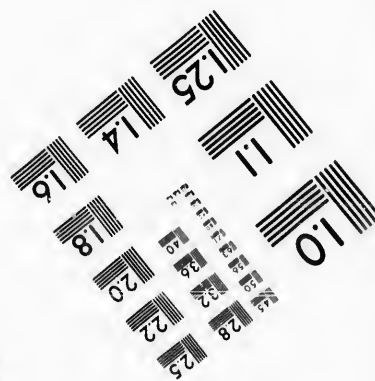
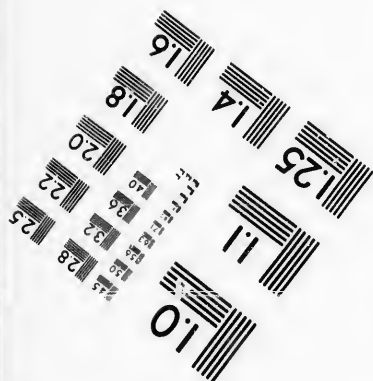
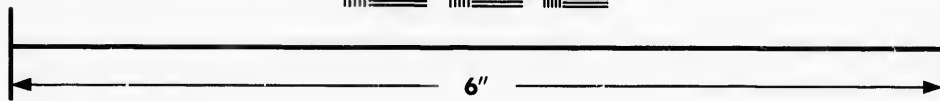
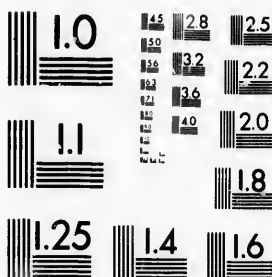


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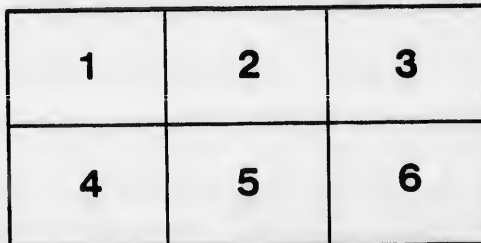
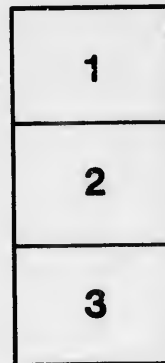
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HYMNS AND PRAYERS,

ADAPTED TO THE

WORSHIP OF GOD,

IN

SHARON.

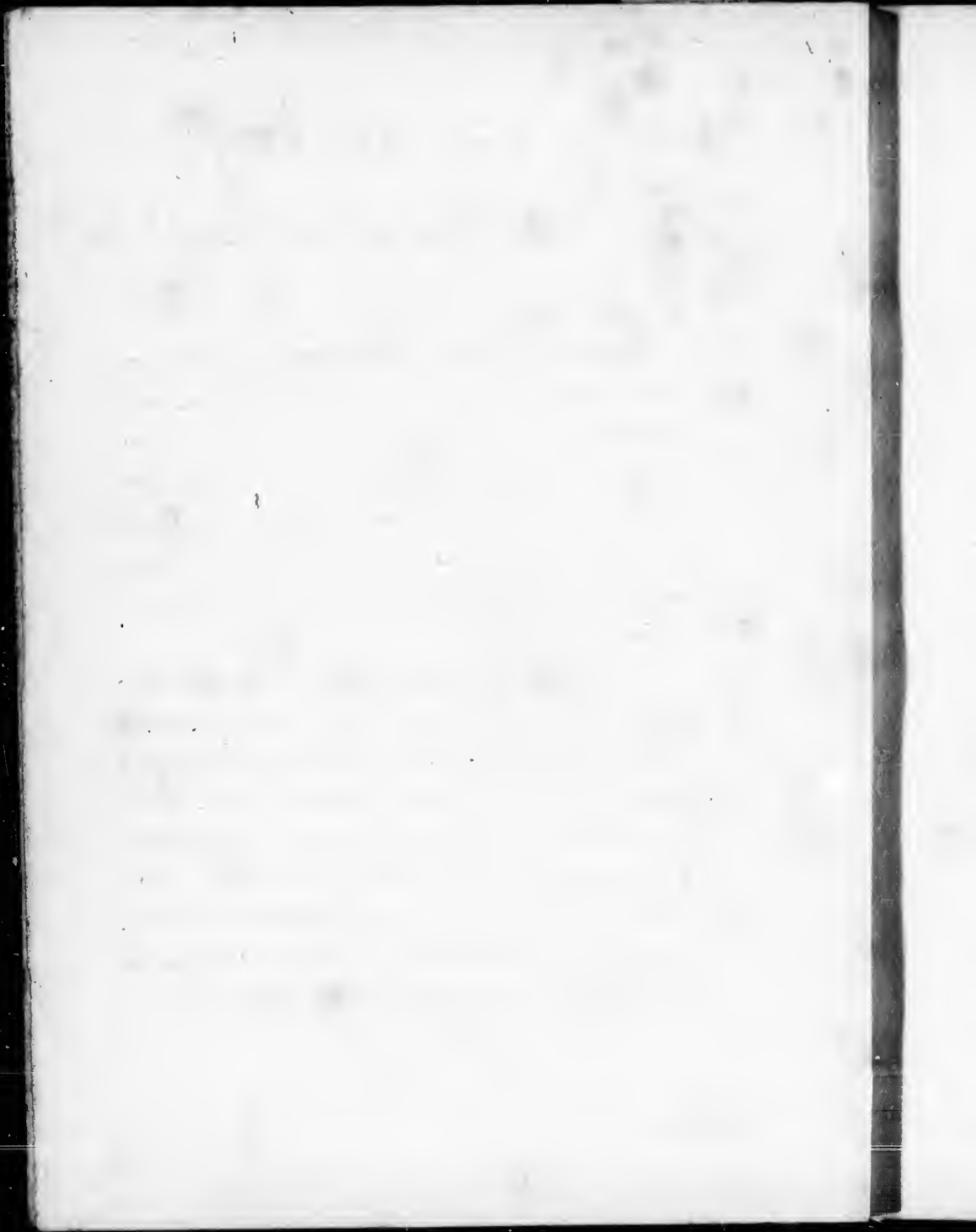
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“The praise of God is the duty of man.”

Newmarket :

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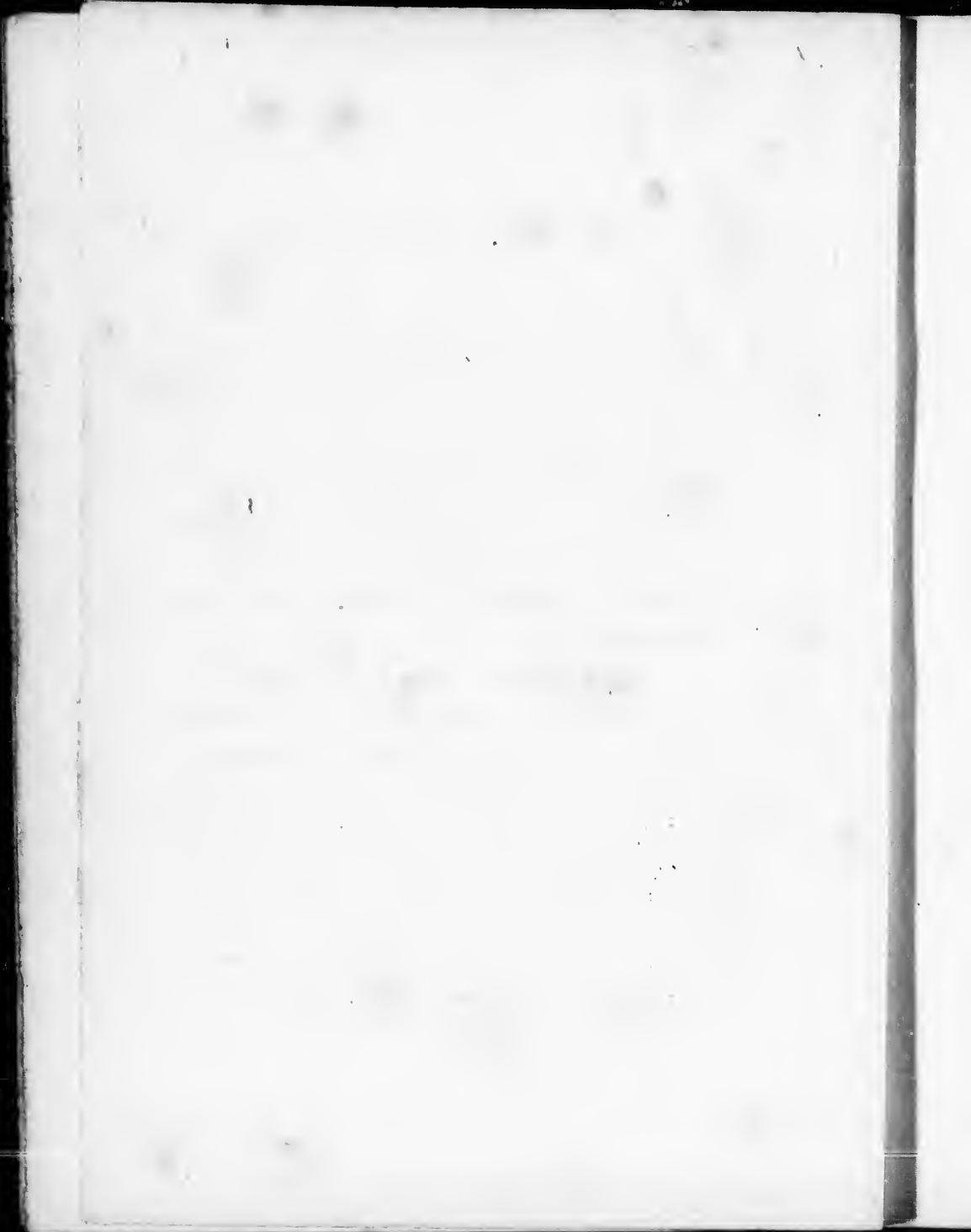
1849.



TO THE READER.

In composing and publishing these Hymns the object has been not to give them a wide circulation, or to introduce them into other religious assemblies, but rather to confine them to the field of service wherein they were found (as a peculiar favour from the Giver of Gifts) adapted to the Worship of God ;— in SHARON on Sabbath Days.

We rather limit their space because of their singularity ; and because they were composed without any pretension to the skill of learned poets who have written before us ; but to be used as the product of an illiterate mind adapted to the necessities of an illiterate people ; containing truths easy to be understood without the aid of an interpreter : and to be used as the offerings of a simple people unto God.



HYMNS AND PRAYERS,

ADAPTED TO THE

WORSHIP OF GOD.

HYMN I.

NO envy shall my heart possess,
Nor covet gold in store ;
But God the Father's love to bless,
And I shall need no more.

The spring of love so gently flows,
So clear 's the cleansing stream,
I drink no envy to my foes,
The love of God 's so clean.

The blood of Jesus bids me hear,
'T is wakening to my soul ;
It wakes mine eyes to see most clear
His groans to loudly call.

His soul commands my feet to move,
From all my sins to flee,
To come and drink of heavenly love
So dear he bought for me !

He gave his bleeding life for mine
The piercing pains to feel,
He gave his body so divine
My wounded heart to heal.

HYMN II.

LORD, let me know thy name
 And thy baptizing stream,
 Partake the blood of all thy pain,
 Thy griefs will make me clean.

Thou on the earth shalt stand,
 My soul shall see thee there,
 A prince to give my heart command,
 An ear to hear my prayer.

Thy blood did freely flow
 Thou bought'st my soul with pain,
 Thou conquer'dst Death with every foe,
 For glory on thy name.

Thou art the Father's love,
 Thou cam'st to the distress'd,
 Thou bad'st my feet to gently move,
 My soul to be at rest.

HYMN III.

WHY did the Lord forbid my rest
 Or draw me with the cords of love,
 Till I was number'd with the blest
 Who rest with him in heaven above ?

He saw me idle, and in vain,
 There is a time for thanks and praise ;
 A time to know a Saviour's name,
 And number all his mournful days,

A time to taste the precious wine
 Which freely from his heart did flow,
 To know his heart that bled for mine,
 The Father and the Son to know.

A time to read his precepts o'er,
 A time to mourn and drink his love,
 A time when we shall weep no more,
 A time to rise to heaven above.

His calls like arrows pierced me through,
 He wak'd my soul with grief and pain,
 That I might give to him his due,
 And glorify and praise his name.

HYMN IV.

LORD, I thy Son in glory see
 Above the powers of earth below,
 And he 's with love inviting me,
 To love his friends and shun his foe.

He is thy name below the sun,
 Of him the mournful prophets tell ;
 He is with thee, and is to come,
 Far from the powers of earth and hell.

His presence is the joy of life,
 His blood blots out the sinful stain,
 He is the end of pride and strife,
 The will and glory of thy name.

Why should my mind despise his lot
 Because a heavy load he bore ?
 His griefs shall never be forgot,
 But Christ, the Son, shall mourn no more.

Give me a portion with the blest,
 For I have found their counsels so,
 Receive my soul, and give me rest,
 Far from the powers of earth below.

HYMN V.

MY heart with joy can speak aloud,
 My Saviour's friendly love I feel,
 His spirit clothed with the cloud,
 Comes down my broken heart to heal.

Why should I mourn for earth's proud name,
 Or yet for crowns or priests contend?
 For sects and parties are in vain,
 And crowns and councils have an end.

Jesus, a prince of high degree,
 Was of the house of David born,
 His name is royal unto me,
 For power and might is in his arm.

In him, alone, I place my trust,
 To kings and kingdoms humbly bow,
 And in the end I will be blest,
 So God the Father's with me now.

HYMN VI.

SWEET are thy counsels O my God,
 They came my troubl'd heart still,
 To call my thoughts from far abroad,
 To taste *thy* love and do *thy* will!

Thy word, O God 's the bread I need,
Thy life to cheer my soul as wine,
The land where thou didst Israel feed,
 To satisfy this heart of mine.

Thy love, O God 's a spring of joy,
 Thou lead'st thine own and waters there,
 'Tis *there* no worm the vine destroys,
 'Tis *there* the olive tree doth bear.

*'Tis there the flocks do rest in peace,
And there thou feed'st the old and young,
'Tis there the spring doth never cease,
Nor dost thou still the praising tongue.*

HYMN VII.

COME, brother, to this heart of mine,
The Lord doth for my soul provide,
And he will give a part to thine,
Who nothing to my soul denied.

He all and all again restores,
With milk and wine his love doth feed,
He dries away these putrid sores,
And heals the heart so prone to bleed,

His love ne'er fails nor bread decays,
Where to the mount he calls his own,
Nor doth he still our songs of praise,
Nor leave our souls to live alone.

He stills our foes with deeds of shame
And bids our altars upward rise,
And he gives wisdom to his own,
As to his will we sacrifice.

HYMN VIII.

O LORD, where shall I find thy name,
'Tis thee I long to know,
Thy life is clear, thy words are plain,
Thy Son doth teach me so.

When shall I see the balance rest
That all my actions weigh?
When will thy Son pronounce me blest
And blot my sins away?

To thee will I lift up mine eyes,
 I'll seek thy name to see ;
 If thou dost dwell in lighted skies,
 Come in the cloud to me.

From thee, some servant, condescend,
 To count and know my pain,
 To teach my soul, whom I offend,
 To fear and dread thy name.

HYMN IX.

O LORD, mine idle hours shall flee
 Like chaff before the wind,
 I'll wash my robes, and come to thee,
 And say that I have sinn'd.

If thou to me wilt mercy show,
 O then thy name I'll see,
 Thy love I'll feel, thy name I'll know,
 As thou giv'st grace to me.

I'll not for crowns of honor thirst,
 I'll feed upon thy name ;
 In every deed thy name be first,
 Then not one hour is vain.

My cup with consolation fills,
 My sins begin to flee,
 And thou my troubl'd bosom stills,
 As thou com'st near to me.

HYMN X.

O LORD, extensive, bright, and clear,
 Thy name to Israel did appear ;
 To Israel thy salvation came,
 Because thou bless'd them with thy name.

Such deeds as theirs let me pursue,
 My lifetime, or my journey through ;
 For I likewise a blessing crave,
 Thy Son to teach my soul to save.

From deeds, my sinful heart inspires,
 From wealth my lustful soul desires,
 That I may shun a hell of pain,
 To teach me all such deeds are vain.

O Lord, from error make me clean,
 Thou cam'st dark sinners to redeem,
 To change their heart, and lead their way,
 From error, to a lasting day.

HYMN XI.

LORD, clothe me with a Saviour's name
 And let thy Son again appear,
 A Son of sorrow and of pain ;
 Give me a priest to see and hear.

Why should I stray for want of bread
 From where the Shepherd's flocks do feed,
 Or from the land where Israel fed,
 Or yet despise the bread I need.

I'll seek the path a Saviour trod,
 For he is in the way before ;
 I'll seek for Jacob's bless'd abode,
 There's hunger nor there's thirst no more.

There shall the weary nations rest,
 And there shall tribes together join,
 There kindred of the earth are blest,
 And there shall rest this heart of mine.

No ear shall hear my spirit cry,
 Nor sinners see mine eyes to weep ;
 'T is there, good spirits never die,
 There, rest the souls of those that sleep.

HYMN XII.

O LORD, thy praise continue still,
 And all thy works let me adore ;
 These are directed by thy will,
 And these shall be for evermore.

Teach me to praise thee with my tongue,
 My soul be join'd to those that praise,
 Let me rejoice where praise is sung,
 And see the light of David's days.

Let Abram's name on earth be blest
 To all on whom the sun do rise ;
 Gather the nations to their rest,
 And Israel to his sacrifice.

Let thrones arise in Jacob's name
 For freeborn sons to sit upon,
 Let David's kingdom come again,
 And all thy sons that 's dead and gone.

Give Jesus Christ a goodly rest
 In every heart that owns thy name,
 With him let every tribe be blest,
 And let his precepts rule again.

Give him a place below the skies,
 To him the tribes of earth be join'd ;
 His goodness and his Gospels rise,
 A prince so loving, good, and kind.

HYMN XIII.

O LORD, could I thy goodness see
My soul would love and praise thy name,
Mine all I'd sacrifice to thee,
My joys, my sorrows, and my pain.

My soul shall see thy grace abound,
And the imprison'd captives free ;
Mine ear shall hear the trumpet sound,
And hail with joy the jubilee !

Why should I wait for men to come
To speak aloud, or tell thy name ?
I'd be a servant to thy son,
That never spoke nor taught in vain !

My hope should rise, my fears depart,
And vanish like the clouds of day,
His flowing blood would cheer my heart,
And wash my darkest sins away.

HYMN XIV.

DEEP are the fountains of thy love
And thou hast plenteous bread in store,
Thy blessings from the worlds above
Descend on earth for evermore.

Thou art the God of life and power
That bidd'st thy will on earth be done ;
A treasure, where no worms devour,
A blessing, evermore to come.

O Father, make mine heart thine own
And let my Saviour enter there,
Set Jesus on King David's throne
And let his name the sceptre bear.

Let me be number'd with the just
 Where thou forbid'st my sins to be,
 Lord, give to me no other trust
 Save that which is alone in thee.

Receive my praise, my thanks be known,
 To all that are in heaven above,
 And with the righteous make my tomb,
 And ever feed me with thy love.

HYMN XV.

COME near, my kindred, to the throne
 Where Jesus in the bosom reigns,
 O taste his love, his name be known,
 His blessings and his dying pains.

Count o'er the griefs his mother bore,
 His mournful brothers when they fled;
 For Jesus groan'd to groan no more,
 And for our sins a Saviour bled.

He died to set the captives free,
 His life was for a painful cause,
 He died upon that shameful tree,
 And sorrow'd where the harden'd was.

O Jesus, enter in my breast,
 Thy mind 's a spirit all unseen;
 With me, O Lord, take up thy rest,
 Thou gav'st thy blood to make me clean,

HYMN XVI.

THY word is life for evermore,
 That bid the raging billows cease,
 That calls the wandering to the door,
 And feeds them with the bread of peace.

These, from the fountains of thy love,
 The wine of consolation draw,
 They 're blest with dew from heaven above,
 The holy precepts of thy law.

Their souls rejoice and give thee praise,
 And say the power and glory 's thine,
 Because thy love directs their ways,
 Because thine hand draws out the line.

Thine heart with songs of praise doth flow,
 And these partake descending love,
 And these thy name and power do know,
 Our God, our Saviour, Saint, and Jove !

HYMN XVII.

OH, may my heart be taught to feel
 The friendly blessings of thy will,
 That doth thy life to me reveal,
 And bid my passions all be still.

Thou art the rock of ages past,
 The Lord that all the prophets knew,
 Thou art the first, and will be last,
 Creator, God, and Saviour too.

O may my soul thy name adore,
 And all my limbs be taught to praise,
 My thanks remain for evermore,
 Thy love, with blessings crown my days.

All honor to my God I owe,
 Submission, day by day is due,
 His arm is strong against my foe,
 His love 's a flowing fountain too.

HYMN XVIII.

THOU source of everlasting light
 By whom the sun did rise,
 That gave to every star their light
 And plac'd them in the skies.

That taught the floods their bounds to know,
 And bid the seas be still ;
 Whose arm doth conquer every foe,
 Because it is thy will.

Thy word, a lamp before mine eyes,
 Shall long direct my feet,
 And where the lost and wandering cries
 I'll run their souls to meet.

Thou art my bread, and life, and days,
 Mine all to thee belongs,
 Thou gav'st to me a harp of praise,
 And fill'd my heart with songs.

While life and breath my limbs can move,
 While I can move my tongue,
 I'll tell the wonders of thy love,
 I'll be where praise is sung.

My soul shall join the lasting fold
 With kindred blessings nigh,
 My spirit is like days of old
 With flocks and shepherds by.

HYMN XIX.

I'LL hope in God, my Saviour's name,
 He love and truth will send,
 To teach my spirit all is vain
 That doth my God offend.

His word 's salvation, and is praise
 Descending from above,
 The morning light of all our days,
 The blessings of his love.

With wine, O Lord, thou cheer'st my soul,
 And comfort'st me with bread,
 Thou mak'st my broken spirit whole,
 And heal'd the heart that bled.

While I my limbs and tongue can move
 Thy wonders I 'll declare,
 My morning tongue shall tell thy love,
 My soul shall teach in prayer,

Thy spirit is my God and King,
 And saints attend thy name,
 And angels, praise around thee sing
 And triumph over pain.

Thy name and praise my theme shall be,
 I 'll make thy wonders known,
 In death my soul shall rise to thee
 And bow before thy throne.

HYMN XX.

WHEN I with saints the banquet join
 Far from my restless foe,
 Part of their blessings will be mine,
 And I, their God shall know.

The Lord will cast away my fear,
 And bid my soul to rise,
 He 'll call my wandering spirit near
 And make the simple wise.

He, for my feet, with stepping-stones
 Will lead my way before,
 He 'll lead me to the ancient tombs
 And I shall seek no more.

The Spirit of the Lord I 'll find
 And all his servants by,
 With them he 'll bless my living mind,
 Nor bid my spirit die.

My soul shall flow with thanks and praise
 Like to the rising stream,
 He 'll clothe my soul with ancient days,
 And bid my robes be seen.

He will enlarge my living breast
 And strangers will come in,
 And with the saints he 'll build my rest
 Far from the deeds of sin.

HYMN XXI.

WELCOME my Saviour to my breast
 With all the griefs thou bore,
 Thy sorrows are the way to rest
 Where pain shall be no more.

Receive my soul, O Saviour dear,
 And offer me to God,
 'T is through thy blood I 'm drawing near,
 And washing in thy blood.

When angry foes against me rise
 And in their wrath they swear,
 Each tribulation makes me wise,
 Each sorrow strong to bear.

I 'll own thy name where monarchs reign,
 Nor will I dread nor fear ;
 I 'm call'd to glorify thy name,
 To make thy life appear.

A thousand tongues shall sound thy praise,
 To thee the harp be join'd,
 My soul shall own King David's days,
 And peace with thee I 'll find.

Assembled tribes shall give thee praise
 That sitt'st on David's throne,
 And monarchs bow and learn thy ways,
 That griev'd and wept alone.

HYMN XXII.

HOW deep, O Lord, the stone doth lie
 Thou build'st the Church upon,
 The top thereof doth reach so high
 To those who 're dead and gone.

The living do adore thy name
 For thou direct'st their dust,
 Through the deep valleys of their pain
 They lean upon thy trust :

Thou art a God that's present by
 Our ever needful store,
 Who teachest where the stone doth lie,
 That cannot move no more.

Thou mov'st our feet to upward rise
 And let thy paths be seen,
 Thy name 's a light before our eyes,
 A field for ever green !

Thy love 's a spring that never dries,
 Whose fountain 's clear and deep,
 For thou the mourner's heart supplies
 And comfort'st those that weep.

HYMN XXIII.

WHAT blessings, Lord, my spirit finds
 While in the hidden way,
 My spirit meets a thousand minds
 Of those who 're pass'd away :

Who speak salvation to my soul,
 Who call the stranger in,
 Thou mak'st the broken-hearted whole
 And heal'st the wounds of sin.

The Lord doth bid their spirit rise,
 As suns do rise and shine ;
These are a light before mine eyes
 To light this way of mine..

These, these have trod the path before,
 And bless'd the hidden way ;
These, these partake and mourn no more,
 For *these* my soul doth pray.

☉ Priest and Prophet bear my mind,
 (I bear a heavy load,)
 Grant that my soul your rest may find,
 With you make mine abode.

Blest by the Father and the Son
 Your deeds of life to see,
 Let us receive you as you come,
 Your name is given to me..

Blest by the living God so kind
 Whom all the meek adore,
 With you, my soul a home shall find
 To part with you no more !

HYMN XXIV.

LORD, make my garments clean,
 From every sinful stain,
 Thy blood baptize, thy love redeem,
 And clothe me with thy name.

My sin 's a crimson die,
 A load of guilt to bear,
 But there are cleansing waters by,
 A heart, and house of prayer.

O Lord, my stain remove,
 Baptize me in thy blood,
 And clothe my broken heart with love,
 And give my soul to God.

Oh, give my spirit rest
 For I am weary here,
 With woe and grief I feel oppress'd,
 And tremble in my fear.

HYMN XXV.

THY Spirit as the morning light,
 Lord, from the opening tombs,
 Attends me through the weary night ;
 (With thee great wisdom comes.)

Her hands with robes of ancient days,
 With blessings to restore,
 Her hands direct to hills of praise,
 Her feet, to sin no more.

She is the presence of the Lord,
 With visions deep and strong,
 She teaches from the bless'd record,
 And sings King David's song.

She bids the saints in light appear,
 She shows a flowing breast,
 She calls my wandering spirit near
 With her to build my rest.

