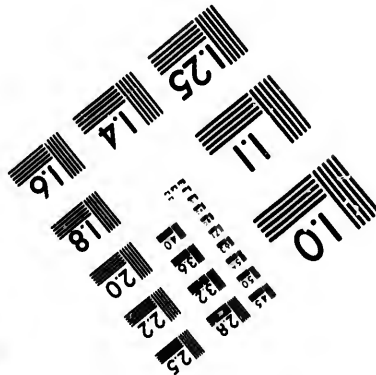
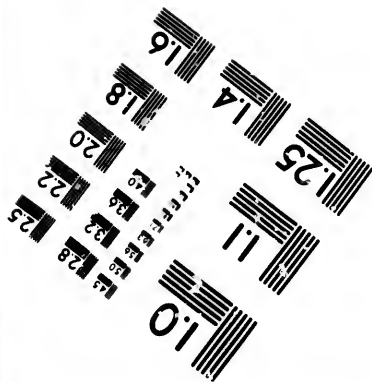
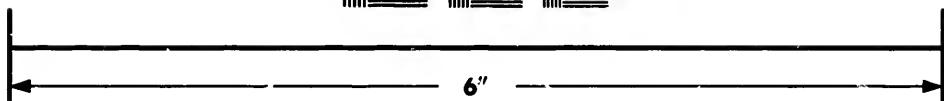
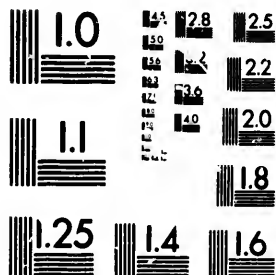


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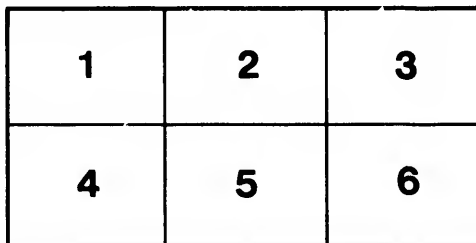
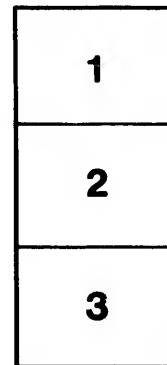
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SPIRITUAL HYMNS.

SWEET HOME.—A HYMN.

CHORUS.—*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Preserve us, dear Saviour, for glory our home.*

OUR time, O Lord, is fleeting, our days pass away,
Our journey still is sweet'ning, thy strength is our stay,
And now bestow thy blessing, our need Thou all dost
know,
And joyfully we'll travel, and cheerily home we'll go.

The frightful scenes that meet us are under thy sway;
The lame, the weak, the feeble, are constantly thy care;
So homeward bound contented we'll sweetly glide our
way,
And soon we'll see the regions of blissful, shining day.

Our time on earth's a shadow, a dream that is told,
The life of man's a vapour, the young and then the old,
Our souls are aye immortal, not subject to decay,
For ever, everlasting, in brightly shining day.

From life to mortal nature we quickly fell away;
In Adam all have sinned, and since have gone astray;
But now the joyful blessings of life, and of day,
Are, through the blessed Saviour, our portion for aye.

Our journey home to glory through mournful scenes
we see,

The troubles that afflict us in number many be ;
But when the Lord our Saviour from troubles sets us
free,

We'll sing to him with praises and sweet melodious glee.

Our Lord's a perfect leader, in pain he closed the day ;
He triumphed groaning, bleeding, and thus he paved
the way,

And now he reigns in glory, with uncontrolled sway,
Pursue his steps, be holy, and sing with cheerful lay.

The world's not worth pursuing, we cannot here remain ;
Its pomp, and vain allurements, bring sickness in their
train,

But joys of purer nature, and solid, lasting gain,
Are found in Jesu's favor, and free from grief and pain.

Our souls enjoy, with pleasure, the blessings Christ
bestows,

Our hope of richer treasure, in gradual progress grows ;
When fixed, and firm, in favor, we feel the flame still
glows ;

And though we drink full potions, the stream increas-
ing flows.

Resigned, and still contented, we sufferings here endure,
And plagues, when not prevented, the Lord will
quickly cure,

And snares, by foes invented, with purpose to allure,
Are seen, and broke by Jesus, we home our way
pursue.

In dark and dreary seasons, when clouded skies do
low'r,

And gloom prevents the vision, and shades encompass
round,

We still entrust the Saviour, his promises abound,
And stay upon his favor, he is our Rock and Tower.

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Though sufferings here are painful and trying to endure,
Bright glimpses of sweet favor bespeak the crown as
sure,

A lofty throne, high raised, and Kingly honor pure,
Shall be our compensation ; the Lord our hope secure.

Though trials sore afflict us, our comforts are not few,
Our souls are filled with pleasure, and sweet refreshing
dew,

And as we grow in stature, our strength, O Lord,
renew,

And homeward bound we'll travel, and bid the world
adieu.

HYMN—A SONG OF ZION.

Sing loud, my friends, sing loud with glee,

The songs of Zion sing

Before the throne, and joyful be,

In Christ the Lord, our King ;

Sing songs to God, and praise his name,

Who dwells on Zion hill ;

His mercies great, his works declare,

Then laud and praise him still.

Can tongue declare, or song proclaim,

His mercies great to man ?

Can we, who frail and sinful are,

His love in Jesus scan ;

When thousand thousand angels strong,

With shouting triumphs raise,

The glad hosannas, praise the King,

The Lamb for ever praise.

Can ransomed souls their notes withhold,
 Though trembling, frail we be?
 Can silence reign in Zion's gates,
 Since Jesus is their King?
 When laurels crown his lovely brow,
 Let shouts and songs abound,
 Let Zion's gates with melting praise,
 And joyful songs resound.

Let ransomed souls, with joy, behold
 The heavenly, gracious plan;
 The love which God on man bestows,
 Through Jesus Christ, the man;
 The gracious streams of love divine,
 Infusing life in man,
 And raising high our fallen souls,
 Beyond all mortal ken.

In beauty grand the fabric stands,
 Of vast creation round;
 Jehovah's plan, unknown to man,
 In wisdom all is found;
 In Jesus Christ, the clearest light,
 Is seen the lovely plan,
 Declared of old, by prophets told,
 And now, by Christ, to man.

The great Jehovah formed the plan,
 And sent his angels down;
 His will declared, from age to age,
 And smiled through every frown:
 When wrath might shew he love disclosed,
 And angels swiftly ran,
 With joyful news, through endless views,
 To sinful, guilty man.

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The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent his angels down ;
His chosen flock, from Abraham's stock,
In Egypt were confined ;
With mighty hand, from bondage land,
His tribes, by Moses led,
Through sea and land, and desert sand ;
With angels food them fed.

The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent his angels down ;
In mercy great his will declared,
In solemn, awful sound ;
From cloud-wrapt Sinai's blazing top,
Jehovah's thunders ran ;
The great Jehovah's voice was heard,
His laws consigned to man.

The great Jehovah formed the plan,
And sent his angels down ;
The word made flesh, who dwelt on earth,
From sufferings vast, was crowned ;
To Jesus Christ, the clearest light,
The father shewed the plan,
And Jesus Christ, with beauty bright,
Reveals the same to man.

Then sing with joy, and lovely glee,
The songs of Zion sing ;
Behold the Lamb, the lovely Lamb,
Is now from sufferings free :
Behold he stands, at God's right hand,
With golden censer filled,
With odors sweet, and incense meet,
And prayers of saints instilled.

And now the Father smiles on man,
Through incense' savory cloud,
And angels bright, with glorious might,
Sing sweet, and lasting loud,
And all the host, before the throne,
The glad hosannas sing,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Then saints adore your King.

Prepare the song, prepare the glee,
The Lord your hearts prepare,
That joyful sound, in love abound,
With anxious, thoughtful care,
That Jesus Christ, with sweet delight,
Your grateful lays may hear,
Infuse his grace, your joys increase,
And banish every fear.

HYMN—GATHERING OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

We hail with joy the dawning morn,
The love of God shall soon be shown;
The tribes afar, with joy shall hear,
Messiah comes, redemption's near.

We hail with joy the approaching day,
And sing aloud the glad'ning lay,
Messiah comes, redemption's near;
The scatter'd tribes shall soon appear.

We hail with joy the thousand years,
When God shall wipe away our tears;
When marshalled bands, from distant climes,
Shall prove fulfilled the signs of times.

The Lord displays his ensign high ;
The nations fear, and trembling sigh ;
The outcast tribes assembling see,
And Judah gathered soon shall be.

The dry bones now begin to hear,
And noise, and trembling both appear,
And Israel's army soon shall stand,
All marshalled thronged in joyful bands.

The sticks shall soon be joined in one ;
The Lord is near the son of man ;
Assembled tribes shall gladly sing,
And David soon shall be their King.

The new Jerusalem soon shall come,
In holy beauties from Morn's womb,
Descending now, from heaven above,
The adorned bride, the bridegroom's love.

The tribes shall sealed be as told,
In numbers great and many fold,
In thousand, hundred, and forty four ;
Of nations chosen, many more.

These all shall stand before the throne,
Before the Lamb, all joined in one,
All clothed in robes of purest white,
All holding palms, a glorious sight,

The oath of God to Abraham then,
To Isaac, Jacob, Patriarch men,
Shall be fulfilled amply round,
And songs of joy shall sweetly sound.

These holy tribes, redeemed and free,
Shall sing his praise, with joyful glee,
And thousand thousand voices clear,
Shall shout aloud Messiah's near.

Lift up ye tribes your heads on high,
 Redemption now is drawing nigh,
 Messiah comes, sing loud with glee,—
 Your scattered tribes shall gathered be.

Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues,
 And thousand thousand sing the song,
 And sweet'ning sounds shall ever be,
 Before the throne, sung loud with glee.

Then hail with joy the coming year,
 The great redemption's drawing near,
 Messiah comes, his face you'll see,
 Your scattered tribes shall gathered be.

Messiah's day is drawing near,
 Like light'ning blazing shall appear,
 The host around shall homage pay,
 And hail with joy the glad'ning day.

EULOGY—A HYMN.

AIR—*Irin, arin, u horo.*

The Lord's among his chosen few
 Shepherd, Lord, and Saviour too,
 Light, and Glory ever new,
 The Lord our God, Emmanuel.

CHORUS.—*Sing the song of endless praise,
 Sing with cheerful hearts your lays,
 Crown your anthems with the praise
 Of Jesus Christ Emmanuel.*

Worthy is the Lamb who died
Of praise eternal 'bove the skies,
To save us from the Father's ire
He bled, he died, Emmanuel.

Direful was our sinful plight,
Prostrate low in darksome night,
Sun, moon, and stars withhold their light,
No ray the gloom could penetrate.

The Sun of righteousness arose,
The time was set, the time he chose,
Dispelled the gloom, dispelled our woes,
The blessed Lord Emmanuel.

Resplendent orb of light divine
Cheering rays are ever thine,
Circling round this orb of time,
In shining blaze Emmanuel.

Death had seized the precious soul,
Then life had fled as we are told,
The consequence of sin of old
Allowed the world to penetrate.

Stern wrath for sin against us stood,
Justice called for death and blood ;
The Lamb in pity wrath withstood,
The Lamb of God, Emmanuel.

Then Thanks for e'er be to the Lord
Who help and safety doth afford,
He raised for us a lasting Gourd,—
Our Sun and Shield's Emmanuel.

