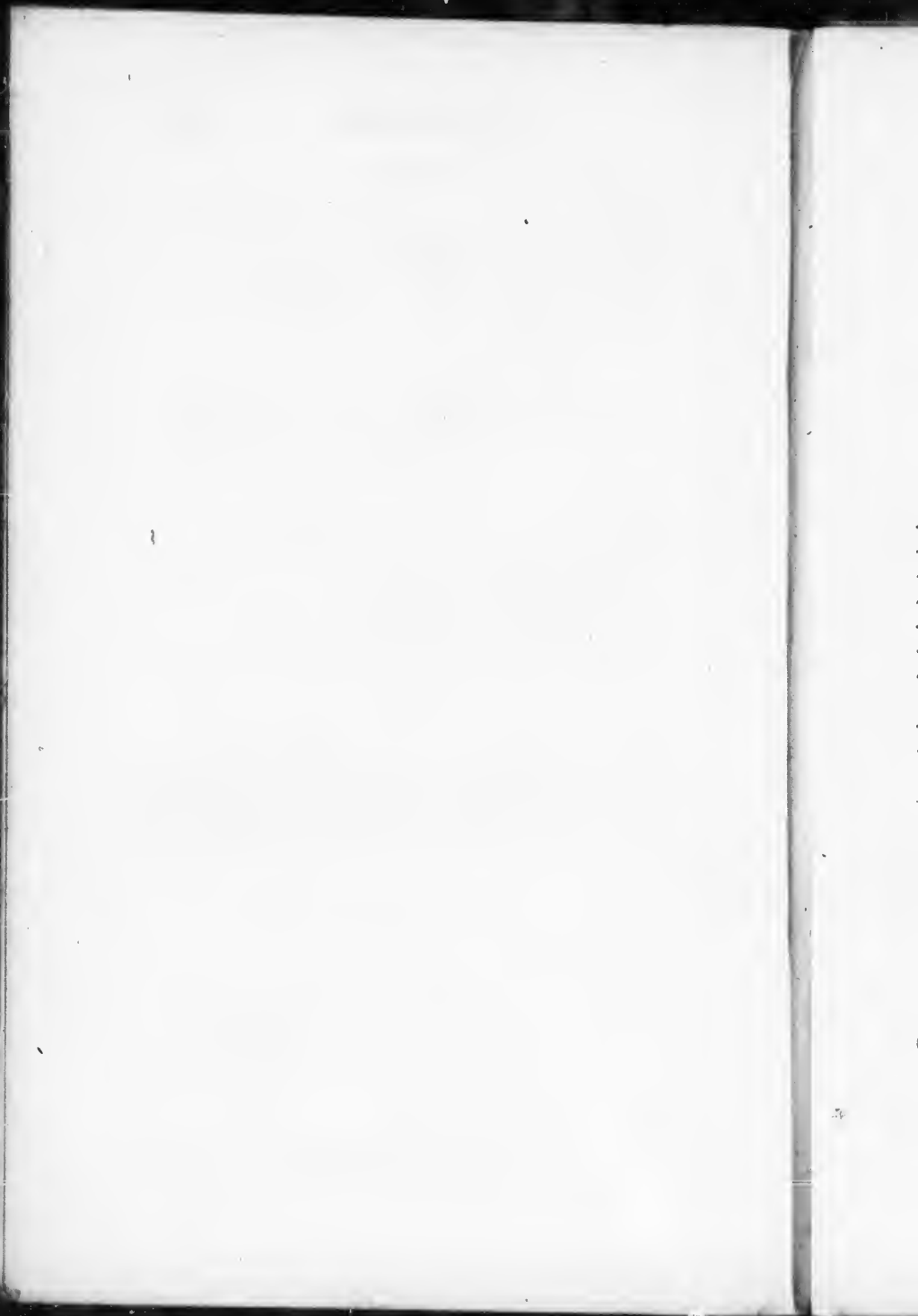
TO God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address'd ;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

(P. M.)

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And saints on earth adore ;  
Be glory, as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time shall be no more.

(11's.)

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd  
With Christ and the Spirit one God ever bless'd,  
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.





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