HYMN XXVI.

WHILE life remains, and thou art by,
 That call'd my soul to rise,
 I will walk with thee till I die,
 Or thou ascend'st the skies !

An altar for my soul thou built,
 And did my hands prepare,
 To offer offerings for my guilt,—
 Thy pardon meets me there.

Thou plac'd thy name in waters deep,
 And bade my soul descend,
 Thou taught'st mine eyes by night to weep,
 To shun a mournful end.

Thine hand oppress'd my living breast
 With thoughts I did conceal,
 Thou bad'st me see the saints at rest,
 Their mournful lives reveal.

My spirit's by thy blessing fed,
 Thou hast a living store ;
 My heart is by thy spirit led,—
 I crave nor thirst no more.

HYMN XXVII.

HOW slippery are the paths we tread,
 (By nature prone to ill),
 We stray where flocks are never fed,
 Nor fountains never still.

We drink of wine, again we thirst,
 (Such as the earth afford),
 We feed on counsels that are curs'd,
 And so offend the Lord.

We 're hastening to the bars of death,
 The grave is deep and strong,
 'Tis there no mortal draws his breath,
 Nor praise thee with a song.

I'll wash my robes where blood doth flow,
 I'll feed where fields are green,
 I'll shun the world, my dangerous foe,
 And with the saints be seen.

My life in union there shall join,
 I'll shun the sinful fold,
 I'll live by order, and by line,
 By truths that Jesus told.

HYMN XXVIII.

THY love 's a garment bright and clean
 Washed in that blood-flowing stream,
 Bought by the offerings of thy son
 For every babe and harmless one.

'T is thou, O Lord, from whence he came
 Who gave thy honor'd son his name,
 'T 's thou, who caus'd his heart to bleed,
 Where shophers drink and flocks do feed.

'T is thou that brought him to the door
 To comfort and to feed the poor,
 Thou gav'st him life their needs to feel,
 And balm to all their bruises heal.

Thou mak'st the broken-hearted whole,
 And heal'st with love the afflicted soul ;
 Thou call'st the heart within to move,
 With melted bowels sing thy love.

HYMN XXIX.

THINE eyes beheld me when astray,
 Thou plac'd thy son before,
 And thou declared he is the way,—
 He all my failings bore.

I plac'd my feet by thy command,
 My soul was safely led,
 I built no buildings on the sand,
 Nor crowns upon my head.

Thou taught'st my soul that I was dust
 And bade my tongue declare,
 In thee, alone, is all my trust,
 And all my comfort 's there.

Thou bidd'st my soul inspire to praise
 For mercies thou hast shown ;
 To call to mind King David's days,
 And bow before thy throne.

HYMN XXX.

OLORD, how deep the mystery lies,
 How easy to explain ;
 All 's well when thou wilt hear our cries,
 And not one breath in vain.

Thy spirit is our staff and stay,
 Our judge of right and wrong,
 Our peaceful path, our heavenly way,
 Our prayer, our praise, our song.

Thy word, O Lord 's a fountain deep,
 Which all her banks o'erflow,
 Thy heart doth heal the eyes that weep,
 And saves us from our foe.

Thy love, O God 's so skilfully built
 That none can it deform,
 Within, there 's pardon from our guilt
 And safety in the storm.

The babes, unnumber'd blessings feel,
 Their hearts are meek and low,
 To these, thou mysteries dost reveal,
 To these thy bosom flow.

HYMN XXXI.

O LORD, redeem my soul from guilt,
 Give me a thankful tongue,
 To taste the blood so freely spilt,
 And feed upon thy son.

For thou hast made his life my meat
 Who for my sins did die ;
 Teach me to worship at his feet,
 And for his mercies cry.

O Lord, he 's risen, may I share
 The blessings of his tomb,
 My Lord did die, and slumber there
 Till the bless'd morn did come.

He rose, to God ascending high,
 Taught as he did before ;
 Thus did his Christ for sinners die,
 And liv'd to die no more.

This is the pathway of his feet
 Who calls my soul to move ;
 To make his blood my drink and meat,
 And then declare his love.

HYMN XXXII.

O LORD, direct my feet to tread
 In the still paths that Jesus led ;
 Teach me, O, God, till I refrain
 From actions that are all in vain.

O Lord, lift up mine eyes to see
 That Christ, my Saviour, is with thee ;
 That Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 Lord of the earth, is only one.

Teach me with parties to agree,
 Who all are seen and known by thee ;
 Teach me contention is in vain,
 Against my peace, against thy name.

Let me pursue the paths of love,
 So thou direct'st from heaven above ;
 Thro' love the kindred nations meet
 And humbly worship at thy feet.

HYMN XXXIII.

TEACH me, O God, where I shall dwell,
 Give me small portions of thy grace
 To shun the paths that lead to hell,
 To dread and fear the doleful place.

Altho' I taste of griefs below,
 Give me a heart to mourn for thee,
 That I may thy salvation know,
 That thou may'st send thy son to me.

He is an image of thine own,
 And thou hast given to him thy name,
 And when the son on earth is known,
 The Lord is known from whence he came.

O Lord, receive my heart within
 And call my limbs to all obey,
 And let the peaceful day begin
 Which nevermore shall pass away.

HYMN XXXIV.

O LORD, may I be taught to fear,
 My head to bow, mine ear to hear ;
 Oh, may my heart with opening doors
 Receive from thy eternal stores :

The wine, that from thy love doth flow,
 The milk, my spirit long doth know,
 Are sweeter than the honey-comb,
 And fit my spirit for the tomb.

This body is a load of clay
 Which soon must move and pass away,
 But life and truth shall long endure
 My heart to heal, my soul to cure.

My mind shall take the stranger in,
 Who knows my heart, and feels my sin
 For thee, my God, I will remove,
 Give thee my heart and drink thy love.

HYMN XXXV.

WHEN I my heart to Jesus give
 And all my failings own,
 His spirit long with me will live,
 No more I'll dwell alone.

He will be with me day and night
 And all my sorrows feel,
 He'll hear my cries, and take delight
 My wounds and griefs to heal.

He'll bear me, upward I shall rise,
 The stone he builds upon
 Is where the mournful prophet lies,
 Where Jesus found the tomb.

He'll wash me from my sin and guilt
 And clothe me with his blood,
 I'll know the blood of Jesus spilt,
 And bow, and worship God.

HYMN XXXVI.

LORD, place my feet where I shall stand,
 Nor bid the stone to move,
 And feed me with thy great command
 And let me feel thy love !

The rock of ages wise and strong
 The builders built upon,
 Pursuing deeds, were never wrong,
 And built their peace thereon.

Lord, may I in the balance weigh
 The deeds of former days,
 And see thy son in light this day
 All crown'd with peace and praise.

O place his feet before mine eyes,
 The humble clothes he wore,
 And at his feet I'll sacrifice,
 Nor leave his name no more.

HYMN XXXVII.

BENEATH thy banners, Lord, I'll feed,
 And at thy feet I'll lie,
 I'll drink the wine thou hast decreed,
 Nor shall my spirit die.

To thee, O God, I'll upward look
 For all the crumbs I need,
 I'll dread and fear the vital stroke,
 For mercy I will plead.

Have mercy, Lord, upon us still,
 With love chastise the young,
 Reveal thy heart, and teach thy will,
 Give me a teaching tongue.

Endue me with thy needful care,
 I'll seek thy love to find;
 Oh, feed me where the vine doth bear,
 According to thy mind.

HYMN XXXVIII.

THY Spirit, Jesus, leads to life
 Beyond a world of woes,
 And there shall all my sorrows cease,
 Thou wilt my mind compose.

But a few steps I have to go
 Before thy rod I'll feel,
 Thou wilt consume my life away,
 My soul in death conceal.

I shall go where the prophets bled,
 And Son of Man was bound ;
 Through death I shall their spirit see,
 Through thee their lives be found.

I will lift up mine hand to thee
 But not profanely swear,
 That these are living with my God
 And all my hope is there.

HYMN XXXIX.

The blessings of God to his Son.

ON thee shall rains and dews descend.
 I'll ever place my name on thee,
 Thy life on earth shall never end
 Because thy spirit 's born of me.

Why should thy foes arise and speak ?
 Thou art an image of mine own ;
 Thou cam'st with love to bless the meek,
 To build thy rest on David's throne.

I've bless'd thee with a lasting love !
 Thus spake the Father to the Son ;
 And all that are in heaven above
 On earth are with this holy one !

He is my name on earth below,
 In vain do men against him rise,
 He 's ever stronger than his foes,
 And light and truth are in his eyes.

HYMN XL.

The blessings of the Son to his people.

IN tribulation wise and deep
The shepherd makes the flock his own,
He taught the idle eyes to weep,
And bow before his royal throne.

Jesus, his name shall ever be,
A Son, a Prophet, Priest, and King ;
A Saviour, Lord, he is from thee,
Bless'd is the shadow of his wing.

His own, with love, he gathers there,
(The Shepherd and the flock 's his own),
He doth the royal sceptre bear,
His spirit rules upon the throne.

He bids his servants all to tell
His name is harmless, wise, and strong,
He lives beyond the powers of hell,
The all-wise Judge of right and wrong.

HYMN XLI.

The Blessings of Humility.

OLORD, I'll seek thy feet and weep,
I'll strew my tears upon the ground,
For thou awoke me from my sleep,
Where peace and joy was never found.

A blessing at thy hand I crave,
Oh, place my feet with Jesus dear,
Who gave his life my soul to save,
Who bought salvation with a tear.

In thee, O God, alone I trust,
 May Jesus and thy kingdom come
 To frame my heart, and mould my dust,
 According to that holy one.

O Lord, take all my fears away,
 For these are garments long I've worn,
 O hear my spirit when I pray,
 Be with me, Jesus, when I mourn.

HYMN XLII.

The Blessings of Love.

O LORD, how tender is thy care
 Who mak'st my broken heart thine own,
 For thou art near to form my prayer,
 Thy spirit's with me when alone.

Bless'd dews and rains from thee descend,
 And thou command'st our fields to grow,
 Thy blessings Lord, do never end,
 The springs of life for ever flow.

Thou multipli'st thy children dear,
 And placest grapes upon the vine,
 Thy voice proclaims the summer near
 And all the fields and fruit are thine.

The young, thou dost with caution lead,
 The old, thou visit'st with thy care,
 The young and old together feed,
 For thee, the vine and tree do bear.

HYMN XLIII.

The miseries of Sin.

LORD, the dark garment long I've wore,
 Imprison'd in the gates of death,
 Till thou wouldst leave me there no more
 A prisoner in a sinful earth.

The cloud upon my spirit bore,
 Oh, how I felt my heart oppress'd,
 My heart within was griev'd and sore,
 My soul was panting for her rest.

I could not find the peaceful shade,
 (Too weak temptation to subdue),
 Until thy word to me hath said,
 I'll save thee and forgive thee too.

My heart rose upward from the tomb,
 The binding chains I left behind,
 My spirit did see peace at noon,
 I sought the harmless prize to find.

HYMN XLIV.

A release from bonds.

MY sins, a heavy load I bore,
 Thro' fears and doubts my trembling way,
 Hath led me from the prison door
 Where many captive sinners lay.

A hand of mercy to me came,
 The Word of God, both wise and strong,
 Jehovah call'd me, by his name,
 To rise, and praise him with a song.

To call the ancient harp to rise,
 To see the crown that David wore,
 He plac'd his name before mine eyes,
 And bade my spirit sin no more.

He bade me build again his throne
 And place the Son of God thereon ;
 To build a house, 't was all his own,
 And honour those who 're dead and gone.

HYMN XLV.

Covenants with the Lord.

THO thee, O Lord, I'll make my vow,
 On bended knees I'll pray ;
 I'm ready, Lord, to serve thee now !
 Prepare for me the way.

For why should I stay weeping here ?
 My mind is never still ;
 Sometimes I doubt, sometimes I fear,
 And griefs my heart do fill.

There is a cup of precious wine,
 And lasting bread in store ;
 The life of Jesus shall be mine,
 And I shall thirst no more.

His life hath for my person bled
 To give my spirit rest ;
 The Son of God was captive led,
 Who was by God so blest.

I'll imitate his life, and feel
 With all the strength I own ;
 And he'll to me his life reveal,
 Nor shall I mourn alone.

HYMN XLVI.

A Prayer for mercy and the forgiveness of sins.

COME Jesus, to my panting breast,
 A load of guilt I feel ;
 Forgive my soul, 'twill give me rest,
 And all my sorrows heal.

I 'm but a worm of earth below
 For thee to look upon ;
 I 'm blind to see the way to go ;
 O teach me right from wrong !

There is an hour of dark despair
 Appear before mine eyes,
 Oh, Son of God, O meet me there,
 When I lose all my joys.

Oh, lend thine arm to bear me up
 Amidst these woes I feel,
 And give my heart a living hope ;
 'T is thou alone can'st heal.

HYMN XLVII.

Extending love.

O Lord, the measures of thy grace
 Are more than human life afford,
 To us the saints thou dost replace,
 To us thy favours are restor'd.

What blessings, Lord, thou hast in store,
 Unto a sinful life unknown ;
 Thou comfort'st till we ask no more ;
 So thou dost feed and bless thine own.

Blest is the man who knows thy will,
 Wise is the child that knows thy care,
 Thou bidd'st his wandering mind be still,
 With love thou com'st and feed'st him there.

His tongue reveals exalted praise,
 His heart doth of thy wonders tell ;
 Thy Spirit blesseth all his days,
 His soul 's unknown to death and hell.

HYMN XLVIII.

Submission to the will of God.

LORD, all my heart shall thee pursue,
 Thy word doth light the heavenly way,
 I'll give thee honors, all are due,
 Thou call'dst me from my long delay.

I taste the sweets of heavenly care,
 Thy love unto my soul is known ;
 Thou gav'st me strength my guilt to bear,
 Thou taught'st me from the highest throne.

No more can I of Jesus crave,
 (*The holy person of thy will*),
 He came from thee my soul to save,
 To bid my prayerful heart be still.

I cried for all my soul did love,
 For all on earth mine eyes could see,
 But all was curs'd from heaven above,
 Till *Christ*, my Lord, came down to me.

He call'd me upward to the skies
 Where saints in peaceful order shine,
 Where servants feed upon his love
 And the whole man becomes divine.

HYMN XLIX.

The Blessings of God.

LORD, bless our peace and give us rest
 And bid the mind be still,
 We own thy counsels all are best,
 Because they are thy will.

Oh, why should ill disputes arise,
 Or sinners dare thy name ?
 Thy word doth make the simple wise,
 And the exalted vain.

Thou humblest those of high degree,
 And bringest thy servants near;
 Thy love doth daily comfort me,
 To me the saints appear.

Forbid us, now, O Lord, I pray,
 To rise against thy will,
 But bless thine house and home this day,
 And bid our souls be still.

HYMN L.

God's Providence to the Poor.

O LORD, in spirit we are poor,
 Our minds rejoice to hear,
 Thy weary patience doth endure,
 And Son and saint are near..

With love, we pray, continue still
 To teach and feed the fold ;
 With love, descending from thy will,
 Like days that were of old.

Teach us, O God, the way to rise,
 The human will to fear,
 For thou art dreadful to chastise,
 Though we are slow to hear.

There is a way, direct our feet,
 The fears of death to shun,
 That we may go the saints to meet,
 Bless and adore thy Son.

For thou art God, in Christ, we know
 The measures of our grace ;
 And thou art Priest and Prophet too,
 And Saviour in this place.

HYMN LI.

The Springs of life.

THY love, O God 's a fountain deep
 Of water sweet and clear,
 Here thou the flocks of Israel keep,
 Thy Son and Saint is here.

Here, thou dost cool our weary thirst,
 (Although the journey 's long),
 Here, every saint on earth are blest,
 Here, none on earth are wrong.

Here, thou assemblest into one
 Thy sons that were abroad ;
 Here, daughters and their mothers come
 To see the works of God.

Here, do the goodly shepherds draw,
 Here, Jacob feeds his own,
 Here is salvation taught by law,
 Through Jesus on the throne.

HYMN LII.

The consolations of love.

OH, here the poor partake their fill
According to their thirst,
Here Jesus reads his Father's will
And tells us who are blest.

The cripple and the lame rejoice,
The captive mind is free,
And children hear a Saviour's voice,
And sound the jubilee.

Here, doth the man of sorrow weep
Until his mind is known,
Then of the fountains clear and deep
The mourner drinks alone.

The Lord has pity on our thirst ;
O Lord, our hearts prepare,
Turn us, O God, from ways thou 'st curst,
And feed and clothe us there.

HYMN LIII.

Humility.

MY soul shall bow before the Lord
And at his feet I 'll pray,
And all his mercies I 'll record,
My sins shall flee away.

The God of Grace will hear my prayer,
As I his mind improve,
And Christ again will meet me there,
His Grace, his Son, or Love.

He 'll make my spirit ten-fold strong
 His burdens to endure,
 His listening ear will hear my song,
 He doth my failings cure.

My sin and guilt do far remove
 As in his name I trust,
 He gives me grace to now improve,
 His *grace*, for ever blest.

HYMN LIV.

Thanks for mercy.

O LORD, who heard a sinner cry,
 And measur'd my complaint ;
 Who brought thy Son and Saviour nigh,
 The Seraph and the Saint.

Thou fill'dst my soul with wine anew,
 (I never drank before),
 Thou gav'st me all thou saw was due ;
 My God, I ask no more.

Thou 'st shown me Jacob and his fold,
 And gave me Israel's name,
 A thousand truths thy word hath told,
 But none of these are vain.

My thanks, O God, like rivers flow,
 Thou light 'st my seeing eyes ;
 By thee, O God, I Jesus know,
 Descending from the skies.

HYMN LV.

Inquiry for rest.

O LORD, immortal are my cries,
 Nor can my spirit cease,
 Whilst thou thy pardoning love denies,
 On earth there is no peace.

Lord, give me patience to endure
 The load of guilt I feel,
 Send Jesus down my soul to cure,
 My broken heart to heal.

Oh sin, the pathway down to hell,
 Temptation led me there ;
 Till I my woe and grief shall tell,
 My hunger and despair.

No wine is given to quench my thirst,
 Nor doth the flame abate,
 Till I am humble, and am blest,
 I must my groans repeat.

HYMN LVI.

Deliverance from death.

O LORD, thou didst the cord unbind
 Although the chains were strong,
 My spirit did deliverance find
 When I confess'd my wrong.

Thou drew me upward from the pit,
 Or from the mire and clay ;
 And still 't is in my memory yet,
 That dark, and doleful day !

Thy frowns did like the billows rage,
 Nor would the seas be still ;
 There, end the sins of every age
 Which are against thy will.

I will submit my roving thought
 And all my heart resign,
 That all my sins may be forgot,
 And all my heart be thine.

HYMN LVII.

The hope of Salvation.

CHASTISEMENTS, Lord, are justly due,
 My heart within is sore,
 My weeping eyes are flowing too,
 My soul with grief's run o'er.

Is this the wages of my sin ?
 Or teach me, Jesus, why
 Thy spirit pours salvation in,
 And yet my soul must die.

Thy life to me is heavenly bread
 Altho' I'm sore distress'd,
 Altho' with grief I'm daily fed
 Yet I am hourly blest.

Thou lead'st me from temptation's ways
 Where sorrows never cease,
 So I fulfil my mournful days
 And rest with thee in peace.

HYMN LVIII.

The Mourner's peace.

THERE is a rock beneath my feet
 Which never seems to move ;
 It is not mire nor false deceit,
 It is the pearl of love.

The hand of Jesus plac'd it there
 For me to build upon,
 Upon this stone I make my prayer,
 The world's for ever gone.

I on this table eat my bread,
 And write my lines of praise,
 From this stone are my children fed
 With grace of latter days.

On this our house to honors rise,
 To God we give renown ;
 It is our stone of sacrifice,
 Where God sends blessings down.

He 's given to us a living name
 And bid the world be still,
 He 's made our foes to be in vain,
 Who fought against his will.

HYMN LIX.

A change of thought.

I 'LL call on God while he is nigh,
 While I the sounding trumpet hear ;
 My sinful soul is judg'd to die,
 Before my God I must appear.

I 'll haste to pools of Jesus' blood,
 I 'll bow and wash my garments there,
 I 'll clothe my soul to meet my God,
 I will the wedding garment wear.

I 'll not delay, nor wear my shame,
 My God above, my heart can see,
 I 'm taught I 've sinn'd against his name
 My God, I have offended thee.

For pardoning grace, as infant's cries,
 To feed upon the mother's breast,
 My prayer, O God, to thee shall rise,
 Have mercy, God ! O give me rest !

HYMN LX.

Acceptance with God.

THUS Jesus to my trembling soul
 With love and mercy did convey,
 I saw thee weep, and made thee whole,
 My blood hath wash'd thy sins away.

With garments from the heavens, anew,
 My mournful soul will clothe thee o'er,
 O mark right well what thou dost do,
 Go forth, my child, and sin no more.

I've bless'd thee with a robe of love,
 I've cloth'd thee with a father's care,
 I wrote thy name in heaven above,
 Thy sorrows have acceptance there.

The Son of God hath heard thee mourn,
 The Father saw thee in distress,
 His Spirit call'd thee to return,
 Because thou didst thy sins confess.

HYMN LXI.

The fear of the Lord.

I'LL fear my God and live,
 My sinful heart subdue,
 And God to me will blessings give,
 And form my heart anew.

Low at his feet I'll lie,
 'T is God ordains my rest,
 My Father's will I'll not deny,
 And I'll by him be blest.

He 'll call my soul to rise
 He 'll see me weeping there,
 Have pity on my weeping eyes,
 And move the griefs I bear.

My thoughts shall take their flight
 When I their woes fulfil,
 He 'll clothe my spirit with his light,
 And feed me on his will.

HYMN LXII.

Salvation through repentance.

O GOD, I feel thy love descend,
 My prayer did upward rise,
 Altho' my God I did offend,
 My God did hear my cries.

To give renown to Israel's King,
 And with his spirit share,
 Be shadow'd by his Saviour's wing,
 And drink salvation there.

My song, a theme of holy praise,
 Shall to his God ascend,
 And when I talk of David's days,
 These days shall never end.

Crown'd with great blessings from above,
 My soul doth upward rise,
 My spirit drinks his holy love,
 And by his name I'm wise.

HYMN LXIII.

Submission to the Will of God.

MY God, most low I'll humbly bow,
 And pray before thy throne,
 Thou wilt have pity on me now,
 And bless mine house and home.

Let all within my bosom move,
 And own thy holy name ;
 Oh, all I ask, O God, is love,
 This blessing in thy name.

Point out my way with strength to bear
 The heavy load I feel,
 I'll spend my mournful days in prayer
 Till thou my bruises heal.

Have pity on my weeping eyes,
 Look on my mournful home.
 And let my prayer to thee arise
 To whom my grief is known.

Forbid me not, O God, I pray,
 Nor let me mourn alone,
 Let kindred see me in this day,
 And bow before thy throne.

HYMN LXIV.

The Wine of Salvation.

I TASTE of Jesus and his blood
 Because I sought his rest,
 His life it doth my spirit good,
 Because his soul is bless'd.

Why would I drink the filthy stream
 Where fools their time employ,
 'T is God's delight to make me clean,
 My life shall give him joy.

I'll daily feed upon his word,
 And he my prayer will hear,
 Sweet are the crumbs he doth afford,
 And still his blessing 's near.

Oh, Jesus meets me with a smile,
 His spirit seems to say,
 Sit down and mourn with me awhile,
 And grief will pass away.

I'll feed thee with my flowing blood
 I'll make thy spirit strong,
 I'll give to thee the grace of God,
 And praises in thy song.

I'll give to thee a robe of light
 And teach the reason why,
 In wisdom I have great delight,
 For wisdom I did die.

HYMN LXV.

My spirit breathing holiness to the Lord.

O LORD, with fear I'll write thy name,
 With trembling give thee praise,
 Thou bidd'st my spirit to remain
 And talk of David's days.

HYMN LXVI.

Providential care.

IN paths, O Lord, that thou prepar'st
 My wandering feet shall run,
 And I'll walk safely all my days
 Until my years be done.

I'll clothe my soul with love and fear
 For this is thy command,
 I'll build my buildings in thy name,
 And on a rock I'll stand.

I know, O Lord, thy word is sure
 Unto this heart of mine,
 And thou wilt make thy promise good
 Through all succeeding time.

My thoughts to thee shall upward rise
 And to thy name I'll cry,
 Oh Father, give mine eyes to see,
 Appoint my time to die.

HYMN LXVII.

The measures of Grace.

LORD, teach my soul that thou art good
 And bid mine eyes to see,
 Thy word alone, is life and grace,
 Thy word is law to me.

Lift up mine eyes to see thy name
 Teach me thy kingdom's come,
 When I have peace, and glories rise,
 To crown thy bleeding Son.

Lord, thou hast made the wicked vain
 And broken in their cause,
 Thou measur'dst me by grace of thine
 And judged me by thy laws.

Give me a tongue to give thee praise,
 A heart to understand,
 Thy love, O God, doth never fail,
 For love is thy command.

HYMN LXVIII.

The effects of Faith.

LORD, where thy flocks are daily fed,
 And the green pastures gently grow,
 Let me by thy kind hand be led,
 Let me thy heart and bosom know.

Have pity on my weeping eyes,
 A Shepherd's hand I long have sought,
 To thee I did put up my cries,
 But thou my woes hast not forgot.

I feel, O God, descending love,
The truth of all thou didst reveal,
Come from thy windows far above
To all my sighs and sorrows heal.

Thou mak'st my heart and conscience whole,
And heal'st me from my wounds and scars,
And with thy love thou cloth'st my soul,
And lead'st my mind among the stars.

The sons of light do comfort me,
Thou bidd'st their ancient soul to shine,
And these are lamps of light from thee
To lead and guide these feet of mine.

HYMN LXIX.

Hope in Glory.

OH, living sister of my breast
Who lead'st my feet from long despair,
With thee my spirit now doth rest,
Thou art the fruit the vine doth bear.

The tree that Jesus planted here
No more for ever will decay,
His life is like the spring so clear
Which blots our sins and stains away.

His life is bread with all that 's good,
His name on earth 's the bearing vine,
His life he 's given me for my food
To strengthen this frail life of mine.

Oh, long be his remembrance known,
Long may I tread the blood-stain'd way,
For he 's my King upon the throne
The Morning Star of David's day.

*His life to me is more than wine,
Or all that hills and vales afford,
He gave his life to comfort mine,
And he 's my blessing from the Lord.*

HYMN LXX.

The footsteps of the Righteous.

FROM stage to stage the pilgrim moves
Until our rest we see,
Still feeding on redeeming love
Which makes the sinner free.