The scripture views are now fulfilled,
The Holy Ghost is now instilled,
The Comforter to man, as willed
And promised by Emmanuel.

Though man was doomed, by sin, to woe ;
 Though trampled under every foe ;
 To save us from the deadly blow,
 The Saviour died, Emmanuel.

He saves us from all sin and woe,
 He saves us from our hostile foe,
 He saves us from the pit below,
 He saves our souls, Emmanuel.

He bare our sins, he felt our woes,
 He triumphed o'er our mighty foes,
 He gained for us a sweet repose,
 Before the Lord, Emmanuel.

The woes he bore for sinful man,
 Prove the love no tongue can scan,
 A love which breezes ever fan,
 The breath of God, Emmanuel.

The wondrous works of Jesus tell,
 He saves our souls from lowest hell,
 He bursts our chains, he broke the spell,
 By mighty power, Emmanuel.

His death hath reconciled to God,
 Thousand thousand pure as gold,
 He leads them to his Father's fold,
 The shepherd Lord, Emmanuel.

To justify the sons of men
 He burst the grave, he rose again ;
 He entered life beyond our ken,
 He pleads our cause, Emmanuel.

Now seated on his Father's throne,
 He lends an ear to every groan,
 He pities pain, and sorrows moan,
 He cheers our souls, Emmanuel.

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Our souls, by mighty pow'r upraised,
 He safely leads in holy ways,
 Open'd wide the heavenly gates ;
 His glory shews, Emmanuel.

He advocates our cause on high,
 His merits for us peace did buy,
 Our hopes may on his grace rely,—
 'Tis finish'd by Emmanuel.

Though sweetly thrilling songs abound
 In holy raptures him around,
 He tunes our harps for sacred sound,
 On hallow'd ground, Emmanuel.

Then raise your voices loud and strong
 Join the holy heavenly throng,
 For praise, and glory all belong
 To Jesus Christ, Emmanuel.

ODE TO THE BIBLE.

AIR.—The Campbells are coming.

The Bible's a blessing—'tis sent to reform us ;
 The Bible's a blessing—from heaven all over ;
 The Bible's a blessing—it tells of remission
 Of sin, and pollution, by Jesus Jehovah ;
 It clearly certifies all it professes,
 'Tis sealed, and 'tis sanctioned, by high approbation ;
 It reveals to sinners the tidings of heaven
 That Jesus hath suffered to ransom and save us .

The Bible's a blessing— it leads to the Saviour :
 The Bible's a blessing—peruse it ye careless,
 The Bible's a blessing, by holy commission,
 It flows like a river to heal and to save us ;

'Tis highly exalted, and pure to perfection,
 It weans our affections from earthly creation,
 Its teaching, correction, reproof, and instruction
 Do deeply affect us, it fits us for service.

The Bible's a blessing—the saints all adore it :
 The Bible's a blessing—the wicked abhor it :
 The Bible's a blessing—it shews our condition,
 And leads, by contrition, to Jesus' atonement :
 It purifies, sanctifies all our affections :
 It pours its sweet sanction on works of probation :
 Infuses sweet essence in pious reflection :
 It quickens and fosters our hopes of salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—of heavenly savour :
 The Bible's a blessing—'tis mighty to save us :
 The Bible's a blessing—it kills the sad canker
 Of carnal contraction, by Christ's application ;
 It proves to the sinner his sinful condition ;
 It strikes him with terror, and sad consternation ;
 It leads to detection, and causes correction
 Of every transaction, deserving damnation.

The Bible's a blessing—forever declare it :
 The Bible's a blessing—confess it in praises :
 The Bible's a blessing—inbibe its pure lessons,
 And practice its tenets, without deviation ;
 'Tis sent us from heaven, by holy direction ;
 Beware of rejection, 'tis by inspiration ;
 Peruse it, and search it, and duly it practice,
 'Tis holy instruction—'tis heavenly treasure.

The Bible's a blessing—the word of salvation :
 The Bible's a blessing—in spirit observe it :
 The Bible's a blessing—'tis life to the living,
 Divinely constructed, 'tis by inspiration :

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It leads to the portals of heavenly mansions :
 Removes all obstructions from man's observation :
 The word is a light and a lamp to direct us ;
 A shield, and a buckler opposed to the Dragon.

The Bible's a blessing—do read it with prayer :
 The Bible's a blessing—'tis food for the starving ;
 The Bible's a blessing—afford it protection,
 In kindly affection, promote circulation ;
 'Twould tell the blind heathen their idols are curses,
 Their temples, and altars, and all that concern them ;
 'Twould tell them their worship is offered to Devils,
 Insulting to heaven, rejecting the Saviour.

The Bible's a blessing—of heavenly nature ;
 The Bible's a blessing—a pure emanation ;
 The Bible's a blessing—consoling th' afflicted,
 It cheers, unrestricted, the man who observes it ;
 The theme, and the subject, to man are an object ;
 Because it consisteth of all that concerns us ;
 Our full satisfaction's in every action,
 And pious affection of Jesus our Saviour.

The Bible's a blessing—above estimation ;
 The Bible's a blessing—'tis God's revelation ;
 The Bible's a blessing—the secrets of heaven
 Are sealed, and protected, from vain speculation ;
 The children of promise alone can adopt it,
 'Tis pure as the ointment of Christ's consecration ;
 The Lord is unwilling t'allow an infraction,
 Or wicked inspection of heaven's donation.

The Bible's a blessing—its voice is eternal ;
 The Bible's a blessing—its foe is infernal ;
 The Bible's a blessing—it cheers and it comforts
 Our drooping affections, when guilt is alarming ;

It absorbs th' afflicted in heavenly reflection,
 It leaves a sweet unction, and strong consolation,
 It proves to the troubled that Jesus hath suffered,
 To save and deliver, by granting salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—alluring and charming ;
 The Bible's a blessing—sweet ointment embalming ;
 The Bible's a blessing—it points to the passion,
 By cruel assassins, of Jesus the Saviour ;
 His love, and his pity, in pious submission,
 Reveal, in addition, the will of his Father ;
 He bleeds and he suffers, and cries, in his struggles,
 'Tis finish'd, I've conquered, my people are saved.

The Bible's a blessing—its pledge is salvation ;
 The Bible's a blessing—designed to engage us ;
 The Bible's a blessing—assuring acceptance,
 Of pious affections, and soul aspiration :
 'Tis granted in mercy to fill us with wisdom ;
 It leads to a source of eternal duration ;
 The well is frequented by all who are thirsty,
 'Tis life-giving water, a well of salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—our views it enlarges ;
 The Bible's a blessing—our sins to us charges ;
 The Bible's a blessing—it shews our condition,
 And proves that perdition the wicked immerses ;
 The way is appointed for all the adopted,
 Revealed for our comfort, and soul's consolation ;
 The Lord, through its portals, reveals to us mortals,
 The plan of redemption, and final salvation.

The Bible's a blessing—believe and obey it :
 The Bible's a blessing—to others convey it ;
 The Bible's a blessing—promote a full issue,
 For Christ is in heaven, our mansions preparing ?

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The law he fulfilled, and satisfied justice,
 He pleads for remission, and plenary pardon ;
 All power, in heaven and earth, he possesses,
 Then praise him ye living—He's Jesus our Saviour.

HYMN.—REDEMPTION BY JESUS CHRIST.

The Lord for ever's our friend and brother,
 His love to many is free,
 In friendly pity, and full compassion,
 He suffered on the tree ;
 He saw our beauty all was withered ;
 He saw us lost, and ever would be ;
 He saw the world was full of suffering,
 His love, in his passion, we see.

He saw our troubles, our toils, our sufferings ;
 He saw, and pitied us too ;
 He saw in justice the doom of sinners,
 He saw, and ever it knew ;
 Our moaning sighs and cries of suffering,
 Ever ascended, ever anew ;
 On wings of love from his holy heaven,
 To save us swiftly he flew.

In humble Temple, and low condition,
 Our God, in manhood, appeared
 In humble dwellings, the man of sorrows,
 Our souls in pity he neared ;
 By shewing love, and heavenly compassion,
 To his saints he's ever endeared ;
 The troubled souls of humbled suppliants,
 By hope he ever has cheered.

By suffering death for guilty sinners,
 He paved, and opened the way ;
 He led captivity captive ever,
 And ushered in the day ;
 By his death, he death for ever abolished,
 No priest, a victim, need slay ;
 Brought life to light, and immortality,
 Abundant grace to display.

By mighty power, and glorious effort,
 He rose, death could not him hold :
 He rose triumphant over his sorrows,
 And leads his sheep to his fold :
 A crown he wears, a glorious diadem,
 Brighter far than polished gold :
 He dwells on high, our Friend and Brother,
 Our cause his pleadings uphold.

We wandered far from God and heaven,
 We wandered trodden, and peeled ;
 Became the prey of remorseless devils,
 Without a sword, or a shield :
 The Lord beheld us powerless fallen,
 No weapon had we to wield ;
 He saw for all our powerless efforts,
 To bonds we ever must yield.

Prostrate, and fallen in bonds of sorrow,
 We lay, exposed in the field,
 A prey to devils, and prone to sinning,
 Obedience never could yield ;
 Our Lord beheld, and bowed his heavens,
 Took hold of buckler and shield ;
 To satisfy law, and heavenly justice,
 To death did willingly yield.

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He died to satisfy law and justice,
He died, and quickly arose,
He died to manifest love infinite ;
He died to vanquish our foes :
Behold him now our Friend and Brother,
To free us ever from woes,
At God's right hand our pardoning Pleader :
His Father's will to disclose.

He early bought us, and paid our ransom ;
He claims us ever his own ;
Our names are stamped on his precious breastplate ;
The saints shall shine in his crown ;
Behold him high, and highly exalted,
And yet from heaven looks down ;
His cheering face is sure to recover,
And dissipate every frown.

The care-worn sinner, in pure contrition,
Who's taught, and humbled, to pray,
Will find his blessings, like flowing rivers,
His light shall shine as the day ;
The Lord unfolds his treasures hidden,
Unfolds the open way ;
Empowers the soul to aspire to heaven ;
Forbids the tardy delay.

Behold the sufferer now in heaven ;
Behold, and ever admire,
Highly exalted above his fellows :
He suffered the wrath, and the ire :
Our sins would plunge us deep in suffering,
Our foes for this did conspire ;
The Lord has plucked us as brands of mercy,
From hell, and vengeance of fire.

All glorious ever our King, and Prophet,
 Our Priest, and sacrifice near ;
 He suffer'd, and died t' atone for others,
 Because he rated us dear ;
 Our precious souls he highly valued,
 The price makes this t' appear ;
 And surely now, by power infinite,
 Our homeward way he will clear.

EULOGY—TO THE SAVIOUR.

To praise the blessed Saviour
 Is far above my power,
 And yet allow me prayerfully
 To chant my willing lay,
 To pour my soul's oblations
 In praises to thy Majesty,
 And offer up the sacrifice,
 In honor of thy name.

Thy name is dear and precious,
 Most worthy of renown,
 'Tis Jesus ever gracious,
 And nigh to all around ;
 All men shall bow with reverence,
 And yield their hearts' obedience,
 Confess Thee Lord in Majesty,
 In glory to our God.

Pure angels bright, and Cherubim,
 And Seraphim renown'd,
 With wings of purest fabric set,
 Their faces veil around,
 And hosts of Saints, now glorified,
 Appear in prostrate holiness,
 To celebrate in choruses,
 Thy mighty glorious Name.

Loud hallelujahs, praising thee,
Shall never cease to sound,
Through endless vast eternity,
Shall ever more abound ;
And hosts of Angels glorify,
In sweetly sounding choruses,
Our ever blessed Sovereign,
Of universal fame.

When ransomed nations, saved and free,
Their Martyr King behold,
Enthroned in glorious Majesty,
In brighter hue than gold,
A thrilling song shall vibrate round,
From golden harps, and cymbals loud,
In ecstasies of sacred sound,
By myriads, Lord, to thee.

Mysterious plans of Providence
Unfolded then shall be,
Amazement then shall seize the throng,
When all revealed they'll see ;
Then darkening clouds, that hide his face,
From Adam's fallen, sinful race,
In token sweet of love and grace,
Remov'd in haste shall be.

Now faith, and hope, and charity,
In ransomed souls agree ;
But faith in full fruition then,
In love, shall enter free ;
And hope's most distant prospects shall,
Be view'd, in open vision all,
When scales from every eye shall fall,
Then love shall reign most free.

When Adam's ransomed, sinful race,
Our Saviour Lord shall see,
On cloud of purest milky white,
Our hearts shall bound with glee,
And thousand thousand voices strong,
In loud enthusiastic song,
Shall vibrate, through the mighty throng,
In praises, Lord, to thee.

So glorious a joyful sight
Ought now fond hope t' inspire,
And kindle, in each bosom, bright,
An holy, sacred fire ;
For soon the goal of time we'll cross,
Refined from sinful, carnal dross,
Our pardon sealed on Calvary's Cross,
By death, O Lord, by thee.

Behold the Lamb, triumphant now,
From death, and sufferings free ;
Exalted high above the clouds,
Above both land, and sea ;
Enthron'd in bright effulgent light,
In dazzling splendor, shining bright,
Enjoying, in his Father's right,
All praise, and song, and glee.

All homage, through eternity,
To Jesus Christ, is due,
Who saves, and frees from slavery,
The ransomed, chosen few ;
In righteousness, by sufferings bought,
By death, in full obedience wrought,
He clothes our souls ; he daily sought
To set the prisoners free.

Anticipation cheers us now,
 Though sinful, frail we be ;
 But soon our golden harps shall sound,
 Eternal song, and glee ;
 In might, and pow'r, and skill combined,
 And sacred, solemn sounds refined,
 Thine ear of holiness inclined,
 When loud we'll sing to thee.

Releas'd, at last, from sin and death,
 Thy glorious face we'll see ;
 Our souls enshrined in purest white,
 Exalted high shall be ;
 Then wonders of redeeming love,
 Behold shall all the throng above,
 And shouts of joy shall ever prove,
 Our love, O Lord, to thee.

Thy love, O Lord, all skill to scan,
 Must prove abortive now,
 And even there, in regions bright,
 Must fail, and yielding, bow ;
 Thy bleeding side, and sufferings vast,
 Thy sighs, and groans, and death at last,
 Must prove our powers in weakness cast,
 O Lord, when praising thee.

The whole creation groaning, lost,
 Thou did'st, O Lord, behold,
 A glowing flame of love divine
 Down stream'd into thy fold ;
 Thy glory veiled, oh wondrous sight !
 In manhood shone the clearest light,
 The sun of righteousness shone bright,
 Thy love to man t' unfold.

Before thy throne when myriads stand,
 In robes of purest white,
 All holding palms of triumph there,
 To shew thy glorious might,
 Who saved us from death's deep flood,
 By pouring forth thy soul, and blood,
 And under foot our foes hast trod,
 Thy name shall glorious be.

Then join, ye saints, and Angels strong,
 In symphonies of song,
 Let heaven and earth resound his praise,
 And all their mighty throng ;
 For worthy is the Lamb who died,
 And reigneth ever 'bove the skies,
 Of all that wisdom can devise,
 Of glory, might, and praise.

All power in heaven and earth in him,
 Forever dwelleth sure ;
 The fullness of the Godhead all
 In him concentrates pure ;
 For his loving kindness sing his praise,
 Aloft in songs your voices raise,
 In sweetest symphonies of praise ;
 His goodness still endures.

Our Lord, in blissful majesty,
 Beholds his Father's face,
 And, bowing down, beholds us too,
 Bestows on us his grace ;
 A fellow feeling of our pains,
 In loving kindness still retains ;
 With incense offers up our prayers,
 And fills our souls with peace.

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Vouchsafe, in this our pilgrimage,
 Our prayers, Lord, to hear,
 And through each weary path of life,
 Be nigh, O Lord, to cheer ;
 For thou alone our Guardian art,
 Now shield us from each fiery dart,
 By men's, and demon's fiendish art,
 That's aimed our souls to tear.

Then Saints, and Angels join in song,
 With hallelujahs free
 That thrilling sounds may vibrate round,
 'Bove heaven, and earth, and sea ;
 That heaven, and earth may join in one ;
 And may thy will, O Lord, be done ;
 May sweetest songs, with soft'ning tone,
 Be offered, Lord, to thee.

HYMN—GOD ABOVE OUR PRAISE.

Though all my desires, and my powers of inditing,
 Were thousands of times more exalted and free,
 In vain would I climb the pure hights of ambition,
 Jehovah, to praise, by my song, and my glee ;
 O never, in heaven, or earth can be given,
 Due praise to the Lord, our sins who forgiveth ;
 Can a glee sung by me, in the land of the living,
 Extol, or exalt him in adequate praise.

But still in our sphere of some duty, and dealing,
 Let harmony dwell where our minstrelsy flows,
 Let our harps still proclaim some hearty expressions ;
 Our thanks to the Lord, for the gifts he bestows ;
 It is sweet, it is meet, to sing praises for ever,
 To Jesus who died, and again who is risen :
 He is high, he is nigh, and our pardon he giveth :
 Though now at a distance, he's often in view,

When Majesty high, in sublimest position,
 Vouchsafed to descend, to the humblest degree,
 To save us from sin, and from endless perdition,
 And raise us on high, by his changeless decree ;
 Can our tongues, and our songs, and our pious con-
 trition,

As reward to the Lord, be ever sufficient ;
 Can a child that is wild, in his fallen condition,
 Bestow on the Lord the full homage that's due ?

Though sin had involved us in deadly perdition,
 Though innocence left us, and righteousness too,
 A plan was devised to effect our contrition,
 To save us from sin, and our wills to renew ;
 Now we see, in degree, and our hearts may be smitten,
 In our thoughts there may be some pious misgivings :
 But to flee, and be free, as the Angels of heaven,
 Is far from the thoughts and desires of but few.

Behold ! and admire, in the kingdom of heaven,
 The Saviour who died, and expired on the tree,
 And try if your thoughts are in ample proportion,
 To sufferings so vast, and so painful, though free ;
 Now believe, and be free, in your trying researches,
 And you'll fall to the lee, in your faithful confessions ;
 All may see and agree, that you're true in concessions,
 When you fairly confess, and your thanklessness own.

Though men were the sufferers, and you the trans-
 gressors,

What thankful expressions to them would you owe ?
 But when it was Jesus who died and who suffered,
 To save us from hell, and from every foe ;
 Can our sighs, and our cries, and our praises for ever,
 Be adequate praises to him who now liveth ?
 Can our few interviews, though in prayerful spirit,
 Amount to the praise that is due to the Lord ?

When prostrate we lay, in our sins and our sorrows,
 No comfort could know, but indelible woe,
 The Lord condescended to bow down his heavens,
 In might, and in power, to rescue our souls ;
 To deliver us ever from sin and oppression,
 And render us free from all woeful depression ;
 Can our tears, and our fears, and our songs in addition,
 Compensate salvation, and happiness free ?

From sorrows he raises, and grants absolution
 From sinful abasement—our sores he doth cure ;
 He frees us from slav'ry, and bondage and fetters ;
 He places in safety, and 'stablishes sure ;
 What working or tossing can change our condition ?
 His covenant is sure, and his word is sufficient ;
 What in me can I see, without farther addition,
 To cheer me in song, and in adequate praise ?

When our views are extended from th' earth to the
 heavens,
 Contemplating scenes that are open to view,
 Our thoughts are confused, and are strangely contracted,
 Immensity startles us ever anew ;
 Look around, be not proud, in candid admission,
 Declare in your songs your awful impression ;
 Can a man ever scan, in bewildered digression,
 The wonderful works, and the ways of the Lord ?

The sun, and the moon, and the stars in their courses,
 Revolving or fixed, as the learned agree,
 Are parts of his wonderful plan of adoption,
 In wisdom designed, by eternal decree ;
 By his will, and his skill, and by powerful effort,
 He performed the whole, for our good and our comfort ;
 Now to me it is free, to declare it a comfort,
 Our gratitude then is imperfectly shewn.

The earth and the seas, and their splendid productions,
Are numberless marks of his skill and his power;
The order of things, in the seasons' successions,
The night and the day, and the heat and the cold ;
These can shew what we know, in our daily excursions,
His Godhead and power, in their perfect construction ;
It is bold, you are told, to transgress by induction,
And pry into secrets, his will to disclose.

These are but parts of th' Almighty's creation ;
The pow'ful effects of his wisdom's control ;
All made, and constructed, and guided in wisdom,
His glorious perfections displayed in the whole ;
Who can trace, and embrace in a mind so contracted,
Th' amount of the whole, by his strictest induction ?
Can a mind, that is blind, be so ably conducted,
As to penetrate deep in his works and his ways ?

But a loftier theme is reserved for ambition,
To elevate thought, and attract us on high ;
The views are sublime, as the works of the Spirit,
And enter the regions of light 'bove the sky ;
To the heaven of heavens, and to glorious objects,
Where the glorious Three are in Unity perfect ;
Where the view is all new, a beautiful prospect,
The Lamb on the Throne, and his face you shall see.

Then sing as you may, and be humbly contented,
Imperfect in song and in praise though you be ;
For Jesus deserves all our strains, and our efforts ;
His mercy is great and his love it is free ;
It is free, it is free, and 'tis flowing for ever ;
Mellifluously free, and abundantly given :
Drink your fill, at your will, for it flows like a river,
To fill your poor souls, and to charm you to praise.

COMMUNION HYMN.

Remembrance pure is due for ever,
 To Jesus Christ the gracious Giver
 Of bountiful heaven's restaurant,
 Of bountiful heaven's restaurant.

He suffered alone on Calvary's cross,
 To purge our souls from carnal dross,
 By opening a fountain of laving, &c.

Behold our Paschal Lamb is offered,
 And grace through him is freely proffered ;
 Acceptance now is salvation, &c.

Mysterious plan of heaven's design :
 Mysterious love, and love divine,
 Unmerited love to the creature, &c.

Justice aloud, in sounds terrific,
 To mortal ears, against the wicked,
 Denounces death to the creature, &c.

Remember then the offering free,
 Of Jesus Christ upon the tree,
 Affording hopes of salvation, &c.

The law of God, by man's transgression,
 Dishonored was, beyond expression,
 But Jesus conformed in obedience, &c.

Iniquity ended was by him,
 Transgression of man, and mortal sin,
 His righteousness now is obtained, &c.

That doleful night of grief, and sorrow,
 When Judas, traitor, vile and hollow,
 Betrayed the Lord of glory, &c.

The Paschal Lamb was laid aside,
And bread, and wine, do ever abide,
In remembrance ever of Jesus, &c.