Altho' on scorching sands we tread
So weary to endure,
We find the pool where Jesus bled
And taste the balmy cure.

Altho' the stone 's laid in our way
And thoughtless judges rise,
We have a shining sun by day
By night we have lighted skies.

Fond hope forbids our feet to cease,
A moth destroys our rest,
Until we find eternal peace,
Are number'd with the blest.

HYMN LXXI.

Manifestations of the love of God.

O LORD, the mind 's thy dwelling place,
The heart is all thine own.
The tabernacle of thy grace,
Thy judgment and thy throne.

For there thou dost our actions try,
 The balance and reward
 'Tis where the stone of ages lie,
 The building of the Lord.

'T's where the glorious heavens we see,
 Composed by thy command,
 It's where the heart is known to thee
 And feels thy chast'ning hand,

It's where the furnace tries the gold,
 And makes the silver clear,
 It's where thou dost the balance hold,
 And where thy voice we hear.

HYMN LXXII.

The appearance of a Saviour.

WHO chang'd my thought from good to ill,
 Who stole my peace away?
 To me it was unmeasur'd skill,
 And my baptizing day.

A Saviour saw my thoughtless rest,
 A Judge to me appear'd,
 My soul within was all distress'd
 The voice of woe I heard.

How terror shook my trembling frame,
 I sought for wings to flee,
 My heart within, with burning pain,
 Was God and Christ to me.

My soul did like an infant cry,
 (It's mournful to relate),
 For there my pleasures had to die
 At a Redeemer's feet.

His word to me 's a sacred flame,
 He doth the heart chastise,
 And here we know a Saviour's name,
 And nature's glory dies.

HYMN LXXIII.

Hungering and thirsting for grace.

HOWEVER deep the stream may be,
 Or in the earth may secret lie,
 The grace that God 's design'd for me,
 I will not pass his presence by.

Though tribulation be my lot,
 And anguish clothe my heart with pain,
 My griefs will never be forgot,
 But in the Book of Life remain.

The Lord is mindful, and is kind,
 He counts the tears of those that weep,
 And these, that seek his love to find,
 He in the thorny way do keep.

O Lord, thy grace, the deeds of grace,
 Long may my mournful heart pursue,
 Until I see the peaceful place,
 Until I drink the mourner's due.

HYMN LXXIV.

The Precepts of Life.

MY little son attend to hear,
 Nor daughters at a distance stand,
 There is a bleeding Saviour near
 Who died to take you by the hand.

Oh, taste his life and drink your fill,
 (His life for you a banquet made),
 He did on earth his father's will ;
 The Son that worldly minds betray'd.

But all his ways are health and peace,
 With God his Life is endless joy ;
 Pursue his ways and never cease,
 No lion can his name destroy.

He is the Father and the Son,
 The Shepherd and the Holy Ghost,
 He 's present, and in years to come,
 To seek, and find, and save the lost.

HYMN LXXV.

The measures of the mind.

O LORD, through watchfulness and prayer,
 When all our wandering thoughts are still,
 Then we receive thy heavenly care,
 And the bless'd measures of thy will.

This world is a tumultuous noise,
 Where wars and rumours do abound,
 And thoughtless sinners seeking joys,
 Where none on earth were ever found.

As restless as a troubled sea
 Their wandering thoughts unceasing move,
 Because they are not still'd by thee
 In those that never seek thy love.

The storm and calm revolving still,
 Scene after scene do pass away,
 These feed not on thy heavenly will,
 And all their life 's a gloomy day.

O Lord, with watchfulness and prayer,
 I'll at thine altars still attend,
 The Shepherd's hand will feed me there,
 Day after day will grace descend.

HYMN LXXVI.

The Sabbath Day.

O LORD, for me my rest is built,
 Form'd by thy sacred hand;
 The way is clear through blood that's spilt,
 The stain is on our land.

Behold the seals that clos'd the heart
 By wisdom rent in twain,
 And all that Jesus set apart
 Will never close again.

He gives our eyes the light to see,
 He puts our foes away,
 And we are debtors, Lord, to thee,
 For offerings of this day.

Thou form'd the heart an equal square,
 By wisdom and by line,
 And saint, and grace, and Saviour's there,
 The measures of our time.

The kingdom, and the heavenly throne
 Where God the Father reigns;
 For Jesus made the heart his own
 And bought us with his pains.

HYMN LXXVII.

Humility of the thought.

O LORD, a humble heart I feel,
 But have a broken mind,
 Yet thankful thou dost not conceal
 The grace for me design'd.

May I pursue until the last,
 Whilst living breath I draw,
 For bread thou 'st given to ages past,
 Bless'd Gospel and good law.

May I with love embrace thy Son,
 And give him praises due,
 'T was he at first that call'd to come,
 And strengthen'd to pursue.

Oh welcome, death, my nature flees,
 I can't endure the storm ;
 But blessed are the hearts of these
 Which broken, do no harm.

Though tribulations, anguish, rage,
 The truth can all endure ;
 I'll seek the bread of every age,
 The fountains new and pure.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Finding acceptance with God.

WITH thee my spirit finds a place
 Who bid the waters rage,
 Thou heal'st me with the oil of grace,
 And light'st by every age.

By prayer, my lamp I find in trim,
 'T is fill'd with holy oil ;
 My spirit saith, oh, leave thy sin,
 Oh, sell the barren soil.

Nor gather from the fruitless tree,
 The branch the Saviour curs'd
 Will never yield sweet joys to thee,
 But perish in the dust.

I feel a peaceful union made,
 A covenant in my soul,
 I hear the welcome sentence said,—
 Again thy heart is whole.

HYMN LXXIX.

The chastisements of the Lord.

LORD, thy chastisement 's deep and sore,
 But mine affliction 's blest ;
 Oh, that thy love may give me more,
 Till all my heart 's at rest.

Lord, bless'd is thy chastising hand,
 Inspir'd by deeds of love ;
 Thou dost to me sweet counsels lend,
 And blessings from above.

Thou call'st my spirit home to thee
 From wandering far astray,
 Both Son and saint have died for me
 To mark the bleeding way.

My sinful heart must all resign,
 My sacrifice must be
 Submission to this will of thine,
 Which binds and conquers me.

HYMN LXXX.

The healing presence of the Lord.

THROUGH bruises and deep wounds I cry,
 My sins do pierce me through ;
 Although my spirit has to die
 I know that death is due.

The Lord doth in the balance weigh,
 His judgments all are just,
 And all my life must pass away,
 My thoughts return to dust.

Thus I receive of heavenly care,
 A mansion of mine own,
 The hand of God hath plac'd me there,
 Far from this world, alone.

He is my shepherd, and my trust,
 My pasture, and my care,
 By him my nature all is blest,
 And all assembled there.

HYMN LXXXI.

The measures of the Lord.

O LORD, unbounded is thy grace,
 How deep thy measures are,
 Thou bring'st thy servants to this place,
 And mak'st their garments fair.

Thy Son arises from the tomb
 Who hath to Israel shone,
 His presence to our house hath come,—
 The dwelling of his own.

The Father's hand is spread abroad
 The wandering thought to find,
 And here we hear the calls of God
 According to his mind.

The Son and saints assemble here
 To light our darken'd skies,
 To us, God's presence doth appear
 To make us just and wise.

HYMN LXXXII.

The want of knowledge.

LORD, at thy footstool long I cry,
 With groans do I repeat my prayer,
 That I may not in darkness die
 With sin and guilt to clothe me there.

O Lord, thy pity now I crave,
 Mine eyes my wounds and bruises see,
 Send me thy Son my soul to save,
 Have pity, Lord, and comfort me.

I languish, and my life decays,
 My days are shorten'd to a span,
 A restless mind fills up my days,
 My bread 's the miseries of man.

O Lord, I 'm thirsty and distress'd,
 The world cannot my prayer fulfil;
 Forgive me, that I may be bless'd,
 And drink the mercies of thy will.

HYMN LXXXIII.

The unbounded mercies of God.

O LORD, how great thy mercies are,
 Unbounded is thy love,
 How often thou repeat'st thy care,
 Bless'd from the heavens above.

O Lord, may thou our offerings own,
 And teach us we are frail,
 N'er leave us, Lord, to mourn alone
 When death and hell prevail.

Awake our eyes to see our shame
 And count the deeds we do,
 And with thy love blot out our stain,
 And make our sins but few.

It is thy love and heavenly care
 Dark sinners to redeem,
 To wash our souls in deep despair,
 And make our garments clean.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Love between God and the Church.

O GOD, I feel the strengthening cord
Which binds the twain in one,
A sweet communion with the Lord,
A blessing from thy Son.

Spare not my soul in sin and death,
In righteousness chastise,
Although I have a groaning breath,
'T will make my spirit wise.

Although mine eyes are taught to weep
My sins upon me bear,
There is a Son my soul to keep,
A Saviour from despair.

Although by nature prone to ill,
And all my faults are known,
There is a blessing in thy will,
A God, my soul to own.

HYMN LXXXV.

The dangers of sin.

WHEN all my foes are still
My tempting thoughts may reign,
My deeds transgress the Father's will,
And bring his Son to shame.

Tho' troubles may abound
And clothe my heart with fear,
'T is in distress a Saviour's found,
In mourning, God is near.

The mourner's heart is bless'd
With mercy and with care,
These are the hours that lead to rest,
The Son and saint are there.

If I with sorrow mourn,
 And put my mirth away,
 A Saviour doth to me return,
 Ho's with me when I pray.

HYMN LXXXVI.

The ways of temptation.

WHEN all around is joy and peace,
 And I've no sorrow for my sin,
 Oh, then the Shepherd's care doth cease,
 Disguis'd temptation doth come in.

My heart hath then an open doer,
 My tongue is then to folly prone,
 My mourning soul is heard no more,
 The Lord hath left my heart alone.

He doth all in the balance weigh,
 And saith, O man, the evening 's come,
 How hast thou honor'd me this day,
 Or who has bless'd the deeds thou 'st done ?

This night will I destroy thy rest,
 And thy companions all shall flee,
 By me, alone, thou canst be blest,
 And thou, alone shalt honour me.

HYMN LXXXVII.

The bitter waters of despair.

OH dark, and deep, and bitter stream,
 Unpleasant to my taste !
 With thee my soul is often seen,
 My share is not the least.

Thou wast with Jesus on the tree,
 With thee doth hell abound,
 And death is hand and hand with thee,
 My soul thy ways hath found.

Thou cloth'st me with a clouded sun,
 Thou bind'st my soul in prayer,
 Thou criest aloud the end is come,
 Thy hand is hard to bear.

Thou bidd'st my spirit all to feel
 Which saint and sinner bore,
 And death to me thou dost reveal,
 And thou canst do no more.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The Spring of living hope.

MY spirit from deep waters rise,
 Baptized in the stream
 Which makes the hearts of sinners wise,
 Their spirits new and clean.

Oh, may the gulph for ever flow
 Which Jesus passed through,
 It 's where the fairest flowers grow,
 And they are fruitful too.

'T is where the Lord the heart doth try,
 The balance true and just,
 'T is where vain hope alone doth die,
 And glory turns to dust.

The idle pride which sinners wear,
 (No kindred to the Son),
 Like dust and ashes vanish there
 Before his kingdom come.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Thanksgiving.

LORD, how shall we declare thy love,
 Or make thy goodness known,
 Thou call'dst the poor from low estate,
 And own'd them for thine own.

We cannot half thy goodness tell
 Nor half thy love declare,
 Who fed the mournful with thy love
 And brought salvation there.

Thou fill'dst a flowing cup with joys,
 Thy pleasure to express,
 And bade thy people eat in peace,
 And did our union bless.

Unnumber'd lights compass'd us round
 Our offerings to prepare,
 The harps clear voice in praise arose,
 With joy we prais'd thee there.

HYMN XC.

Prayer.

O LORD, be mindful when we cry,
 Be near to hear us weep !
 And, when we down at evening lie,
 Be near us when we sleep.

Chastise, O Lord, our sore disease,
 Command our pains to flee,
 For all are bound by thy decrees,
 They bow and worship thee.

Lord, clothe the heart that is so poor,
 The tongue is weak to move,
 And these that tremble at the door,
 Lord strengthen with thy love.

Stand in the midst, O God, we pray,
 When we to praise rejoin,
 Be with us on the Sabbath Day,
 For power and glory's thine.

HYMN XCI.

The blessing.

ARISE my soul, cast off thy fears,
And put the dread of foes away,
 For wise are thy succeeding years,
 To call the wandering and the stray.

The stone the Lord in wisdom laid
 The skilful builders did refuse,
 The same this day's become our head,
 And is salvation to the Jews.

The wisdom of all ages past
 Our God, the Father, doth reveal,
 The first he gave will be the last,
 And will immortal glory seal.

My spirit tastes the heavenly love,
 My soul is by chastisements clean,
 My sins from me do far remove,
 Mine angry foes no more are seen.

HYMN XCII.

The voice of mourning.

LORD, in my listening ear
LI hear a mournful cry,
 Where will, O Lord, the lost appear,
 Behold their spring is dry.

I hear of Israel's name
 On restless billows tost,
 I hear their mother groan in pain,
 Mourning her children lost.

My heart is form'd in prayer,
 And secretly I groan,
 To see the place where Israel were,
 Where Jacob dwelt alone.

I worship in distress
 Until the fold is seen,
 Where God the wandering tribes will bless
 With garments new and clean.

HYMN XCIII.

The paths of Wisdom.

ALL wisdom's ways are meek and mild,
 The Saviour's mind, the father's child;
 Far from the flocks that are astray
 She takes her own and comes away.

Her eyes are like the morning star,
 She lights her children from afar;
 And as the glory of the East,
 She feeds the greatest and the least.

She is a bride and mother dear,
 With her, direction doth appear,
 Salvation and eternal rest
 Are flowing from her loving breast.

Her springs are clear, her pastures green,
 With her the bearing vine is seen,
 The Shepherd and his flocks are there
 And gather where the vine doth bear.

HYMN XCIV.

The hope of glory.

WISDOM, thy ways are ever blest
 With thee, the flocks of Jacob rest,
 With thee, did David build his throne,
 Worship'd his God, and dwelt alone.

Thy bosom 's like the morning sun,
 But never old with deeds thou 'st done,
 Thy presence is for ever new,
 Thy voice direction just and true.

Thy spirit's wine to my despair,
 Thou writest my song and form'st my prayer,
 The souls of ages are with thee,
 They're milk and wine and bread to me.

My hope doth in thy bosom rest
 Bride to my soul for ever blest,
 Forsake me not, I ask no more
 Till all my troubled years are o'er.

HYMN XCV.

The blessings of Faith.

O LORD, the terrors of thy word
 Do make my soul to fear,
 My heart doth tremble for the Lord
 When I his sentence hear.

Awake my soul in haste to see
 The pillars of thy peace,
 There is a rest prepar'd for thee
 Where praises never cease.

Thy rest is in Jehovah's name
 Thy bread and wine is there,
 From thence Messiah's spirit came
 Thy crimson sins to bear.

In blood hath Jesus made thee clean
 And gave to thee his name,
 That in thy life thy love be seen
 The balm of all his pain.

The pillars are the deeds of grace,
 His rest doth upward rise,
 My spirit leave the sinful place,
 With Jesus in the skies.

HYMN XCVI.

The atonement for Sin.

LORD, at thy feet a sinner lies
 His spirit groaning there,
 He looks to thee with weeping eyes
 For mercy and for care.

This mortal body he resigns
 As but a form of clay,
 And to thy bosom he inclines
 To take his guilt away.

His flooding tears, his weeping eyes,
 His deep and mournful groans,
 Pursue thee upward to the skies,
 And for his sin atones.

His spirit feels descending love,
 His soul doth say I'm free,
 My prayers to God do rise above,
 And he doth comfort me.

HYMN XCVII.

Dev from Hearcn.

LORD, with the blessings of the tongue
 Thou water'st and thou feed'st the young,
 And thou employ'st their peaceful days
 In deeds of glory and of praise.

Thy covenant's sure, thy seals are strong,
 And peace, for ever, is their song ;
 Their house, their home, their fields are blest,
 With dews, and rains, and peace, and rest.

Thou hast ordain'd they shall increase,
 With hope, and joy, and love, and peace,
 For thou hast giv'n to them thy name,
 With them Messiah lives again.

And David's mind and throne is here,
 And Jesus doth their judge appear ;
 It is a living Saviour's voice,
 Which bids his children to rejoice.

HYMN XCVIII.

Time to come.

THE Lord 's before us in the way,
 His hand doth gently lead,
 He calls the flocks that are astray
 To where the shepherds feed.

His soul doth water with his love
 And cloth'st his own with prayer ;
 He gives us bread from heaven above,
 And bids us enter there.

He bids us drink eternal peace,
 And feed upon his will,
 He bids our praise to never cease
 But all our foes be still.

He gives us cups of precious wine
 His spirit to enjoy,
 To build our house by rule and line,
 And every hand employ.

To sing his praise by every tongue,
 By every tuneful string,
 His name be known, his praise be sung,
 Our God, our Priest, our King.

HYMN XCIX.

Cheering Grace.

O LORD, thy love doth me release
 From tumults far abroad,
 And thou dost give my spirit peace,
 And favours from my God.

Lift up mine eyes, O righteous King,
 Thy loving name to see,
 And give my soul an angel's wing
 That I may fly to thee.

Give me a blessing from thy throne
 Which never will decay ;
 Clothe me with garments of thine own
 Which never wear away.

Thou, like a shepherd, brought me home
 When I was far astray,
 And with the favours of thy throne
 Hast bless'd my soul this day.

HYMN C.

The gathering of Israel.

O LORD, thine arm is far abroad
 Thy love to gather home,
 It's like the boundless love of God
 Unmeasur'd and unknown.

Prepare a way for Israel's feet,
 The portals of the skies
 Is where the Lord will Israel meet,
 And bless his sacrifice.

Receive his mind, his age is clear,
 And as the rising sun
 Good Jacob's Saviour will appear,
 His dawning day has come.

And Abram's blessings are our own,
 His spirit 's nigh at hand ;
 His name on earth shall dwell alone,
 His mind possess the land.

His children like the dew increase
 Which overspreads the field,
 And with a never-ending peace
 Shall all his griefs be heal'd.

HYMN CI.

Remembrance.

LORD, where the willows clothe the stream
 And the deep waters gently run,
 The spirit of thy Son is seen,
 And there the feet of Israel come.

Where shaded from the scornful eye
 There thou dost place their weary feet,
 And Israel's God is ever nigh
 Where Abram's offspring love to meet.

The spirit of these ancient days
 Now at our home and gate attends,
 And Jacob's mind, with solemn praise,
 To Israel's God again ascends.

Now we find favour in his eyes
 Who did the days of Israel see,
 And to our prayer, with good replies,
 He sends his mercies where we be.

HYMN CII.

The Star of Israel.

O LORD, the morning of our days
 Is love thou didst to Israel bear ;
 Thou didst direct and bless his ways,
 Thy heart was tender to his prayer.

He had a Saviour in his breast,
 Thy law was written in his mind,
 His footsteps and his life were blest,
 And there my soul doth mercy find.

Thou form'st the heart and enter'st in
 As builders do thy temple build,
 The door excludes the deeds of sin
 Till with thine own thine house is fill'd.

There doth thine ancient kingdom rise,
 Within the breast is David's throne,
 Thy word is Judge thou great All-wise,
 Thy Spirit tries the heart alone.

HYMN CIII.

The covenants of Israel's God.

HOW pleasant, Lord, thy covenants are,
 How sweet thy children sing,
 Because the crown of David 's there,
 And Jesus is their king.

These, these are spirits from the tomb,
 Who long have laid asleep,
 They came, and are again to come
 To those that for them weep.

Thy ancient name 's a living stone,
 And Abram's altars were
 Where Abram offer'd up his own,
 And gave his substance there.

Thou art the living God this day
 Who mak'st our paths so clear,
 Who putt'st the dark'ning clouds away,
 Who seal'st thy covenants here.

Whose covenants, like the morning star,
 Are joy, and health, and peace ;
 With bounding blessings from afar,
 Thy love doth never cease.

HYMN CIV.

Abram's blessing.

GOOD tidings from a heavenly throne,
 God's love to Abram came ;
 And so Messiah meets his own
 To bless them with his name.

No light that from the heavens shone
 Can darken Israel's days ;
 Messiah, David's name did own,
 And God received his praise.

His covenants never will remove
 Because they 're writt'n within ;
 But God withholds the springs of love,
 As we repeat our sin.

The blessing of his ancient days
 Will ever crown his name,
 He is the God of Israel's praise,
 Nor are his blessings vain.

The harp of David long shall sound,
 Messiah's bless'd his throne ;
 And where the throne of David's found
 Doth Israel dwell alone.

Messiah's dwelling place is there,
 And Zion's feet do stand
 Like to the place of morning prayer,
 An altar in our land !

HYMN CV.

The dawning day.

BEHOLD, the cloud doth far remove
 And we receive a Saviour's love !
 He lights our paths and makes them clear
 And far removes our doubt and fear.

He seals his covenants with the mind,
 And long-lost blessings there we find ;
 Behold, the flocks are gathering home,
 And Jesus marks them for his own.

What peaceful days, what health we see,
 And these are blessings, Lord, from thee ;
 Oh, how can we thy name distrust
 Who hath our little Zion blest ?

It is with love thou dost chastise,
 And call the morning star to rise ;
 The dawning day doth now appear,
 Thy hand hath made our passage clear.

The name of Israel thou hast blest,
 And gave him peace and gave him rest ;
 And these are, Israel, unto thee,
 That's where thy love and blessings be.

HYMN CVI.

The paths of the Righteous.

O LORD, how pleasant are thy ways,
 They 're paths of joy and peace ;
 They 're where the blessing no'er decays,
 Where love doth never cease.

Long on the earth shall Zion stand
 As once she stood before,
 Cloth'd with the blessings of the land,
 Her garments change no more.

Her mornings are for ever new ;
 Oh, blessed mount of praise !
 Unto thy name great honor 's due,
 The light of Israel's days.

Long may thy daughters praises sing
 And David be renown'd,
 For there Messiah is our king,
 On David's throne he 's crown'd.

HYMN CVII.

Foreboding sorrow.

OUR brightest sun doth set at noon
 Our peace doth soon decay ;
 Like to the bride from the bridegroom,
 The church doth pass away ;

From yonder plain of rest and peace
 Where long her footsteps were,
 Where flocks do feed, and folds increase,
 And cooling springs are there.

Behold, her footsteps gently move
 The deeper vale to find ;
 The flowing stream, unbounded love,
 To every human mind.

The Saviour's heart is living there
 Cloth'd with a flood of woes,
 Mourning in secret and in prayer,
 To save his thoughtless foes.

HYMN CVIII.

The river side.

O LORD, I see the blood-made stream,
 Where Jesus strangers taught,
 Where Jesus made the conscience clean
 With bread he dearly bought.

He gave his life a sacrifice
 For my soul to atone,
 He sought my soul with weeping eyes
 And died for me alone.

Oh, now I'm near the river side
 Where blood doth freely flow,
 Here I put off my selfish pride
 And sink my sins below.

Like to a millstone in the sea,
 In Christ's baptizing pool
 My partial love departs from me,
 And heaven receives my soul.

HYMN CIX.

Moral virtues.

WHEN I the rules of life observe
 Which keep my spirit clean,
 I'm with the flocks that daily feed
 On pastures fresh and green.

My joys of life are never old,
 Nor doth my bread decay ;
 My spirit drinks the holy wine,
 The blessings of the day.

My evening's rest is blest with peace,
 No guilt attends me there,
 A wall of safety's round my rest,
 My morning's bright and fair.

The rising sun directs my way,
 My stepping-stones are peace,
 Temptation's mantled from mine eyes,
 My theme doth never cease.

HYMN CX.

A religious life.

WHAT fear attends me all the day,
 Cloth'd with a shepherd's care,
 I hourly seek the hidden way,
 And place my feet by prayer.

Still seeking for some pastures green
 Where Israel's flocks do feed ;
 For precious stones t' were never seen,
 A shepherd's hand to lead.

An evening's rest, my soul to know
 Whene'er my glass is run,
 A path that I may shun my foe,
 And rising joys to come.

A cradle, like an infant's rest,
 Or in his arms to be
 Who feeds me daily on his breast,
 And loves to comfort me.

HYMN CXI.

The end of sorrow.

WHEN God doth make a sure decree,
 And seals his covenant with a seal,
 No viper's poison tongue can be,
 Nor wounds for God and Christ to heal.

Bless'd with a morning's, Sabbath's sun,
 With joy we see the gilded skies,
 Nor dread deep sorrows more to come,
 No cloud to veil the suns that rise.

The harp's sweet voice do fill the ear,
 Our hearts rejoice to hear the sound,
 We 're sure the day of David's near,
 The songs of Israel do abound.

Our spirits join the angels' praise,
 Our souls rejoice to hear them sing,
 We know we 've found Messiah's days,
 And bring our offerings to our king.

HYMN CXII.

The measures of grace.

O LORD, we know our morning's clear,
 For stars of glory do arise,
 Good Israel doth to us appear
 As stars of glory in the skies.

With blessings thou hast mark'd his name,
 And bid the nations round him see,
 Thou hast redeem'd him from his pain,
 And cloth'd his name with grace from thee.

Behold, the tribes together join,
 Mark'd with the seals of lasting love,
 And Israel is a fold of thine
 Cloth'd with new blessings from above.

His springs do like the fountains rise,
 His Jordan doth her banks o'erflow,
 Thou hast wiped sorrow from his eyes,
 And Israel doth his Saviour know.

His flocks are feeding by the stream,
 A shepherd's love doth feed the young,
 And Jordan keeps their garments clean,
 Sweet praises do employ their tongue.

HYMN CXIII.

Inquiry for the favours of the Lord.

LORD, when the shadow of thine hand
 Doth cloud my morning sun,
 My footstep's dark, my lamp decays,
 When will thy presence come ?

Temptations throng about my feet,
 A band of inward foes ;
 They teach me with a lying tongue
 Whene'er my day doth close.

Hast thou forbidd'n the sun to rise ?
 Oh Saviour, tell me why !
 Thy breath hath blasted all my joys,
 And bid my soul to die.

Thou bidd'st mine eyes in silence weep,
 My heart refuse to groan
 Until thou dost some Zion find,
 Where thou dost dwell alone.

Where Israel's tongue is heard to say,
 Come home my son to rest ;
 For here the Lord hath plac'd his name,
 And here his servant's blest.

HYMN CXIV.

The waters of life.

LORD, from thine heart doth wisdom flow,
 From thee a darken'd sky ;
 'T is from thy voice we terrors hear,
 To thee for refuge fly.

When thirsty as the child can be
 We lean upon thy breast ;
 When in the tumults of the earth
 We cry to thee for rest.

Although, O Lord, the fountain 's deep
 Where wisdom is the spring,
 Thou feed'st the simple at thy breast,
 Thou giv'st the lost a king.

Thou giv'st the flocks a shepherd's name,
 Thou lov'st to hear them pray,
 'T is thy delight to quench their thirst,
 And bear their griefs away.

O Lord, unceasing is thy store,
 The banquet thou hast made ;
 And Israel will return to thee,
 The bottom stone is laid.

Thy word, alone 's a wall around
 His city and his throne,
 With him, alone, doth wisdom dwell,
 She marks him for her own.

HYMN CXV.

Life beyond sin.

O LORD, I in thy presence find
 A life to me unknown,
 Blest is the man who drinks thy love,
 Who dwells with thee alone !

His morning 's clear, his stars are bright,
 He sees a rising sun,
 In safety he doth place his feet,
 Nor dreads his years to come.

Thine arm 's the pillar of his rest,
 Blest are his evening bands,
 No storm can move his still repose,
 Nor can he dread the tombs.

The Lord hath mark'd him for his own,
 The seal of life he wears ;
 Cloth'd with the garments of the blest,
 He counts away his years.

HYMN CXVI.

The Sinner's hope.

O LORD, thy love can make me clean,
 Chastisements keep me so,
 And thou canst join me to the fold
 Where Son and saint I 'll know.

Thou lines of wisdom can afford,
 And with a teaching tongue
 Blot out my sins and give me peace,
 And clothe me with the young.

And place my lips to wisdom's breast
 Where I her voice shall hear,
 So when she sees me in my pain
 She 'll pity every tear.

O Lord, I 'm born to honor give,
 And glorify thy name ;
 Have mercy, O my God, I pray,
 Nor let me die in vain.

HYMN CXVII.

A Morning Song.

TO thee, my God, mine offerings rise,
 Thine altar 's thy decree,
 And as the morning light appears
 So is our grace from thee.

Our morning stars to suns increase,
 Our evening light to day,
 And as a lamp before our eyes
 Thy life directs our way.

Immortal is thy word within,
 And heavenly rest is there,
 For there the sacred altar stands,
 The hill of humble prayer.

The heart enlarges as we feed,
 As plants do upward grow ;
 And now the starry morning comes
 Of rest on earth below.

HYMN CXVIII.

Evening joys.

O LORD, my soul in still repose
 Drinks in the sacred wine,
 My pillar never will remove
 Because the soul is thine.

Blest is the mansion of the just,
 It is a sure decree,
 No want of blessing 's ever there,
 No want of heaven can be.

Temptation 's from her glory fled
 And pride hath lost her crown,
 Humility, with royal guest,
 Doth heaven and god renown.

Wisdom, triumphant on the throne,
 Assumes the royal name,
 She feeds her children at her breast
 And makes temptations vain.

HYMN CXIX.

Meditation and prayer.

O LORD, how still the valleys are,
 No mountain echos with the sound ;
 How secret is the place of prayer,
 No human voice doth there abound.

In secret, reading thy decrees,
 With lonesome sighs to these fulfil,
 The soul doth bow on bended knees
 And humbly mourns to know thy will.

The spirit, still as secret thought,
 A thousand cares direct the move,
 Still feeding on the crumbs we've got
 And trusting in a father's love.

'T is here the deepest fountains rise,
 And meditation's long-known way
 Do make the secret thoughtful wise ;
 Their eyes first see the dawning day.

HYMN CXX.

Direction.

STRAIGHT are the paths that lead to thee
 On whom depends our rest ;
 Our judge, from whom there's none can flee,
 Without whom none are blest.

Lord of the earth, the sea, and skies,
 Of all the living race ;
 Without thy presence none are wise,
 Nor rest without thy grace.

Direction is a blessing, kind,
 And from the source of love,
 Without which every soul is blind,
 Nor see the way to move.

The inner temple of thy grace
 That bid the seas to roll,
 Is where we find a resting place,
 And stillness in the soul.

HYMN CXXI.

Immortality.

IF I could sit on David's throne
 And place his crown upon my head,
 I'd rather dwell with Christ, alone,
 And see the mountain where he bled.

If kings and thrones I could command,
 With princes to my footstool bow,
 I'd rather see the promis'd land
 Which is decreed for Israel now.

If I could build a throne of gold,
 And sway the sceptre far abroad,
 I'd rather speak of truths untold,
 And see the wonders of my God!

If I the mountains could remove,
 Or still the raging of the sea,
 I'd rather drink redeeming love,
 For this alone can comfort me.

HYMN CXXII.

The effects of Grace.

THE Lord hath bless'd us as his own,
 Nor hath he tak'n the lion in,
 Of justice he hath built his own,
 He's sitting there to judge our sin.

This land was chosen for his feet
 By him who lights the morning skies,
 And here hath he ordain'd to meet
 The meek, the humble, and the wise.

He it hath made a sure decree,
 He here hath plac'd his royal name,
 He 's sworn our king and judge to be,
 To judge the scornful and the vain.

The Lord is jealous, with a frown,
 He doth the righteous balance hold,
 His burning presence has come down
 To weigh and try the drossy gold.

The earth shall burn, the stubble smoke,
 The Lord in judgment will appear ;
 By night my slumbering eyes awoke,
 My spirit did this sentence hear.

HYMN CXXIII.

The fruitless vineyard.

THE walls were strong, the trees were green,
 The banks o'erflooding with the stream,
 The flocks were shaded by the trees,
 The shepherd's care was over these.

By night I heard the tempest rise,
 I woke and saw the darken'd skies,
 I heard the flocks most loudly cry,
 Because there was no shepherd nigh.

The trees which had the covert made
 Were naked, and the leaves decay'd,
 The vine which had the clusters bore
 Had wither'd, and it was no more.

The streams were dry, the banks were bare,
 There were no springs nor pastures there ;
 The shepherd and the flock did part,
 And left me with a broken heart.

HYMN CXXIV.

The sandy desert.

HOW oft we seek and nothing find,
In disappointments beaten way ;
 How distant are the joys we see,
 All secret in the coming day.

Still treading on the rolling sand,
 Our feet are weary, never still ;
 The joys do flee that we pursue,
 They 're shadows on a sandy hill.

So is my heart with prospects vain
 Cloth'd with dark garments of my time ;
 How long my spirit wears the veil,
 To know, my God, these joys are thine.

I have no covert from the sun,
 Nor springs of joy to quench my thirst,
 I 'll set me down and mourn alone,
 Without a Saviour none are blest.

HYMN CXXV.

A Song of Thanksgiving.

TO thee, O God, my praise shall be,
TO Christ, the Son and God, to thee ;
 We see thy wisdom and thy ways
 Are worthy of our noblest praise.

Thou dost from binding cords release,
 Thy spirit gives the humble peace,
 The judge that on our spirit bore
 Has vanished, and he is no more.

Thy wisdom made his throne decay,
 Thou blest us with a brighter day,
 Thou didst the stumbling stone remove,
 And cloth'd our spirits with thy love.

To thee our thanks shall freely flow,
 Thy name we've seen, thy love we know,
 Thou caus'd our earth and dust to rise
 By off'rings and by sacrifice.

HYMN CXXVI.

The Wonders of the Lord.

THOU caus'd our slumbering dust to move,
 Thy word became our morning song,
 No thought could stand against thy will,
 No judge could still the praising tongue.

Our banner rose, and others see
 The power and glory of thy word,
 And songs of praise were writ'n to thee,
 Our dust awoke to praise the Lord.

Thou didst upon the desert smile,
 Thou built a mansion for the poor ;
 Thou bad'st the barren sands to yield,
 Be fruitful, and to cease no more.

Thou blest our tables with a crumb,
 And cloth'd thine altars with thy grace ;
 Through grief thou mad'st our garments clean
 To give thee glory in this place.

Thou mad'st our foes to humbly bow,
 The judge's sentence to be vain ;
 Our stumbling stones thou didst remove,
 And made our footsteps clear and plain.

Our offerings did to thee ascend
 Because thou hast our altars blest ;
 It pleas'd thy mercy and thy care,
 To still the storm and give us rest.

HYMN CXXVII.

Stillness.

O LORD, how still the waters are,
 My wandering thought's at rest,
 My spirit hath a shepherd's care
 And I'm with mercy blest.

Thou bad'st the beating tempest rage,
 The stormy winds to roar,
 And then thou didst my griefs assuage
 Bade them to rise no more.

Thou bound the serpent with a cord
 And bade his tongue be still,
 The lion that defied the Lord
 Is conquer'd by thy will.

The forest ceas'd that mournful noise
 Which did my spirit join,
 And now I taste a thousand joys,—
 The sacred oil and wine.

HYMN CXXVIII.

The beginning of life.

TO thee, O Lord, lift up mine eyes,
 To thee direct my prayer;
 O let me drink a thousand joys,
 And bless me with thy care!

O lead my soul to pastures green
 Where shepherds feed their own;
 And wash me in the living stream
 Descending from thy throne.

Oh, that my lamp may not decay,
 Bright morning stars arise;
 That I may see the heavenly way
 Through all the darkest skies.

That I may feel thy warmest love
 My mournful grief to join,
 And harmless as the turtle dove
 May all my heart be thine.

HYMN CXXIX.

Seeking rest.

HOW sandy were the paths I trod,
 The fields were bare, the springs were dry,
 My feet were in a trackless road,
 Nor herds, nor flock, nor shepherds nigh.

The streams before were dark and deep,
 A lonesome valley passing through ;
 For friendship, how mine eyes did weep,
 How restless did my feet pursue.

Dark disappointment led my way,
 With sighs and groans, and constant prayer ;
 How clouds did shade my brightest day,
 The streams o'erflooding with despair.

My hope was like the leafless trees,
 No herb nor plant were fresh and green ;
 My mourning soul was like to these,
 No fruit were on the branches seen.

HYMN CXXX.

Weary life.

TEMPTATION cross'd the beaten way,
 My lamp decayed, and was dim ;
 My sacrifice I could not pay,
 How mournful is the end of sin.

No leading star before me rose,
 My spirit saw a setting sun ;
 No friend my spirit could compose,
 Still dreading weary steps to come.

My feet did like the drunkard's slide,
Temptation led me far astray ;
A curse to me because of pride,
Oh, how I stumbled in the way !

No thought above my grief could rise,
No invitation from despair
Could light my dull, unseeing eyes,
Nor could my tongue reveal my prayer.

HYMN CXXXI.

Prospects of peace.

OUR peace we at a distance see
But troubles now are where we be ;
It is by God's descending grace
We feel our griefs, and run the race.

Lord, teach me who inspires to move !
Or, is it thee gave birth to love ?
To place our conscience on thy name,
A prize by virtue to obtain.

O man, deceiv'd in thine own heart,
Thou hast from me an equal part,
And all that do my name pursue,
In peace and trouble have their due.

In trouble, there is nothing lost,
The prize is won, we pay the cost ;
And to be sober, and be wise,
The sinner often falls to rise.

HYMN CXXXII.

Pursuing virtue.

LORD of my soul, how long 's the race ?
What lofty mountains rise !
How oft my spirit seeks for grace,
And mourns with weeping eyes.

Why doth my spirit never fail
 To call upon thy name ?
 Oh, why doth darkness so prevail,
 To give me grief and pain ?

This path before thy birth was made,
 'T is life's salvation way ;
 'T is where the cost for joy is paid
 And night doth shade the day.

'T is ordinations brightest star,
 The birth of heavenly love,
 Come unto man from God afar
 To every sin remove.

HYMN CXXXIII.

The mourning of the servants of the Lord.

LORD, how thy servants mourn,
 Their eyes do weep to see
 The end to which children are born,
 A life of vanity.

The deeds they do prepare
 As lifeless stubble burn,
 As chaff is blasted in the air,
 Their joys to earth return.

They seek for deep distress,
 The pit that burns below,
 A joyful life do they profess,
 But drink their cups of woe.

How false their treasures are,
 How soon the race is run,
 Their joys are blasted in the air,
 And there 's no fruit to come.

HYMN CXXXIV.

The end of sin, or the proceeds of a wicked life.

WHEN Death's pale hand appears,
The volume I have made
Doth clothe my soul with trembling fears,
I'm troubled while I read.

My deeds I now must weigh
Held in my trembling hand,
How restless is this mournful day,
My building 's on the sand.

The balance tries the gold,
The judge of life appears,
My mornings I have vainly sold,
And lost my youthful years:

My hope in life has fled
And left me in despair,
I languish on my dying bed
And find no comfort there.

HYMN CXXXV.

Hearing the word of the Lord.

OLORD, how deep thy secrets are,
The treasures of thy grace,
Are deeper than the deepest seas,
Seal'd in the hidden place.

Thy word is loud as thunders roar
Heard from the stormy skies,
By thee the earth's frail pillars move,
By thee the dead do rise.

The trumpet, slumbering eyes awake,
The soul with trembling fear,
Unto thy word with groans reply,
And answer with a tear.

My spirit all my sins do see
 Directed by thy word,
 And like a helpless infant cries
 For mercies from the Lord.

HYMN CXXXVI.

Receiving Faith,

FROM whence, O Lord, thy presence came,
 To wake mine eyes, and give me pain ;
 There is a balm the wound to heal,
 Thy heart, in secret, doth reveal.

Why should my heart in grief atone
 For stolen pleasures I have known ?
 Or why am I endued to cry
 For what thy pleasure could supply ?
 Or why didst thou my spirit raise
 To mourn, and give thee lasting praise ?

There is a cause by man unknown,
 A sun that ne'er by nature shone,
 A rest conceal'd within the breast
 That 's never known till we 're oppress'd.

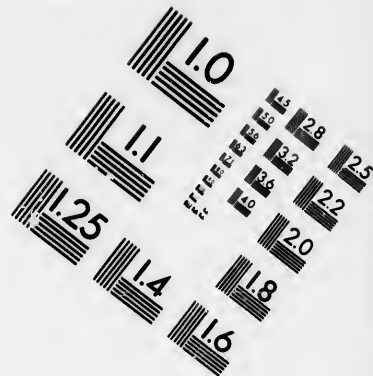
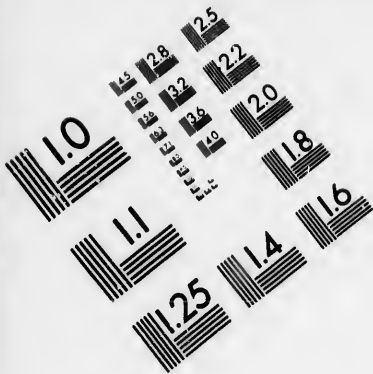
There is a path our eyes ne'er see
 Till we 're directed, Lord, by thee,
 For it is by thy calls we move,
 Mourn for our sins, and drink thy love.

HYMN CXXXVII.

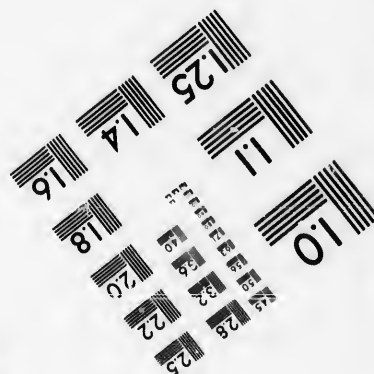
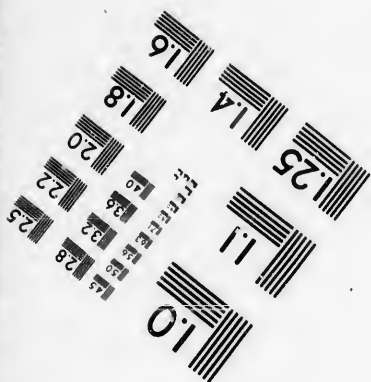
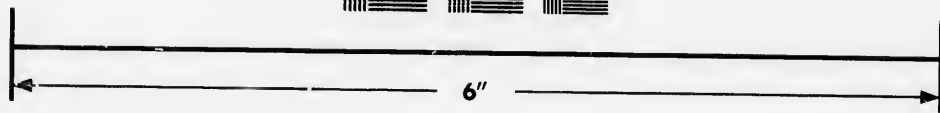
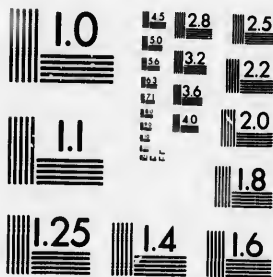
Descending, or the Visitations of the Lord.

CLOTH'D with the mantles of the skies
 Thy garments, Lord, are made,
 Of shading clouds that fall and rise
 Like to the changing shade.





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Some days we feel the scorching suns
 On our spirits to bear,
 At other times we 've changing moons
 Like to a changing air.

Sometimes bewildered in the night,
 As blind as blind can be,
 At other times have morning light
 With hearts that 's praising thee.

No thought can move thy chastening hand,
 No tongue direct thy ways,
 No monarch can thy mind command,
 Nor worlds correct thy praise.

All bow before thy heavenly throne,
 Each change is with a cause :
 And every change thy name doth own,
 And all explain thy laws.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

The fulness of time.

LORD, in thy ways we plainly see
 Thy turning hand, thy sure decree ;
 And when we know that we are dust,
 Our all in all in thee we trust.

By thee the cloudless suns do rise,
 Thou spread'st thy garments o'er the skies,
 And like a veil that 's spread between
 No more thy name nor heart are seen.

By thee the bursting thunders roar,
 At thy command they 're heard no more ;
 The storms enrage the restless seas
 Till thou command'st a calm to these.

Our restless thoughts will never cease
Till thou command'st a lasting peace ;
These are the measures of our days
Till all the soul doth join in praise.

HYMN CXXXIX.

Absenting grace.

LIKE to the circuits of the sun
So Lord, thy grace doth go and come ;
And, as the evening to the day
Thy presence comes to flee away.

There 's not a virtue we command,
All power is in thy giving hand ;
And as by law the orbits move,
So is the order of thy love.

Man is of virtue unpossess'd,
In the same hour thou seest it best ;
At thy command his spirit mourn
To fit the house for thy return.

Why should my feet incline to slide
In paths thou hast to me denied ;
Oh Jesus, teach mine eyes to see
That we both fall and rise by thee.

HYMN CXL.

The Orphan's Song.

MY mother 's sick, oh, will she die ?
My father mourns, and bows his head,
The children round the bed do cry,
Till one doth say, dear mother 's dead.

My father wanders all alone,
He seeks, no comfort can he find !
Children 's without a mother known,
And orphans have a mournful mind.

By mother we were fed with care,
 Her hands did make the clothes we wore,
 Oh then our griefs were light to bear,
 Our dearest friend is now no more.

Her hands from clothing she withdrew
 And laid them on her lifeless breast,
 Our mornings were for ever new,
 But now we 're troubled where we rest.

The bed seems lonesome, and we dream
 That we sometimes can mother see ;
 Our father, too, in tears is seen !
 O father, dear, we mourn for thee !

Oh father, see, thy orphans cry,
 We have no mother in our home ;
 Oh father, why did mother die
 And leave her children all alone ?

My father 's sick, how slow he moves,
 His eyes are plac'd upon the ground ;
 Oh, how his orphans father loves,
 Oh, how our hearts to him are bound.

Has father gone to his sick bed,
 Oh, sister, dear, I 'll run and see ;
 He 's been to us our daily bread ;
 Father, our comfort 's all in thee.

Oh, if thou diest and leav'st us here,
 Through all our years our lots to mourn,
 Thou knowest we have no mother, dear,
 And this proud world poor orphans scorn.

How pale our father seems to be,
 Oh brother, dear, he cannot rise,
 My sister, now he calls for thee,
 As helpless as a child he lies.

Come children to his dying bed
 And hear dear Father leave his young ;
 Oh brother, see, he 's almost dead,
 He hardly now can move his tongue.

Sister, take father by the hand,
 And bow thy head his voice to hear,
 Oh, how I crave to understand
 His voice, too weak to reach mine ear.

Oh sister, what does father say ?
 'Tis hard because I want to know ;
 He tells me he must go away
 And leave us in this world below.

Farewell, dear father, and adieu,
 My father and my mother 's gone,
 Our mournful days are known to few,
 The orphan's garments we 'll put on.

As sheep without the shepherd, lost,
 As leaves are scatter'd in the air,
 We 're on the waves of trouble toss'd ;
 Our garment 's mourning and despair.

HYMN CXLI.

The Blessings of Faith.

LORD, from thy presence far abroad ;
 We find no comfort, nor no God ;
 But faith inspires our hope to rise,
 To know thy will is to chastise.

Although the painful rod we feel
 We know in thee is power to heal ;
 Altho' we 're on rude billows toss'd
 There 's not a soul from thee is lost.

Although the storm appears our foe
 Thy faith is still our compass thro'
 And when we find the peaceful shore
 Our griefs are past and known no more.

Wise are the measures of thy love,
 Thou visit'st us from heaven above ;
 Not willing mortals here to leave
 Until we own thy power to save.

HYMN CXLII.

The Inheritance of the Lord.

O LORD, thy name 's a hidden deep,
 Thy will is unforeseen,
 Thou art where ancient prophets sleep,
 Where David's voice hath been.

Thou art with Jacob in his rest,
 With the Messiah's calls,
 Thou art where Abram's name is blest,
 Where Babel's tower falls.

Thou art where monarchs draw the line
 And where the poor do cry ;
 The heavens, the earth, the seas are thine,
 When to be born and die.

And where the weary saint doth tread
 The footsteps of thine own ;
 And where the painful martyrs bled
 To honour thee alone.

Thy mind is present with us now
 And all our way foresees,
 And thou hast sworn the proud shall bow
 And worship thy decrees.

HYMN CXLIII.

The paths of life.

O LORD, thou art our life and light,
 To us a daily sun,
 To thee thou call'st the soul to bow,
 And point'st our paths to run.

Thou writ 'st upon the living mind
 And print 'st thy memory there,
 And thou art still our morning light,
 Our every evening prayer.

Thy ways are secret in thy breast
 Until thy love reveals
 The ways of safety, and of peace,
 As thou dost loose the seals.

Thy mercies are a crown of peace,
 A diadem to wear ;
 Thou lead'st the weary home to rest,
 And mak'st their passage clear.

Thou blessest ev'ry morning sun
 Which hath on Eden shone,
 And with the blessings of thy love
 Dost thou protect thine own.

HYMN CXLIV.

The horrors of sin.

WHEN first our morning suns arise,
 Cloth'd with a garment of disguise,
 We see no danger nor no fear,
 The sinner's way is plain and clear.

But soon the sting of guilt we find
 To pierce the heart, and clothe the mind,
 And vile temptation's pleasant tone
 Is but a sigh and dying groan.

So sinners find the hidden way
 To be a dark and sunless day,
 Until the doleful night appears
 And life doth vanish into tears.

Oh that mine eyes may clearer see
 My heart continue as I be,
 Altho' my steps with fear are slow
 They'll save me from a hell below.

HYMN CXLV.

The invitations of life.

O LORD, thou dost direct our ways,
 And with a shepherd's care ;
 For thee we spend our thoughtful days
 In watchfulness and prayer.

And with a tender father's love
 Thou lead'st us through the day ;
 And through the night, from heaven above
 Dost thou direct our way.

Thou feed'st us with the crumbs of bread
 And mak'st our paths so clear,
 We are by thee to fountains led
 Of waters deep and clear.

Thou giv'st us pleasure in thy Son
 Which never will decay,
 Still leading on to joys to come
 Which never pass away.

HYMNS AND PRAYERS.

Thou giv'st us joys both new and old
And David for our king,
Where Jesus doth the balance hold
The flocks for ever sing.

HYMN CXLVI.

The afflictions of the mind.

WHY did the thorn and thistle grow ?
Why doth the stormy tempest blow ?
Why did a tempting voice arise
To touch mine ear or blind mine eyes ?

Is there no power in heaven above
To save the world with heavenly love ?
Or why is not my spirit wise
Without the cost of sacrifice ?

Why doth my spirit often mourn
Stray from right paths and then return,
Or why doth not my shepherd see
That paths of life are best for me ?

Or why doth death subdue my frame
And still my breath with dying pain,
With dying groans and panting breath
Give up this body unto death ?

Why cannot I my morsel find
Without a griev'd and troubled mind ?

HYMN CXLVII

Replies to the inquiry.

ADMIT, my bread should have no taste,
Or we should drink who have no thirst,
How could our pleasures be increas'd
Did we not taste the bitter first ?

Or what could reason teach the mind
 Admit there were no erring way,
 What could we seek for or could find
 Were there no paths that lead astray ?

How could we know a Saviour's voice
 If every tongue did well agree,
 Or could my spirit more rejoice
 If mourning ceas'd to visit me ?

All, all is wisdom in a line
 All serve to make my reason clear,
 Both day and night a change of time,
 So doth my God to me appear.

Our sorrow is a virtue blest
 When we the mournful hour improve,
 On trouble God doth build our rest,
 It is the merit of his love.

HYMN CXLVIII.

A prayer for wisdom.

LORD, at thy feet as dust I lie,
 Upward I dare not look ;
 I know that I am born to die,
 And I thy laws have broke.

I 'm in thy mercy bound to trust,
 My spirit cannot flee ;
 My soul can offer sinful dust
 And cry aloud to thee.

Lord, thou hast giv'n me life and breath,
 A body and a mind,
 Hast set before me life and death,
 And as I seek I find.

And now a crumb of bread I crave
 From wisdom's holy hand ;
 Thy word my mournful soul to save,
 A rock whereon to stand.

HYMN CXLIX.

The blessings of life.

WISDOM, the dearest bride of life,
 Stands mourning at the door,
 She calls me with uplifted hands
 To come and sin no more.

This world doth show a harlot's breast,
 She 's near the gates of hell ;
 And with a gilded, golden hand,
 Invites me to rebel.

How pleasant do appear her ways,
 She says her feet are clean ;
 But she a sinful heart conceals,
 And all her flocks are lean.

But wisdom, with a lonely cry,
 Invites my spirit home ;
 She 's rich in mercy and in grace,
 She sits upon a throne.

Her flocks are in green pastures fed,
 Her springs are never dry,
 She pardons all my former guilt,
 She 's with me where I lie.

Her arm 's the pillow of my rest,
 I at her breast do feed,
 Her bosom flows with milk and wine,
 With all the joys I need.

HYMN CL.

The mercies of God to the afflicted.

O LORD, why did the river rise,
Or springs of love so freely flow ?
Thy listening ear hath heard our cries,
Thou sent thy mercies down below.

Why do the waters taste so sweet,
Or streams which heaven do afford ?
O Lord, thou mad'st thy will our meat,
And fed us with thy holy word.

Why hast thou made the hedge so strong
The wall no lion can subdue ?
No idle tumult stills our song,
The portal 's open to pass through.