Behold the Lamb of God in suffering,
Himself to God a precious offering;
His body was broken to save us, &c.

His blood was shed to purge us from sin—
Atonement meet forever by him—
A lovely, accepted oblation, &c.

Those symbols now are freely given,
To shew the gift of God from heaven,
Our Saviour suffering freely, &c.

Remember then he died for you;
Receive by faith his body anew;
Now eat, and drink at his table, &c.

The Seer of old, in words prophetic,
Invites us now, in songs pathetic,
To feast, and to live, in his favor, &c.

Eat, O friends, yea, drink my beloved,
Abundant store is now allotted,
Choice heavenly food is prepared, &c.

Amazing sight to earth, and heaven,
The Lamb of God for man is given,
To feed, and nourish the faithful, &c.

'Tis meat, and drink, from heaven above,
His body, and blood bestowed in love,
Instilling his heavenly nature, &c.

Our journey here is full of peril,
All nature here is poor and sterile,
Yet lively hopes are obtained, &c.

We feed on him who died and liveth,
Receive the bounty Jesus giveth,
His flesh, and his blood to sustain us, &c.

Take, and eat, by Christ was spoken,
'Tis my body for you that's broken :
In remembrance ever observe it, &c.

After supper he gave them the cup,
Called the New Testament in his blood ;
In remembrance drink it all freely, &c.

All power now in earth, and heaven,
To him, by God, is freely given,
Till every Kingdom obey him, &c.

Till prostrate nations trembling fall,
Confess that Christ is Lord over all,
To the glory of God the Father, &c.

Now Lord of glory, highly seated,
By all thy foes despised and dreaded,
Thy people obey, and adore thee, &c.

Behold us now, and crown our efforts ;
Grant thy blessing with these our comforts ;
Our thoughts are open before thee, &c.

Our views are extended beyond communion,
Beyond the Bread, the Wine, the supper,
To food of spiritual nature, &c.

Thy word, O Lord, is spirit divine,
And life, in one they ever combine,
Both food of heavenly savor, &c.

Bestow this bread, the true, the living,
Thy bountiful hand is free in giving ;
Our soul's desire is salvation, &c.

Thy boon, O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Cheers thy people their anthems to sing ;
 Its value's above estimation, &c.

Soul's aspiring to higher condition,
 In holy zeal, and pure ambition,
 Obtain their life in the Saviour, &c.

His flesh, and his blood, are meat and drink,
 Received by faith, nor otherwise think,
 'Tis spiritual inward donation, &c.

Now, O Lord, we bow submissive ;
 Remove our sins, and fears oppressive,
 And grant thy gracious presence, &c.

Honor thy table, Lord of Heaven,
 That thanks to thee by us be given,
 In unity, ever adoring, &c.

THE WAIL.

AIR.—Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon.

A wail is heard, a wail and moan
 Are wafted far from India's strands ;
 The wail is sad'ning, woeful, mad'ning,
 The wail of Britons from savage lands ;
 Their woes abound, their wails resound,
 Heroes falter, though mighty and brave ;
 Matrons, virgins, tender infants,
 In vain, in vain for mercy crave.

By savage hordes of pagan lords,
 Our heroes bled, no help was near ;
 Though brave and bold, in numbers told,
 Were fewer far than foes appear.

The tender fair, by men so brave,
 Couldn't from death protected be ;
 They writhed in chains, and trembling pains,
 At sight of those they could not free.

The dauntless few beheld imbrued,
 In blood of victims, precious, dear,
 The savage hands of India's bands,
 Who had no God nor Lord to fear ;
 Bewail, bewail, ye tender fair,
 Bewail in grief, and melting tears,
 The brave, and bold in thousands cold,
 Whose sighs and groans ye could not hear.

Condole aloud with softened soul,
 With thousand sufferers by the war,
 Shew your pity, in tender greeting,
 In counsel wise, though distant far ;
 Your tender sighs, and tearful eyes,
 Respond to sobs, in watchful care,
 Of men bowed down by woeful sounds,
 Of shrieks, and cries of tender fair.

Can mind conceive, or heart believe,
 That men could act what we are told ?
 Callous villains, like demons all,
 Gloating their eyes of shameless mould ;
 Matrons tortured, infants murdered,
 Maidens exposed to infamous gaze ;
 Sepoy folly, in deeds so bloody,
 India's merits can never erase.

Roaring mortars, the brave undaunted
 Could bear, and face, and fight, though few ;
 But female cries, and shriek of child,
 Were darts that men could ill endure.

The roar of war, the clang of arms,
 To mortal ears is pain to hear;
 But wailing woes unhinge the bold,
 When female's shrieks assail their ears.

Indian coolies succumb to Colin,
 Piob'reachd, slogan, you hear at hand;
 Doomed and destined, ye savage wretches,
 You'll feel his might through all your land;
 Greathead, Hav'lock, Grant and Wilson,
 With many a wight who fought before,
 In trembling fear you'll find them near,
 In marshalled hosts to teach you war.

EDEN'S LOVELY WOOD.—A HYMN.

God created rational creatures,
 Clothed in righteousness and truth;
 Placed them where they 'njoyed their freedom,
 Where they 'njoyed their infant youth;
 A lovely garden east in Eden,
 Richly stored with choicest fruit,
 Received the pair, the lovely creatures,
 There in beauty fair they stood.

The first, the fairest blossoms of nature,
 In amazement gazing stood;
 The twins adored their great Creator,
 First oblation from their lute;
 The earth and sky in pristine grandeur,
 All declared their Author good,
 All was song and joy and pleasure,
 East in Eden's lovely wood

Luminous orbs of heaven's creation,
Shine refulgent ever above ;
Dazzling splendor marks their progress,
High above both land and flood ;
Amazement seized the fairest creatures,
Gazing long in holy mood,
Adoring God in heavenly fervor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The trees around a lovely arbor,
Shining fair with golden fruit,
Drew their thoughts from starry regions,
Down to earth in quest of food,
Their sight and taste were soon regaled,
They praised Eden's savory food,
In joyful transports ever adoring,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

In God's arrangement of creation,
He assigned the parts their place,
Adapting order to their nature,
Genus, species, every race ;
Man in the image of his Maker,
Endowed with soul, and reason good,
He placed him Lord of every creature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The beasts received him Lord of nature,
Yielded homage in their mood ;
Birdies fluttered round him gaily,
They sang their lays, the feathered brood ;
Finny tribes of briny ocean,
Received their orders in the flood,
To yield to Man, their lord in nature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Behold the man erect in stature,
Shining fair in every grace,
Receiving homage from the creatures,
Highly favored in his place ;
His Maker's image then adorned him,
Never creature fairer stood,
Offering worship to his Maker,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Highly favored by his Maker,
Highly favored from above,
Purely holy in his nature,
Man enjoyed his Maker's love,
Bounteous prospects bright absorbed him,
Tuned his soul in pleasure's mood,
Filled with love he praised his Maker,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The twins enjoyed their mutual pleasures,
Nature's first, and choicest feast ;
Jehovah's bounteous hand prepared,
Rich supplies for man and beast ;
The creatures gazed with sweet amazement,
All the objects there were good,
All supplied by bounteous nature,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

The serpent subtile in his nature,
Envied Eve her holy state,
Infused his venom deep and baneful,
Eve alas ! the fruit did eat,
Adam ate and found it baneful,
Felt he lost the choicest good,
Alas ! they lost their Maker's favor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Behold them now in sad debasement,
Fallen low in sin and death,
Deprived of God's all cheering favor,
Stript of holiness and grace ;
Combined evils sad and doleful,
Follow hard their fallen race,
The world is full of lamentations,
Sinful creatures in disgrace.

Behold the former fairest creatures,
Stript of righteousness and peace,
Ashamed of sin, and guilt debasing,
They shun their Maker's holy face ;
Absorbed in shame and perturbation,
There in trembling fear they stood,
Adoring God, alas! was ended,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Now debased fallen nature,
Lost the savor of all good,
Therefore man must leave the garden,
From cursed ground to earn his food ;
The woeful loss of heavenly favor,
Blighted praise, and holy mood,
Constrained the man in sweat to labor,
Out of Eden's lovely wood.

For disobedience death's awarded,
Even loss of spiritual life,
Temporal death, and e'en eternal,
Threaten both the man and wife ;
Behold in wonder and amazement,
See his sweat in earning food ;
The lovely pair in sad debasement,
Out of Eden's lovely wood.

Still their Maker ever gracious,
Left them not in hopeless plight,
For he promised them a Saviour,
Christ the Lord of glorious might;
He honored Eve, the fairest creature,
Threatened Satan with her seed,
Declared his will in loving favor,
East in Eden's lovely wood.

Jehovah's wrath by sin deserved,
Jesus graciously withstood;
Offered himself a sweet oblation,
Paid our ransom by his blood;
Sweetly sing, and ever praise him,
He obtained our pardon good,
Pleads our cause in loving favor,
Fills our souls with choicest food.

Jesus merits our humble service,
Full obedience to his word,
Justice loud our death demanded,
Jesus quenched the flaming sword;
A plan was framed for our salvation,
In th' eternal counsel good,
God revealed his loving favor,
East to Eden's fallen youth.

Revelations ever gracious,
From his throne he ever sent,
Declared his will for our salvation,
Angels forth with orders sent;
In full assurance in their Maker,
They told their tale of heavenly truth,
Declared the promise in the garden,
East to Eden's lovely youth.

All the promises of favor,
 Ever proferred in his grace,
 Are in Jesu's one oblation,
 Shining gracious in his face ;
 The Father's love to him's eternal ;
 Angels laud him in their might ;
 The millions saved shall ever praise him,
 Saved from death's eternal night.

Worthy truly ever is Jesus ;
 Worthy truly ever of love,
 For he suffered and died to free us,
 From the law and merited curse ;
 Behold him now, and ever adore him,
 Highly seated in heaven above,
 At God's right hand our Brother believe it,
 Pleading our cause his merits to prove.

Sound the voice in praise of Jesus ;
 Sound the voice in praise of love,
 When absorbed in spiritual vision,
 When allured to heaven above ;
 Saints and angels ever adore him,
 Saints and angels ever above,
 Sing the song that ever is pleasing,
 Sing the song of heavenly love.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

Jesus my Lord in him I trust,
 He died and rose again,
 He died to save us from our sins ;
 In him we life obtain.

Be not afraid, ye little flock,
 He kindly speaks anew ;
 It is your father's pleasure sure,
 The Kingdom to give you.

He gave himself a ransom dear,
Our debt in full to pay;
We are not henceforth what we were,
We feel inclined to pray.

We are the Lord's, he bought us dear,
And led us to his fold;
The Lord who keeps us slumbers not,
Nor sleeps he, we are told.

A wall of fire around his flock,
His glory's in his fold,
His arm is strong, his power is great;
In faith then we are bold.

To him all power in heaven and earth,
Is by his Father given;
His people then are safe in him,
He leads us home to heaven.

The cov'nant stands most firm and sure,
'Tis sealed by his right hand;
We sealed are, by God's decree,
Forever sure to stand.

What then would cause the saints to fear,
When Jesus Christ's on high;
We here are safe when he is there,
By faith to him we fly.

He sees our tears and sorrows all,
He'll wipe them from our eyes;
Nor will he shut his ears from those,
Who send to him their cries.

He loved his people from of old,
And loves us dearly still;
We are a precious gift to him,
By 's Father's love and will.

His love no change shall ever know,
'Tis lasting as the sun,
'Tis high in God, it dwells secure,
His will is ever done.

In love he bowed to view our state,
When lost in death we lay,
In wrath extends his arm of might,
His justice would us slay.

But oh ! the wonders of his love,
His mercy gained the day,
He found a ransom in his love,
Our debt in full to pay.

He found his own beloved son,
Our surety in his grace,
Atonement then was made by him,
And justice yields in peace.

We've now of ages found the Rock,
Our hopes are there secure ;
When resting on that Rock sublime,
Our trust in him is sure.

Now all our foolish hopes are gone,
Which on our works we placed,
Our righteousness is in God's sight,
As filthy rags we've traced.

The Lord our righteousness is pure,
On him we shall depend,
Until in light he shall appear,
And grace to us he send.

The merits of all he has done,
And suffered on the cross,
Will prove sufficient ground of hope ;
All else we count as dross.

Our trust is sure when resting there,
 Perfection there is found ;
 The righteous Lord is pleased in him,
 Our trust in him is sound.

O thou my soul ; do thou return
 Unto thy quiet rest,
 For largely, lo ! the Lord to thee,
 His bounty hath expressed.

Our Father laid our help on him ;
 On him our hopes we place,
 We trust in God, and his dear Son,
 Who shews to us his face.

SECOND COMMUNION HYMN.

Air of the first.

Jesus suffered to save us,
 Death in its awfulest gloom ;
 Bowed his heavens to gain us,
 To himself a most gracious boon ;
 What justice loudly demanded,
 Jesus cheerfully pain in our room,
 Offered the atoning oblation,
 Averted our threatened doom.

And now he pleads in our favor,
 The merits of all he has done,
 And what he suffered most painful
 On the cross, for all nations, alone ;
 Access he gained to his Father,
 To heaven's most glorious throne,
 That we on earth should adore him,
 In songs of melodious tone.

All the strength of creation,
All the wisdom there can be found,
Are insufficient to praise him,
Though symphony sweetens the sound ;
Ye Saints and Angels adore him,
Let thankfulness daily abound,
Let all the works of creation,
Eternally praises resound.

Behold ye ransomed nations,
Prepare in amazement to tell,
Proclaim the news of salvation,
Jesus hath us rescued from hell ;
Tell it, O tell it most freely,
O'er mountain, and valley, and dale,
Jesus obtained our pardon,
When in death he painfully fell.

His body was painfully bruised ;
Oh ! think of it, bruised for you,
Broken, and painfully bruised,
Oh ! think on it, Gentile and Jew ;
His blood was shed for salvation,
For peoples and nations not few,
That numberless saints should adore him
In regions of glory as due.

Oh ! think on the Lamb in the garden,
Think on his agony and pain,
Crushed by the sins of his creatures,
His sweat dropping, bloody, like rain,
Think on his heavenly greatness,
His celestial glorious train,
Standing aloof in amazement,
While he suffer'd our pardon to gain.

Behold in doleful abasement,
In the hands of a merciless crew,
The Lamb of God in the garden,
To the judgment hall him they drew ;
Behold him mock'd, and abused,
Proud judges the trial renew ;
Although they could not condemn him,
The cross was his fate by the Jew.

Oh ! think on the suffering Saviour,
Oh ! think on it daily anew,
When down you fall in prostration,
Your thankfulness daily renew ;
And when approaching his table,
The bread, and the wine, in your view,
May God in mercy prepare you,
Your souls with his grace then imbue.

Now is the day of salvation,
The proof of his favor and love,
By 's death for us he obtained,
The blessings of God from above ;
Marks of his heavenly favor,
Bread and wine, forever shall prove,
Ever remembrance of Jesus,
Our doubts, and our fears to remove.

Glory to God in the highest,
The Lamb is on high with his God,
Preparing a place for his chosen,
Forever with him our abode ;
Pleading our cause with his Father,
To lighten the stroke of his rod,
In mercy forever to save us,
From th' effects of the paths we have trod.

Now bread, and wine, are prepared,
Symbols of his body and blood,
Receive in remembrance freely,
The gift of our Father and God.
His body was broken to save us,
And shed for our sins was his blood ;
Eat, and drink in obedience,
To Jesus, the Saviour's word.

Now are presented before you,
Sweet tokens of favor, and grace,
His love bestowed most freely,
In 's sufferings, and pain may you trace.
To shew his death he commanded,
His people in order, and place,
To eat and drink at his table,
In sweetest enjoyment of peace.

This day of commemoration,
The death of the Saviour will shew ;
Multitudes crowd in rotation,
Their hearts full of gratitude glow ;
Triumphant feast of our Saviour,
In mercy true comfort bestow,
That through the means now ordained,
Choice heavenly blessings may flow.

Jesus our Saviour's ascended,
A place for us all to prepare,
That in his glorious kingdom,
His people his glory may share :
Eat now, and drink at his table,
In hope that your portion is there,
When here our trials are ended,
He'll banish for ever our care.

Now is the season of favors,
 Bestow'd, O Lord, in thy love,
 To sinful creatures afforded,
 Bright seals of the blessings above ;
 Foretastes of the heavenly treasures,
 An earnest of glory will prove,
 When earthly Symbols are ended,
 His presence all doubts will remove.

Those Symbols here are ordained,
 To strengthen our faith in his grace ;
 To show his death to the nations,
 That they in them favor may trace ;
 That joyful news of salvation,
 Dumb idols cast down from their place,
 Dispel the darkness of nature,
 By the brightness of Jesus' face.

When shines the light of his glory,
 To nations in darkness that be,
 No myst'ry then will absorb them,
 The truth in its brightness they'll see ;
 Then bread and wine will be chosen,
 Communion to them shall be free ;
 To the utmost ends of creation,
 Will be songs of joyfullest glee.

Then songs of joyfullest chorus,
 At morning and evening will sound ;
 Then nations all will adore him,
 When Jesus their Saviour is found.
 Multitudes crowd in amazement,
 Will duly his table surround,
 Then bread and wine will be precious,
 To nations in unity bound.

LAMENTATION OVER THE STATE
OF THE WORLD.

Oh ! the world is full of trouble,
Full of sorrow, and of woe,
Sin abounds, and still increases,
Men their Maker do not know ;
Do not know him as Infinite,
Do not know him as their God,
Sin abounds and still increases,
Floods of evils ever flow.

Sin of old this world entered,
Death it follow'd in its train ;
Man alas ! in gloom and sorrow,
Soon his fate, and doom did learn ;
See him now expell'd the garden,
To the desert, food to earn,
His Father's bowels in compassion,
On his child increasing yearn.

Oh ! the fatal separation,
Man must leave his lov'd abode,
Bowed down with shame and sorrow,
Who can weigh his grievous load ;
Chang'd in soul, and chang'd in body,
Now he feels his Father's rod,
Now in Eden's lovely bowers,
He can never make abode.

What a change in man's condition,
Fallen low in guilt and woe ;
Trembling sore in sad contrition,
Thinking how t' escape his foe :
Now he knows the lying spirit,
Now he feels the deadly blow ;
Sadly musing on his folly,
Out of Eden he must go.

Who can scan his perturbation ;
Who his downward steps can trace ;
He is fallen low in nature,
From his holy, happy place,
Once in favor with his Maker,
He enjoy'd his Father's face ;
But his fall brought desolation ;
Darkness clouds him in disgrace.

All his joys, and former blessings,
Are departed from his sight ;
Never more can he possess them,
He has lost all claim and right :
Cursed ground is now before him,
Sad and doleful is his plight ;
Loath to leave the lovely garden,
All its joys and shining light.

Death's unknown till man is fallen ;
Sin's the cause of all our woes ;
Jehovah's law is just and holy,
That his word most plainly shews ;
Man for sin is doomed to suffer,
More than man can now impose ;
Justice calls for retribution ;
Man must yield, that well he knows.

Wailing now, and grief and sorrow,
Fill the world from end to end ;
Death in all its forms of horror,
Causes men, though loath, to bend.
Wars in all their rage and fury,
Social bands disjoint and rend ;
None can stay the doom that's destin'd ;
Man to dust must soon descend.

Where'er you lend your ear to listen,
Thrilling woes your heart assail ;
Plagues and famine, sword and slaughter,
Rend the air with dismal wail ;
Thund'ring, roaring storm of battle,
Causes heroes' hearts to quail ;
Proves to man his sad condition,
Strength and courage then must fail .

View the haunts of vile pollution,
Nature shrinks to hear the tale ;
Turn, my thoughts, from scenes so filthy,
Go and see the strong bar'd jail ;
There you hear the chain's hoarse clanking,
See men's faces wan and pale,
Dreading soon their execution,
Friendship then no man can bail.

The stormy ocean foams and rages ;
Bark are shatter'd to their keel ;
Brave men's hearts begin to falter,
Now they stagger, quake, and reel.
The awful moment now approaches,
Nature shudders, flesh must feel,
Parting friends—a scene most awful !
Down they plunge for woe or weal.

Sin has plung'd the world in suffering ;
Death devastates all around ;
Strife, and war in raging fury,
Every where on earth are found :
From the monarch to the beggar,
Wailing woes in doleful sound ;
From the palace to the cottage,
Death in fetters all has bound.

Deadly seed as serpent's poison,
 From the father to the son,
 Infuses deep in ev'ry creature,
 Mortal plagues, in flesh and bone ;
 The heart of man is wounded deeply,
 Pure and holy thoughts are gone ;
 The carnal mind is vilely spiteful
 'Gainst the Lord upon his throne.

Mortal man can never fathom
 The depth of evil by their fall ;
 Alienated from their Maker,
 None can hear him, though he call ;
 Prone to sin, and foul pollution,
 What can mortal do at all ?
 He drinks up sin like filthy water,
 Though its fruit be bitter gall.

Wail ye birds of ev'ry feather,
 All ye beasts of ev'ry hue,
 Man alas ! your Master's fallen,
 See him moan beneath the yew ;
 Barren desert is his dwelling,
 Parched land without the dew ;
 Bewail him all ye angels mighty,
 Though alas ! he loves not you.

Man must leave this earthly dwelling,
 Nature shudders at the tale,
 Unprepar'd his doom is dreadful,
 Hell is yawning, none can bail ;
 See him now convuls'd and trembling,
 Looking wild in doleful wail,
 Ev'ry ground of hope is blasted,
 Hope and all, alas ! must fail.

Sin has entered deep in nature,
Drives the guilty to their doom ;
Drives them on by vile corruption
To the darkness of the tomb ;
View the world in all its folly,
Under clouds and dark'ning gloom,
Prone to sinful guilty pleasures,
Nothing else can there get room.

Behold the nations in their folly,
Bowing down to stocks and stones,
They've lost the knowledge of their Maker,
Hear their wailings and their groans,
Idols dumb they daily worship,
Others splinters of dry bones,
Thinking these can save the guilty,
Helpless creatures left to moan !

God the Lord by sin 's dishonored,
Though he be the Lord of all !
Guilty world, your doom is certain,
Who reject the gospel call ;
Jesus died to save the sinners,
Who believe e'er since the fall ;
But the world, alas ! reject him,
They receive him not at all.

Lament, and wail then ye christians,
Who've obtained your pardon seal'd ;
See the world in rapid progress,
Hasten down the deadly field ;
You can't turn them from their purpose,
To warnings their hearts are steel'd ;
But bewail them for their folly,
Poor betrōdden down and peel'd.