Thy love and mercy never ends,
Thy holy care doth still chastise,
To us the prophet now descends,
Thy spirit comes to make us wise.

There are no measures to thy grace,
Thou mak 'st the fountain deep and clear
Thy holy arm is round this place,
And thy salvation 's flowing here.

HYMN CLI.

The footsteps of the wise.

WITH constant care I place my feet,
My paths pursue with holy fear,
By wisdom's hand I choose my meat,
And drink of fountains deep and clear.

With watchful care I leave the sand,
And shun the pit of mire and clay ;
I seek a rock whereon to stand,
And pray the Lord to lead my way.

Nor tarry at the serpent's den
Where hissing adders oft I hear,
For these are in the breast of men,
And there, doth Satan oft appear.

Whene'er the stormy tempest blows
 I bow my head, and then resign,
 And so I pass my angry foes,
 And these, my friends, are paths of mine.

HYMN CLII.

The blessings of righteousness.

O LORD, thou 'st made our paths so clear,
 Our footsteps simple, wise and plain ;
 We know thy mercy, Lord, is here,
 And we rejoice to know thy name.

In wisdom thou dost draw the line
 And lend'st thy hand to lead the way,
 Thou measur'st every moment's time
 And grant 'st us blessings day by day.

Thou lett'st us see beyond the stream
 And mark'st the narrow passage through ;
 In trouble thou dost make us clean,
 And blesest all our mourning too.

Thou bring'st bless'd wisdom near the fold,
 Dear stranger at the gates doth stand ;
 She 's bless'd to us that were of old,
 She comes with a baptizing hand.

HYMN CLIII.

The Shepherd's love.

OH, mercy, from the heavenly throne
 Why hast thou to our worship come ?
 Thy name is to our judge unknown,
 In one, the Father and the Son !

Thou lend'st to us a giving hand
 Which led thy Israel through the storm,
 Whose bread by day was thy command,
 Whose rest by night was in thine arm.

We know the banquet of thy love,
 And as the flock do know the fold ;
 This day assembled to improve
 Nor idle offerings to withhold.

Thou feedest with the lines of grace
 Within our walls thou giv'st us peace,
 We 're as the flock before thy face
 Whose blessings never, never cease.

HYMN CLIV.

Direction.

OH, may our praise and mourning join,
 And all our offerings be sublime !
 May wisdom's hand direct our ways,
 And heaven and God receive our praise !

May watchfulness and care attend
 Lest we some little one offend ;
 May we possess a humble mind,
 In every trouble be resign'd.

O may we use a bridled tongue
 The pit of errors long to shun,
 And trim our lamp with constant fear
 As we the voice of wisdom hear.

May not one day be spent in vain,
 Still breathing to Messiah's name ;
 That he may each temptation bind,
 Bind up the heart, and heal the mind.

HYMN CLV.

Providential favours.

OLORD, how sure the stones are laid
 To place our feet upon ;
 How clear the line of wisdom's drawn
 The favours of thy Son.

Why doth the trumpet speak so loud
 If love doth not attend ?
 Or why doth thy directing hand
 A line of mercy lend ?

Why didst thou strong temptation bind
 If it is not thy will,
 Or why do we the trumpet hear
 Which bids the storm be still ?

Thou bind'st the lion with a chain,
 The serpent's erring tongue
 Is in our ears an empty noise,
 And still where praise is sung.

With the bless'd covenants of the East
 Thou seal'st us to thy name,
 Thou call'st salvation to our home,
 And with Messiah reign.

HYMN CLVI.

Forethought.

ON thee, O Lord, I fix mine eyes,
 Who fram'd the earth and spread the skies ;
 These are the order of thy love,
 Nor kings nor councils can remove.

The rivers thou ordain'd to run
 In humble circuits go and come ;
 Assembled in the flooding sea,
 Lord, these are works ordain'd by thee.

What circling thoughts attend my mind,
 But in the midst thy grace I find ;
 There wrote a dear Redeemer's name,
 A Son, that from thy bosom came.

Although my wandering thoughts abroad
Seem lost to know their centre, God,
Thy love and mercy gathers home
These wandering subjects to thy throne.

Shall I, O Lord, forget thy grace,
Or yet our flock their feeding place ;
To thee, O God, each thought shall rise,
Thou altar of my sacrifice.

HYMN CLVII.

Humble praise.

O COULD my thoughts thy love express,
Thy preservation and thy care,
My tongue should move thy name to ble
My all, my God, shall centre there.

When I by parts thy wisdom see,
The wonders of thy guardian name,
Thy love, my God, doth comfort me,
Who am, without thee, all in vain.

When I behold the worlds above,
The circuits of the moon and stars
I see no mortals can remove
What thou ordain'st, thy will declares.

O Lord, give me a heart to praise,
A tongue prepar'd to speak of thee
The wonders of thy former days,
Because again these days shall be.

Withhold not from my broken heart
The oil which ever heals my pain,
Nor let thy grace from me depart
Lest I should cease to praise thy name.

HYMN CLVIII.

Precaution.

WHEN troubles rise, and foes repeat
 With breaths of ill design,
 With iron cords to bind our feet,
 Then shall this lot be mine.

Prepar'd the fetters to receive,
 The binding cord to try,
 With patience, in affliction grieve,
 When angry foes are nigh.

But when the Lord's anointing word
 Shall heal my troubled mind,
 My soul shall triumph in the Lord,
 In him a friend I'll find.

'T is not by words of angry flame
 I shall my foes subdue,
 But in the Lord's eternal name
 That binds and conquers too.

HYMN CLIX.

Victory.

LORD, when thy presence I behold,
 The lofty hills to move ;
 A God that was not bought or sold,
 The sacred God of love.

He, who led Israel through the sea
 At Horeb's mount he fed,
 His mind is Sinai unto me,—
 He that through Jordan led.

He, that gave Canaan's fruitful soil
 To children of his own,
 Doth all my troubles reconcile ;
 He is my God alone.

When foes against his name appear
 And give my spirit pain,
 Then is his just salvation near
 Who Israel's foes hath slain.

And with a strong unconquer'd arm
 He sends his word abroad,
 Free from injustice and from harm,
 A wise and jealous God.

HYMN CLX.

Ancient truth.

COULD we the paths of Israel find
 'T would be a blessing to our mind,
 And God his mercies would restore
 Which now are lost and known no more.

Remember how good Israel rose,
 And how the Lord subdued his foes ;
 And how the waters did divide,
 And plac'd him on the peaceful side.

The Lord to Israel shepherds gave
 His soul to keep, his flocks to save,
 And prophets, as a lamp of light,
 Were Israel's watchmen through the night.

Where is the church that 's so endued,
 Which other paths than those pursued ?
 Where 's the Messiah of their care
 Who now prevails by word and prayer.

The churches now in pieces part !
 A broken mind, a bleeding heart,
 Is now our portion and our lot,
 Since Israel and his God 's forgot.

HYMN CLXI.

Restoring grace.

O LORD, we 're naked, and are poor,
 No diadem we wear,
 We wonder as the lost, astray,
 Without a shepherd's care.

Oh, how we for a Saviour cry,
 As children wanting food ;
 We have no staff whereon to lean,
 Nor know the way that 's good.

There is no Moses in our eyes,
 No Saviour's feet we see ;
 We pray for mercy from thy throne,
 May David rise for thee !

Oh, bless us with Messiah's hand,
 Let us our shepherd know ;
 Those stars of light refuse to shine
 Which conquer'd Israel's foe.

Lord, bless us with thy heavenly care,
 With thy restoring grace ;
 And we, chastisements will receive,
 And bow before thy face.

O Lord, there 's mercy in thy love,
 And pardon in thy breast ;
 Remove our sins, O God, we pray,
 And give our spirits rest.

HYMN CLXII.

Human glory.

THE Lord inspires and we fulfil,
 He gives us grace to clothe his name,
 He bids our action to be still,
 For man, alone, is all in vain.

It is God's glory when we rise,
 And when the bosom feels impress'd
 To speak of measures just and wise,
 Point out the paths that lead to rest.

To bless the Lord, and give renown,
 Is human glory, and our theme
 To speak of blessings that came down,
 To bless the heart and make us clean.

To own the Lord in all we do
 And place his name before our face,
 Then sacred wisdom to pursue,
 And glory in the deeds of grace.

HYMN CLXIII.

Wisdom alone.

RELIEV'D from snares, the evil twine,
RNor cords nor fetters on the feet;
 She with her hand divides our time,
 And from her spirit gives us meat.

She makes our footsteps plain and clear,
 We 'll bless her with the royal name,
 She as the parent doth appear,
 As one that hath from heaven came.

We 'll give her glory, peace, and rest,
 And build her name below the sun;
 As children love the mother's breast,
 So will we praise this humble one,

She brings her talents from the East,
 And as the morning sun doth rise
 Her mercy shines upon the least,
 There is no darkness in her eyes.

HYMN CLXIV.

Distant from the Lord.

HOW desolate the deserts are,
 These trackless paths that I pursue;
 My spirit finds no shepherd there,
 The blessings of the Lord are few.

Oh wandering thought, where wouldst thou go,
 My soul, what dost thou seek to find?
 Still not content without a foe
 To trouble and convict the mind?

The chilling hand of cold despair
 Doth lead thy spirit on this way,
 Till thou dost meet a Saviour there,
 A stranger on this mournful day:

With bleeding wounds, on thorns thou trod,
 And dash'd thy feet against the stones,
 God made for thee this painful road,
 To hear thy spirit utter groans.

Here God deprives thee of thy rest
 Which thrones and kingdoms do afford;
 'T is where the soul was never blest,
 The end of those that curse the Lord.

HYMN CLXV.

A Prayer for Mercy.

OLORD, the pain my spirit feels
 Is more than I with patience bear,
 My wounds nor bruises never heal,
 No shepherd hears my mournful prayer.

My kindred are as flocks astray,
 They see my wounds but cannot heal,
 They 're helpless as the tomb this day;
 How unexpress'd 's the pain I feel.

Lord, thou art God, and thou alone,
 And thou canst feel this inward pain ;
 Let every sigh for me atone,
 Let every groan be to thy name.

Thou canst my sinful guilt remove,
 There is no help, but Lord, from thee,
 Forgive me, and a sinner love,
 Lead me to where thy blessings be.

HYMN CLXVI.

The merits of a Saviour.

LORD, in a thirsty land
 I found the living spring,
 The lofty mountains did remove,
 And Israel saw their king.

An angel's voice we hear
 Descending from on high,
 The stepping-stones in peace are laid,
 See where the diamonds lie.

A shepherd's hand to feed
 Is naked in our eyes,
 An altar, near, doth upright stand ;
 The mount of sacrifice.

The field with pasture's green
 Our hope doth plainly see,
 And streams of pleasure gliding still
 Our watering place to be.

HYMN CLXVII.

Moving by direction.

THIS homeward, reason guides my way,
 My shepherd and my care,
 He did the raging waters still,
 And plac'd his pleasure there.

For him the pastures did arise,
 And glory fill'd the stream ;
 The vines are planted by his name,
 Oh see, the grapes are green !

These are the sinner's great reward
 Who gives to God his due ;
 His feet in paths of safety tread,
 Nor foes his paths pursue.

His soul is passing o'er the stream,
 How clear the waters are !
 Direction from Mess-iah rose,
 And joy and peace is there.

HYMN CLXVIII.

Messiah's chosen place.

OH, how the Jews of Zion boast,
 And for her daughters mourn,
 And though her glory hath been lost
 Her blessings do return.

Oh, may we know the appointed place,
 And where the ark doth rest ;
 The unbounded treasures of his grace,
 Which ancient Zion blest.

With joy behold the assembled flock
 To where his love doth rise,
 His name alone the chosen rock,
 The place of sacrifice.

That we may bless the feeding hand
 Which doth our sins remove,
 That every heart may understand
 The blessings of his love.

HYMN CLXIX.

The pastures of the Lord.

FROM thee our blessings do descend
 Who bidd'st the pastures grow,
 From thee, alone, the springs arise,
 And streams of freedom flow.

Thou call'st thy wandering children home,
 And dost increase their store ;
 Nor dost thy blessings now refuse,
 A portion to the poor.

Thou bidd'st the lonely desert yield,
 The woodlands to become
 A humble vale, a feeding place,
 A vineyard to thy Son.

His little flock doth gather there
 Sweet clusters from the vine,
 And with a humble song of praise
 Say all and all are thine.

HYMN CLXX.

The glory of God.

LORD, friendship, mercy, love, and care,
 Is the event of mournful prayer ;
 To thee our sentence doth arise
 Who with thy mercy dost chastise.

Thou mark'st the footsteps of our feet,
 Thy name doth bless us when we meet,
 And thou in mercy dost ordain
 A day of joy when we complain.

Thou dost in love and care increase,
 And through deep sorrow form our peace ;
 Thy name doth give the weary rest
 And frees the soul that is oppress'd.

For mourning thou dost give us praise,
 And when we 're lost direct our ways,
 And giv'st us hope in years to come
 From God the Father, and the Son.

Thou mak'st us rich with grace and love,
 Thy name descending from above,
 Thou dost chastise and make us clean
 And lead'st us through the troubled stream,
 To where the little flock is blest
 With peace and glory, joy and rest.

HYMN CLXXI.

The Lord's blessing.

LORD, bless'd with care, we humbly bow
 Before thy high, exalted throne,
 Confess our sins with humble fear,
 And all thy gentle favours own.

Thou mark'st the paths that lead astray,
 Forbid our feet to walk therein,
 And shew'st to us the appointed place
 Where thou forgiv'st the deeds of sin.

Thou call'st the saint and Saviour near,
 At thy command their souls attend;
 The sinful, who despise thy word,
 Thou with strict justice dost offend.

Oh, why should we forsake thy law
 Or shun the paths which thou hast blest,
 Or murmur, Lord, against thy name,
 Who dost chastise, and give us rest?

HYMN CLXXII.

The Revelation of God.

MY hearts unseen, unfathom'd deep,
 Oh, could my life thy measures know;
 In thee mine eyes are taught to weep,
 From thee do endless pleasures flow !

Art thou the mystery of the Lord,
 A secret, crowns cannot reveal ?
 Art thou a volume of record
 Of which the father keeps the seal ?

Mysterious life is hidden there,
 For wisdom keeps the opening door ?
 In thee the fruitful vine doth bear,
 And sin doth cease and be no more.

Oh, is my spirit with the Lord ?
 Or dare my tongue presume to say
 That life 's to me a seal'd record,
 And all I have one shorten'd day.

The Lord is life, and hope, and fear,
 I am his, but nothing is mine ;
 And every day which doth appear
 Reveals the measures of my time.

HYMN CLXXIII.

The Arm of the Lord revealed.

SMALL are the measures I receive
 According to my thirst,
 My Saviour meets me when I grieve,
 So when I mourn I 'm blest.

This life 's to me a hidden store,
 I 've little in my trust,
 Drink what I have, and thirst for more,
 For this to me is best.

Had I the world at my command
 Or could I still the sea,
 More bless'd to me 's a Saviour's hand
 He 's all and all to me.

My hope in him 's a lasting store
 And my redeemed trust
 Doth give me till I ask no more,
 When I 'm with pardon blest.

HYMN CLXXIV:

The place of rest.

LORD, at thy footstool down I lie,
 As humble servants be,
 I cease to mourn, I cease to cry,
 When life I give to thee.

When thou my measures dost divide,
 Thy spirit bids me rise,
 And all I need thou dost provide,
 Nor heaven nor earth denies.

Thou feed'st me from a loving breast,
 Thou mak'st thy bosom bare,
 Thou bidd'st my weary spirit rest,
 Thy love doth feed me there.

Thou bidd'st the morning sun to rise,
 With glory to thy name,
 Thy love with mercy wakes mine eyes
 Thy pardon heals my pain.

Thou bidd'st my spirit gently move,
 And putt'st my guilt away,
 With unknown measures of thy love
 Thou 'st bless'd this glorious day.

Thou bidd'st these wakeful eyes to sleep
 With those that are at rest,
 Never again to wake to weep,
 But slumber with the blest.

HYMN CLXXV.

The end of human life.

WHEN unto me this life must close,
 Mine eyes no more to see,
 May I be pardon'd, and my foes
 For ever done with me.

Oh wild temptation's cor quer'd guest
 Whose dwelling 's with thine own,
 Thou canst not follow into rest
 Where God alone is known.

Where God has plac'd his heavenly throne
 Thy name no more can be,
 And where we live with God alone,
 'T is life unknown to thee.

This day thy thoughts on weary wings
 Leaves the afflicted breast,
 And life, immortal, joyful sings,
 Cloth'd with eternal rest.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Deliverance from death.

HOW shall I thy dark portals shun,
 The grave so dark and deep ?
 Is there a time, unknown, to come,
 When every eye must weep ?

Death ! tell me where thy terror lies !
 Why crowns thy name do fear ?
 Can none above these horrors rise,
 So doleful in the ear ?

Oh, my replies are soft and mild,
 No terror 's in the grave
 When souls to God are reconcil'd,
 Whom God from Death doth save !

'T is not in death the terror lies,
 But in the deeds of sin ;
 It is through thee the righteous rise,
 (The sinner stays therein.)

HYMN CLXXVII.

The remembrance of sorrow.

HOW dark and deep the grave appears,
 A clouded world with woes
 Doth bring our eyes to flooding tears ;
 So trouble on us flows.

This is the Lord's baptizing place,
 And death is his command ;
 'T is death prepares the heart for grace,
 And his engraving hand.

I now in my remembrance find
 The balance of my woes,
 And memory doth possess my mind,
 How soon my life must close.

There is a signet and a seal
 Which never will remove,
 And there redeeming love I feel,
 And sorrow drowns in love.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

The shortness of time.

OSISTER, dear, with spreading wings
 Thou art prepar'd to flee,
 Nor wait till man his offering brings,
 And then to go with thee.

Thy friends are waiting at the door
 Till thy fair hand comes in,
 They 're ready, and they ask no more,
 And these with thee begin.

And early as the sun doth rise
 Their spirits wing their way,
 And so pass with thee through the skies,
 Bless'd with the present day.

Thou never dost again return
 From whence thy spirit flees,
 Thy kindred know a time to mourn,
 And thou art there with these.

Rejoicing in thy bosom lie,
 And life is in thy care,
 And to thy breast these souls apply
 Who have no time to spare.

HYMN CLXXIX.

The blessings of life.

LONG life 's a blessing from the Lord,
 If we his favours all record,
 Recount his frowns, and drink his love,
 And know his visits from above.

If, though in health, or sick, we be,
 If we 're in bonds, or we are free,
 Each change is given to improve,
 Through all, by time, we gently move.

All, all 's proceeding from his name,
 There is no time to us in vain,
 The Lord is present where we be,
 In every change his life we see.

Time is a cordial to the mind,
 When through repentance grace we find,
 And then the longer here we stay,
 The more give thanks, and praise, and pray.

HYMN CLXXX.

Salvation.

O LORD, our God, eternal power,
 Of everlasting praise,
 Where thieves do steal, and moths devour,
 There we behold thy ways.

Fleeting pleasures thou dost remove
 Greater to us restore,
 So thou dost life and time improve,
 That we may sin no more.

Thou bidd'st the earth's cold, chilling breast
 To open for our clay,
 So dost thou try our moment's rest,
 And putt'st our joys away.

How bless'd, O God, is thy decree,
 Which bids these joys remove,
 For then we mourn, and pray for thee,
 To taste and drink thy love.

HYMN CLXXXI.

The coming of the Kingdom.

O LORD, thy high, exalted name,
 With angel, saint, and Son,
 Do all restore to us again,
 When will thy kingdom come?

When lofty princes I dethrone
 Through sorrow, grief, and woe,
 Then all the world shall be mine own,
 Each heart my kingdom know.

While pride sits on a lofty throne
 And doth my name despise,
 This is a prince to us unknown
 Till we have weeping eyes.

While men to him do bow the knee,
 And pray for kingdoms here,
 They dwell, as far as earth can be,
 From where the saints appear.

But when temptations they refuse
 And for my spirit mourn,
 No saint nor angel will refuse
 To earth again return.

And make the heart their dwelling place,
 Their council, court, and throne,
 And give bless'd measures of their grace,
 Dwell with and bless their own.

HYMN CLXXXII.

The beginning of sorrow.

O LORD, I see the flowers do fade,
 And I have weeping eyes;
 False is the peace with these I've made,
 They fall, never to rise.

These are my youthful, morning joys,
 With these I took delight,
 But now the moth the stem destroys,
 They're fading in my sight.

They've been to me a garment worn,
 Or time I've spent in vain;
 But now they flee, I rise to mourn,
 For I've despis'd thy name.

My wandering feet are far abroad,
 On shells and stones I tread;
 I meet the judgments of my God
 With thorns upon my head.

O Lord, remove this painful crown,
The griefs that Jesus bore ;
To thee I'll wake ! to thee renown !
And praise for evermore.

HYMN CLXXXIII

The visitation of sin.

O LORD, my heart doth feel the pain,
Unmeasur'd grief I bear ;
I feel the judgments of thy name,
And thou dost meet me there.

Why did I choose this path to tread,
The race the foolish run,
To bring thine anger on my head,
And dread my griefs to come ?

Oh, wild delusion of the thought
That hath no place to stay,
Which led me till I God forgot,
To meet this mournful day.

What can I offer or atone
For all the sins I bear ;
I'll sit me down and cry alone,
And God will see me there.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

The Lord reigneth.

AFFLICTED nature, poor and low,
Who count'st the pains thou feel'st !
'T is God alone thy grief doth know,
'T is he, thy sins reveal'st.

Awake from death, my troubl'd soul
And dread the pains of hell ;
Behold, the cloudy pillars roll
Thy future grief to tell.

Behold thine end with weeping eyes,
 Thy pain the Lord reveals,
 This is the hand to thee chastise,
 My heart conviction feels.

Shall I resist, can I resign,
 My fate is hard to bear ;
 Between my nature and divine,
 There gulphs of sorrow are.

HYMN CLXXXV.

Meeting my foes.

HOW earth's exalted stations rise
 My courage to subdue ;
 A righteous hand doth me chastise,
 My soul 's convicted too.

How can I all these joys forsake,
 And taste nor see no more ?
 How hard it is the cord to break
 That chafe's and makes me sore.

O kindred dear, most joyful band,
 'T is hard with you to part ;
 The harvest of a fruitful land
 Doth rend and break my heart.

Oh, seats of pleasure to my soul,
 Ye cups of pleasant wine,
 Must you, departing as a scroll,
 Forsake this heart of mine.

Oh, weary life, that yet remains,
 Still panting for thy breath,
 Thou yet must feel the binding chains,
 And yield thine all to death.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

Reviving hope.

FROM whence art thou, with living breath ?
 Reveal to me thy name !
 My hope was languishing in death,
 My soul did groan with pain.

I am the presence of the Lord
 The wounds of death to cure,
 I come, with mercy, to record
 The pains thou didst endure.

Art thou the hope the righteous know,
 The wine they taste and feel ?
 Art thou a Saviour here below
 Who every wound doth heal ?

I am a voice that 's taught to cry,
 And teach thine eyes to weep ;
 I in the grave in secret lie,
 To sin I ever sleep.

But oh, I hear the trumpet sound,
 When God the heart prepares
 My spirit leaves the slumbering ground,
 And all thy sorrow bears.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

Restoring Faith.

O LORD, I languish in distress,
 Like one lost in the wilderness ;
 My soul did like the infant cry
 Without thy mercy I shall die !

Mine ear did hear a joyful sound,
 A spirit rising from the ground ;
 The sound I lov'd, the voice I knew,
 It gave me hope and courage too.

I saw, descending from the skies,
 Some angel likeness call to rise,
 And I, unwilling to refuse,
 Could not my soul from life excuse,

A path I in the desert saw,
 I heard the spirit talk of law,
 I thought, before me Moses stood,
 With Christ, the image of all good :
 I ceas'd my mourning in surprise,
 For these both came to light mine eyes.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

A Prayer for God's continuing mercy.

O LORD, wilt thou the stone remove,
 Our unbelief, that hinders love ?
 Our hardness caus'd the spring to dry,
 And thou thy favours didst deny.

Remove, O Lord, the stumbling-stone,
 And we will trust in thee alone ;
 And as thou feed'st us from above
 Will we increase our faith and love.

Remember when our flocks were bless'd,
 The people free that were oppress'd ;
 And when the young and old were join'd
 In spirit, practice, and in mind.

Again, we pray these days restore,
 So we 'll not chide nor part no more ;
 And thy bless'd name with reverence see,
 With one accord resign to thee.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

The privilege of practice.

OH, may our prayer an offering be,
 And may our griefs atone,
 When we 've by sin offended thee
 Make thy displeasure known.

Continue, Lord, chastisements still,
 Correct us by thy grace,
 And let our practice be thy will,
 Our souls from foes release.

All might and power is thine to do,
 On thee our souls depend ;
 Rend every darkening veil in two,
 Let us thy word attend.

Keep us from wild temptation's ways,
 For those alone are free
 Who have a tongue to give thee praise,
 A heart that 's join'd to thee.

HYMN CXC.

The measures of time.

OLORD, direct our paths, and be
 A lamp amidst our way,
 And when we mourn, look up to thee,
 And for thy favours pray.

Keep us, O God, from idle words,
 Nor as the foolish do,
 Despise the Book of thy records,
 And hate thy mercies too.

Save us, O God, when foes are round,
 And when temptations smile,
 Let 's feel the cord by which we're bound
 To Christ, thy darling child.

Let not the darkness overspread
That veils us from thy name,
But, as the flock by shepherds fed,
Oft meet with thee again.

Altho' thy smiles thou may'st remove
Our hope and faith to try,
O God revisit with thy love
And when we mourn be nigh.

HYMN CXCI.

Gladness of the heart.

HOW sweet, how pleasant, are these joys
The kingdom doth afford,
When neither time, nor moth destroys
The blessings of the Lord.

How deep, O Lord, the fountains are,
The springs do never dry;
When thou direct'st the heart in prayer
Thine ear is ever nigh.

How everlasting is the bread
Which doth from heaven descend,
Unmeasur'd joy 's where those are fed
Who do thy word attend.

The heart doth oft thy bounties yield
To fill the listening ear,
The lame rejoice, the blind are heal'd,
Alone, salvation 's here.

HYMN CXCI.

The blessings of friendship.

IF I am unto Jesus join'd
I am the sinner's friend,
The poor in me will comfort find,
And love will never end.

Who visits with the balmy cure
 But Christ the holy one,
 Whose heart is clean, whose spirit 's pure,
 But God 's redeeming Son.

Oh, may I to his heart be join'd
 And have my portion there ;
 Oh then I 'll have humble a mind,
 And strength my grief to bear.