T R I U M P H.

AIR.—*Contrast.*

Jesus, our Saviour's ascended,
 Highly exalted in Glory,
 A Prince, and a Saviour, attended,
 In majesty, royally rob'd :
 Due honors abundant surround him,
 Seated on high with his Father,
 Crowned in excellent power,
 Triumphant over his foes.

In childhood, though humbly descended,
 Angels delight to behold him ;
 Swaddled and laid in the manger,
 Hosts in amazement adore ;
 The shepherds beheld them in chorus
 Glorifying God in the highest,
 Announcing salvation unbounded,
 Messiah in manhood is born.

In humble appearance in manhood,
 In wisdom, and power, and glory,
 Exceeded in excellence highly,
 Whate'er was witnessed before ;
 His triumphs o'er natural powers,
 Treading the head of the Dragon,
 Prove him Almighty in manhood,
 Calming the sea and the storm.

Suff'rings, and death still before him,
 He views in sad'ning amazement ;
 Bows in submission to his Father,
 And dies on the cross for his own ;
 Death and the grave could not hold him,
 He burst their fetters in triumph ;
 The legions of hell were opposed ;
 But could not the conq'ror restrain.

Hell, and the earth were combined,
To conquer the Lion of Judah ;
Malignant in hellish alliance,
They muster'd their strength in his view ;
Undaunted the Lion beheld them,
Contriving their plots in the forum ;
The Lamb must be slain, and destroyed,
Their council determined in form.

Vain efforts of men, and of Demons,
To conquer the Lion of Judah ;
To baffle his purpose of kindness,
In love to his ransomed few ;
The purpose of God in his glory,
To send him to seek and to save us,
Strengthened his heart in obedience,
To baffle the cabaling crew. •

His sheep were in scattered disorder,
Trampled, and peeled by tyrants ;
Stumbling in darkness and danger,
Knew not the way to the fold ;
His pity and sympathy loudly,
Called for his efforts of power,
To rescue the captives from thralldom,
And lead them in safety home.

His love, and his mercy impelled him,
To satisfy justice in trials ;
To bleed on the cross in defiance
Of ev'ry thing hostile opposed ;
As a Prince in his wrestling in power,
With God, and also with manhood,
He gained the object intended,
Prevailed with God and with men.

Though death, and the grave were intended,
 By men, and by Devils combined,
 To hold him in fetters confined,
 And baffle his purpose of old ;
 They knew not his death would redeem us ;
 Satisfy justice and gain us ;
 Open the way to his kingdom,
 That millions should enter his fold.

The Sanhedrim sadly surprised,
 Find that the Lamb is the Lion ;
 Find him almighty in power,
 By victory over the grave ;
 Triumphant in vic'try behold him,
 In life, and in strength with his Father ;
 Adopted forever in manhood,
 The only begotten of God.

All power in heaven and earth now
 Are given to him of his Father,
 A Prophet and Priest in his kingdom,
 To teach us the ways of the Lord ;
 His kingly dominion extendeth,
 Till 's enemies all are subdued ;
 All kingdoms of th' earth shall obey him,
 All knees in homage shall bow.

He travelth forth in his power,
 Till nations, and kingdoms obey him,
 Till millions of saints shall acknowledge
 His grace, and his power to save ;
 His triumphs for souls he hath saved,
 Shall cause them to shout in his praises,
 Sweet hallelujahs in chorus,
 To celebrate ever his praise.

Worthy the Lamb who hath rais'd us
From death to his kingdom and glory,
Of all the honor, and praises
Which ransomed souls can bestow ;
Then sing ye saints in full chorus,
Triumphant our Saviour reigneth ;
His blessings, like rivers are flowing,
To fill us with joy in his fold.

His standard is highly displayed ;
He's king in his mantle of glory ;
Sitting on high with his Father ;
Enthron'd in his kingly domain ;
Behold him ye saints and admire him,
Triumphant in endless enjoyment,
Pleading our cause in the highest,
Filling our souls with his love.

Lo ! Jesus in mercy to kingdoms,
And nations in darkness involved,
Shineth in brightness and splendor,
The sun in his orbit of gold ;
In 's chariot of gospel ascending,
Flying midst heaven, the Angel,
Proclaiming the gospel and kingdom,
That nations before him may bow.

The darkness is flying before him ;
His brightness illuminates nations ;
His voice is almighty t' awaken,
From slumbers of death and the grave ;
The souls in conviction, and wailing,
Are objects of pity and kindness ;
Struggling, and wrestling for freedom,
Find him their Saviour Lord.

When groanings and wailings are rending
 The hearts of penitent strangers,
 He hears in compassion their cryings,
 And saves them from every woe ;
 The chains and fetters that bind them,
 He breaks, and frees them from bondage ;
 Washes them white from uncleanness,
 And sheds his love on their souls.

All honor and power are due him,
 And glory, by millions of saved ;
 When death on the cross he endured,
 Our ransom in full he has paid :
 Then loudly publish his praises,
 He dwells forever in glory,
 Preparing a place for his chosen,
 And safely will carry us home.

LAST HYMN

BY THE REV. DONALD M'DONALD, AND
 PUBLISHED AFTER HIS DECEASE.

In the regions higher, higher,
 Than the eye of man can see,
 Dwells the Lord of life and glory
 On his throne eternally ;
 He alone can fill the station
 Next his Father on his throne ;
 Rule the nations at his pleasure,
 On that glorious heavenly throne.

From of old before creation,
In the regions far away,
In the blazing rays of glory,
In the effulgent light of day ;
He enjoyed his Father's presence,
In his love benignly free ;
Rejoiced joyfully before him,
In his order One of Three.

In the council of the Eternal,
Lo ! the Son our Lord was there :
Justice called for righteous vengeance ;
Sin deserved it every where.
See him now with admiration,
Standing forth our friend to be ;
To avert the threatened vengeance,
By his death upon the tree.

Wondrous plan for our salvation !
Framed and fixed by sure decree ;
God to assume the human nature,
Soul and body man to be.
Love infinite, thus engaged him,
Willed his justice to appease,
That his honor and his glory,
Through his Son, his saints might see.

Who the purpose of Jehovah
Can behold and silent be,
When the covenant most gracious,
Is the plan of persons three ?
See the will of God our Maker,
Through his son to us revealed,
That our pardon by 's oblation,
Should be mercifully sealed.

Glory to the blessed Saviour,
Who engaged our souls to free,
Who agreed to terms of covenant,
Should fulfilment painful be ;
Before you view him in the manger,
Lo ! the song of angels hear,
Praising God in joyful chorus,
And withal our hearts to cheer.

Lo ! the God of all creation,
Lo ! the Word made flesh appears,
In the likeness of our nature,
To expel our guilty fears ;
Lo ! Emmanuel our Saviour,
In the flesh most humbly bow ;
God in Christ to reconcile us
To himself, and grace bestow.

Justice loud our death demanded ;
Low we lay in guilt and sin,
Woeful spectacles to angels,
Slaves to Satan in his gin :
Now behold the loving favor,
Of the Lord to sinful men ;
He came to free us from our bondage,
And to raise us up again.

Hallelujah sing in chorus !
He is worthy of our song ;
Of our humble adoration,
And the praises of our tongue ;
Hosts of angels sang before us,
Which the trembling shepherds heard ;
Saints in thousands loud shall praise him,
When they'll hear the sweet award.

If the sight of him in childhood,
Caused the hosts to sing with glee,
Loud the saints shall join in chorus,
When triumphant Christ they'll see ;
When arrayed in all his glory,
By his Father on his throne ;
When they'll see the conquering Lion,
They shall worship God the Son.

When his side shall be exposed,
And his hands and feet we'll see,
Surely shouts in thankful chorus
Shall the songs in glory be ;
All these marks of death so painful,
Borne by Christ for sinful men,
Must excite to admiration,
Of a love beyond our ken.

When the kingdom to the Father,
Christ resigns respectfully ;
All the mystery then dissolved,
Love shall shew eternally ;
Love infinite to the creature,
Then displayed in full shall be ;
Then the effects of Christ's oblation,
Lo ! the adoring hosts shall see.

Then the Saints and Angels joining,
In a holy joyful glee,
Shall the Lord in rays of glory,
On his throne forever see ;
Then they'll know what he obtained,
By his death upon the tree ;
See his shining face in favor,
Where no pains or death can be.

God in love, as is declared
 In his word, as all shall see ;
 When his Son, his Co-Eternal,
 As in council both agree,
 Was resigned to death most painful,
 Groans and cries and agony ;
 That his purpose, ever gracious,
 In his love displayed should be.

Now the tokens of his favor,
 And his love to sinful man,
 Are above our estimation,
 Are above what we can scan ;
 God is high above creation ;
 Grace is seen in wisdom's plan ;
 Man's the object of his favor ;
 Grace in love through ages ran.

Now again, to reassure us,
 And confirm us in his love,
 He bestows the Spirit freely,
 In the likeness of a dove ;
 Now his blessings freely flowing,
 Showering from his throne above,
 Prove his changeless loving kindness,
 Which shall never more remove.

Hosts above in holy regions ;
 Men on earth who taste his love,
 Tune your harps for solemn praises,
 Tune your harps your thanks to prove ;
 Grateful hearts with love o'erflowing,
 Prove your love in grateful songs ;
 Thrill the air in quick vibrations,
 With the praises of your tongues.

Worthy truly ever is Jesus ;
Worthy truly ever of love,
For he suffered and died to free us,
From the law and merited curse ;
Behold him now, and ever adore him,
Highly seated in heaven above,
At God's right hand, our Brother believe it,
Pleading our cause his merits to prove.

Sound the voice in praise of Jesus ;
Sound the voice in praise of love,
When absorbed in spiritual vision,
When allured to heaven above ;
Saints and Angels ever adore him,
Saints and Angels ever above,
Sing the song that ever is pleasing,
Sing the song of heavenly love.

HYMN.

BY EWEN LAMONT.

My soul do thou an anthem raise,
To thank and praise the Lord,
Who from my foes did unto me
Deliverance afford ;
From thraldom and captivity,
Who bought and set me free,
And who did make my waiting eyes,
His loving kindness see.

O Lord my mental taste inspire,
 My mental Lyre attune,
 That I to celebrate thy praise,
 May sing thy gracious boon ;
 Endue my soul with light and strength,
 From thine own presence Lord,
 That I thy tender mercies may
 Unfeignedly record.

A thoughtless mortal gliding fast,
 To everlasting woe
 I was, when thou to wake me up,
 Thy vocal trump did blow ;
 My heart alarmed at its sound,
 Did bound within my breast,
 My soul though dead did quickly hear,
 The earth did cease from rest.

Then was my soul before the Lord,
 Involved in grief and shame,
 And when I viewed my own misdeeds,
 My fears increasing came,
 Which made my soul desire to flee,
 And wish to be at rest ;
 I could not then, as formerly,
 Ungodly pleasure zest.

Stern justice me its debtor held,
 And threatened endless woe ;
 But oh ! my debt I could not pay,
 I that did plainly know ;
 Then would my soul with ardor strive
 To come to Christ ; I fain
 Would with my suit to him draw near,
 My tears would flow amain.

But ah ! corruption oft revived,
And striving courage failed,
And then the guileful, deadly foe,
My helpless soul assailed ;
He oft his deadly schemes employed,
That I decoyed might be,
By his alluring baits of sin,
To guilt, and misery.