When sinners mock me, and abuse,
 I still their friend will be,
 And God from scoffers will excuse,
 And make my spirit free.

He still will trim my lamp by day,
 And in the needful time,
 My foes will find me in the way,
 And see this heart of mine.

HYMN CXCIII.

A time of love.

WHEN I receive the bounteous care
 That God and angels do afford,
 Then will my soul have bread to spare,
 And bless the tables of the Lord.

There 's nothing we can call our own,
 The Lord doth give to give again ;
 By this we make his blessings known,
 By giving, glorify his name.

His love 's an everlasting store,
 His mercy, fountains deep and clear,
 We drink, never to thirst no more,
 When God in mercy doth appear.

His hand is like the shepherd's care,
 His tender heart doth gently lead,
 With patience doth our failings bear,
 And kindly doth his children feed.

He moves aloud the lisping tongue
 To give him glory, thanks, and praise ;
 He lends his ear when praise is sung,
 And moves the mountain from our ways.

He bids the little hills to flee,
 He makes our passage clear and plain,
 He 's ever present where we be,
 And marks us with his holy name.

HYMN CXCIV.

The comforts of life.

HOW stable, Lord, my heart doth feel
 Whene'er I know thy Son is nigh,
 What mysteries doth thy word reveal,
 How needful doth thy word apply.

'T is not in man to form his ways,
 Nor a bless'd action to repeat ;
 Nor can a sinner sing thy praise
 Until he worships at thy feet.

Thy pardon is a cause to sing
 And calls the soul to upwards rise,
 Borne upward on an angel's wing,
 We hate our sins and love the wise.

Wisdom's the offspring of thy breast,
 The heart and action of thy Son,
 Our peace and pathway home to rest,
 Our wisest choice, the only one.

HYMN CXCV.

The return of God's favours.

O LORD, thy church hath blessed been
 When David and thy Son did feed,
 And that again we shall be clean
 Thou hast by ancient days decreed.

A resurrection sure shall be
 And sinners to the Lord restor'd,
 The wandering shall come home to thee,
 And feed in pastures from the Lord.

Why should we faint, and chide, and fear,
 Or yet dispute about the way?
 The spirit of past time is near,
 The Lord is present here this day.

Where are the barren sands we know,
 Or yet the desert of distress.
 Where is our Jordan to pass through
 On every day the Lord doth bless?

Nor are our offerings counted vain,
 Behold our Sabbaths, how they move,
 And by Messiah's holy name
 Our days are lengthened to improve.

HYMN CXCVI.

Gratitude to God for continuing favours.

OH, could my soul a word afford
 That would give honours to the Lord,
 My heart should like the fountain flow,
 To count the favours that we know.

In sorrow, God is present by,
 His Son and spirit both are nigh,
 And by the wisdom of his word
 He doth our sorrows all record.

His word is right, his balance true,
 He gives to every kind their due ;
 He doth chastise us by his name,
 He wounds the heart and heals our pain.

Unworthy, Lord, our offerings be
 To rise so high as come to thee,
 But thou hast come with pardoning grace
 To heal our sorrows in this place.

HYMN CXCVII.

Receiving mercy.

LORD, by the turning of thy hand
 We feel our sins, and understand ;
 Our frame is but a mould of dust,
 Still travelling on, and seeking rest.

Our mind 's a spirit, 't is unseen,
 Tho' constant washing, never clean ;
 Nor imperfections cease to rise,
 Or causes, that thou may chastise

So is our spirit ever known,
 By sinning, and again atone,
 All these are mercies, Lord from thee,
 Descending down to where we be.

Affliction, Lord, to us is blest,
 As we peruse the paths to rest,
 And when thou dost our sins make known,
 Thou dost prepare us to atone.

HYMN CXCVIII.

Affections to God.

MY heart, my God, I give to thee,
 I pray my sinful lust subdue,
 For me they are too wild and strong,
 Deceitful, and they 're tempting too.

Lord, teach the passions of my mind
 'To humbly bow before thy name,
 And tho' my sorrow 's deep and sore
 Let wisdom come to me again.

Let me receive her giving hand,
 Let me, O God, her footsteps see,
 And as an infant seek her breast,
 Who feed'st the flocks abroad for thee.

And when I 'm weary, find her rest !
 My soul, pursue her name alone ;
 She doth baptize and make us clean,
 With all her heart she loves her own.

HYMN CXCIX.

The right hand of power.

O LORD, thy providence we see,
 Thine arm is wise and strong,
 We are too frail to speak of thee,
 So oft we 're in the wrong.

As parents hear the infant cry
 So let thy love descend,
 Thy power and might are ever nigh,
 As we on thee depend.

Lord, lead us from the scoffer's way
 That we thy truth may find,
 And bless our grieved souls this day
 That have a troubled mind.

O Lord, we pray, forsake us not,
 But still our sins chastise,
 Nor let our sorrows be forgot
 Who grieve with weeping eyes.

There 's not one moment to delay,
 Nor idle hours to spend,
 Thou call'st us and we must away
 And on thy word attend.

HYMN CC.

The blessed favours of the Lord.

LORD, as we live, the more we see
 That goodness doth abound from thee ;
 It is the wisdom of thy hand
 To well perform thy great command.

Thou dost, O Lord, the heart inspire
 With what thy spirit doth desire,
 For thou dost cause the heart to feel
 The truths thy spirit would reveal.

With love, thou dost our faults excuse
 When we do not to act refuse,
 But when we 're proud and think we 're wise,
 Thou dost our failings all chastise.

We 're born, O God, thy name to fear,
 Thy will obey, thy name to hear ;
 To lean upon thy gathering arm,
 And trust thy mercy through the storm.

'Tis not in us thine heart to know,
 How thou dost rule events below,
 Until we do both hear and see
 That all and all 's ordain'd by thee.

HYMN CCCI.

Supplication.

UNWORTHY, Lord, we find we are
 Of thy protection and thy care ;
 But thou, O Lord, dost ever see
 The soul that doth incline to thee.

We pray for pardon and for love,
 For thy direction when we move ;
 And for thy blessings where we rest
 Who 're ever mournful till we' are blest.

Lord, if thy love continues still
 Our flowing cup with joy to fill,
 Our thanks, and praise, and prayer, shall be
 An offering from the heart to thee.

Remind us, Lord, of favors past,
 Thy love be with us till the last !
 Thy mercy be our lasting store
 Till we shall sleep and be no more.

HYMN CCII.

Humility.

BEFORE the throne of God I bow
 And all my thoughts are still,
 My prayer is all for wisdom now,
 For my Redeemer's will.

Without his favour I am lost
 And dark'ning clouds arise,
 My soul on the wide ocean toss'd,
 Or in the desert cries.

Mourning must ever be my lot,
 My nights be floods of tears,
 If I by Jesus be forgot
 Through my succeeding years.

O heaven, and earth, together join,
 My lasting friend to be ;
 Lord, grant the measures of my time,
 And I'll be taught by thee.

HYMN CCHI.

The comforts of hope.

LORD, let my morning prayer arise
LAs mirrors through the darken'd skies ;
 This world 's a tumult, as the cloud
 Where lightnings flash, and thunder loud, ;
 With beating storms the tempest roll !
 So are the horrors of the soul.

Save us, O Lord, from long despair,
 For many souls are fainting there ;
 Religion and thy name decays
 Where churches cease to give thee praise.

O Lord, chastise thy little flock,
 And heal the hedge our sins have broke,
 Lest we forget to praise thy name
 From whence our house and favours came.

HYMN CCIV.

The fear of the Lord.

OLORD, how deep thy judgments are,
 How far abroad extend ;
 How formless is our morning prayer,
 How often we offend.

May thy chastisements ever be
 To us the darling prize ;
 For these are truths that come from thee
 Through love to make us wise.

And when we tremble in despair
 Grant that our hope remain ;
 With patience we affliction bear,
 Our sorrows and our pain.

And when our spirit 's in distress,
 Thy presence, Lord, be near,
 Our each repenting groan to bless
 Till we 're no longer here.

HYMN CCV.

Repentance.

LORD, how my heart doth feel
 Is more than I can tell;
 The sacred truths thou dost reveal,
 The gates of heaven and hell.

Touch'd with the sacred flame
 Which caus'd my soul to move,
 I feel that unextinguish'd pain
 Descending from thy love.

I saw a passage made
 Straight in the heavenly way,
 A crown of glory for my head
 And the immortal day.

The flame did then abate
 As I began to move,
 My soul left the dark prison gate
 To meet the Son of love.

Messiah sought me there,
 Who did the prison close,
 He led me to the hill of prayer,
 Beyond a hell of woes.

HYMN CCVI.

The love of God.

OLORD, my heart I 've placed on thee,
 With thee I comfort find,
 For thou hast been a God to me
 To bless my troubled mind.

When I to thee an offering make,
 O may thy heart receive
 My harden'd heart in pieces brake,
 That doth thy spirit grieve.

My life, O God, was form'd by thee,
 'Tis thou that gave me breath;
 If short or long my life may be
 I know mine end is death.

Prepare my heart thy name to meet,
 When the sentence hear
 I must put on my winding-sheet,
 Before thy throne appear.

O Lord, with mercy draw me home
 And in my death be nigh,
 That I rejoice before thy throne,
 In innocence I die.

HYMN CCVII.

Preparations for death.

O LORD, it cannot be to soon,
 I pray my sins remove,
 Prepare my body for the tomb,
 My heart for worlds above.

If yet I see a lengthen'd day
 Thy will shall be my care;
 Each morning I 'll attend to pray,
 With patience trouble bear.

At Evening I will bend the knee
 And count the days I've past,
 Thy summons soon may come for me,
 This night may be my last.

I will be mindful of my time,
 The measures in my trust ;
 For all and all, O Lord, are thine,
 And I am earth and dust.

HYMN CCVIII.

Thankfulness to God for health.

MY spirit hath from sickness rose
 Restor'd to health again,
 And I this song of thanks compose
 To God's eternal name.

O Lord, thou saw me when I lay
 To a sick bed confin'd,
 With darkness thou didst clothe the day,
 A load bore on my mind.

The chilling pains of death were near
 With whispering I should die,
 But life again did then appear,
 The words of truth were nigh.

Thy presence to my bed-side came,
 With truth before mine eyes,
 To rise with thanks, and praise thy name,
 For thee my soul did rise.

HYMN CCIX.

A prayer for preservation.

O LORD, I on thy bosom lean,
 My comfort 's in thy breast,
 Let me no more in sin be seen,
 But number'd with the blest.

Divide my time as it should be
 And with a shepherd's care,
 Let me be one who live for thee,
 My soul for death prepare.

O Father, number all my days
That I may here remain ;
My spirit offer thanks and praise,
My spirit bless thy name.

HYMN CCX.

The hope of salvation.

A SPIRIT rises in my breast,
'T is hope that I shall be
One of the number of the blest ;
Lord, is this hope from thee ?

Thy word, O Lord, inspires to life,
And all thy thoughts are true,
And righteousness is in belief,
In faith and practice too.

'T is thou that made my hope secure,
Imprison'd with a chain,
'T is hope that all my griefs endure,
And yet doth hope remain.

My doubting mind is like the wind
That often comes and goes ;
For doubting's in the heart that sinn'd,
Through hope my fears do close.

HYMN CCXI.

Enjoyment of the blessings of God.

O LORD, a quiet heart I feel,
There 's no convulsion there,
For peace thy spirit doth reveal
Through fasting, and by prayer.

Remov'd a distance from my foes
As North and South from me ;
The Lord my troubles doth compose
Calm as the stormless sea,

Who bade my restless sorrows cease,
 Who gave the great command?
 But God, the author of my peace,
 From his unceasing hand.

He bade my troubled thoughts to rest,
 The restless seas be still,
 And he hath all my troubles blest
 Because they were his will.

HYMN CCXII.

Forgiveness.

HOW soft and kind my heart doth feel,
 And how my blessings flow,
 When I can all my wrath conceal,
 When I forgive my foe.

Unbounded are the powers of love
 Implanted in the breast,
 When God doth say from heaven above
 I ever shall be blest.

Bless'd is the shepherd of the fold
 Where love and truth do reign,
 Where love to God surpasses gold,
 Where children praise his name.

Where songs of honour loud are sung
 To fill the listening ear,
 Where God doth bless the praising tongue,
 And where the saints appear.

And where our bless'd forgiveness reigns,
 Unbounded powers of love,
 Our foe subdues, our foe regains
 To hope in heaven above.

HYMN CCXIII.

Turning to the Lord.

WHEN I a harden'd heart could feel
 And vengeance in my breast,
 When I could not my wrath conceal
 I had from God no rest.

He plac'd my sins before mine eyes.
 And bade my spirit move,
 My soul from where the sinner dies
 Without Messiah's love..

My soul was with the call impress'd
 And now mine eyes can see,
 There is a way that leads to rest,
 From sin, my God, to thee.

Hope, like the spring, did quench my thirst,
 And did abate the flame,
 And for forgiveness I am bless'd
 And turn to god again.

HYMN CCXIV.

The Gospel of Truth.

UNERRING flame, O sacred light,
 That from the heaven of heavens came !
 Thou art to me my soul's delight,
 A blessing from Messiah's name.

Thy virtue 's like the purging stream,
 And as the flame, for ever burns !
 Thou mak'st the soul and body clean,
 By thee the soul to God returns.

Thy presence is for ever new,
 Thou visit'st in the Father's name,
 Thou dost chastise and heal us too,
 The soul from sin thou dost regain.

Thy name on earth shall never cease,
 As harmless as the dove doth fly,
 Thou hast come down to form our peace,
 To teach us that the kingdom 's nigh.

From God the Father, and the Son,
 Thou spread'st thy shading wings abroad,
 Thou art for evermore to come,
 A blessing from the throne of God.

HYMN CCXV.

Receiving the Truth.

BLESS'D sister of my troubled mind !
 Thou dost the Son and saint adore ;
 With thee the name of God I find,
 Bride to the lamb for evermore.

The Church doth lean upon thy breast
 And love thee as the mother dear,
 Thou art from God for ever blest,
 Nor queens on earth like thee appear.

Of wine and oil thou art possess'd,
 The body of God's holy Son,
 Thy spirit long hath been distress'd
 Still waiting for the time to come.

Till babes should rise to honour thee
 From morning till the setting sun,
 Till unto them thy soul should be
 Time past, and present, and to come..

Until the human voice should rise,
 Until our souls should thee adore,
 Until the simple should be wise
 And praise thy name for evermore.

Oh, blessed be our morning sun,
Which rose, and in our darkness shone,
For this is truth that was to come,
We 'll love and bless her as our own.

HYMN CCXVI.

The measures of the mind.

THE heart 's a book we little know,
Nor art nor science read it through,
The measures that it doth contain
While unimprov'd, to us are vain.

They 're like a space we cannot see,
'T is where the stores of nature be ;
As where the dead in secret lies
Till God doth call our life to rise.

'T is through the heart God doth reveal
The mysteries that the heavens conceal,
'T is in the heart he writes his name
And sets his seal to there remain.

He in the mind implants his love
And gives us light from worlds above,
The saints and angels visit there,
It is to man the house of prayer,
His song of thanks, his theme of praise,
And the best measure of his days.

HYMN CCXVII.

The heart revealed.

OH, what a volume 's in my breast,
Unnumber'd measures it contain,
Altho' this day I may be blest,
This time will never come again.

There are no lines of science there,
To me unknown 's my daily bread,
My praise doth cease, and mournful prayer,
Doth lead me where Messiah bled.

My heart to me is God's command
 When I'm directed by his grace;
 He moves the deeds that's on the sand
 And lets me see that empty place.

As walls decay and turn to dust,
 So is our nature when alone,
 But when in God I put my trust,
 My Saviour and my sins are known.

Why should my heart by science rise,
 Or exaltation clothe my name ?
 Nature's a vapour in the skies,
 Without my God my nature's vain.

HYMN CCXVIII.

The Sanctuary of the Lord.

MY Saviour hath a humble mind
 And spotless garments doth he wear,
 In him a goodly heart I find ;
 Oh, that my spirit centred there !

Within the bosom of the Lord
 Is God the Father's dwelling place,
 There he salvation doth record
 And gives the measures of his grace.

And as the morning sun doth shine
 To light our natural-seeing eyes,
 So are the measures of our time
 When Jesus in our hearts doth rise.

His sanctuary's ever there,
 And there we bow before the throne,
 There doth Emmanuel form our prayer,
 And there the Father's name is known.

There every spark of nature 's good
 When man his heart doth understand,
 And all his heart is washed in blood,
 Chastis'd by God's most secret hand.

HYMN CCXIX.

Man known to himself.

O LORD, how many parts I feel,
 Hard is thy sentence to endure,
 For mercy I to thee appeal ;
 Make all my sinful nature pure !

The life of Christ 's a cleansing stream,
 And as the spirit loves the Son,
 Baptize my heart and make me clean !
 My nature all before thee come.

O Lord, thou gave to man his name,
 O Lord do not his heart despise !
 Thou hast done nothing that 's in vain,
 Before thee all my nature lies !

All griev'd and wounded, sick and sore,
 As children bow their heads in prayer ;
 My spirit cannot rise no more,
 Without direction and thy care.

Dear Shepherd of mine all within,
 The word that from the Father came
 Hath wash'd my heart and made me clean,
 And now there is no part in vain.

HYMN CCXX.

A prayer to be delivered from sin.

O H sin, thou art my bitter foe,
 Distressing to my mind ;
 Affliction 's in the way I go,
 My rest is hard to find.

And sorrow 's in the paths I tread
 My steps are weak and slow,
 My spirit 's hungering to be fed,
 My soul is thirsting too.

I feel my feet with fetters bound,
 It is with pain I move,
 I seek for that I've never found,
 Unceasing, pardoning love.

I cannot keep my footsteps clean,
 So prone to mire and clay ;
 How loud I cry, O God redeem,
 Remove my sins away !

HYMN CCXXI.

Removing from sin.

O LORD, how dark my footsteps are,
 How hard my feet to move !
 I find in vain is all my care
 Without unceasing love.

How like the lost I walk astray,
 My danger is unseen ;
 My sins do cloud the fairest day,
 My faults do stir the stream.

How can I lift mine eyes to thee,
 Or on thy love depend ?
 Thou often-times hast pardon'd me,
 As often I offend.

O Lord, prepare a cup of guilt,
 I'll drink my sorrows in,
 Thy Son for me his blood hath spilt,
 But I remain in sin.

Oh, could my wandering feet remove
 From the dark paths I trod,
 So I might drink redeeming love,
 And bless and praise my God.

HYMN CCXXII

Light from heaven, or the love of God.

O LORD, a guilty heart I feel,
 A living soul within
 Is praying to thy name to heal,
 Thy love to move my sin.

My guilt is more than I can bear,
 It bears upon my mind,
 And there is deep conviction there,
 A hell of woes I find.

My spirit doth my weakness own,
 Before thy throne I stand
 To hear the sentence of thy throne,
 And bow at thy command.

My sins arose, like mountains stood,
 Thou gave me light to see
 That thou alone art bless'd and good,
 And fate depends on thee.

My sins arise, from choice I make
 Direction of mine own ;
 And when I do thy word forsake
 I mourn and cry alone.

HYMN CCXXIII.

The peace of the penitent mind.

O LORD, to thee I'll pay my vows
 Who mak'st my passage clear,
 My sinful soul before thee bows,
 Thy pardoning love to hear.

The cloud doth now in pieces break
 The darkness of my day,
 And as I do my sins forsake
 I see the lighted way.

But oh, my feet I move with fear,
 The guilt of sin I dread ;
 O Lord, thine angry voice to hear
 Are coals upon my head !.

I have a living soul within :
 Which doth rejoice to see
 The gate, where I may shun my sin,
 And drink my peace with thee.

HYMN CCXXIV.

Experimental Songs.

I KNOW the Day of Judgment's night,
 When I must stand before my foes,
 And with the word of God comply
 By whom my spirit first arose.

To drink the sorrows of my sin
 Is judgment that is justly due,
 For that, my heart should feel within,
 And own the sentence just and true.

The blood of Jesus flowing there,
 His life to mingle with mine own,
 My soul his holy cross to bear
 Where I for all my sins atone.

To taste his flowing, precious blood,
 As well as all his bruises feel.
 Cry for salvation to my God,
 And say, O Lord, these sorrows heal !.

HYMN CCXXV.

The balm of life.

OH Gilead's joys, where is thy spring,
Or healing that thy balm affords ?
Oh, where do Zion's children sing,
Or Jesus loose the binding cords ?

O Lord, where doth the city stand,
Or the bless'd kingdom of thine own ?
Where is that lost, but promis'd land,
Which was to sons of Israel known ?

Is there not love with God in store ?
My waking spirit seems to rise ;
My bleeding wounds do bleed no more,
Nor tears o'erflow my weeping eyes.

My soul doth rest, I know not why
My spirit doth in secret sing ;
The kingdom of my God is nigh,
My soul doth taste the joyful spring.

HYMN CCXXVI.

Arising from death, or the wages of sin.

WHY doth my soul rejoice,
Or heavenly visions see ?
Oh, this must be my Saviour's voice ;
My Judge doth comfort me !

Oh could my soul repay
Or give the joys I feel,
I'd freely give mine all away
My brother's heart to heal.

Oh, this is love unknown,
A spring that's hard to find,
The way that Jesus bought his own,
And with a troubled mind.

Oh, could my soul appear
 Before her envious foes,
 The hardest heart would shed a tear
 And evil thoughts would close.

HYMN CCXXVII.

Redemption from sin.

ALTHO' the pit is dark and deep
 Where mournful sinners lie,
 The Lord beholds the eyes that weep
 And sends a Saviour nigh.

His calls are at the prison door,
 He saith repent and come !
 There is a time to weep no more
 When sorrow shall be done.

My spirit can abate the flame,
 Is this Messiah's call ?
 There is a balm for every pain,
 A rise for every fall.

Altho' the pit is dark and deep,
 And chains are binding there,
 I come to heal the eyes that weep
 The sinner's pain to bear.

Cast off these bonds, arise, and come !
 Repentance lead'st the way ;
 I am for you the bleeding Son,
 The calls of love this day.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

Submission.

OLORD, I bow before thy throne,
 Where God and my Redeemer reigns,
 To thee, alone, my heart is known,
 My grief, my sorrows, and my pains !

In thee a healing balm I find
 Because the word of life is there,
 Thy love doth clothe my troubled mind,
 Thy spirit feels the grief I bear.

Thou hast from cords releas'd my feet
 And spread abroad my toiling hands ;
 Thou send'st thy love my soul to meet,
 And giv'st to me thy bless'd commands.

Thou cloth'st my mourning soul with praise,
 And writ'st thy blessed name within,
 Thou art the measure of my days,
 The God that sav'st my soul from sin.

HYMN CCXXIX.

Deliverance from bonds.

LORD, freed from terrors as I feel,
 That so long on my spirit bore,
 Can I my heart from thee conceal,
 Or praise thy name and ask for more ?

The Lord speaks gently to my mind,
 And shows to me the prophet's name,
 So now I see who once was blind,
 And walk abroad tho' I was lame.

Oh, how can I my joys express,
 Or cease my flowing, thankful praise ?
 His love came to our wilderness,
 The light and measure of our days.

We built a mansion for the Lord,
 And took the Son of Glory in,
 His name for ages to record ;
 He bade our praise and thanks begin.

He heard the shepherd's mournful prayer
Then did his love our flocks attend ;
He call'st us home, and feed'st us there,
Where praise shall never, never end.

HYMN CCXXX.

The blessing of a humble life.

LORD, as the child, so let me be,
As infants leaning on the breast
So let my spirit be to thee,
And teach me when my soul is blest.

O may thy presence lead my way,
My soul attend thy voice to hear,
Grant me the light of every day,
So let my morning sun appear.

With thee, O God, may I be blest,
When all my weary days are o'er
Receive my spirit into rest !
That I may cry to thee no more.

Clothe earth's vain joys, nor let me see
Those paths that are to man in vain ;
Let me receive my joys from thee,
And humbly thank and praise thy name.

Be thou the parent of my care
Because I am thine earth and dust !
O grant me strength my grief to bear,
A heart to know chastisements blest,

HYMN CCXXXI.

Beginning to serve the Lord.

O LORD, my spirit I distrust,
The want of confidence I feel,
I know that I am earth and dust,
Nor can I what I am conceal.

My spirit doth betray my feet,
 My thought directs my hands astray,
 My tongue doth vanity repeat,
 And deep affliction 's in my way.

My soul doth into judgment rise,
 My heart is wounded with my tongue,
 Temptations blind my seeing eyes,
 And by the vain my sorrow 's sung.

O Lord, have pity on my grief,
 Receive me in thy tender care,
 My God, O grant my soul relief,
 Oh, call me home, and feed me there.

HYMN CCXXXII.

A prayer to God for mercy.

I PRAY, O God, direct my feet,
 And guide my trembling hands,
 Let me with thy disciples meet,
 And feed on thy commands.

Thy word be oil and wine in store,
 Thy love my clothing too ;
 Thy spirit feels the griefs I 've bore,
 My mournful days be few.

Thy presence be my morning light,
 Thy grace my setting sun ;
 My thought 's on thee through all the night,
 And dread my years to come.

Teach me to find thy dwelling-place
 And bow before thy throne,
 Meet at the tables of thy grace
 Where thine own heart is known.

Forsake me not when in despair,
 When I no friend can see,
 Let me know my Redeemer there,
 And give mine all to thee !

HYMN CCXXXIII.

A Quiet mind.

LORD, at thy footstool, meek and low,
LA resting-place I find ;
 Tho' strait 's the gate I've passed through,
 Thou dost enlarge my mind.

'T is there thy kindred children feed,
 And taste the flowing breast,
 There doth the church our mother lead,
 And there her children rest.

The springs are clean, the waters clear,
 'There plenteous pastures grow,
 There doth the Son of God appear
 Who conquer'd Israel's foe.

There doth contentment's streams arise,
 And Jordan's banks are full,
 There doth the Lamb of God baptize,
 There is the prophet's school.

There doth the humble soul foresee
 The darken'd pit to shun,
 And there the church doth worship thee,
 Our God through years to come.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

The salvation of the House of Israel.

IT is not long till we shall see
The Judgment Day arise,
 And truth and justice, Lord, from thee,
 Descending from the skies.

Oh, then shall Israel rise and say,
 Lord, blessed be thy throne !
 For thou dost take our griefs away,
 And dost thy people own.

The crimson lose that mournful die
 That on our robes we wore,
 The Son of Glory sat on high
 As David did before.

Then shall, O Lord, thine offspring rise,
 And ride on angels' wings,
 Our offerings meet thee in the skies,
 And reign on earth with kings.

HYMN CCXXXV.

Preparing for a Judgment Day.