Death's terrors, in the miry clay,
On me had taken hold,
But my perplexity, and grief,
O Lord, thou didst behold,
And by thy hand didst rescue me,
From sinking in the mire,
And pour'dst grace upon my soul,
Which was my whole desire.

My sins were banished as the cloud,
On which the loud winds blow ;
On that great morn of my release,
My soul with bliss did glow ;
Forgotten were my great distress,
Perplexity, and pain,
Then sang my grateful happy soul,
Thy love's melodious strain.

Now since thou hast, O Lord, to me
Thy mercy freely shown,
And raised me to the high degree,
Of those who be thine own,
O never leave me to myself,
But guide my steps always,
And let this world's alluring joys,
Decoy me not away.

And so I'll not be sham'd when I
 Thy kindness will declare ;
 And so I will it glory count,
 The cross'd reproach to bear ;
 And when, in this poor vale of tears,
 My transient years are o'er,
 My happy soul immediately,
 Away to thee shall soar.

Now on this earth, because I have
 No long protracted stay,
 Since I must soon be called forth,
 To leave this mortal clay ;
 O lead me in thy statutes' way,
 Each day unto the end,
 Lest I forsake thy holy law,
 And so thy cause offend.

That I my warfare end like those
 Who have the conquest gain'd,
 And run my race like those on high,
 Who have the prize obtain'd,—
 And now have on bright crowns of gold,
 And hold the glorious palm,
 Who now in chorus sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

When here my pilgrimage is o'er,
 My soul doth hope to be
 In endless happiness, and bliss,
 In paradise with thee ;
 The world, the devil, nor the flesh,
 Shall e'er me there annoy,
 I shall, before thy presence there,
 Eternal life enjoy.

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The great eventful day is nigh,
On which shall Christ appear,
His coming every eye shall see,
Both far away, and near ;
Those that will then be unprepar'd,
Who can declare their woe ?
To everlasting punishment,
They down must quickly go.

SECOND HYMN.

BY EWEN LAMONT.

How cheering to know that as pilgrims and strangers,
We hastily pass through this valley of tears,
Protected and led through its perils and dangers
By Jesus, whose countenance comforts and cheers :
To know though the flesh be relaxing and wasting,
And ripening fast for the change that is near,
Our souls, for the bliss that is future, are hasting
The bliss we are only foretasting while here.

In every affliction and every temptation,
That grieve and assail us on every side,
We trust for support and for true consolation
In Jesus our Saviour who suffered and died ;
Who rose from the dead and who liveth forever,
And pleadeth our cause with his Father on high ;
For safety we trust not in human endeavor,
Our faith is in Jesus, on him we rely.

Though evils unnumbered annoy and molest us ;
 Though troubles beset us and perils appal ;
 Though Jesus permits them to try and to test us,
 He opens a way to escape from them all :
 He'll not us permit to be tried above measure,
 He'll readily succour the soul that is tried ;
 He knows we could never escape from their pressure,
 If he should withdraw and his countenance hide.

The trials that meet us will test, and not burn us,
 Relying on Jesus their test we endure ;
 As silver and gold that are tried in the furnace,
 We suffer no loss but what e'er is impure :
 The boisterous waves of affliction he stilleth,
 He speaks but the word and the tempest subsides ;
 The penitent's prayer he amply fulfilleth,
 For us what is needful he freely provides.

In him we believe and have sweet consolation,
 No other delight can the soul satisfy ;
 Relying on him as our only foundation,
 The flood and the tempest we face and defy :
 No other could save us from endless perdition,
 Could satisfy justice our ransom could pay ;
 Could purchase our pardon, and grant us remission,
 Could open to life everlasting the way.

Then while we have grace in our hearts to adore him,
 Our harps shall no more on the willows be hung,
 Our songs of laudation we offer before him,
 Our harps to his praise shall be joyfully strung :
 Blow heavenly breezes, awaken our glory,
 Flow freely ye streams from the pure living spring ;
 That youth may unite with the aged and hoary
 In anthems of praise to our Saviour King.

His love shed abroad in our hearts we would mention,
 The sweet living showers that flow from above ;
 But who can declare what's beyond comprehension,
 The height, and the depth, length, and breadth of his
 love :

How timely received are his tokens of favor,
 How dear to our souls are his promises all ;
 His kindness endureth, it lasteth forever,
 He graciously heareth, on him, when we call.

Through him we surmounted the trials that met us,
 By faith in his promise we still overcome ;
 He promises truly he'll never forget us,
 Forget, can a mother, the child of her womb ?
 Though she may forget him and comfort refuse him,
 God's love for his people shall never decline ;
 It flows to our souls from our Father's kind bosom,
 The love of our Father is free and divine.

Though these mortal bodies shall soon be dissolved,
 And sown in corruption like seed in the ground ;
 We soon shall see clearly this mystery solved ;
 For when the Archangel, the trumpet shall sound,
 In glory unfading, in joy, and immortal,
 Our bodies shall wake and arise from the tomb,
 No more to re-enter its low dreary portal,
 No more to descend to its darkness and gloom.

The kingdom of glory we then shall inherit,
 The house of our Father, where pleasures abound ;
 The home that we neither could purchase nor merit,
 Where aught that defileth shall never be found :
 Where we shall see Jesus and worship before him,
 And where his beloved shall ever abide ;
 Where ransomed millions shall praise and adore him,
 When he shall rejoice in his glorified Bride.

THE PENITENT'S MONODY.

BY EWEN LAMONT.

If weeping allay my astonishing fears,
Break forth and run over ye founts of my tears ;
While here in deep sorrow and sadness I go,
With my tears let me mingle the draughts of my woe.

Sharp arrows pervade me, my vitals they tear,
My sins crush me down to the brink of despair ;
They mount far above me, they reach to the skies,
I'm panting beneath them, but cannot arise.

How heaveth my besom with anguish and pain,
My groans of deep sorrow I cannot restrain ;
Strange terrors affright me, my soul is dismayed,
For the rod of affliction upon me is laid.

God's justice arraigns me, I tremble and fear,
Its threatenings of vengeance loud peal in mine ear ;
Woe 's me, I am guilty, my folly I rue,
I halt in suspense as for pardon I sue.

Regardless of danger, I floated along
In the stream of my sins, that ran restless and strong ;
That would plunge me where mercy would n'er me
reclaim,
In the woeful abyss that I shudder to name.

I'm lonely and destitute, low and forlorn,
I'm held of the proud in derision and scorn ;
That I wasted my substance, my sufferings declare,
The result of my folly, I grievously bear.

I wear my lone vigils in darkness and woe,
I'm full of confusion, I'm tossed to and fro ;
I sink in deep waters, they reach to my soul,
Dark waves of affliction quite over me roll.

To the haven of safety, O how shall I flee ?
I'm tossed as a ship on a boisterous sea ;
And the gathering tempest with trembling I view,
To escape from its fury, O what shall I do ?

While here I am tossed without shelter or shield,
I dread that the spoiler may tempt me to yield ;
O that I to the rock with my life could repair,
As a roe from the chase, as a bird from the snare.

The destroyer me watches, my foibles he knows,
And his tempting allurements around me he throws ;
Let me spurn his vile dainties, his proffers decline,
Never more let me relish the husks of the swine.

Tho' dangers be hid from my sight for a while,
As earthly pursuits my affections beguile ;
No permanent rest or true comfort I gain,
While the bruises and wounds of my spirit remain.

I look for salvation to Jesus alone,
Whom yet I may see and embrace as my own ;
Tho' now as a friendless poor stranger I roam,
The good Shepherd can lead the poor wanderer home.

I weep, but can tears of repentance atone
For the deeds of my folly, in years that are gone ?
Can my sin-laden soul be relieved of its load,
And created anew in the image of God.

In the beautiful image effaced by the fall,
By the sin that brought ruin and death upon all ;
Yes, Jesus that image again can restore,
And the soul that receives it shall perish no more.

O Jesus, dear Saviour, have mercy on me,
 These yearnings within me are known unto thee ;
 Let the balm that is healing, O Lord, be infused
 Into this my poor spirit, now broken and bruised.

O thou Son of David, the sinners' true friend,
 Thine ear in compassion refuse not to lend
 To my loud lamentation, sad moaning, and cries,
 Let them not from my bosom unheeded arise.

O Jesus thine ear to my moanings incline,
 Let me not unto death in this misery pine ;
 Extended to save me, thine arm, till I see,
 I will look from the depth of sorrow to thee.

For assurance of favor, Lord thee I implore,
 Me lead where these terrors affright me no more ;
 Then, Lord, shall thy praise be the theme of my song,
 And forever engage both my heart and my tongue.

O cause me, dear Saviour, to watch evermore
 At thy gates, and to wait at the posts of thy door ;
 Importunely to know till the entrance shall be,
 At the mandate of mercy expanded for me.

H Y M N.

BY ELIAS ROBERTS, TEACHER.

Sweetly sound the praise of Jesus,
 Only name to sinners dear,
 Sweetly join the glorious Anthems,
 Praise the Lord in holy fear ;
 He has purchased our Salvation,
 He has washed us in his blood,
 He has vanquished every tempter,
 Made us kings and priests to God.

Offer up the sweet oblation,
 Offer up our humble praise,
 Hallelujah without ceasing,
 Ransom'd millions ever raise ;
 Worthy is the Lamb that bought us,
 And redeemed us by his blood ;
 Every kindred, nation, people,
 Yield an incense to our God.

Deep in sin, and misery trodden,
 Long we wandered from the fold,
 Jesus sought, and found us naked,
 Clothed us with the purest robes,
 Jesus sought, and bought our pardon,
 Paid our ransom with his blood,
 Jesus found us, on the mountains,
 Far from holiness and God.

Oh ! the love the love infinite,
 Jesus born in Bethlehem,
 From his Father's holy heavens,
 So he comes to dwell with man ;
 Came to do his Father's pleasure,
 Came his majesty to bow,
 Came to seek his long lost treasure,
 Came to magnify the law.

Came to purchase our redemption,
 Came the Anointed Son of God,
 Came to raise our fallen nature,
 Came to shed his precious blood,
 Came the man of grief and sorrow,
 Came the bruised reed to heal,
 Came the meek, the lowly Jesus,
 Came our own Emmanuel.

View him in his humiliation,
 In his suff'rings, and his death,
 View him as the Man of Sorrows,
 Bow'd to yield his heavenly breath;
 In the hour and power of darkness,
 All the foes of God, and man,
 All conspire to crucify him,
 All reject the Great I AM.

In the dire hall of Caiaphas,
 The Sanhedrim all agree,
 At the judgment seat of Pilate,
 All exclaim, him crucify:
 Up the rugged Calv'ry's mountain,
 See our precious Saviour led,
 Till the Cross was elevated,
 Where the precious Victim bled.

Oh! the love, the love infinite,
 None but God such love could show,
 None could bear such ignominy,
 None sustain the dreadful blow,
 God was then in Jesus suffering,
 Nature then was veiled in gloom,
 Then was laid our lovely Jesus,
 In the silence of the tomb.

But victorious, he, triumphant,
 Rose in endless Majesty,
 Rose our Saviour, Friend and Brother,
 Rose to plead our cause on high;
 Rose triumphant o'er his suff'rings,
 Rose our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Rose to give the captives freedom,
 Hallelujah ever sing.