I 'LL haste away to Jordan's stream,
 Where wisdom doth chastise,
 I 'll bow my neck, and wash me clean,
 And watch with wakeful eyes.

My lamp with oil by day I 'll trim,
 Lest I the bridegroom see,
 Lest he refuse to take me in
 Because I 've spots on me.

I 'll early make my garments clean,
 My Saviour's blood doth flow ;
 This is the never-failing stream
 Which Israel passed through.

I 'll offer God my hands and feet,
 I 'll make my offerings clean,
 And when the lamb of God I meet
 My sin shall not be seen.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

The changes of time.

THE sun doth constant set and rise,
 So doth the spirit of the wise,
 And ever to the place return
 Where man for God's decreed to mourn.

Oh, could I shun that mournful place,
 The want of wisdom and of grace ;
 My God, then like a child I'd be
 For ever nurs'd and fed by thee.

I'd hunger nor I'd thirst no more,
 I'd be a stranger to the poor ;
 One portion of my God I'd know,
 In joy forget my grief and woe.

But God than man is still more wise,
 He gives us joy to sacrifice ;
 He makes us poor to hear us cry,
 And gives the soul a new supply.

We at his bounteous table feed,
 His eyes foresee what most we need ;
 And all these changes are his own
 Descending mercies from the throne.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

Stability.

THAT mind is stable that returns
 From joys to grief and woe,
 To where the troubled sinner mourns
 The heart of God to know.

The man that keeps his faith, and is
 For ever on the wing,
 Doth clothe his mind with righteousness,
 His soul doth mourn and sing.

His heart is then at school with God
 Where Christ and angels reign,
 His spirit wanders far abroad
 And doth return again.

His soul is like the troubled sea
 Which knows the storm and calm,
 His thoughts are moving by decree
 Still in a Saviour's arm.

His soul doth oft to God ascend
 And mourns in worlds below,
 His life is stable, without end,
 For God's decrees are so.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

Human rest.

OH long-lost city, hard to find,
 My soul hath miss'd the way !
 Where nature is to fate resign'd
 On every troubled day.

How thoughtless the unskilful boast
 Of faith and practice too,
 Unknown to Son and Holy Ghost,
 The Christian or the Jew.

My spirit count those sorrows o'er
 That ages did endure,
 And of thy heavens boast no more,
 No rest hath been secure.

For all the joys that Israel knew
 Departed as a scroll,
 And Christ, our true Messiah, too
 Was troubled in his soul.

What lamentations Israel knew,
 How did his prophets mourn,
 And to the Christian and the Jew
 These sorrows will return.

If I 'm in God the Father's care
 As now I trust I be,
 My lamentation 's written there
 My Saviour's grief to see.

How can a human spirit boast
 Of worlds that are unknown,
 Return, O man, for thou art lost !
 Astray from God alone.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

The sinner found, or man known to himself.

I SAW a flock on yonder green
 Delighted with their food,
 'T was on this side of Jordan's stream,
 But not beyond the flood.

I saw a shepherd feeding there,
 He had a full supply ;
 But soon I saw the pastures bare,
 The springs began to dry.

A cloud arose, a sunless day,
 And beating storms descend,
 The shepherd lost his beaten way,
 The storm his flocks offend.

My sinful spirit enter'd there,
 The flock I saw no more,
 A joyful voice I could not hear,
 The shepherd was so poor.

My joys had ceas'd, and mourning came,
 I saw my Saviour stand,
 He cried aloud, come through the stream,
 Enjoy the promis'd land !

My heart did tremble, and despair
 Came to my sliding feet ;
 My griefs were more than I could bear,
 Or tongue and pen repeat.

My noisy breath was all in vain,
 And all the joys I knew
 Did perish in the flooding stream ;
 Oh, painful journey through.

HYMN CCXL.

Harmony and praise.

WHEN David's heart first touch'd the string
 And did his hands employ,
 Then did the host of Israel sing,
 For Heaven gave them joy.

The resurrection from the dust
 Will David's heart restore,
 And Israel with their king be bless'd,
 Their praise shall cease no more.

My heart to Israel is inclin'd,
 Touch'd with the griefs he knew ;
 A place for David 's in my mind,
 And love for Israel too.

Altho' invention hath arose
 And rode on spreading wings,
 The Lord hath conquer'd Israel's foes,
 For this his children sing.

HYMN CCXLI

The love of ancient days..

LORD, for thy blessing now we thirst,
We hunger, and we pray,
That we like Israel may bless'd
The resurrection day.

Give us a pilot in the storm,
A shepherd in the field !
Teach us, O God, our King is born,
And Israel shall be heal'd.

Erect our altars towering high,
And let the nations see
That ancient Israel's days are nigh,
That they are bless'd by thee.

Let no delays forbid our feet,
But to thine altar come,
And there our solemn praise repeat
For wonders thou hast done.

Oh, let the rising pastures grow
Thy gathering flock to feed,
The springs arise, the fountains flow,
As thou hast long decreed.

Nor cease to rise the morning sun
Upon the flooding stream,
Nor cease to chasten ills we have done
Till thou hast made us clean.

Be thou a compass in our way,
And make our footsteps clear,
And call us home that were astray,
Call mournful Israel near.

HYMN CCXLII.

Acceptance with God.

LORD, on a rock we find our feet,
Nor doth the stone decay,
And when the tribes together meet
Thy soul doth bless that day.

We find the rising pastures grow,
The flooding springs to rise,
The God of Jacob there we know,
And Israel's sacrifice.

Although the proud on spreading wings
Are rising, to descend,
'T is Israel's hope sweet comfort brings,
His joys do never end.

It is thy spirit that hath bore
The woes and wants we feel,
And still to thee we cry for more,
A balm the bruise to heal.

As we to thee acceptance find,
Most mournfully we pray
That thou wilt heal the broken mind,
And cheer the heart this day.

HYMN CCXLIII.

Revelation, or the Word of God.

IS there not teaching in the Son,
Or can his word be vain?
To us the Father's kingdom 's come
If we receive his name.

His word is not an empty noise
Like to our noisy breath,
But every word 's a step to joys
To shun a painful death.

Altho' the river he reveals,
 The deep baptizing stream,
 'T is there our heart and conscience feels
 The blood that makes us clean.

'T is there our crimson sins we know,
 As through a glass we see
 The sinful souls that dwell below ;
 Lord, those that are with thee.

HYMN CCXLIV.

The poor in spirit.

O LORD, how weak I feel,
 Dark are the ways I go,
 I like the staggering drunkard reel,
 And fall in pits below.

How hidden are the snares
 Which take the stranger in,
 What heavy guilt upon me bears
 To manifest my sin.

What pits are in my way,
 What darkness doth abound !
 My oil and lamp do both decay
 My foes compass me round.

Among the tombs I lie,
 No living voice I hear,
 My mournful spirit fain would die
 And like the tombs appear.

HYMN CCXLV.

The rich in faith and assurance of joy.

O LORD, when I my goodness feel,
 My spirit ceasing to complain ;
 A thoughtless heart I then reveal,
 My spirit doth forget thy name.

On borrow'd wings I fly abroad,
 My spirit doth ascend on high
 To meet the judgments of my God,
 All my vainglory to deny.

I tremble then before his throne
 (My spirit 's weak, and blind, and lame,)
 Cloth'd in vile garments of mine own,
 Confess my sins, and own his name !

Oh, rich in faith, what canst thou be,
 Or why boast of a world of joys ?
 See what my God has done to me,
 See how the worm and moth destroys.

HYMN CCXLVI.

The feet of the righteous.

SLOWLY walking, still with fear
 Treading in the lonesome way ;
 Waiting for some voice to hear,
 Often halting, and to pray.

Seldom sliding into sin,
 Feeling still a Saviour's hand,
 Know his love to take them in
 When they wait for his command.

Let my spirit like them be,
 Treading still the lonesome way ;
 Wise Jehovah, led by thee,
 Taught by thee to mourn and pray.

Teach me, Lord, that I am poor,
 Without thee halting, blind, and lame,
 Ever having wounds to cure,
 Never equal to thy name.

HYMN CCXLVII.

Lonesome life.

WHY did Jesus walk alone
 Tho' on high his altar stood ?
 Who the sacred place hath known,
 Fields and plains, and lonely wood ?

Seek, my spirit, seek the place,
 Bless'd Messiah worship'd there !
 There he built his throne of grace,
 There he form'd his mournful prayer.

Jesus, may thy spirit lead
 Where thou dwelt with God alone !
 There the Lord did Jesus feed,
 There he plac'd him on the throne.

Far apart from mortal breath,
 Where the dying groans we hear,
 Sinners going down to death,
 God, nor Christ, nor Saviour, near.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

Humble praise.

NOW I forbid my hope to rise,
 I see my buildings all decay,
 My city a lame sacrifice,
 My walls and towers pass away.

My righteousness a clouded sun
 The Lord forbid mine evening dews,
 Forbid my hope of time to come,
 To hear my prayer he did refuse.

He taught me that my form was dust
 And that his name was God alone ;
 Thus disappointed in my trust
 I'm as the body in the tomb.

Entomb'd for me my Saviour laid
 More righteous than frail man can be,
 A crown of thorns bore on his head,
 He gave his life for bread for me.

HYMN CCXLIX.

Reconciliation with the Spirit of God.

HOW far abroad my footsteps were
 To find my passage home ;
 My mind exalted in the air,
 And humbled to the tomb.

Oh this mine eyes, mine image see,
 So God reveals his name,
 With sore chastisements teaching me
 The thoughts of man are vain.

The Lord extends his arm abroad,
 His power and might proclaims
 To teach me he alone is God,
 And over crowns he reigns.

His love and mercy is a store
 Of endless pleasures known,
 He gives us till we crave no more,
 And worship God alone.

HYMN CCL.

Self-denial.

MY thoughts do lead me from the fold
 And from Messiah's care ;
 I sell my rest for dust, or gold,
 Or for a robe to wear.

Some honor'd title 's in my way,
 And a delusive tongue,
 Till I for worldly honors pray,
 And sinful deeds are done.

I must from my own heart refrain,
 For strong temptation 's there ;
 And thirst for a Redeemer's name,
 His mercy, and his care.

As humble as the child can be,
 I'll to his heart incline,
 That he may be a God to me
 And bless this soul of mine.

HYMN CCLI.

The flows of love.

LORD, from thy bosom I am blest,
 There 's great compassion there ;
 Thou lett'st me lean upon thy breast,
 And on thy spirit bear.

Thy love I find 's a pillar strong,
 Nor in the storm doth move,
 My heart inspires with a song
 And bidd'st me sing of love.

Thou to my wand'ring spirit came,
 Abroad, I knew not where ;
 Thou cloth'd my spirit with thy name,
 Which in the world was bare.

Thou lent to me a parent's hand
 And led the wand'ring home,
 Thou gave my heart to understand
 The things that were unknown.

HYMN CCLII.

The rest of the weary.

THOU on a pillow laid my head,
 In peace thou built my home,
 As soft as down thou made my bed
 And bless'd me as thine own.

Thou art the God of Israel's days,
 Of Jacob's great renown,
 Thou caus'd the mourner's heart to praise,
 And bought me with a frown.

There 's none of human strength can boast
 Who know thy power and name,
 Without thee every creature 's lost
 And all their prayers are vain.

O Lord, when I resign my will
 And my vain hope recall,
 Thou bidd'st my passions all be still,
 For thou art all in all.

HYMN CCLIII.

The vanity of human life.

HOW vain, O Lord, do mortals strive
 Against a world of foes,
 They seek in vain, and thoughtless live,
 Until the day doth close,

With tears and mourning to the grave
 The wise and strong do go,
 Nor seek a God their souls to save,
 His mind or will to know.

But as the worm a gathering dust,
 Or spider in his cell,
 They scarcely know that they are lost
 And bid the world farewell.

With weeping friends around their bed,
 They gasp, and lose their breath,
 And all the hope and joys they had
 Is vanish'd in their death.

HYMN CCLIV.

Thoughts on God.

MY feet still sliding as I move
 I see my hope decay,
 Deceit is in the things I love,
 They rise and flee away.

Oh, who is this that o'er me reigns ?
 A moving world I see ;
 The prisoner in his binding chains,
 Uncertainty in me

I'll seat me by some river side,
 Or on some lonesome plain,
 And ask why I'm of joys denied,
 Or why my hope is vain.

Man is a creature of his own
 'Till he his weakness feels,
 Till God from his eternal throne
 His heart and mind reveals.

HYMN CCLV.

The anguish of death.

CLOTH'D with some terror from on high,
 I hear a voice that I must die !
 My heart doth flutter and remove
 From every thing I dearly love.

Oh, what chastisement 's in my way,
 My body 's but a form of clay,
 Mine eyes must slumber in the dust,
 And all the joys of life be lost.

These lines are written on my heart,
 From all in life my soul must part,
 From friends and kindred, house and home,
 And moulder in the silent tomb.

The Lord gives me mine end to see
 That I must go where princes be,
 Where kings and queens do lose their crown
 And with the worm in earth lie down.

What terror now my garments are
 Of all I had uncloth'd, and bear,
 In mournful sighs I draw my breath
 And life doth languish into death.

HYMN CCLVI.

A worldly mind.

LIKE chaff I 'm hasten'd in the breeze,
 My joys like stubble burn,
 My heart doth beat like troubled seas,
 And all my passions mourn.

The empty air I did pursue,
 Or fowls upon the wing,
 My griefs were great, my joys were few,
 And so I serv'd my king.

I honor'd some exalted place,
 Temptation on the throne ;
 This world did show a smiling face,
 And I forgot mine own.

My thoughts were like the troubled waves
 Which rise again to fall ;
 So thoughtless mortals meet their graves
 Who make this world their all.

HYMN CCLVII.

The Sinner's confession.

O LORD, when I look up to thee,
 How frail I know myself to be ;
 My spirit 's weak, and blind, and lame,
 Cloth'd with my sin before thy name.

How dark's the garment now I wear,
 A load of sin doth on me bear ;
 My soul with sin aloud complain
 Because thy judgments o'er me reign.

How few do know the grief I feel
 Or can to me my heart reveal,
 My joys of life in visions close
 Like one imprison'd by his foes.

Can I lift up mine eyes and see
 What is the end of sin in me ?
 Save sighs, and groans, and panting breath,
 And joys of life resign'd to death.

HYMN CCLVIII.

The Sinner's hope.

WHEN all my sins to God I own
 And bow my head to die alone,
 A rising hope within I feel
 That God my grieved heart will heal.

For my atonement 's in my death
 When I to God resign my breath,
 For then my heart within doth know
 The griefs my Saviour passed through.

My soul is taught his griefs to bear,
 My heart doth join his soul in prayer ;
 My spirit to my God resign,
 That I may hope in future time.

So is the sinner's pardon blest,
It heals his griefs and gives him rest,
And hope, and truth, and peace do stay
When sin and death are far away.

HYMN CCLIX.

The light of the world.

A sinner's death 's a rising sun
When he with Jesus forms his prayer,
His hope, and joy, and peace to come,
Is in his Saviour rising there.

Altho' his pain is unto death,
Tho' his immortal spirit feels
The loss of life and panting breath,
The end of sin his soul reveals.

His heart must feel that mortal pain
That languish'd Jesus on the tree,
Before his sin within is slain
And buried in humility.

Then doth his heart to glory rise,
And life 's triumphant in his soul;
He sees the Lord with joyful eyes
And all his bruised limbs are whole.

HYMN CCLX.

The pains of death.

O LORD, convey thy blood within,
Thy spirit, Lord, baptize me there,
Convince my heart of every sin,
And humbly bow my soul in prayer.

How vain my thoughts have gone abroad,
Pursuing objects yet unseen,
Seeking enjoyments like my God.
As tho' an angel I had been.

Oh Jesus, let thy death arise
 And as a garment clothe my soul !
 My spirit know thy sacrifice
 Both to be bruised and made whole !

Time is the measure of thy name,
 And thou hast life and death in store,
 Grant me a portion of thy pain
 Till I am taught to sin no more.

HYMN CCLXI.

The life of a Saviour.

MOST honor'd God how thou appear'st
 A Mediator to the man,
 Is known by sighs, and groans, and tears,
 All measur'd in the vital span.

The life of Christ within doth reign
 As sin in death doth all give way,
 The darkest sin doth know thy name
 And tremble in a Judgment Day.

There 's none before thy name can stand,
 Or plead upright a sinful cause ;
 The stubborn bow at thy command,
 The guilty soul confess thy laws.

'T is thou hast power to subdue
 And all our sinful deeds refine,
 Thou giv'st us cause to praise thee too
 To own that all the heart is thine.

HYMN CCLXII.

The change of life.

BLEST is the man that falls to rise,
 His eyes do his own errors see ;
 He gives his heart a sacrifice,
 His soul he offers, Lord, to thee.

His spirit, like the infant cries,
 Oh, father, grant the weary rest !
 Nor flock nor fold his soul denies,
 Because he is with grief oppress'd.

By night he forms his thoughtful prayer,
 His spirit seeks an angel's wing
 His griefs to heaven, to God, to bear,
 To God his humble offerings bring.

His prayer ascends through lighted skies,
 His Saviour's ear doth hear him pray,
 He calls his humble heart to rise
 And puts his painful griefs away.

HYMN CCLXIII

The child's blessing.

O LORD, how small my spirit feels,
 But leaning on a Saviour's breast
 It all my grieved feelings heals,
 And gives my weary spirit rest.

How safe I 'm in my shepherd's care,
 Mine eyes do see no danger near ;
 My spirit on his heart doth bear,
 His love is banishing my fear.

His word is sweet and harmless food,
 He gives me garments of his own,
 He sets my feet where he hath stood,
 And strengthens me to stand alone.

He lends a hand of love to lead,
 And gently bids my spirit move ;
 He gives me bread the flocks to feed,
 And bids my soul to sinners love.

HYMN CCLXIV.

The end of life.

IN Jesus, Lord, the worm decays
 Because baptizing fire 's there,
 'T is oft in death we give him praise
 Altho' a painful cross we bear.

There pride and glory do decay,
 And truth and righteousness arise ;
 Pride and vain hope do pass away
 As smoke doth vanish in the skies.

The garment 's lost the infant wore
 When he forsook the mother's breast,
 His pride nor glory 's seen no more
 But all his thought 's with grief oppress'd.

He bows, he faints, his heart resigns,
 This world doth vanish as a scroll ;
 Death, like a tyrant o'er him reigns
 And leaves him nothing but his soul.

HYMN CCLXV.

Meditation.

HOW good it is our thoughts to know,
 From whence they come, to where they go.
 Lest these should tempt our souls to sin
 And death and hell should take us in.

The heart of man 's a bounded space
 Reduc'd by sin, enlarg'd by grace ;
 The bounds thereof do go and come
 As God doth visit by his Son.

O man, too oft of boundless thought,
 Oft are thy measures all forgot !
 How soon thy wealth may rise and flee,
 And leave thy soul in poverty.

What is religion, not our own ?
 Not to ourselves but God we 're known !
 Who can the gifts of grace retain
 When God doth make our prospects vain ?

HYMN CCLXVI.

The measures of life.

MY soul is like the troubled sea
 That 's raging in the storm,
 And then again a calm may be
 And I may cease to mourn.

How oft our thoughtless rocks remove
 When safe we think we stand,
 When God removes his pardoning love
 And gives a chastening hand.

Man is a stranger to his God
 And evermore will be,
 Till he is wash'd in his own blood
 And join'd in unity.

Then shall he join with hope and fear,
 Unknown to years to come,
 And give his God a listening ear,
 And follow Christ the Son.

HYMN CCLXVII.

Foreknowledge.

IF with my God my spirit dwells,
 My frame on earth below,
 As God to man his heart reveals,
 Is all that he can know.

He 's subject to a boundless God.
 When he doth grace pursue,
 His feet are in an endless road,
 His journey 's never through.

O man ! what can thy soul relate ?
 The measure thou contain'st,
 Is but a servant at the gate ;
 By boasting thou profan'st !

If God may give thy watchful eyes,
 A measure to foresee,
 So far he 's made thy spirit rise,
 No further canst thou see.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

Contentment with small things.

O LORD, may I receive thy grace,
 My hidden thoughts reveal,
 And humbly bow before thy face
 As I my weakness feel.

It is the favor of thy love
 When I my sins can know,
 When thou my feet from hell remove,
 And grant me pardon too.

My heart doth rise to secret praise,
 My thoughts to heaven ascend,
 With hope, in peace to spend my days,
 Nor God, nor man, offend.

Oh, how the little streams do flow,
 Contentment seems to rise ;
 For God gave me my sins to know,
 'T were naked in his eyes.

In secret prayer will I awake
 Through every morn to come ;
 And for my dear Redeemer's sake
 Flee from the deeds I 've done.

HYMN CCLXIX.

Increasing in righteousness.

AS I pursue my grace within
 Chastising hours I feel,
 For more and more I know my sin,
 I'm bruise'd that God may heal.

Although mine eyes did wake to see
 The sinful deed I've done,
 My soul was not from error free,
 Unknown to fate to come.

A stranger to the heavenly way,
 Or deeds prepar'd to do.
 An unknown sun to light my day,
 Dark visions to go through.

But as chastisements do increase
 To teach me I am vain,
 So sin in me doth slowly cease
 And Jesus rise to reign.

HYMN CCLXX.

The blessings of conviction.

WHEN I my painful sins can feel
 My erring thoughts can know,
 Conviction doth to me reveal
 I'm in a hell of woe !

My spirit for release doth cry ;
 Oh, part the binding chain !
 A helpless form of earth am I,
 For all my thoughts are vain.

O God, to me some angel send,
 An ear to hear me mourn ;
 I know my heart did thee offend,
 And flesh my prayer doth scorn.

There 's none my spirit can redeem,
 Nor count the pains I feel,
 Oh Jesus make my spirit clean,
 And come with love to heal.

HYMN CCLXXI.

Freedom from bonds.

O LORD, is my atonement made,
 Oh, is my spirit free ?
 I feel a blessing on my head,
 A pardoning smile from thee.

Lord, hath thy Son such sorrows bore
 As rested on my mind ?
 Has he pass'd through my griefs before ?
 I was to sin inclin'd.

Thus I am sure I Jesus know,
 Nor fears nor doubts abound ;
 For he did groan in hell below,
 And I this way have found.

But he resign'd and saw release,
 So that my soul doth rise ;
 So that through grief I buy my peace,
 Nor lose my sacrifice !

HYMN CCLXXII.

Owning a Saviour's name.

O LORD, in hell I know thy name,
 'T is where my soul in bonds doth lie,
 'T is there I feel thy dying pain,
 From thence arise to God most high.

'T is not a garment that we wear,
 An empty title, nor a name,
 That can endure thy sorrows there,
 Nor save us from thy dying pain.

But as my spirit tastes thy blood
 My heart doth feel what thou dost know,
 I drink salvation from my God,
 So I pass on my journey through.

Cloth'd with thy death and mental pain,
 My heart within thy life doth feel ;
 So Jesus comes to me again,
 I own his name, his life reveal.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

Remembrance of the Lord.

THIS day, O Lord, thy name we own,
 And praise to thee we owe ;
 Thou 'st plac'd Emanuel on the throne
 And seated us below.

Thou hast awak'd our eyes to see,
 And giv'n us ears to hear
 That power and glory 's all of thee,
 Thy blessed kingdom 's near.

Thy voice hath call'd the dead to rise
 The ancients to restore,
 They come with thee to make us wise,
 Nor shall return no more.

Thine hand hath made a dwelling-place
 To take their spirits in,
 Where we can see them face to face,
 Where joys on earth begin.

And where their spirit speaks aloud
 To fill the listening ear,
 Cloth'd with a garment like the cloud
 Mysteriously appear.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

The flows of grace.

O LORD, more boundless than the sea,
 Or the unfathom'd deep,
 Are favours, Lord, that come from thee
 To bless the eyes that weep.

How thou hast set before our eyes
 These measures of thine own,
 Who never do the poor despise,
 Nor let them mourn alone.

Altho' our springs were often dry
 And far from dew or rain,
 Thy mercy and thy love was nigh
 To visit us again.

In thee our spirits can rejoice,
 The mournful soul can sing,
 The poor and lame have heard thy voice,
 And glory in their king.

HYMN CCLXXV.

Union with the Lord.

O LORD, as we thy word obey
 And thy bless'd sentence hear,
 We know that thou hast bless'd this day
 And far remov'd our fear.

Nor halting can we longer stay
 With slothfulness behind ;
 We see thy hand hath mark'd our way
 And we can see 't were blind.

Still in the desert let us be,
 It is thy chosen place ;
 And where our spirits dwell with thee
 And feed upon thy grace.

'T is not in cities or abroad
That we thy name can find,
But by appointments from our God
When the whole heart 's resign'd.

Then is this land our dwelling-place
Appointed so to be,
And all our food 's the flows of grace
And bread that comes from thee.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

Prostration.

O LORD, before thy sacred name
With trembling knees we bow,
Thou gave us strength that once were lame,
We rise to praise thee now.

Our desert 's now a fruitful field,
Amidst, the vine doth grow,
The fig-tree here her blessings yield,
We taste the olive too.

As thou to Zion didst afford,
And David on his throne,
We drink of favours from the Lord,
And ancient days are known.

A broken heart let us possess
Far from a lofty mind,
That we may feel thy love to bless
May know that thou art kind.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

The counsels of the Lord.

O LORD, we know that wise and deep
Thy secret counsels are,
By these our eyes are taught to weep,
By these we taste despair.

By these we drink those pleasures in
Which heaven and earth afford,
By these we 're taught to know our sin
And bow before the Lord.

Thine hand doth mark the heavenly way
Thou call'st us to pursue ;
Thy counsels are the dawn of day
And they are noon-day too.

And they are bread which heaven afford
Descending from thy throne,
And they are blessings from the Lord
And they do mark thine own.

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

The way to Heaven, or the paths of peace.

O LORD, where the wild olives grow
Is not the sinner's home,
Nor are the joys of life below
The orders of thy throne.

But where the fig-tree timely yields
A bless'd and full supply,
And the sharp thistle leaves the fields,
Nor thorn nor briar's nigh.

When all our fears do far remove
And guilt do wear away,
Where we partake of pardoning love
And leave the flocks that stray.

And where the streams of pleasure flow
We conscious drink them in,
Where the chastening hand we know
To cleanse us from our sin.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

The Table of the Lord.

BLESS'D is the banquet thou hast made,
 The tables of thy grace,
 Where Jesus is the holy head
 To feed us in that place.

O Lord, thy love doth condescend
 To feed the lame and poor,
 And the exalted do offend
 When they do keep the door.

We 're bought by Jesus on the cross,
 Affliction makes us clean ;
 Though by him we do suffer loss,
 Affliction doth redeem.

Thy Son hath made his table free,
 With bounteous grace doth feed :
 For bread and wine comes down from thee
 With every joy we need.

HYMN CCLXXX.

Thoughts on death.

OH frowning death ! whence didst thou come,
 Art thou the pain of Christ the Son ?
 Or whence is it thou had a part
 In Jesus and his bleeding heart.

Oh, saith pale death it is mine own,
 An arrow from the highest throne
 Is given me, and I must throw
 Thro' all that dwell on earth below !

Except we know the vital sting
 We know not God, nor Christ our King,
 Nor how dear friends and kindred part
 With weeping eyes and broken heart.

Again, saith death all are mine own,
 There 's none without me lives alone !
 I 'm ever here and am to come,
 The painful anguish of the Son.

Heaven and earth do I attend,
 The small and great do I offend ;
 I walk by night and walk by day
 To take a sinful life away.

HYMN CCLXXXI.

The calls of death.

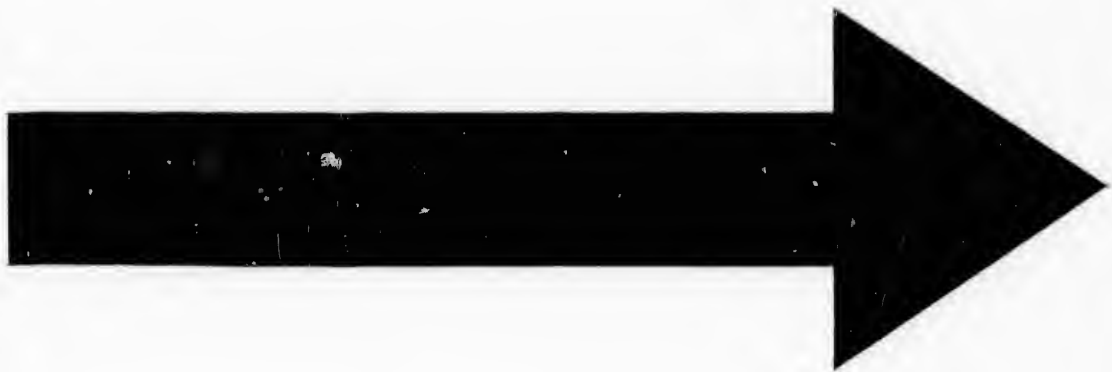
Oll, hear my voice, most lonely cell
 And thrones where pleasures are,
 My feet stand at the gates of hell,
 All wisdom 's plac'd me there.

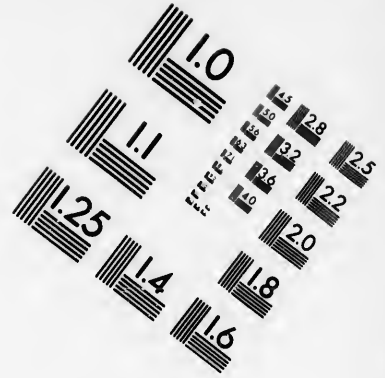
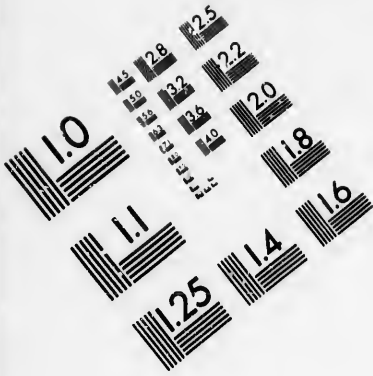
Through me all spirits do come in,
 I teach the wise and just,
 That I 'm to them the end of sin,
 'The gateway of their trust.

Thro' me the active limbs are still,
 I cease the moving tongue,
 I have a portion to fulfil
 And not unsent I come.

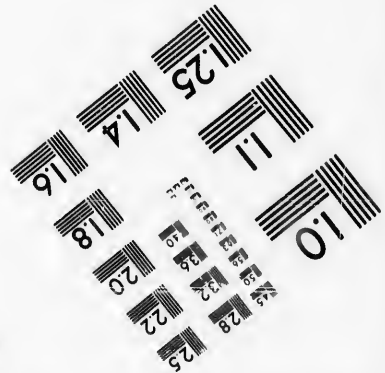
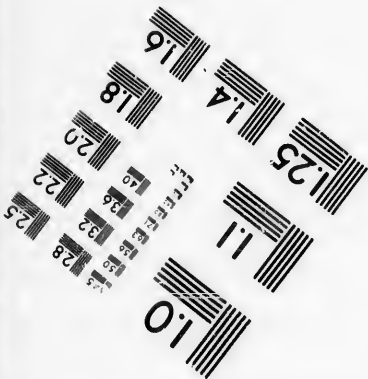
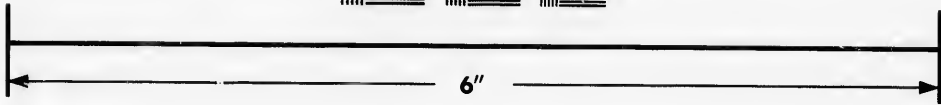
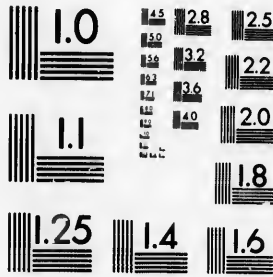
There is no space beyond my pain
 That I so freely give ;
 Unto the righteous I am vain,
 With me no sin can live.

My spirit 's a consuming flame,
 In me the thoughts do die,
 And I 've an everlasting name,
 In me did Jesus lie.





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From me, again, to life he rose,
 In which I have no part ;
 In me each sinful act doth close
 For I refine the heart.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

Awaking from death.

OH, hollow, empty, lonesome space,
 Without a friend, or God, or grace ;
 Where death and hell triumphant reigns,
 And life doth feel their binding chains.

These are the visions of the soul,
 Where restless minds in anguish roll,
 Where every joy of life doth part
 And leave us with a broken heart.

Altho' the flesh doth ever sleep
 There is a soul that wakes to weep,
 Through all the feet of Jesus trod
 To mark our pathway home to God.

The pain his person did endure
 The sinful soul will ever cure ;
 'T will heal our souls and make us clean,
 For death is his baptizing stream.

In death we own our God we know,
 The gate that Jesus passed thro' ;
 For death doth all temptation lay
 Redeems and takes our guilt away.

In death, alone, the truth we find,
 It wakes the heart and tries the mind,
 Death is a vision in a span
 To change the sinner to the man.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

The appearance of heavenly things.

O LORD, how clean my life appears,
Thro' death and sorrow, flooding tears,
My garments are made white and clean
Tho' deep hath been the painful stream.

The balm of life my conscience feels
For Heaven and God my heart reveals,
To have acceptance to his grace
And give my thoughts a resting-place.

My thoughts were weary and astray,
'Thro' death they find the heavenly way,
And stand before that glorious throne
Where death, and hell, and heaven, are known.

Each thought with freedom can express
'That God hath form'd the heart to bless,
And when the soul is all resign'd
God wakens and renews the mind.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

Union with the blessed.

THROUGH death we various spirits see
Which holy deeds have done,
A heart that's from temptation free,
The Father and the Son.

We see the troubled spirit bless'd
Which painful burdens bore,
The martyr'd soul with God at rest
To never weep no no more.

Here each afflicted thought doth groan,
With measures wise and strong,
And every soul of ancient time,
Do join the joyful song.

Here do the saints in spirit sing
 In a redeemed mind,
 And shaded by an angel's wing
 A lasting rest we find.

HYMN CCLXXXV

A Prayer for the favours of God.

WHEN life and death my soul surveys
 My spirit gives my maker praise,
 And when mine eyes great grief do see
 I say, my God, it comes from thee.

I see the sun to set and rise,
 I hear loud thunders in the skies,
 I see the restless ocean roll ;
 All these are emblems of my soul.

My prayer shall with the morning rise,
 At evening be my sacrifice,
 That I the living God may know
 As I 'm life's sorrows passing through.

O God, I pray reveal thy breast
 And teach me where the weary rest,
 The boundless purpose of thy days
 When I should pray and give thee praise.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

The increase of love.

OLORD, I see thy mercies rise,
 A thankful heart I feel,
 For thou my hungering soul supplies,
 Thy will thou dost reveal.

Through all my sad and troubled hours
 And moments of despair,
 Thou dost reveal the heavenly powers,
 Thy giving hand is there.

Thou measur'st and dost mete away
 The pasture that is best,
 Through sorrow we are taught to pray,
 Be weary and to rest.

Extending is thy boundless arm
 To call the thoughtless home,
 Through sickness and through death's alarm
 Thy name and power we own.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

Dwelling near the Lord.

O LORD, when I my sins can feel
 And guilt upon me bears,
 I know it is thy heavenly will,
 Thy sentence in mine ears.

My soul to thee doth raise her voice,
 Oh, when will I be clean ?
 I sin by drinking earthly joys ;
 Oh, wild, corrupting stream.

To thee do crowns and princes bow,
 The spring of their delights,
 But there, O God, I break my vow
 And groan through painful nights.

My sins I in thy presence read,
 With guilt I look them o'er,
 And where the rich and grand do feed
 I may not feed no more.

My spirit may not taste the cup
 Nor drink their joyful wine,
 There 's ancient blood for me to sup,
 It fills this cup of mine.

HYMN CCXLXXXVIII.

Ancient days, and Messiah's return.

LORD, from thy throne doth now descend
 Thy life, on earth 't will never end,
 And when vain-glories pass away
 This time will never more decay.

The spirit of the just shall rise,
 For justice now their spirit cries,
 On earth my mournful soul shall see
 Their spirit bow and worship thee.

What is a crown thou hast not made ?
 'T is like a thorn upon the head !
 A title and an empty show
 Which makes the heart of man a foe !

Thy presence shall the sceptre sway
 And crown Messiah's glorious day,
 And David and his humble throne
 Shall be a kingdom of thine own.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

Messiah's reign in the kingdoms of the world.

TO him shall crowns and princes bow,
 The wise, the great, the strong ;
 For God doth hold the balance now,
 The Judge of right and wrong.

Although the towering mountains rise
 As high as earth can be,
 Messiah is more strong and wise,
 My God they bow to thee.

Although the earth they do divide :
 And measure in a span,
 There truly is an end of pride,
 A God that's over man..

Why should I bow, or lend an ear
 To voices that decay,
 Their life doth vanish with a tear,
 Their pride 's a shorten'd day.

I'll hope in God, and place my trust
 In him whose name I've seen,
 Nor give my heart to earth and dust,
 Messiah doth redeem.

HYMN CCXC.

Regeneration.

O LORD, my joints do seem to part,
 How hard it is to move,
 I'm praying for a better heart,
 But oh, this world I love.

I see temptations are abroad,
 They call my spirit nigh,
 They teach me to forget my God
 Or know that I must die.

A restless spirit they afford
 For still their voice I hear,
 The joyful 're sitting round their board,
 And call my spirit near.

But if I drink I fear to die,
 Or of their wine partake ;
 There is a king of terrors nigh
 When I my God forsake.

Oh feed me from a heart of love,
 Oh, Jesus, make me clean !
 There is for man a heaven above,
 And joys that are unseen.

O Lord, I'll tread the thorny way
 And from these joys depart,
 For when I eat they cloud my day
 And leave a wounded heart.

HYMN CCXCI.

A heart the Lord has made his own.

THOUGH pride may flourish and decay
 My joys will never pass away !
 Although the rich and great are seen
 They yet are spotted and unclean !

Although they drink their pleasures in
 Their cups are mingled with their sin,
 Although I eat my bread alone
 What God hath given is mine own !

When I partake it leaves no stain
 Because it 's in Jehovah's name ;
 And when I drink to quench my thirst
 I know the fountain 's clean and blest.

This bread inspires my heart to praise,
 Increase my years and bless my days ;
 The fountatn banishes my fear
 Because the water 's deep and clear.

HYMN CCXCII.

Thoughts on life.

WHEN meditation is my lot
 My sorrows flee, my grief 's forgot,
 Mine age doth vanish as a scroll
 And life and peace are in my soul.

My spirit has a lasting friend
 As life I pass, nor God offend ;
 I have a shepherd, and a field
 Which doth the spring and pasture yield.

'T is where the feet of Israel stood,
 He eat to-day and sought his food ;
 'T is where the heavens did not deny
 A glorious and a full supply.

Not where the idler spent his days
 Partaking not nor giving praise,
 Nor where the sinful fall asleep
 Their hearts to break, their eyes to weep ;
 But where the guardian-angels join
 To bless my soul with ancient time.

HYMN CCXCIII.

Ancient favours, or the restoring of Israel.

LORD, in thy heart a place we find
 Acceptance leads us there,
 Our eyes can see that were so blind,
 Our flocks can feel thy care.

Thy presence doth our house attend,
 We of thy love can boast,
 An arm of mercy thou dost lend
 To gather home the lost,

Thou 'st caus'd the hardest heart to know
 With us Messiah reigns,
 Afresh thou 'st caus'd his blood to flow
 And we can feel his pains.

Conviction 's touch'd the harden'd heart,
 We took the stranger in,
 We 're bound to him, to never part,
 Who heals the wounds of sin.

HYMN CCXCIV.

Messiah's blessing.

THUS saith our king on David's throne,
 I 've bought you and you are mine own !
 It is my love to keep you free
 From all and all that round you be.

It is my blessing when you know
 It is my arm that binds the foe ;
 The shepherd 's where the flocks do feed
 With chosen pasture as they need.

It is mine hand holds David's pen,
 Mine heart that teach the praise of men,
 My spirit moves the tongue to praise
 And bless the morn of ancient days.

My soul doth call the prophets nigh,
 My word with teaching doth supply,
 By me once more the martyr'd reign
 And every truth is in my name.

HYMN CCXCV.

The coming of the Messiah of Israel.

AS God descends by truth and care
 A mournful voice we hear,
 A tongue is calling, O prepare !
 Messiah will appear !

Behold, the dove is on the bough !
 Oh, hear her spirit mourn ;
 The humble soul is weeping now,
 Creator, O return !

Behold, our flowing springs are dry,
 No water 's in the stream !
 Oh, saith my soul, were summer nigh,
 Or blood to make me clean !

Oh, had my soul a prophet's eyes,
 My spirit where to rest !
 O come, Messiah, from the skies,
 Or I cannot be blest !

HYMN CCXCVI.

The ascending of the prayers of the afflicted.

I SAW the dove to upward rise,
 Ascend on spreading wings ;
 I saw a spirit in mine eyes,
 The Lord, and King of Kings !

Why did my heart within me faint,
 And all my strength give way
 When God receiv'd the penitent,
 And bless'd this joyful day ?

Because his arms abroad were spread
 To meet the souls that rise,
 His voice to call the slumbering dead
 To mansions in the skies.

I heard the loudest trumpet sound
 That ever touch'd mine ears,
 And Israel and his flocks abound
 And God with them appears.

HYMN CCXCVII.

The rejoicing of the soul, or Israel's praise.

BEHOLD our shepherd wise and strong,
 Our judge upon the throne,
 Taste the salvation of his tongue
 And let his heart be known !

O thou, that reign'st with God on high,
 Who rul'st in men below !
 We know thy love is drawing nigh,
 Thy praise and pardon too.

We sought thy name with weeping eyes
 We mourn'd for thee alone,
 But now we see thy glory rise,
 We know thy love is known.

We 've chosen for our resting place
 At thy footstool to dwell,
 To taste the morsels of thy grace,
 To shun a painful hell.

Our souls within with gladness sing,
 Thôu 'st made our garments love,
 Because our souls do know our king
 As harmless as the dove.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

Progressing to the Kingdom of God.

O LORD, we know thy kingdom 's nigh,
 When we thy love can feel,
 For when we pray thou dost reply,
 Thine arm thou dost reveal.

Like living springs thy blessings flow,
 Both love and truth abound ;
 When we were hungry, thirsty too,
 We bread and water found.

Thy favours to our mansion came,
 Thou saw us in distress,
 Thy love hath bless'd us with thy name,
 And cheer'd our wilderness.

Thou caus'd the grass and flower to grow,
 And SHARON'S peace thou taught ;
 When thy love doth like fountains flow
 Our sorrows are forgot.

HYMN CCXCIX.

Receiving mercy.

LORD, from thy kind and giving hand
 Thôu cheer'd our hearts and bless'd the land,
 From our foes thou hast made us free
 To sing to thee our jubilee.

To us thy favours dost restore,
 Part of the ark that Israel bore ;
 And thou to us hast bless'd thy name
 That Israel's soul may live again.

With us his dwelling seems to rise,
 And thou his bounding flock supplies
 With dews and gentle showers of rain ;
 The heart of Jacob lives again.

It is thy pleasure to restore
 That Jacob's soul may mourn no more,
 That David's heart may praises sing
 And ancient mercy be our king.

HYMN CCC.

The pleasure of the Lord.

ISRRAEL doth rise to honour thee,
 With deeds of glory praise thy name,
 That nations may his altars see,
 That mockers spend their breath in vain.

Lord, how thy wisdom doth confound
 The proud that would above thee rise,
 How the exalted soul is bound,
 At thy footstool in silence lies.

The churches rose against thy name,
 Mine ears did hear the lion roar !
 He 's lost his crown, laid down again,
 He 's like a captive at the door.

The priest rais'd up his towering head,
 The elders strove to bear the sway,
 Thou sent to us thy Son that bled
 To bear the stolen crown away !

HYMN CCCI.

Dedication Song for the House of the Lord.

O LORD, we to no image bow,
 No God but thee we own ;
 This day we make a solemn vow
 To worship thee alone.

Thou 'st led our feet from far astray
 Unto this destin'd ground ;
 Thy Son was with us in this way
 Till we thy dwelling found.

Thy name thou hast establish'd here
 And buiit for us a home ;
 Thy grace we purchas'd with a tear,
 And sighs that were unknown.

It was thy wisdom and thy skill
 That drew the sacred line,
 And here we join to do thy will
 Until the end of time.

'T is here our peace thou dost ordain,
 Our feet shall never move
 From where thou 'st written down thy name
 And bless'd us with thy love.

HYMN CCCII.

Pursuing grace.

LORD, here we raise our voice to thee,
 Our souls in secret pray
 That thou wilt bless our Jubilee,
 And long remind this day.

Thou washed us and made us clean,
 Our feet thou didst remove
 From where we long have servants been
 To those that rule above.

Thou took from us that honor'd name
 The proud are fond to bear,
 Thou humbledst us that thou might'st reign,
 And crowns of glory wear.

Thou hast remov'd the lofty seat
 Which men did sit upon,
 And sent thy Son with us to meet
 Where all the tribes are one.

Oh, may this house thy name declare
 And all thy goodness own ;
 Receive us, Father, in thy care,
 Set Jesus on thy throne.

HYMN CCCIII.

Rejoicing for favours in the House of the Lord.

O FATHER, bless the house of grace,
 Let us thy boundless glory see,
 To thee we consecrate this place,
 With joy we give our house to thee.

We pray, let not the vulture rise.
 Nor in thine house the lion roar ;
 Receive our humble sacrifice !
 Of thee, O God, we ask no more.

When we behold thy presence smile
 And multiply the deeds of grace :
 We know the blessing 's on thy child,
 We know thy Son is in this place.

When peace doth like the rivers flow
 And every tongue 's rejoicing round,
 We know thy dwelling is below
 And that our resting-place is found

With joy we touch the music cord,
 The daughters of our Zion sing,
 And every tongue saith, praise the Lord;
 And every child an offering bring.

May David's name to glory rise,
 And heaven and earth receive our prayer,
 May God the Father here baptize,
 And Jesus be our heavenly care.

HYMN CCCIV.

Thanks to God for the blessings of our home.

WITH titles of glory, We honour thy name,
 Our God and our Saviour, The balm of our pain,
 With praises ascending, Our voices shall rise,
 Thy mercy's descending! Thy love from the skies!

We're counting thy favours, Because they are known,
 Thou gav'st us a Saviour, A Son of thine own;
 Our praise is to bless him, The pearl of our joy;
 May nations embrace him, Nor kingdoms destroy.

His name is salvation, And glory and peace,
 The light of the nation, That never will cease;
 He gave us the building, His name to adore,
 The serpent he's stilling, The lions that roar!

His hand is anointing, His glory doth rise,
 And babes he's appointing, The heir of his joys,
 No stain is upon him, He's free from all scorn,
 And children around him, Do rest on his arm.

His love it is flowing, Our joys and our peace,
 A shepherd we know him, Not seeking the fleece;
 As heaven is giving, He adds to the store,
 Our Saviour while living, Our joys evermore!

HYMN CCCV.

The paths of salvation, or the footsteps of peace.

O LORD, before thine honour'd name
We humbly bow the bending knee,
We mourn to turn to thee again
Because our dwelling is with thee.

Let us be to thy spirit join'd,
It is from thine own heart we came,
We 're form'd according to thy mind,
We are the offspring of thy name.

We lost the morning of our days,
A cloud spread o'er our peaceful morn,
We lost our time by long delays,
But now we 're mourning to return.

Hear, Father, with a listening ear,
Our eyes do see, our faults we own,
We plead for mercy with a tear,
And every soul doth weep alone.

HYMN CCCVI.

Finding that which hath been lost.

OH, Father, didst thou hear us cry,
Didst thou behold the falling tear?
For thou hast brought salvation nigh,
Again our morning doth appear.

We see ourselves but sinful clay
Deluded by an artful tongue,
A lying voice hath led our way,
A serpent plac'd our footsteps wrong.

It is thy will to mercy show
As we our sin and guilt confess,
Chastise the heart and love us too,
And lead us from the wilderness:

Where serpents hiss and lions roar,
 Where man doth like the brute appear,
 We eat forbidden fruit no more,
 We make our offerings with a tear.

HYMN CCCVII.

Tasting the bread of life.

HOW sweet, O God, thy counsels are,
 They set the humble captive free ;
 They are the incomes of our prayer
 When we give all the heart to thee.

How free thou dost our crumbs divide,
 They are the blessings of thy store !
 How by thy favours we 're supplied,
 And day by day we seek for more.

They 're life, and bread, and wine in trust,
 Thy hand hath given in our care !
 And every crumb and morsel 's blest,
 We neither lack nor have to spare.

Oh, could our hearts thy goodness own,
 Or could the lisp'ing tongue reveal
 How we are blest that mourn alone,
 How thou hast seal'd us with a seal.

How strong thou hast thy promise made
 If we will bow and thee obey,
 To crown salvation on the head
 Of those that tread the heavenly way.

HYMN CCCVIII.

Descending love.

OLORD, why didst thou come
 Unto our sinful fold,
 Or give to us a pardoning Son,
 Of whom the prophets told ?

Thou caus'd our eyes to see,
 Our souls from death to wake,
 He brought salvation down from thee
 All for the sinner's sake.

With none will he compare
 Because he is thy Son,
 He taught the heart to mourn in prayer,
 On earth thy will be done.

Oh, may his glory rise,
 His name on earth be known,
 As stars of glory light the skies,
 So bless and clothe his own !

HYMN CCCIX.

Rejoicing and Prayer.

O LORD, why do my sorrows flee,
 The painful griefs I've bore ?
 Is this a great command from thee
 Thine Israel to restore ?

Why doth again the wandering come
 Thy presence to behold ?
 A troubled and afflicted one,
 With griefs thou hast foretold.

Who made thy throne a watering place
 Where blessings do descend ?
 It is thy love, it is thy grace,
 That never hath an end !

How dost thy Son with honours reign,
 And grace from thee abound ?
 Here is thy great eternal name,
 And here thy mercy's found.

The springs of life for ever flow
 Where thou and thine appear,
 And thou hast taught this world below
 There is salvation here,

HYMN CCCX.

The springs of life.

UNSEEN, unheard, unknown,
 Messiah here doth dwell,
 His heart is to the wise unknown,
 Nor none his name can tell.

His spirit came to save,
 No eye his heart could see,
 His name on record here he 'll leave
 For seeking eyes to see !

As the unfathom'd deep
 His paths are all unseen,
 His heart is where the humble weep,
 And tears from sin redeem.

Why should my heart complain ?
 A Saviour I have known !
 And in my heart he wrote his name
 And bless'd my mournful home.

My prayer shall ever be
 To God and to the Son ;
 These are a Saviour unto me
 And all my life to come.

HYMN CCCXI

Entering into favour with God and his afflicted.

LONG have I mourn'd to see the place
 Where Israel's feet have stood,
 To see their Saviour face to face,
 And taste and drink his blood.

To see the years of David's reign
 And his submissive foes,
 To hear the sinner's heart complain,
 And then partake his woes.

According to my humble prayer
 My portion now I see,
 Again lost Israel gather'd there,
 And favours, Lord, from thee.

I have my portion in their rest
 Although my part is small,
 I know their house and home is bless'd,
 And God is now their all.

HYMN CCCXII.

The love of God to the Gentiles, or unreformed.

O LORD, the stone thine hand hath laid
 That Jesus built upon ;
 Of all the earth thou art the head
 When name and nation's gone.

When pillars of the earth decay
 And titles are no more,
 Then shall thy presence light the way
 Where crowns their glory wore.

When shepherds fail, and springs are dry,
 Nor mourning seem to cease,
 Then will thy loving heart be nigh,
 Thy spirit speaking peace.

Then with thy heart shall kindred join,
 Their songs of praise be one,
 These are the days of latter time,
 A morning light to come.

HYMN CCCXIII.

A Saviour nigh, and the peace of the world.

WHILE lines are so distinctly drawn
 A Saviour 's absent and he 's gone,
 While monarch's in the churches reign
 He never will return again.

But where the wandering spirit 's lost
 He 'll place his feet, and make his boast,
 And where there 's no division line,
 He 'll show his grace and spend his time.

But where in pride they take their seat
 He 'll never place his humble feet ;
 Where prelates reign and rule above
 The Church will never taste his love.

Oh, now I think his love appears
 Because his reign hath touch'd mine ears ;
 Where every tongue saith Jesus reign,
 His heart and soul have come again.

HYMN CCCXIV.

Assembling in the measure of ancient days.

O LORD, although our morning 's young
 We praise thee with an infant tongue,
 And though we know we 're weak and lame
 We have a heart to praise thy name.

We 've seen thy glory as the sun
 And light hath shone o'er years to come,
 Thou art our king, and David's name
 Doth in our troubled Israel reign.

Not with his shield, nor with his bow,
 But with his tongue he binds the foe ;
 His kingdom and his glory 's come
 That owns the Father and the Son.

His little flock this day we are,
His heart to know, his name to bear,
Messiah and his kingdom 's come
Where David and the Lord are one.

Why did the waking trumpet sound
That call'd his spirit from the ground ?
Or grace from the abounding skies
Cause David's name and heart to rise ?

Finis.