Sing ye ransom'd sav'd by Jesus,
 Our redemption he made sure,
 Seal'd our pardon by his suff'rings,
 Rose to make the crown secure ;
 Ransom'd millions now victorious,
 Sing the triumphs of his reign,
 Join ye saints in songs melodious,
 Offer incense to his name.

Jesus' name how sweetly precious !
 Those redeemed alone can know ;
 But, O Lord, we feel our weakness,
 All thy love abroad to shew ;
 Raise our views, our thoughts heav'nward,
 Elevate our minds to thee ;
 Then, O Lord, in incense, offer'd,
 Is thine own in praise to thee.

Of ourselves we can do nothing,
 Worthy thine infinite love,
 Not by man, O Lord, though knowest,
 Would we approach thy courts above,
 All thine own we bow submissive,
 Offer up our humble praise ;
 See our Shield, thine own anointed,
 And accept our grateful lays.

SECOND HYMN.

BY ELIAS ROBERTS.

Can ransomed souls e'er cease to sing
 The praises of our Saviour King ?
 With anthems loud his praise resounds
 In sweetest notes of joyful sounds.

Our sweetest notes of praise belong
To Jesus Christ, in cheerful song ;
Our feeble voice how weak to raise,
And sing our Great Redeemer's praise.

Freely he left the courts above,
Freely he came in purest love,
He felt our woes, he bare our sins,
Partaker of our human pains.

He bore our sins whilst here below ;
He conquered ev'ry hostile foe ;
To endless life our way he trod ;
Our life is hid with Christ in God.

Never shall death nor hell enthrall
The ransom'd, freed by Jesus' call ;
He call'd our souls from darkest gloom,
Into the glorious light of noon.

From straying on the mountains wild,
Enticed by sin, by satan 'guiled ;
Jesus alone could break the speli,
And save us from the lowest hell.

As sheep without a shepherd near,
We strayed in deserts pathless, drear ;
No ray of hope how dark the gloom !
Dark as the shades of silent tomb.

Death reigned in all the gloom of night ;
Our souls enchained by satan's might ;
No works of merit could we do ;
The carnal minds no good pursue.

Exposed we lay,—Oh wond'rous love !
That brought the Saviour from above,
For Jesus came to seek and find,
Jesus the shepherd good and kind.

He came and found us lying now,
In mis'ry, wretchedness, and woe :
Our trespasses as mountains stood,
And intervened our souls and God.

His love did penetrate the gloom ;
His voice awak'd us from the tomb,
Arraigned in guilt we then appeared,
Our souls eternal vengeance feared.

Mount Sinai's thunders peal'd aloud :
Our sins arose, a threat'ning cloud :
Justice demanded death and blood,
Our souls in guilty terror stood.

The Lamb of God in mercy stands,
Shewing his bleeding side, and hands,
Pleading before his Father's throne,
The merits of his death alone.

He gave his life, he shed his blood,
'T appease the threat'ned wrath of God ;
He burst the grave in conquering power,
Victorious on th' appointed hour.

Triumphant from the grave he rose,
Victorious o'er his vanquish'd foes ;
Ascended high to's Father's heaven ;
Eternal life through him is given.

The mighty conqueror on high,
In heaven he hears the plaintive cry,
He hears the mourners in distress ;
He left his heavens for our release.

The mountains of our sins were gone ;
The brightness of his presence shone,
It cheered our souls, no tongue can tell :
He sav'd us from the lowest hell.

Infinite love did melt our souls,
As oil into a vessel flows ;
The Still Small Voice that speaketh peace,
Bade ev'ry doubt, and fear to cease.

The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings, disclos'd
Refulgent, glorious light of day,
With all the powers of life display'd.

Then sing his praise with joyful glee,
And cheerful voice sweet melody :
He conquered death, he rose again,
Ascended high our souls to gain.

The dreadful debt in pain he paid ;
In suff'rings vast th' atonement made ;
He bore our sins, a mighty load ;
Jesus alone the winepress trod.

He suffer'd in Gethsemane,
In doleful pain, and agony ;
His soul 's exceeding sorrowful,
His sweat, as drops of blood, did flow.

Arraign'd before the bar of men,
His judges could not him condemn :
The meek, the lowly, Lamb of God,
Faithful before his judges stood.

Descended from his Father's heavens,
His life a ransom freely given ;
No man had power his life to take,
He gave it for his chosen's sake.

How cruel were his murderous foes !
Then all in rage against him rose,
And mocked, and scourged the lovely Lamb,
Him crucified they all exclaim.

He 's robed in mock'ry's purple shade,
A crown of thorns put on his head ;
Ah! think that when our Saviour died,
Nails pierc'd his limbs, a spear his side.

Nailed to the cross by cruel men,
He pleads for all for whom he's slain ;
In love he bow'd his head and died,
And mounts triumphant 'bove the skies.

In heaven his ever glorious seat,
Where millions, bowing at his feet,
Incessant praise, in anthems sing ;
There reigns our glorious martyr King.

No more the robe of mock'ry wears,
No more opposed by sorrow's cares,
No more in grief, and pain to sigh,
No more on calv'ry's cross to die.

He suffer'd once to atone for all ;
He enter'd once within the veil ;
In heaven he fills the mercy seat ;
The Father owns the off'ring meet.

Jesus ascended glorious High ;
He reigns in power and majesty ;
All knees shall bow with one accord,
And ev'ry tongue confess him Lord.

Glory ascribe to God on high ;
Exalt his name triumphantly ;
Let every people, kindred, tongue,
The praises of our Lord prolong.

Praise him all times in ev'ry place ;
Praise him for redeeming love and grace ;
Praise is the highest strain above ;
Praise is the the theme of perfect love.

All praise to Jesus Christ is due,
In sweetest anthems, ever new ;
Ye ransomed ever sing the strain,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.

The height, depth, length, and breadth of love,
In Jesus Christ the incarnate God,
Transcends the powes of tongue to tell,
For Jesus hath done all things well.

He is our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On him doth all our hopes depend ;
He will direct our steps always ;
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way.

In Glory, power, and love combined,
Thus doth he make of willing mind,
T' accept the offered mercy still,
And yield obedience to his will.

The ransomed love with willing soul,
And yield to Jesus, Lord, our all;
And praise, and homage to his name,
In hallelujahs loud acclaim.

He is the Lord our Righteousness;
He leads his chosen on to bliss;
Our souls aspire to higher place,
To see our Jesus face to face.

HYMN.

BY JOHN COMPTON.

Ye ransom'd in the Lord rejoice,
And praise his name with thankful voice,
Sing ye to him, his praise proclaim,
In honor of his holy name.

Behold the wonders of his love;
For he descended from above
To save our souls from death and sin,
That we might live, and dwell with him.

He left the Father's blest abode,
To manifest the love of God,
To seek, and save that which was lost,
And gave his life to pay the cost.

He paid our ransom, when he died,
God's justice then was satisfied;
'Twas through the sufferings of his Son,
The victory for us was won.

He hath ascended up on high,
He led captive captivity;
And he hath given gifts to men,
Which proves that he, for us, was slain.

He now doth intercede above;
He sympathises in his love;
Hath fellow-feeling of our grief,
And to our souls he sends relief.

And now the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
In wisdom, power, and might doth prove,
To ransomed souls, that God is love.

Love is his darling attribute;
He changeth not, He's infinite,
His love he manifests to man;
He loved us e'er the world began.

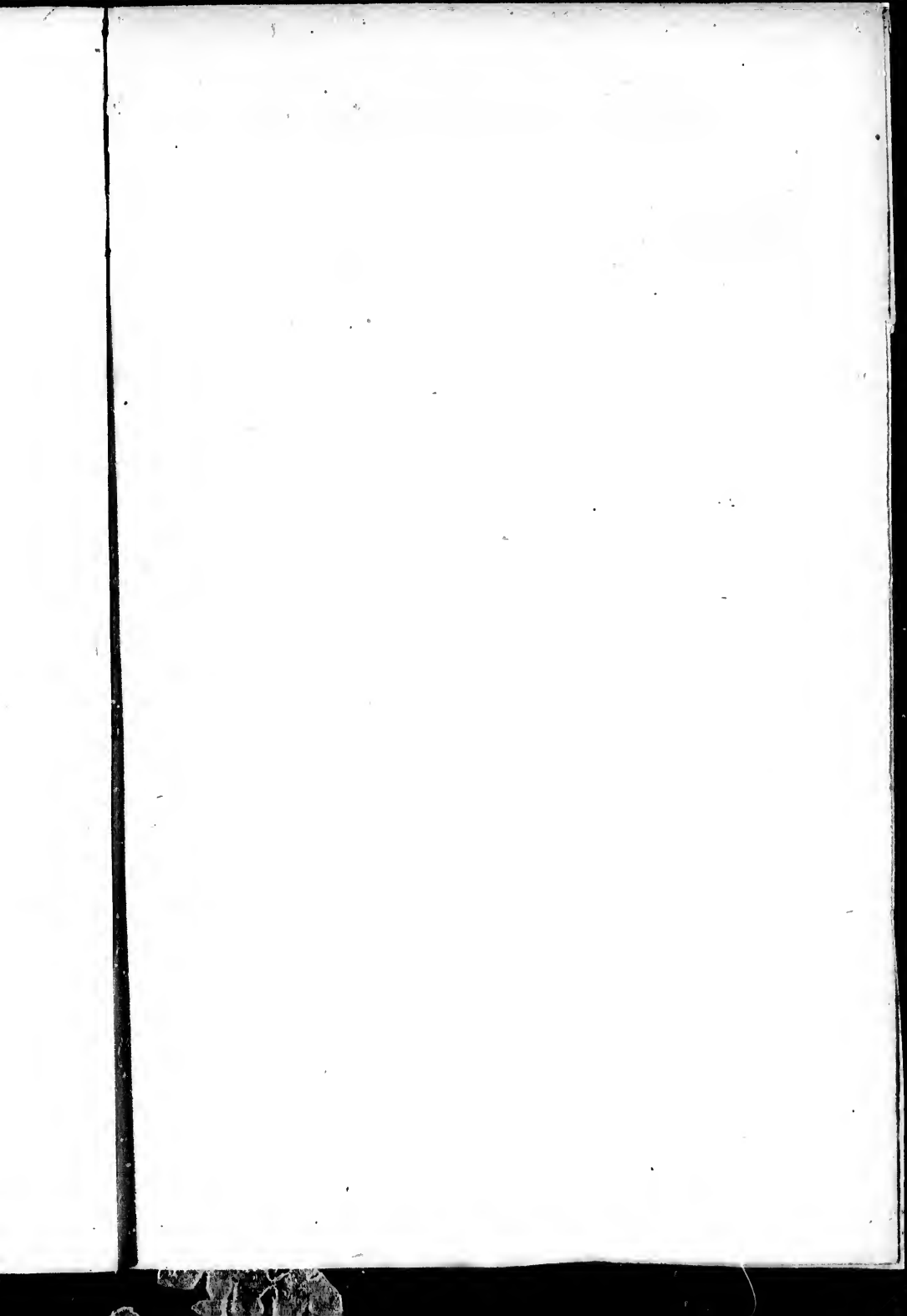
He loved us, while he bore our sins,
He proved it, when he made us Kings;
The Father's will for to disclose,
And rise, in triumph, o'er his foes.

His love is pure, he loves us still,
O doubt it not, it is his will ;
The Kingdom he for us prepared ;
His word is sure, He hath declared.

Then Zion sing, his grace abounds,
And praise his name in joyful sounds,
O praise the glorious Lord of Hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.







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